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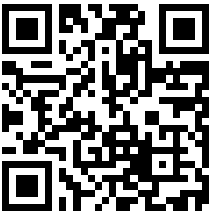

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VOL. 5. OCTOBER, 1900. No. 1.

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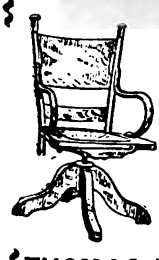

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FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

ANTIPATHY TO FLOWERS.

It is a curious fact that, although flowers minister such infinite pleasure and delight to man, there are some unfortunate individuals to whom, either, it may be, from natural aversion or from constitutional weakness, certain flowers or their perfumes cause discomfort and even physical suffering. It is related, for instance, of Mary de Medicis (some historians say it was the infamous Queen Catherine), that she could not endure the sight of a rose even in a painting, and that Cardinal de Guise would almost faint if the same flower were brought near him. Many people are affected by the overpowering scent of the lilac and jonquil; the marshmallow has been known to cause hysterics, and the smell of saffron fainting fits; while the blossoms of the lobelia occasionally induce a feeling of suffocation, and in one well-authenticated case even death is said to have resulted where a person had incautiously remained shut up in an apartment where there was an oleander in full bloom. Happily, such strange antipathies are the exception, not the rule.

ROYAL GARTERS.

The heirs of the estate of the late Count Einsiedeln, who was one of the richest noblemen in Germany, and whose family have always been great collectors, have offered the Royal Museum of Berlin a unique collection of garters. It is not merely a series of common or garden garters—far from it. It is a Royal collection, and contains a warrantable exhibit from the wardrobe of almost every princess and queen that Germany has boasted. And best of all, as the catalogue naïvely mentions, each sample has been come by so that it can never bring the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence.

LOOKING UP.

Looking back may show us where we have failed to do as well as we could, or it may remind us that we have done better than we are now doing. Looking forward may suggest to us that we can do better than we have done in the past, or it may encourage us to see possibilities of our doing in the future beyond anything we have thought of until now. Looking up may indicate what God would have us do, and that may be better for us than either regret for shortcomings or encouragement to better doing. Our duty as God shows it to us, *that* should be our aim, rather than an improvement on our past, or our highest conceivable attainment in time to come.

LADY ROBERTS'S INGENUITY.

A capital story is told of Lady Roberts's "grit," if such an expression be permissible in the case of a lady. When she arrived at Capetown she defied all red-tape regulations and took with her to Bloemfontein eight large trunks. She had to overcome many transport difficulties on the long journey, but eventually arrived safely with her luggage at the capital of the conquered country In all likelihood the question occurred to the railway authorities why, under the circumstances, Lady Roberts inconvenienced herself (and other people) with such a large number of boxes. When opened, however, seven of them were found to contain comforts for ailing and wounded Tommies; one small trunk sufficed to hold her personal belongings.

"The more one has to do, the more one is capable of doing, even beyond our proper path." The diligent man cuts out time and opportunity for whatever work he sets his mind on doing; it is the idle man who "can't find time."

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THE NEW AUTUMN COAT.

In the latest shape we have indeed a novelty, and I wonder how many of my readers have seen it? The style of the little coat reminds one forcibly of the bolero to which we have clung so long. It is, however, an altogether more serviceable garment. It is arranged to button right over in front, almost in double-breasted style. The points are carried down some three or four inches below the waist. The back of the coat, however, is just as short as the Eton proper, and even slightly clears the waist, quite at the centre. Such a coat is now being made in fine and thick cloths of every colour. Black, however, is, I think, the smartest, for the revers and collar can then be faced with white cloth, brocade, or silk, and the edges trimmed

and strapped with black and white braid. A coat of the kind costs anything between one and two guineas, and can doubtless be made at home to match the skirt, if a colour is preferred. With such a coat a fairly light-looking hat can be worn in the early autumn. The jam-pot crown is still as fashionable as ever. Indeed, the crowns to our hats seem to be getting higher and higher, while a pretty fashion is that of strapping the crown round and round with black velvet. The brim can be draped with black velvet, spangled tulle, or chiffon, while two or three good ostrich tips should be added, and a bunch of autumn flowers and colored leaves set underneath the side of the brim, which turns up from the hair.

"DO YOUR POSSIBLE."

Some men are invincible by nature. No failure can break them down. After a life of cloud and storm, with scarcely a ray of sunshine to brighten it, they die facing fate defiantly. This constitutional indomitability is a fine thing. It is the attribute of the highest type of manhood, and if not always a guarantee of success in life it is certainly, humanly speaking, more likely, when combined with integrity, to attain success than any other quality with which man is endowed. But there are thousands of men of superior intellect who are deficient in this glorious gift. Who cannot call to mind some individual of this class who, after battling manfully against perverse circumstances for a time, at last gave up, acknowledged himself beaten, and tacitly admitted that his life was a miserable failure? Many a man has thus broken down, when one more vigorous essay would have tided him over his difficulties, brought him into smooth water, and enabled him to snap his fingers triumphantly at a world which scarcely bestowed a pitying look on him as he threw up his arms and ceased to struggle. Certain dismal moralists tell us that it is unwise to view the world through rose-coloured glass; that our surroundings are "all a fleeting show, for man's illusion given." But we maintain that it is always best to look at the bright side of things, if they have one, and if they have not, to believe that they will have if we persistently try to light them up. This is the creed in which every boy should be educated. Let the young be taught to trust in Providence and themselves, and to fight adverse circumstances to the last gasp. In a large majority of such gladiatorial combats, he who thus "champions fate to the uttermost" wins the day; and at the worst it is a consolation in defeat to feel that nothing man could do to secure victory has been left undone. Never think of breaking down before any impediments. Think only of breaking over them. Let difficulty find you, as the Scotch say, always ready to "do your possible."

Let the winds and waves of adversity blow and dash around you if they will; but keep on the path of rectitude, and you will be as firm as a rock. Plant yourself upon principle, and bid defiance to misfortune.

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TURKISH BATHS AT HOME.

Everybody has known something of the value of Turkish baths, but only a few could afford them. Those few kept well—kept mind and body up to the highest vigour. The rest let impurities accumulate; and often the end was a wreck. Then the victim goes to a sanitarium or elsewhere to let Turkish Baths cure what they might have prevented.

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ABOUT EVENING FROCKS.

The evening dress of to-day is to all appearance severely plain. Yet it is necessary to look into these gowns, for we all know that such simplicity generally means the work of an artist. Indeed, the absolutely simple and flat appearance of our evening bodices must fain be relieved with the most beautiful and elaborate embroideries and passementeries. It is, however, possible to buy these elaborate trimmings

for a gown ready made. Most of the big and well-known trimming warehouses in London provide a perfect feast of colour and design. Breast-plates, *berthe*, shoulder-straps, whole panels and stomachers are sold either in sets or separately, and the amateur may then do up a frock which has seen its best days by means of such possessions, and this, too, at a remarkably low cost.

That which becomes a habit in us most easily is the will. Learn then, to will once, to will strongly and decisively. Thus fix your floating life, and leave it no longer to be drifted hither and thither, like a withered leaf, by every wind that blows.

A FEW THINGS TO LEARN.

Someone has suggested a few things that every girl can learn before she is twelve. Not everyone can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach: Shut the door, and shut it softly. Keep your own room in tasteful order. Have an hour for rising, and rise. Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours. Always know where your things are. Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable. Learn to make bread as well as cake. Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.

WHERE DOES DEW COME FROM?

Ground, a little below the surface, is always warmer than the air over it. So long as the surface of the ground is above the dew point, vapour must rise and pass from the earth into the air. The moist air so formed will mingle with the air above it, and its moisture will be condensed, forming dew wherever it comes in contact with a surface cooled below the dew point. In fact, dew rises from the ground. Place some metal trays over the grass, the soil, and the road on dewy nights. You will generally find more moisture on the grass inside the trays than outside; you will always observe a deposit of dew inside the trays, even when there is none outside at all. This shows that far more vapour rises out of the ground during the night than condenses as dew on the grass and other objects. Dew, then, rises from the ground. But how is the dew formed on bodies high up in the air? Dew does not rise in particles, as it was once considered, to fall in particles like fine rain. It rises in vapour. Some is caught by what is on the surface of the earth, but the rest ascends in vapour form until it comes in contact with a much colder surface, to condense it into moisture. The vapour does not flow upward in a uniform stream, but is mixed in the air by eddies and wind currents, and carried to bodies far from where it rose. In fact, dew may be deposited even though the country for many miles all round be dry and incapable of yielding any vapour. In such cases the supply of vapour to form that dew would depend on the evaporation of the dew, and on what was wafted over by the winds.

The richest man is not the one who has the most, but the one who can be most thankful for the least.

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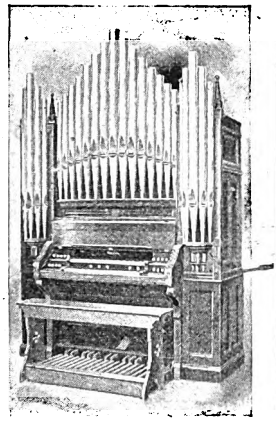

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A HOMESPUN DRESS.

This sketch shows a seaside dress made of khaki homespun, a material that is both light and cool, and yet, being composed of pure wool, averts the risk of chill to the wearer. The mode in which the skirt is pleated is made clear in the sketch, a wide three-folded box-pleat being arranged in front, one at each side, and one at the back. The little bolero has rows of stitching like those on the pleats. The former simulate a

triple coat, carrying out the idea of the three-fold pleats on the skirt. In the same way, the sleeves end in three simulated sections, with cream-coloured muslin undersleeves, gathered into bands of openwork embroidery. The revers are faced with cream-coloured embroidered muslin, and the front consists of similar muslin, with embroidered bands like those on the undersleeves.

Compassion will cure more sins than condemnation.

Some pretty lounge gowns are being made of Japanese silks, and these look well trimmed with lace, incongruous as it sounds. They are pretty, too, made with large white quilted collars, lined in the same way, when they form a practical, light, yet warm gown.

THE MEAT-SAFE.

How many people purchase a meat-safe and, if large or small, hang it in position and take no more notice of its condition? The food is taken out and put in, and there the care of it ends. This is not right. First, care should be taken in selecting the place for the safe to hang, so that, if possible, a cool, dry draft may blow through it, and as far as possible from any sink or drain. The safe should be emptied and wiped with a clean, wet cloth, then dried, daily in summer, and every other day in winter. The whole outside of the safe should be wiped with water mixed with a good disinfectant and then dried. The safe will have hooks fixed in it; no meat should be fixed on these, but on separate hooks attached to the fixtures. Do not on any account let fresh meat lie about in the house before storing in the safe, but directly it is received examine it carefully, remove any superfluous parts, and hang up at once. It will be well to keep a piece of charcoal in a muslin bag in the safe, and change it constantly.

TIRED EYES.

Few persons, when travelling by train, allow their eyes to rest. If they do not read they watch the scenery. When reading you try to hold the book or paper steady, but the types jiggle irregularly back and forth as the result of the motion of the car and the shakiness of your hand. Your eyes also do a deal of dancing, not only in pursuit of the bobbing letters, but in addition because you also are shaken about more or less by the motion of the train. Imagine the effect on the muscles of the eye! First, the eye itself has an unsteady rest; second, it is trying to fasten itself on that which is more unsteady still. Reading is not the only ill. Fix your eye on things close to the car—on flowers, fence-posts, culverts, trees—and the effect is as bad as would be brought on by reading. A headache is the first warning, but that becomes common after a while, and is not heeded any more than the headache that follows unwise eating. There is closer connection between the stomach and the eyes on one side and a headache on the other than most people imagine.

THE LADY JAPANESE CLERK.—The Japanese are truly making rapid strides in their march towards Western culture. The latest innovation is the formation of commercial schools for the training of female clerks, and one of the largest railway companies in Nippon has intimated that after a certain date ladies only will be employed in the clerical department.

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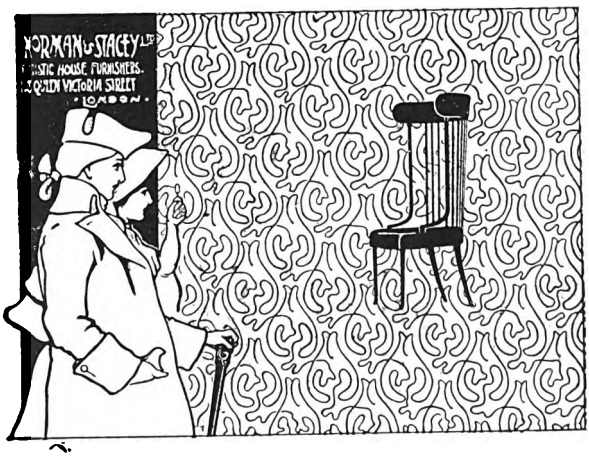

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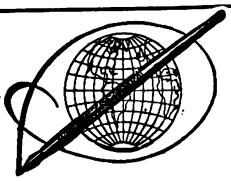

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(Edited by JOHN FOSTER FRASER.)

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PEERS WHO PREACH.

By GEORGE A. WADE.

"THE Earl of Stamford will occupy the pulpit at St. Ethelburga's Church, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., to-morrow, and give an address in connection with the special mid-day Lent services to men."

Such was the announcement which met my gaze. And it set me thinking upon how many peers there are who preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ more or less regularly every week throughout our land. Some of them are really ordained clergymen of the Church of England; others are appointed "lay readers"; some are simply helpers in different denominations who "take the service" now and then, just as does the "local preacher." But they are all good men and true, working often at great self-sacrifice to preach and testify to the saving power of the Word of God, through belief in our risen Lord.

There are one marquis, three earls, and one baron who are all duly ordained priests of the Church of England. The Marquis of Normanby resides at his place near Whitby, Mulgrave Castle, and is engaged there chiefly in his work as a schoolmaster. For here his Lordship keeps a private school for the sons of gentlemen, and has several rooms fitted up for the work necessary in such an establishment. But now and then he assists at services, both Sunday and week-day, when some neighbouring clergyman or some distant clerical friend needs assistance. And the Marquis is always ready to help on by purse and speech any good cause that appeals to him. As a schoolmaster he has gained an extremely high reputation, and many of the young nobility of our land owe something to his teaching. As a preacher he is ever grave and earnest; his conception of duty is a very high one, and that he carries out in practice his theories the tenants and people about Whitby will readily tell you. Many of them have good reason to thank him for kindnesses, small, but not less heartfelt.

Photograph by *Elliott & Fry.*

LORD STAMFORD

The Earl of Devon has been Rector of Powderham, in the county from which he takes his title, for many years. He is old now, and cannot do as much either in the actual services or work of the parish as he used to do. Moreover he has felt keenly the death of

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the Countess, his companion and true helper in all good causes for so many years, which occurred a short time ago. But yet he takes a great portion of the Sunday service in his church, and the villagers crowd there each Sabbath, knowing that they will hear sound, practical advice and godly counsel that will fit them all the better for their weekly tasks.

Photograph by *Elliott & Fry.*

THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.

And they will talk to you for an hour at a time about the kindness of their noble rector and landlord, and that of the woman they have so much missed. No words can be too high, in the estimation of these parishioners, in praise of their clergyman. He has baptised most of them; he has married several; he has stood by the graves of their loved ones, read that beautiful service over the dead, and then gone home with the living to speak words of consolation to them. Powderham knows the Earl of Devon, and Powderham loves him with a great love.

The Earl of Bessborough, the head of the Ponsonbys, is also a clergyman. His work has, however, been more retired, and he has scarcely loomed before the public eye so much as some of his brother peers who have been ordained. But his words, both in church and out of it, when he addresses gatherings of parishioners, are none the less appreciated, none the less effective.

Another Earl who is ordained is the Rev. Francis Edmund Byng, who last year came into the dignity of Earl of Strafford, through the death of the late earl. Before he entered upon his new title Lord Strafford had played the part of a country vicar for several years with much success. He had no world-wide reputation as a great preacher, but he had the love and approval of the folks to whom he ministered for so long, years before he dreamed that he would ever become an earl.

To these villagers the sermons and speeches of the Rev. Francis Byng were the sermons of a clergyman to his flock, not the words of a peer, or of one who might some day be such. What was the interest of the parish was the interest of the vicar; what was for the good of his people was a thing to be religiously undertaken, to be carried out at all costs. It is this spirit which gives any clergyman or minister his power in the place wherein he is called to work.

The Rev. Alfred Curzon, Rector of Kedleston, Derbyshire, is also Baron Scarsdale, and is perhaps known better still as the father of the present Viceroy of India, Viscount Curzon. Lord Scarsdale had, until his famous son came so prominently before the public, been almost an unknown faithful worker at the pretty Derbyshire village, over whose destinies he presides both as Lord of the Manor and Rector. His parishioners are mostly also his tenants. Like the Earl of Devon at Powderham the Rev. Alfred Curzon has known nearly all of them intimately from their young days, has watched their lives and progress not as a landlord merely but as a faithful servant of his Master, speaking a word here and there when he saw it necessary to rebuke or encourage, to help or restrain. His people listen to his Sunday sermons with respect which comes from experience, for they have a high opinion of this man whom they love—a high opinion of his good sense, of his knowledge, of his desire to assist them in their daily struggles against

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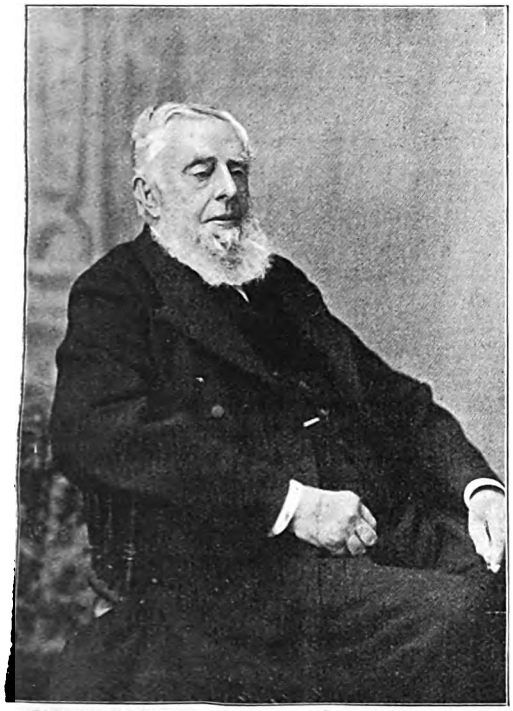
the forces of evil. To them the Rev. Baron Scarsdale is not so much a peer of the realm as a clergyman, their clergyman.

Whilst speaking of our ordained peers, it may be remarked that the present Bishop of Ely is by title a "Lord." He is Lord Alwyne Compton, of the family of the Marquis of Northampton. His Lordship is the only occupant of the episcopal bench who is actually a "Lord," though there are one or two "Honourables" there, sons of earls or brothers of peers. The work and sermons of the Bishop of Ely need but little remark in an article such as this, they are too well known. Most of our bishops have to work very hard, for their dioceses are often wide and scattered. And the diocese of Ely is not the easiest to work that this country boasts. But for the fourteen years that the present bishop has presided over it, Ely has shown quiet work, quiet rest and peace in its borders, despite fierce struggles in many other districts, and such results are the best test of the fruit and effectiveness of the preaching and counsel of a Bishop.

When we come to peers who are rather

Photograph by *Elliott & Fry.*

LORD STRAFFORD.



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THE EARL OF DEVON.

lay-preachers of some one or other denomination, we find five or six who are extremely prominent. And as we began this article with a mention of the Earl of Stamford, let us say a few words about him first. His lordship is very much in request at such services as he undertook at St. Ethelburga's. His congregation was chiefly of City men, and he drew a crowded audience of these. This alone would prove his worth as a preacher, for the man, peer or otherwise, who can get some hundreds of busy City men to give up their luncheon-hour to listen to his address in a stuffy City church must have in him something more than common as a speaker.

The Earl of Stamford preaches in a surplice and a cassock, and speaks straight from the heart, keeping well to the point of his discourse. On the occasion referred to he dwelt mainly upon the missionary work at Sierra Leone. As a man who had once held the post of Professor of Classics at Codrington College, Barbadoes, and who had travelled much,

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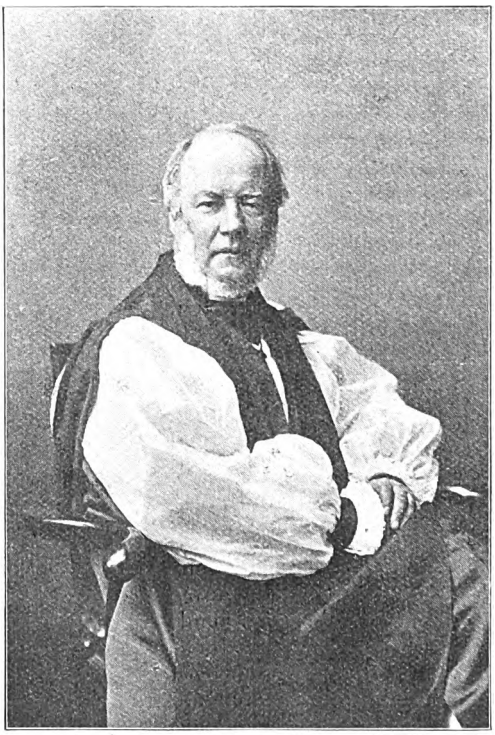
the Earl of Stamford could speak from personal knowledge of the value of mission work. And the expressions of pleasure at the sermon after the congregation had left the church showed that he had not failed to carry the audience with him. The Earl is a good speaker in every sense. His clear eyes fix themselves on the crowd before him, and he never lets his grip on that congregation fail until he has finished what he wishes to say.

The next peer-preacher whom we may mention is one whose services in the cause he has at heart are heartily and frankly acknowledged both by those who agree with his opinions and those who don't. Few men have done more for the branch of the English Church that is especially identified with his name than Viscount Halifax. But with his private views and works we have little here to do; our part is to present him as a preacher of no mean merit. More than once has the Viscount conducted the service of the Church he loves so well; and his addresses as one of her most prominent members of to-day, both in church and out of it, are always listened to with the greatest attention by the large congregation that ever assembles when it is announced that he will speak. Few preachers, even of those whose work it is to deliver their Master's message Sunday after Sunday, have the gift of eloquence and the logical way of putting facts before an audience as has Viscount Halifax. His style is beautifully clear, his delivery somewhat rapid. But the man who, once under his spell, is not stirred by his enthusiasm and spirited words must indeed be hard to move.



Photograph by *Elliott & Fry.*

THE BISHOP OF ELY.

Lord Halifax has no sympathy with weak-kneed Christians. Full of fire and go himself, he cannot understand the attitude of those whose policy is summed up in the famous words, "Dolce far niente." The Viscount is one of the most charming of men in ordinary life, polished, kind, and attractive in every way. But when it comes to speaking for his Master it is something more than usually difficult that will prevent his going straight to the mark.

Two Scottish Barons have gained some reputation as preachers and speakers at Gospel gatherings. These are Lord Kinnaird and Lord Overtoun. The former is a man who has made a mark in more ranks of life than one. He is the "doyen" of muscular Christianity, if we may so term it. He stands as an acknowledged authority on football and all belonging to it, and in his past days had a repute as a player that many well-known players of to-day would be glad to possess. But he is not less earnest and resolute as a lay preacher. There are few men ever more ready to deliver a sermon on Jesus Christ and His work for the people of the world than is the Baron. There has been scarcely a good cause during the past twenty years that he has not taken a leading part in. Every Christian labour finds in him an earnest supporter both by tongue and purse. To him Dr. Barnardo's Homes owe no small portion of their present prosperity; to him countless similar agencies for good trace their origin and continuance.

As a speaker in the pulpit Lord Kinnaird is one to whom you must listen, for you

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Photograph by *Elliott & Fry.*

LORD HALIFAX.

feel that he means every word that he says. He has not the eloquence of Viscount Halifax, nor the finished sermons of the Bishop of Ely. But his Scotch voice and his Scotch determination to make his hearers understand his points carry him far on the way to success.

Now Lord Overtoun is still different from this, though he resembles his compatriot in his philanthropic schemes and interests. Lord Overtoun has been for many years a great employer of labour, and he knows men as few peers know them. He has studied them under several aspects, which is just where the ordinary peer's view is limited as a general rule. So his Lordship can get at his audience, and does get at it when he preaches, as he frequently does in Scotland, in a way that many other peers cannot. The strong light of successful business methods is brought to bear ; there is a practical, solid vein running through the discourses of the Baron that one only too often misses in those of many of the ministers of all sects.

It is not the eloquence, nor the logical analysis, nor the keen debating powers of the speaker that makes his audience listen. It is the stern fact that what a man such as this one says is the outcome of personal experience with the hard business world that they themselves are fighting that compels men to acknowledge that the preacher is worth hearing.

The present Earl of Tankerville—Lord Benet he was before he came into the earldom—has always been regarded as a shining light amongst the select body of peers who preach. He has often done duty at a service, nor have his ministrations always been confined to the congregations of the English Church. Probably he has addressed as many sermons to the people of other denominations of all kinds as he has to those mentioned. Whether his audience be one of the Salvation Army, of Ragged School lads, or of more cultured people, Lord Benet was always ready with something to say that was at once instructive, interesting, and helpful. Since he acquired his new dignity his time has been more occupied with affairs pertaining to that position, naturally, than before, and he has not yet been quite so much at

Photograph by *Elliott & Fry.*

LORD KINNAIRD.

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liberty to conduct services as he was wont to do. But all true Christians hope much in the future from him.

There are several aristocratic preachers in our land, vicars and others, whom we might have spoken of, such as Lord William Cecil, the Rector of Hatfield. But these are not really peers, such as those who have been dealt with, so we here pass them by. What everybody loving Christ must be glad at is that so many of our peers are ever ready and willing to preach His Gospel and tell His love whenever they get the opportunity.

BE STILL, MY SOUL.

Be still, my soul, nor vainly question why
It should be thine such anguish to endure ;
The gold must in the heated furnace lie
Ere from the dross of earth it comes forth pure.

Life's sweetest songs are borne on wings of night ;
Earth's bosom rent, yields up her richest store ;
Through Error's veil there burns the star of Right,
And Truth is far more radiant than before.

The wounded flower pours forth its fragrant breath,
And dying sends to Heav'n its rich perfume ;
And through the portals of unwelcome Death,
Behold, the Tree of Life doth always bloom !

Be still, my soul, nor murmur, nor repine ;
Why should'st thou weep? The gloom will soon be past,
And thou shalt find a sweeter lot is thine
Where glory beams, and joys for ever last.

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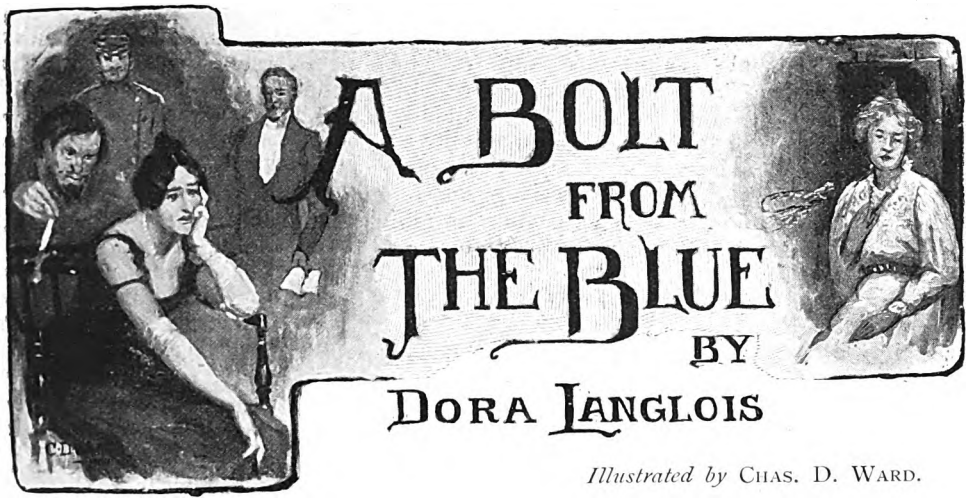

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE

BY

DORA LANGLOIS

Illustrated by CHAS. D. WARD.

CHAPTER I.

"DO you see him over there? That is he."

"What! The big man with the fair beard trimmed to a point, and the boyish face? Is that really this Francis Osborne?"

"Yes, that is Frank Osborne, only son of the late Mr. Justice Osborne, Recorder of Docktown. His father was always a little queer, you know—believed in 'the quality of mercy' and all that kind of thing, and the son improves upon his father's model."

The scene was a crush at the British Embassy in Paris, and Lady Emilia Dachet, to whom this original character was pointed out, raised her lorgnette and regarded him critically.

"I wish someone would go and bring him here," she said, lazily. "The people one meets nowadays have got into such a dreadful groove of sameness that it is always refreshing to meet one of these oddities. I can't see him very well from here; but I suppose he is not good form—wears his neck-tie awry, and cultivates a big bass voice! All the men do it who have elected to mount the platform and talk to working-men about 'the horny-handed son of toil.'"

"Strange to say, Mr. Osborne does none of these things," remarked a third lady—a placid woman, more than middle-aged, with a sweet, calm face. "He has not appeared as a public speaker yet."

"Oh! You really must pardon me. I quite thought he was 'a man and a brother.'"

"Not in that sense; and, as for the set of his neck-tie, you shall judge for yourself. I will present him as soon as I can catch his eye, and beckon him to come here. I don't think, Lady Emilia, that his voice will startle you; one or two society women have thought it soft and winning; and I think I could point out to you some poor homes in the low quarters of this and other cities where it has made music on occasions."

Lady Emilia was a society dame who had made in her early youth the customary exchange of patrician and maidenly charms for a good establishment. Marriage with the sort of man her husband was had proved a complete education of a kind. The hollowness and depravity of society were an open page to her, of which not one paragraph was left unconned. She had come through stainless, owing more, perhaps, to a certain hardness in her nature than to the possession of any beautiful or high ideal; she believed in neither God nor devil, man nor woman; she loved and admired nothing—not even herself (the cynicism of her nature forbade that), though, like a true sybarite, she was particularly careful of her own bodily well-being.

"Ah!" she said. "Here comes your modern Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche*," for Osborne, having turned and caught

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sight of her companion, was making towards them.

"*Sans peur* he *is*, no doubt," answered Miss Wilfred, in a hurried undertone. "The other he cannot hope to remain for long. You ought to know enough, Lady Emilia, to be aware that no man can oppose all the preconceived notions of his age and his set, without coming to grief sooner or later."

"My dear Miss Wilfred, if you will accept the assurance from a man who has had his back to you, possibly for the last ten minutes—I have been looking for you everywhere—except, of course, in the right place. I want to tell you——"

"Some other time, Mr. Osborne. Now I am going to present you to Lady Emilia Dachet. Lady Emilia — Mr. Osborne," and, with her quiet smile, Miss Wilfred having completed the introduction, turned away, and left the two together.

"If you can spare the time from your more important avocations, Mr. Osborne, I should like you to talk to me a little," her ladyship said. She had taken in the *tout ensemble* of the man at a glance, and was now regarding him with as little apparent interest as though he were a very familiar object. She had an insolent and daring way of saying and doing what she liked not uncommon to the women of her set—noticeable also among the women of quite another order; but with her it might be said that what she did seemed right.

Osborne caught her vein, and, determining not to be serious with her, answered:

"Don't accuse me of having any avocation here, Lady Emilia. Believe me, I am not such a boor as to bring such a thing into these sacred precincts. If I possess an avocation, I have certainly left it at home, with my boots and my morning coat."

"You will not escape me in that way," she laughed. "I know that you have ideas, and I want to hear about them. It is so seldom that we meet with anyone in our set who has anything of that sort to spare, that it is quite refreshing."

She had quite decided in her one swift glance that Osborne, though a "crank" perhaps, was not so to outward seeming. She had an eye for beauty, too; and there was a certain masculine beauty about the figure of this man, and those portions of the face not covered by his beard, that reminded her of that ideal for ever immortalised by Michael Angelo's David.

To Osborne was given the happy quality of being able to be serious himself, without resenting the levity of others; and, though naturally annoyed (Lady Emilia always commenced by annoying those whom she wished later on to enslave), he answered: "I dread so much the crime of boring you, that I shall tell you nothing, unless in the categorical style."

"That means to say that I am to exert myself," she said, with a flashing smile. "Well, if you can make me exert myself, you have done wonders. This Eight-Hours question now, a horrid subject, bald and uninteresting to the last degree, as a rule; how do you find the thing work in your home?"

"You know then that I have an eight-hours day for all my servants?"

"Yes; one hears that, as soon as one hears you mentioned. How does it work?"

"Very well, I believe. I am satisfied; and I assure you that, in spite of a generally-accepted belief to the contrary, I *do* get my boots cleaned, and my clothes brushed, much like other people."

There was a merry twinkle in his kindly brown eyes, and Lady Emilia, noting it, tapped the palm of her hand with her fan.

"Let us be serious," she said. "How did you——"

"Get converted? Will that phrase do?"

"Yes. How did you begin? I don't want to know how you came to uphold the movement for factory hands, and those sort of people. Your arguments for that would be the usual ones, I suppose, and I know all about them, and really could not work up a semblance of interest. I mean, how did you come to take the idea *home*?"

"If I must tell you——"

"Oh, you must, of course; so far, I have done all the talking."

"Well, the affair was simple enough. I had been at the meeting of a debating society, serving my apprenticeship for greater things, which have not yet arrived; and I believe I expounded my views warmly, and advocated the public movement with enthusiasm. On my return home, fired with my own ardour, and not a little pleased with myself as a budding friend of man, I found a drowsy footman waiting for me in the hall, and had my

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LADY EMILIA DACHET REGARDED HIM CRITICALLY.

brandy and soda brought me by an anæmic, jaded-looking maid. Something in the faces of those people reminded me of the pathetic picture I myself had drawn, a couple of hours before, of the commercial operatives who have no time to call their souls their own. I asked the girl when she had risen; she told me at six o'clock; it was then 2.30. I inquired if she was likely to rise at the same hour that morning. She answered hastily and apologetically: 'Oh, yes, sir, of course.' I told her to go away and have her breakfast in bed. She decamped, convinced that I was either mad or drunk, certainly dangerous, and I resolved then and there on the course I have adopted since."

"With success?"

"Well, possibly only with partial success at first."

"I don't understand it. If your servants work only eight hours a day it seems to me that you must get your breakfast or your dinner yourself. Fancy the clock striking, just as Mary Jane has sent up the soup, and having to come down oneself to take up the fish, only to find it in rags!"

Osborne laughed. "We did have one or two mishaps at first, I admit," he said. "Overtime saved us from a domestic crash, however, until I had got my system cut and dried. My people now begin at different hours; 'shifts' is the

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commercial term, Lady Emilia. After the expiration of the eight hours they are no more my servants than the cotton operative outside the mill. I should no more ask one of them to hand my hat and cane than I should think of flying. To our domestic state occasions they look forward as to a harvest, the harvest of overtime, and we rub along contentedly, I assure you."

"Yet you don't live *en garçon?*"

"No; my sister heads my household at present, and my cousin, Miss Rayne, is always with us."

"And isn't it very expensive?"

"No. I don't think so. I cut my coat according to my cloth, for I am anything but a millionaire. My people's eight hours' work is *real* work. It is not that weary, purposeless dawdling about, waiting at the beck and call of others, which constitutes the existence of the average domestic. It is brisk, invigorating, lively. If I have—and I am not sure of that—one or two more hands than I absolutely need, what does it matter? No man can hate me because he feels himself my drudge; no, nor woman either, thank Heaven."

"And your men-servants—I don't mean your bailiffs and stewards, and the like—but your grooms and footmen, are they *really* married men?"

"Why not? Having but eight hours' work to put in at my house, they are at liberty to live in cottages on my estate if they like. It would be *contre règle* to discuss the question in all its bearings with you, Lady Emilia, but do not our newspapers constantly deplore the vices of the servants' hall? Does not every householder know, from some sort of painful experience, what those vices are, and what they lead to? I tell you candidly that the basements of some houses to which our women-folk go, unhesitatingly, are little better than—but there, this is not the time or place to mount my hobby. I only bore you."

There was a sparkle of interest in Lady Emilia's eyes; not that he told her anything new; she had kept house too long (Mr. Dachet's house, which reflected in the basement the characteristics of its proprietor) not to understand all that he left unsaid; but it amused her that any man should care about these things, or trouble his head so long as his dinner was served properly, the attendance neat and punctual. It stirred her, too, in some vague, undefined manner she had never felt before.

"You do not bore me, Mr. Osborne; far from it. You have interested me deeply." She was very gracious, and she could be so when she chose; but even as she spoke she saw that his eyes were wandering among the throng. He was not impressed by her change of tone. "You are looking for someone? Don't apologise if you have friends to rejoin. I must not monopolise you."

"My sister and cousin are here," he explained. "Miss Osborne does not speak French, and Miss Rayne is not used to these crushes yet. I am supposed to be looking after them, but I fear I have neglected my duty."

She made a slight inclination of the head, equivalent to a bow of dismissal, and he left her side. A moment or two later the person who had first pointed him out came up to her—a certain fleshy Mrs. Gunter.

"Well, Lady Emilia, how do you like Miss Wilfred's favourite?" she asked. "Do you not find him an original?"

"I find him breezy and refreshing in a way," was the reply. "He is more interested in things and more impressive than the majority; but he does not go the length of being ridiculous. Positively I did not get a single laugh at his expense."

"He takes himself seriously," replied Mrs. Gunter, glancing sideways with her beady eyes at the relict of the late Mr. Dachet. "I wonder what marriage will make of him?"

"Marriage! Oh! The pretty cousin? His *fiancée* is here then to-night?"

"No, she is not here. It is not the little cousin. The *fiancée* would *hardly* be received here, though, by the way, she is one of the handsomest women in Paris."

"Indeed?" said Lady Emilia, stifling a yawn. "It is to be hoped they will be happy, and all that kind of thing. That sort of man usually makes a *mésalliance*, I suppose. Not that it matters much. I don't know that any of the Osbornes were distinguished before the time of his father, the Recorder," and then her ladyship wrapped herself up in her mantle of bored exclusiveness and drifted away among her many friends.

"Hullo! By yourself, Eva? Now that's what I call a special dispensation

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of Providence. Where's Maria? Why isn't she looking after you?"

It was Osborne, who, after threading the crowded reception rooms for some time in search of his missing relatives, had come suddenly on a fair young girl alone under one of the palms of a small conservatory. She looked up, brightening at his approach, and answered:

"The fact is, Frank, Maria seems to have some fish of her own to fry to-night. There is an ugly Frenchman here, who has quite monopolised her, while I——"

"Have been left to shift for yourself? Eh, little woman?"

"I don't know that that matters, Frank, since you seem pleased to find me alone."

The girl was twenty, but she looked even younger; there was something immature about her beauty, which lay chiefly in her large violet eyes, her pale creamy skin, and beautiful fair hair; but almost appealingly childish as she looked in her simple white robes, there was a self-restraint about her, even a suggestion of sadness, which seemed to indicate that the brave and steadfast spirit had already struggled and conquered in that long conflict which we call life.

"But where does the dispensation come in? Why would Maria be in the way?"

"Because," he answered, dropping into a chair, and turning his face full on her, "I am out of sympathy to-night with her and with all this host of gad-flies."

"You are not sad, Frank?"

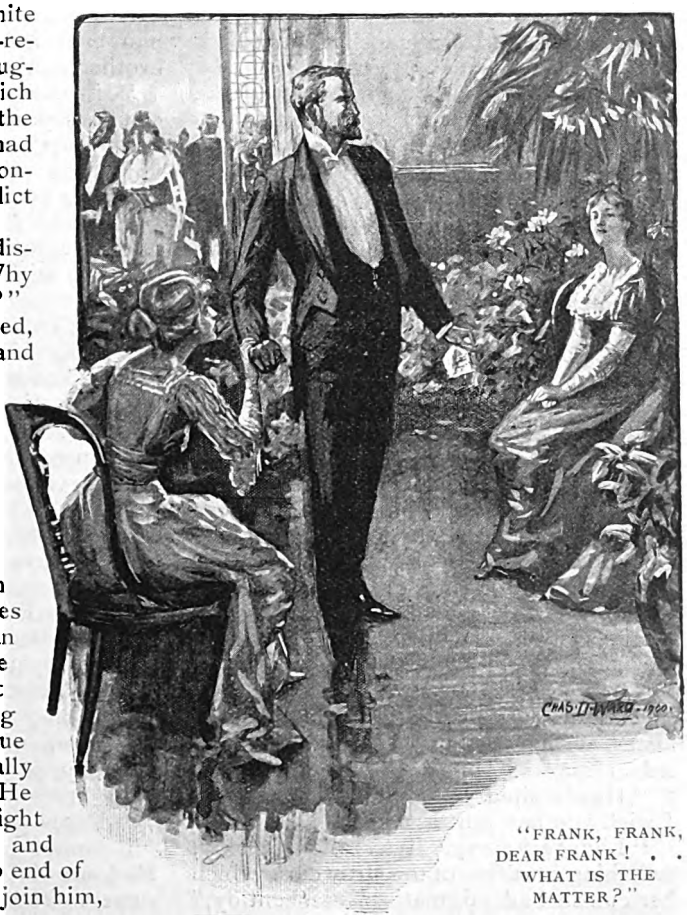
"No, not sad; too happy, Eva, for all this crush and chatter. There are times when happiness makes an idiot of a man; and on those occasions it is as well that he should be alone. Coming here I passed a man in a blue blouse, who was ecstatically happy about something. He was dancing out there right in front of the vehicles and pedestrians, and having no end of a good time. I wanted to join him, I did, indeed. He was not drunk, you know, only just purely, absolutely happy. I would have given a pocketful of money to throw my crush-hat up into the air after his blue cap, and with my hands on my hips start off as his *vis-à-vis* in the mazes of that intoxicating dance."

"Poor fellow! I hope his cause for joy was as good and as lasting as yours, Frank."

He took her little gloved hand and pressed it with brotherly tenderness.

"Eva," he said, "you have always been my little comrade, since the days I used to carry you, a fluffy-headed baby, pick-a-back round the house; but never have you been so good to me as in your championship of Helga."

The girl smiled bravely into his face. "I can't remember those pick-a-back rides," she answered, "though I know you have often recalled them, to the peril of my dignity when I have been trying to



"FRANK, FRANK, DEAR FRANK! . . WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

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please Maria by being duly proper and 'grown up.' Our first meeting always seems to me to have been in the dim hall at King's-Barton, where Maria first brought me home after my father's funeral. What you did for me then, Frank, it seems I can never repay; but Helga needs no champion—to see her is to know that you two must be happy together."

"And yet," he said, his brows contracting, "Maria does not like her—can't endure her, in fact, though Heaven alone knows why — unless it be that she is beautiful, my senior by at least a year, and a widow ——"

The girl had turned her head away a little. "Surely those are her advantages," she said in a low voice. "A young wife"—here her voice broke for a moment in what might have been a birth-strangled sob—"a young wife might love you dearly, and sympathise in your life-work; but she could never be the helpmate you will find in Helga. Sometimes I think it was her passionate championship of the oppressed in her own land that first drew you to her."

"What are you two hiding away like this for?" demanded a rather acrimonious voice from behind the greenery, round which a tall, hard-favoured woman of middle-age advanced upon them. "I have been looking for you everywhere?"

"Indeed, Maria? I fancy we have been playing hide-and-seek then. I have but just found Eva."

"And very untidy she looks with her hair like a bird's nest! We ought to be getting our wraps on, if we are to drop in at Lady Stanley's ball. By the way, Frank, here is a letter for you. It was brought just now by a special messenger, and the servants handed it to me. A French gentleman, who has been very polite and attentive, and whose name is Durand, told me you were here, and brought me through the rooms. It seems he once knew our father well. You may as well read your letter; we can wait."

With a muttered "Thank you," Osborne tore the envelope, and his half-sister, dropping into a chair by Eva's side, remarked:—

"How insipid you look to-night, child. I wish you had a little more style."

"I am very sorry," Eva replied, meekly, twitching at a few of the stray curls which her cousin had stigmatised as "untidy," in a useless endeavour to pull them straight. "I can't make my hair lie flat like yours, Maria."

"Ugh! How oppressively hot it is here. I suppose Frank will just drop us at Lady Stanley's and then go on for half-an-hour to Madame Katiskoff's. He makes an idiot of himself about tha woman. Eh, what's the matter now?"

"Frank, Frank, dear Frank!" It wa a cry from Eva that interrupted her. She had her hand on his arm, her eyes raised inquiringly to his pale face. "What is the matter? What—what has happened?"

"Nothing, nothing," he answered, breaking from her and advancing on his sister, the letter crushed in his hand, his voice trembling with anger. "It is common knowledge that the world is full of slanderers, that it is sufficient for a human being to be perfectly happy for some soured wretch to strike at that happiness for the mere wanton pleasure of destroying it."

Eva stood transfixed by the storm that had broken loose, but Maria faced her brother unflinchingly.

"If you will condescend to explain the cause of your agitation, Frank, we shall be in a better position to sympathise with you," she said, though her tones were anything but sympathetic.

He held the paper towards her, and asked, bluntly: "Do you know the writer of this anonymous epistle or its contents?"

"No, I do not," she answered.

"I beg your pardon, Maria," he muttered, hoarsely, thrusting it into his breast-pocket. "I—I did you a great injustice."

He was quite convinced. He knew his sister's virtues as well as her failings—that she, who would tell an untimely and disagreeable truth at the risk of alienating her best friends, would not tell a direct falsehood on any account whatever.

"Pray don't apologise," she said, "I am used to having disagreeable things laid to my door without inquiry; so if Eva will kindly come for her wraps instead of standing staring there, as though an injustice to *me* was anything astonishing, we may perhaps reach Lady Stanley's to-night."

"Maria—Eva," Osborne stammered, "I cannot take you there. I must see Madame Katiskoff at once. Shall I find someone to accompany you?"

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"No, no, never mind, Frank," Eva pleaded. "Maria does not care, and really I do not wish to go now. I am so sorry for your trouble. Can we do nothing?" and she slipped her soft fingers coaxingly into his palm.

He shook his head, and, disengaging himself gently, asked: "What is it to be, Maria? Shall I offer Mrs. Gunter a seat in the carriage?"

"You may as well. She will jump at the chance. She's a regular society stop-gap, is that woman," Maria retorted. Then, as with a broken "good-night" he hurried away, she added: "Don't be ridiculous, Eva. We are not going to offend our friends because Frank sees fit to alter his plans. Come to the cloak-room at once, and, mark my words, something has happened which will eventually separate Francis from that odious and designing woman, Helga Katiskoff."

For one moment the girl's colour mounted, and there was a strange, eager gleam in her wistful eyes. Then she mastered herself again and said:

"I hope not, Maria. I sincerely hope and trust that that may never be," and the aspiration came from the bottom of her pure, unselfish heart.

CHAPTER II.

While these scenes were being enacted in the reception rooms at the British Embassy a very beautiful woman was waiting impatiently in her pretty *salon* in the Avenue Victor Hugo. A dozen times she consulted the clock, a dozen times she moved to the mirror, to glance anxiously at her own reflection, then paused, listening for the sound of the expected footfall.

"I must arrange all quickly." she murmured to herself. "There is no time to lose. Ah! But for his sister we might marry at once. Hark! Is it not his step? Yes, he is here at last."

The door had opened, and she advanced, her face lighting with a radiant smile.

"My friend," she said, with that seductive accent which makes the title "friend" sound infinitely sweeter than all our love phrases strung together, "you are late. You promised you would be here before midnight. This is not usual with you. How is it?"

"I received a communication," he answered, "which delayed me."

She gave him one swift glance, then said, lightly: "No matter, you have arrived. We will spend what remains of the evening *tête-à-tête*."

"You don't ask what that communication was?" he remarked.

"Truly no. If you wish to tell me I shall hear all in good time. If not, I shall conclude you have other things to say to me which, to my foolish ears, are better worth attention."

Still he stood aloof. "It may interest you to know," he said, "that I received a letter a quarter of an hour ago from a person who describes himself as your husband's friend." The face the woman saw in the mirror could no longer lie to her. It was visibly contracted by pain and anxiety, but she answered, calmly:

"My late husband had no friends save the vicious and depraved. The man must be bold indeed to write to you. Is he begging?"

"No," retorted Osborne, for it was he, "he seeks for nothing. But he gives me some interesting information, for he tells me that Helga Katiskoff is no widow, that her husband still lives.

The woman let the tress of hair fall loose upon her snowy shoulders, and, turning, faced him.

"Then," she said, "I demand to know who it is who dares to say that that man still cumbers the ground?"

"Do you deny it, Helga?" he insisted. "That is the great thing. Have you proof of his death? Proof, reasonable proof, was needed by the woman who contemplated becoming mistress of an English home."

"I thought him dead," she said, slowly. "I think so still. To think otherwise would be to make my life a hell. To prove him living would be to plant a dagger here," and she clasped her hands upon her heaving breast.

"And yet," he said, looking down upon her as she bent towards him, "*I* must have proofs. You should have been the one to give them to me, though, in my blind love and confidence, I never thought of asking for them. Now I must seek them elsewhere, seek them with the knowledge at my heart that the woman I trusted so entirely, recklessly sought to deceive herself if she did not wilfully seek to deceive me."

"Stop!" she cried. "Do me justice. You are speaking as though you accepted

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this man's statement as fact. You are prejudging the case. I was a widow in my own esteem. I had proof enough to satisfy me before we met. Then you came and told me that your life's happiness was centred in me. Was it then my duty to become dissatisfied with proofs that had seemed ample before? Perhaps—perhaps it was. But oh! I had not the strength to shatter your air-built castles even for an hour, by saying, 'I did not stand beside that wretch's death-bed. I do not know where to look for his grave.' Your happiness, your peace was more to me than my own."

"Happiness and peace," he rejoined, sternly, "are not for the man wedded to a woman who has another husband living. Have you considered what my life would have been should that man have returned in the flesh, after you had become the mistress of my home, the mother, perhaps, of children of mine? Helga, Helga, what can a man think of a woman who could contemplate an action which might make such a state of things possible?"

"Think of such a woman?" she repeated. "Why ask me? Go tell your sister. Ask her, she will tell you what to think. I have done wrong, it seems, in being satisfied that because I am free from persecution therefore that man must be dead. And yet the reasoning is sound. Even now, in spite of your mysterious letter, I cannot think that he lives while I am at peace. But prove it, prove it beyond the shadow of a doubt, and I will revenge you for the wrong you have received—this terrible deception practised by a loving heart. Listen, then, my friend. If I am his wife and not his widow *I will return and live with him.* Ah, Heaven, that will be a penance indeed! I shall slip from your arms back into the arms of the soiled beast of the gutter, and your sister will say that I am justly punished."

No vindication of herself could have had so great and powerful an effect on him. He caught her wildly in his arms.

"I'd rather make his death a certainty myself," he muttered, "than see you return to him. You are more mine than his."

A swift, triumphant smile flashed across her mobile face. "Yours," she whispered, "and yours only, and for ever if you will have it so."

"Helga," he asked, "why did you not divorce this man long ago? From what you have told me, it seems he gave you cause enough. You were separated from him a long time before you thought him dead. You must have been, for you have often spoken to me of his following and threatening you. Why did you not put him out of your life in the only reasonable way?" She did not answer immediately, and he went on. "It is not too late even now. Your life has been blameless, and if he is still above ground we will make him stand forth, the cur that he is, and get the law to remove the bonds which he broke, leaving the fetters on you."

He trembled in the intense excitement of this new idea. With feminine sophistry she had convinced him that he had not been greatly wronged, that she had not acted a shameless, but only a foolish part, and his heart was as fully open to her as ever.

The woman's hands were clasped together, and lines of care were tracing themselves upon her brow.

"Why did I not?" she reiterated. "Ah! It is so easy to talk thus, to talk like a child. If I could have freed myself should I have waited for death to help me? If I could free myself now should I care whether he rots above ground or under it?"

"Helga," he whispered, an accent of doubt in his voice again, "surely, surely you *can* free yourself if you choose? No country would refuse her freedom to a woman so shamelessly wronged as you have been, provided *she herself* were blameless."

"I am a Pole," she answered, in a low voice, "and my country is Russia, Holy Russia!" And she laughed a bitter, mirthless laugh.

"But'——' he protested.

"No matter the Russian laws," she interrupted him imperatively. "They cannot help me. I was married in St. Petersburg; I lived with my husband there. There he committed those acts which give me a moral right to freedom, but"—she leant forward and looked into his face, for she was still standing, and he had dropped heavily into a chair—"I should only purchase freedom for my soul at the expense of my body. I should exchange there, in St. Petersburg, the chain of a hated union for *those other chains that are only too plentiful there.*"

"My God!" he cried. "What do you mean?"

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THE NEXT INSTANT SHE STRUCK THE GLASS FROM HIS HANDS.

CHAPTER III.

She laughed again, a laugh that was more cutting to his heart than any burst of tears.

"Those pretty chains, those light chains," she said, "which the Great White Father, the loving parent of a vast people, forges for men's strong arms and limbs

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like these," and she extended her supple wrists held close together. "They are ornaments, indeed, which the recipient need not fear to lose; for though the mementos of an Emperor's favour, they go safely with the wearer over miles of frozen road. Divorce, my friend, divorce! Would it give me to your arms? No; I am a Pole, and every Polish woman with a heart to feel, a brain to contrive, has some time in her life done wild deeds, or thought wild thoughts about her country, the country which once knew a Stanislaus. Figure it to yourself, then, that freed in St. Petersburg of my husband, I should not come to *you*, but to the convict's chain, the lash, the frozen road, and perhaps (why should I not say it, for it is true?) to the forced embraces of one or two of the Czar's faithful servants, who must needs have some relaxation on the weary road."

"Helga! You are then——"

"The truth must out," she answered. "I have been, and to some extent I am—well, let us leave the word unsaid. You Englishmen hate it, because you have never felt the iron rod which enters into the heart, and so corrodes the blood that every good instinct turns into a bad one. I began—hush, listen!—I began as those who are patriots do, willing to fight wrong with wrong. I thought that the wrongs inflicted on us excused what wrong we did. I learnt with riper knowledge that two wrongs do not bring the world nearer right. I am weary, weary. I wish to blot out the past, to escape from it; but in St. Petersburg—where the freedom lies of which you speak—my fate awaits me. Now you know the truth."

"Then, Helga," he said, slowly, "if this report prove true—if your husband still lives—there is no hope for us?"

She sank upon her knees, and wound her arms about him as he sat.

"Is there any hope anywhere?" she asked. "Sometimes I doubt it. Now that you know all, would things be as they were, supposing the report a malicious lie? Could you, would you still take me to your heart?"

"Can you doubt it?" he answered. "With your dear face so near my heart, can you fancy that it does not beat true to you in spite of the past?"

She looked up suddenly, a new light in her eyes. Some gentle angel—if the pretty myth be true, and the Great Father gives us guardian spirits—was moving her to say something to him then, to tell him something of that past which was as yet hidden from his view. But she had only learnt the art of attaining her end by tortuous paths, and her heart was crying out to her that she must keep this man—keep him against all comers.

She sobbed, but did not speak.

"If you can wait for me, Helga," he said, "I will wait for you, though our union be postponed until our heads are grey. Be true to me, and I will be true to you. For better or worse, in the darkness without joy; separated by the world and the knowledge of right and wrong, our hearts will still be one. Can a man give more to prove his love, and ask for less?"

The woman shivered and trembled in every limb; never before had those stains upon the soul he spoke of as united through suffering to his own, seemed one half so black, and yet the triumph was hers.

"We may have years to wait," she murmured. "What have I ever known of any man to make me think that one would wait for me?"

She rose suddenly, her eyes flashing with excitement. "It is only a question of time, then," she cried; "a few weeks, if this man be dead; months, years, perhaps, if he lives. Some day I shall be your wife. Should one of us go out before the other, it will not be here, but hereafter. It is your wish to bind yourself to me and me to you, as firmly, and as truly, as though we were to live the happy life we dreamt of. If it may not be for happiness, you will bind yourself to me for pain and weary waiting. Dare you swear to do it?"

"My word," he answered, "and my oath are one."

"Then make me happy," she cried. "Take from my heart the pang of fearing that I shall lose you in the end. Have you ever seen a Jewish wedding? No? I have, in my own country, Poland, and I remember the rite, but not the form. Come, we will paraphrase both for ourselves."

Passing to the sideboard, she poured out some red wine, placed the glass in his right hand; then opened a little Greek Testament which lay on the table, put her right hand upon it, and indicated that he was to cover it with his left.

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"Now," she said, her face radiant with triumph, "repeat after me: By the Supreme Being, I take this woman as mine——"

Fired by the contagion of her eagerness, he did as she desired, without pausing to reflect.

"By the Supreme Being, I take this woman as mine," he said.

"To love her living, to mourn her dead," she went on, the words coming from her lips like wind sighing through summer foliage.

"To love her living, to mourn her dead," he repeated, his own voice trembling on the words.

"While I live, she shall have no other husband. While she lives, I will have no other wife, so help me, God!"

More firmly than before, he followed her this time.

"While I live, she shall have no other husband. While she lives I will have no other wife—so help me, God!"

The next instant she struck the glass from his hands, and it shattered on the ground into a hundred pieces. With a sigh, she bade him put his foot upon the fragments.

"As this vessel shall never be reconstructed, so shall these words never be unsaid."

He hurried over the words, and held out his arms to receive her, but she drew back; her quick ear had caught the sound of footsteps in the vestibule.

"Frank, my friend," she cried, "what is to-day?"

"The tenth of the month," he answered.

"True, true; I had forgotten," she whispered, with a blanching face.

"Who is the man who has just been admitted?" he demanded, hoarsely. "I have a right to know, unless this"—and he pointed to the Testament, on which her hand still rested, and then downward to the wine stain on the floor—"has been nothing but a meaningless farce!"

"You *shall* know," she rejoined, "but not *now*—not while *he* is here. I dare not speak, *I* dare not tell you now. For the love of the gentle Christ, be patient with me, Frank! He *is* the past; that portion of it which is not connected with my husband. Into the hands of such men as he, we—we who are patriots—give ourselves, when we dream pure dreams of freedom for our beloved country. He is all eyes, all ears. I dare not say another word."

"But what must I do—what say to my own people?"

"Nothing, but that our marriage is postponed. I will see you again; we will look for traces of my husband. But go now—go!"

The servant had closed the door of the adjoining apartment upon the new-comer, and, bewildered and distressed, Osborne found himself a few minutes later under the lamps and the lime trees of the Avenue Victor Hugo.

As for the woman, she pressed her hands upon her bosom, and leant heavily against the table to steady herself.

"It is the summons——it is the summons from No. 13, Rue de l'Esperance," she murmured. "I had forgotten—forgotten that to-night they would draw for the next mission to St. Petersburg. I, to forget a thing like that! I, to forget everything in my love!"

She gathered her silken draperies in her hand, and, stepping over the wine-stain on the floor, advanced to the portière which admitted to the little *salon*.

The room was but dimly lighted, and under the one lamp stood a tall, ascetic-looking man. There was something of the priest about his remarkable aspect and bearing; yet he did not wear the garments of the Church.

On his face was the absolute calm of an anchorite, who thinks but no longer feels.

"Comrade," he said, looking her over critically as she advanced, "have you received news of our companion No. 113?"

She shook her head. "I have heard nothing since he wrote to tell me that on the morrow he would cross the frontier," she replied. "In that letter he bade me adieu for ever. He did not think he should succeed. He went to the task as one who has no hope. He was too young, too inexperienced. I thought so, and I said so from the first. Who knew him as well as I? Had you not made me work with him?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "We can but work with the tools we have," he said. "When the task is simple and requires only courage—that is to say, when the only drawback is the almost certain danger—we employ those who are fellow-craftsmen merely. If they fail, they fail; we have given them to the

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cause. If they succeed, the cause retains them for herself."

"Then the worst is feared?"

"The worst is *known*," he corrected her. "We have no *fears*. Ah! It is difficult to make a woman fit even for the position you occupy in the second degree. Women fail to grasp those ideas which must lead us; without which we are nothing. The worst was anticipated when he left us. We do not fear or hope. There was a chance. He took it by lot; we took it with him. The venture has not prospered, that we know. We have no news directly from himself, therefore we assume that he was not in a position to send any. He might have set the very world alight by his deed. He has not done so. He might, on the other hand, have engulfed us all, so far as lies in the power of a mere craftsman. He has not done that either; therefore we say that he was staunch to the end; and to-night I, president of the ten, placed his number on the roll of the faithful comrades who have departed."

She did not speak, she merely bowed her head; and the master, regarding her closely, added: "To-night his private papers were all destroyed."

In spite of herself a sudden glance of interest, a sigh of relief escaped her.

"All, *all* were destroyed?" she asked.

"By an order from the unseen three," he replied.

"There is nothing more to say, then?" she demanded. "You have nothing further to tell me?"

There was anxiety in her voice, try how she would to steady it.

"One thing more," he replied, calmly. "To-night we drew lots from the members of the second degree for the next mission to St. Petersburg. You were absent, comrade."

There was neither anger nor condemnation in his quiet, even tones, but the woman turned as white as a sheet.

"I forgot," she answered. "I acknowledge my fault and await my sentence."

"No matter," he continued. "I knew your loyalty too well to believe that you were purposely absent. Therefore, exercising my prerogative, I did you the service of drawing for you."

"You were very good," she answered, faintly. "What was the result?"

The man regarded her with a kind of lofty pity for an emotion he could not understand. "Until you can take the result of such a chance, comrade, with absolute calm," he said, "you are unfit for the position you now hold. You have won and held it so far by your ability, but you are one of those promising students who learn too fast at first, and who are petted and thought more of by their masters than they deserve."

A wave of rebellion swept over her. "The result—the result?" she panted. "Let me know it quickly."

"It is a great mission," he went on slowly; "and you were highly honoured in being thought fit to undertake it. The result was that I, drawing for you, drew a blank. I beg you to excuse my lack of fortune. You will not as yet have the opportunity of being ranked among those who have risked martyrdom for the cause."

She shivered and drew herself together.

"The mission was so grave and so great that in fairness to those aspiring members who could not take part in this drawing, it was arranged before the lots were drawn that all who participated on this occasion should not draw again for a period of six months. Your presence, therefore, before the council of ten is not required for six calendar months from this date, though you have permission to present yourself should you require to do so."

A great relief was apparent in her face in the fact that her figure had lost its drooping attitude, but she answered only: "I accept the ruling."

He moved towards the door. "I wish you a good-night and *au revoir*," he said. "By the way," he added, stepping back to her side, "when did you last hear from your husband?"

She did not dare to lie to this man as she had lied to the man who loved her.

"I hear of him every day. He is in a home for inebriates. He cannot last much longer, his state is now a living death."

"Good," replied the master. "He was always a useless beast from whom no good could come. Possibly before the expiration of your term of rest he will be gone. Then you will be free from all distractions, let us hope, and able and willing to devote yourself entirely to the cause."

Was there a sneer or a covert threat in his words? The woman could not tell; but in her heart she was determined to defy him—to make such use of the time

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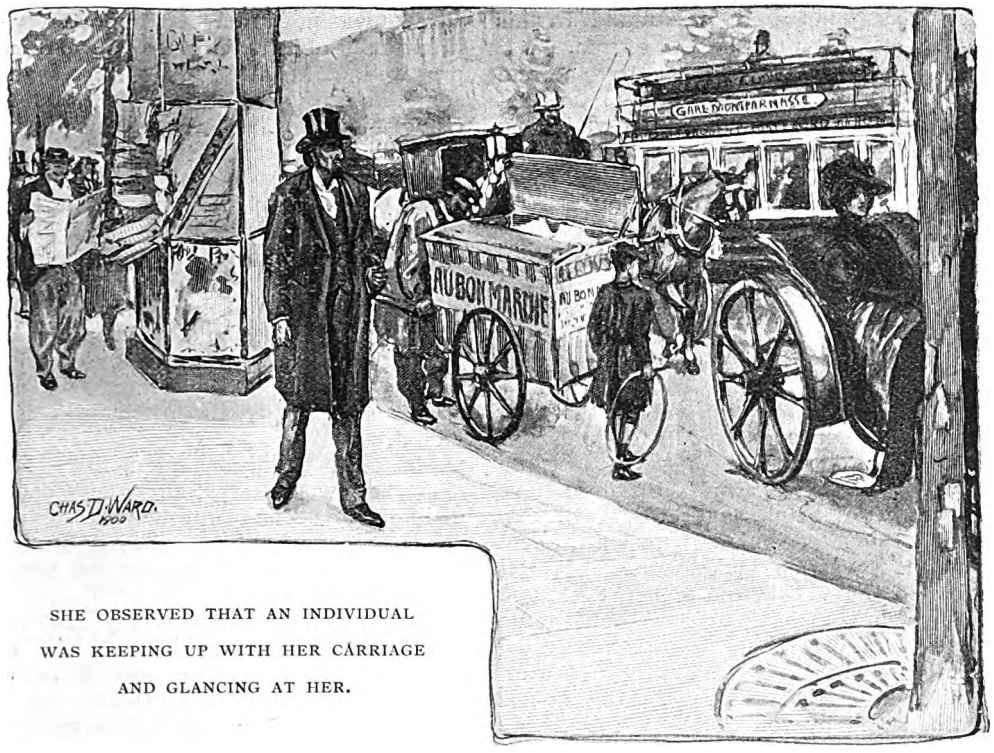

SHE OBSERVED THAT AN INDIVIDUAL WAS KEEPING UP WITH HER CARRIAGE AND GLANCING AT HER.

before her as to place herself beyond his power.

"I have been over confident," he mused, as he strolled slowly away. "I had no right to allow her the chance of six months' grace. It would have been simple enough to preclude such a possibility. I had only to see that all the lots drawn for by the others were blanks, and that I myself held the one with the red cross, ready to substitute it for the one actually drawn by me. My authority would have borne me out in such an action. The thing, or something like it, has been done before; but I did not wish to drive her into open rebellion, and she is ripe for that. I did not wish to have to denounce her myself as a renegade. She has but to be weaned from her lover; or, since that seems impossible, I must see that he is weaned from her. She will then return and dedicate her glorious energies to the cause. It is for the cause that I am thus merciful to her, not for herself. What is she, with all her wit and beauty, more than any of our comrades? For her own sake she must return to us soon; even my authority cannot shield her much further. This Englishman received my letter and was distracted by it, yet he left her just now at least on amicable terms, as I judge from her eagerness to accept the six months' grace."

It was in a very unenviable frame of mind that Francis Osborne left his beautiful *fiancée* to her interview with the unseen visitant.

"I love and trust her all in all," he said to himself; "but if I am to be thrust out of her presence almost without time to bid her adieu, that she may be closeted in secret with a man whose power over her she herself admits, of whose honour I have no guarantee, the situation will become unbearable. If Maria would only help me I would remove her, take her away with us somewhere at once; but were I to propose such a thing, were I to hint at the necessity for the step, I'm afraid that she would hound Helga down and refuse to believe in the honesty of our intentions."

Occupied with these gloomy reflections, he wandered aimlessly down the Boulevard Hausmann, his only object to kill time somehow, so that Maria might not be up to greet him on his return; and when at last he thought it safe to make

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his way homeward, he found to his immense relief that she had retired.

"Monsieur will permit me to hand him a letter," said the *garçon*, who brought him a brandy and soda. "It was given to me by mam'selle, after madame had retired. Placing it in my hand, she said: 'Give this to monsieur on his return. Make no mistake; it is important.'"

Osborne took the letter, and, being an Englishman, paid the full market value of the smile which accompanied it; then, telling the fellow to leave the room, he tore the envelope, and read as follows:—

"Frank, dear Frank,—I am writing this in my bedroom, and in great haste, lest Maria should surprise me. I am afraid—very much afraid—that you have a great trial before you; but, if you can bear it—if it is your wish to show them all that you trust Helga—pray, pray let me help you. Take me to her, dear, and let us show people that we don't mind their envious malice and their cruel slanders. I can't say more; I only want you to know that while you stand by her, I will stand by you both. I know I am only a girl, and not much use; but you may like to have my sympathy, and it is yours, dear, from the bottom of my heart.—Eva."

"What can this mean?" he cried. "What does Eva know? I suppose she guessed something from what I said. I know I was maddened and spoke incautiously. Eva is as good as gold, and as true as steel! I wish Maria had some of her qualities, for I must thresh out the question of removing Helga with her in the morning; and if she refuses to help me I must look, with Eva's assistance, for some female relative likely to prove less obdurate. I can count on Eva; I can always count on her, thank God. My poor love! My poor Helga! I will not see her again till I have at least made some effort in her behalf. She must be uneasy and full of terror after that man's visit. I will write and tell her what I intend to do; she will get my letter first thing in the morning."

Through the long watches of the night, during which poor Osborne hardly slept at all, he arranged his plan of campaign, framing a hundred convincing arguments, a hundred forcible appeals to his sister's head and heart. He might have spared himself the trouble, for it so happened that he was not to have an opportunity of firing off the verbal battery so carefully prepared. Miss Osborne herself had something to say on the subject, and the reader misjudges her who thinks she was likely to allow her half-brother the benefit of the first or last word.

She had driven the previous evening (be it remembered) to Lady Stanley's ball in company with Mrs. Gunter, a penurious and sycophantic individual who was mistress of the art of living on her friends. In a word she was made use of by all, trusted by none, but by a conspiracy of silence, allowed to hold her own as a correct and worthy, though humble individual.

She thoroughly understood Miss Osborne's weaknesses, and guessed that dislike for the half-brother's *fiancée* was stronger than affection for the half-brother: so with an eye to futurity she laid herself out to please.

"By the way, what a very delightful person that Monsieur Durand is," she began, when they were seated in the carriage. "He asked me where he could find Mr. Osborne for you, as some note had been brought by a messenger for him. I suppose I owe the pleasure of accompanying you to the sender of the epistle, for no doubt it was that which caused your brother's departure. The note contains no bad news, I hope?"

"I don't know what it was," rejoined Maria. "My brother does not make me his confidante."

"I was afraid it might," murmured Mrs. Gunter, "because I heard a statement made to-night that literally astounded me. May I repeat it without offence? It is as well that you, who have so much sense, should know what is being said."

With cheeks now red, now pale, poor Eva caught the whispered revelation that the society stopgap was making to her cousin, and her heart turned sick with pure pity for those whom it concerned.

In the fulness of her heart she had written her little letter, but in the morning, confused by the recollection of her own temerity, she hardly dared to raise her eyes to Frank's, and when by chance she turned them on Maria, it was only to lower them again, trembling at the ominous expression that lady's countenance wore. Indeed, she was quite relieved when, after returning thanks with great unction for a meal which nobody

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had tasted, her cousin coughed slightly and said:

"I think your drawing-master must have arrived, my dear. Go and see."

Alone with her brother, Miss Osborne cleared her throat, took another chair that her judicial aspect might not be obscured by the coffee urn, and remarked:

"Well, Frank, you saw that person last night, I presume?"

Poor Osborne! Over at one blow went the fabric he had so carefully built up.

"Maria, to whom do you refer?" he stammered.

"To Madame Katiskoff, of course," was the blunt reply.

"Then why do you speak of her in that way?" he asked.

Maria gave vent to a short, unpleasant laugh. "I really don't know how else to speak of her," she said, "without using words unfit for my lips, and possibly unpleasant to your ears.

"Am I to understand," he demanded, "that you were really aware of the contents of that letter, all knowledge of which you denied last night?"

"I know nothing about that letter," she said, "but I may hazard a guess at its contents. At any rate, I know that all the men at the clubs are bandying about the name of the person who calls herself Madame Katiskoff, and that they do not treat it in a respectful manner."

"And how do you, a woman, a spinster, come to know anything of the unclean jests and foul slanders discussed in those places?" Frank inquired, angrily.

She bridled up at once. "I thank you, Frank, for your brotherly courtesy," she said. "Though I may choose to remain a spinster, I have married friends, who show me more confidence than I receive from some relatives. At any rate, I think that my state will compare favourably with that of a creature who, having one husband living, desires a second."

"Unfortunately, she is not in a position to deny that there may be some foundation for a rumour which has reached us stating that her husband is still living," he answered, hoarsely, "but you know that he deserted her long ago. She thought him dead; she is utterly prostrated by the bare supposition."

"Oh, no doubt she feels a very natural regret at seeing her prey escape the net."

"I do myself the honour," he corrected her, "of aspiring to the hand of a good and beautiful woman; but should this report prove true (and mark you, Maria, it may be not only false, but quite unfounded) Madame Katiskoff will not sue for freedom in the courts."

"And why not, pray?" demanded his sister, with a sudden change of front. "I had no idea she was so particular."

"She has her reasons," Osborne answered, "and I am satisfied with them."

"And yet you say that your engagement is not broken off?"

"It is not. I am engaged to marry her at the time originally arranged, supposing we can set all doubts at rest at once. If not, we shall marry, should we both outlive her husband, though his demise be postponed for years. That is a simple statement of the position, Maria. Does it satisfy you? It ought to, as you have conscientious scruples against the re-marriage of divorced persons."

"No, it does not," she retorted. "What are her reasons? That is the main question. My scruples are nothing to her. No doubt she knows, though Continental divorces are often granted when both parties have offended against the moral code, that you would not care to espouse a woman who had got her freedom in the courts, and left her honour and good name behind her there."

Osborne started as though he had been shot. The reason Helga had given him overnight, in the glow of the soft lights, with her passionate, tear-stained face close to his own, had seemed reasonable enough, but here was another hard, obvious, terrible; the cruel force of which lay in the fact that it found some echo in the recesses of his own heart, stirred by the visit of the man with whom he had left her.

"For pity's sake, don't try me too far, Maria!" he cried, wildly.

"I don't want to be hard, I'm sure," she responded, "but in the interest of the family, someone must show a little common sense. Whatever you may urge to the contrary, it is my intention to judge her past by her present conduct. I daresay you were both upset last night, but it is clearly her duty to dismiss you altogether for a time, and I hope you will be able to tell me that that is her intention before many hours are over."

"Maria," he said, "try to understand if you possibly can, that I don't want or

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value my freedom ; that all my hopes are centred in her, and that I will not accept a dismissal."

"Is she willing to offer you one, Frank? That is the great thing."

Again poor Osborne started painfully ; for the first time it struck him forcibly that all Helga's energies had been used in the other direction.

"Maria," he urged, "she sadly needs a friend. I am not going to give her up. In fact, I was going to beg you to help me to take her away——"

"Stop!" cried his sister. "If you don't know, she at least ought to, that I will have nothing to do with her till she can prove that she was innocent of the crime of contemplating a double marriage. What proof have you—what proof, I say—that she really did not know of her husband's existence?"

"I have my faith in her," he answered, doggedly.

"Your faith in her!" laughed Maria. "What a poor fool you must appear to certain people, Frank, if she has been (as it is quite possible to conceive that she may have been) in collusion with her husband all the while, keeping him quiet by the prospect of the rich picking to be made out of the infatuated Englishman."

"That will do!" thundered Osborne. "I will not hear another word," and, torn with a wild fury of impotent resentment, harassed by a thousand galling doubts, he burst from the room.

Then the champion of virtue folded her hands before her, smiled complacently, and remarked :

"He may go off with the creature, of course—that is only to be expected ; but there will never be a foreign mistress at the Hall."

CHAPTER IV.

The reader is not asked to accept Helga Katiskoff as the heroine of this narrative, though as "a woman with a past" an author would have *fin de siècle* fashion to support her claim to that distinction.

This creature, this modern Delia, who could be false as water or true as steel—whose complex nature contained the capacity for a great devotion, who when she had placed herself at the foot of a shrine was capable of immolating herself on its altar—loved Osborne well, but did not even dare to hope that he would *never* learn that which would rob her of his love. The disclosure relative to her husband's existence stood in the way of that marriage (legal or otherwise), which would have saved her for ever from her "friends" of the secret society ; but she had still the six months' grace permitted to her, and it seemed infinitely precious.

"I shall not see you, dearest, until to-night. By that time I hope to have devised some means of taking you away from your surroundings, to live where you will not only be among people upright and honourable, but where I myself may be near to watch over you till we can thrash this unhappy business out."

That was the substance of the brief message Osborne wrote her overnight and despatched before he saw his sister ; and though it gave her hope she sighed as she read it.

"This wretched business indeed!" she said. "But for it we need have had no she-dragon like Maria to mar our happiness. No matter, he will come to-night. I must be satisfied."

Meanwhile society was distasteful to her, but solitude and inaction absolutely unbearable ; and to kill time she ordered her carriage and directed her *cocher* to drive her somewhere—anywhere—where there was life and bustle.

The man set off at an unexciting pace, which presently dwindled to a walk as they got into a crush of other vehicles. They were near the pavement, and after a time she observed that an individual whom they had overtaken was keeping up with her carriage and glancing at her.

That she did not know him she was sure. He was tall, but stooped and carried his head bent forward as though short-sighted ; his face was sinister, his glance keen and furtive. There was a certain insolent boldness in his carriage, yet it did not seem to her, accustomed as she was to judge character at a glance, that the man was by nature bold. No, she did *not* know him ; yet, stay, he had raised his hat, looking straight into her eyes, at the same time making a swift, peculiar movement with his left hand. As though against her will she returned his bow.

"We have met before, madame."

"I think not. I cannot recall the occasion."

He laid his hand on the side of her victoria, which was now almost at a standstill, and corrected her :

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"If my recollection serves me it was at the house of Monsieur Bonhomme, our common friend."

"Do you mean at No. 13, Rue de l'Espérance?" she queried, in a low voice.

"In the Rue de l'Espérance, of course," he answered. "A long time ago, shortly after the death of my father, aged seventy-four."

"My father reached the age of a hundred and one," she replied, in a dull, heavy tone like a child repeating a lesson painfully got by heart.

"Ah, yes," he said. "By the way, our mutual friend is moving shortly into the Rue de la Pays Libre."

"I saw him yesterday," she retorted, fretfully. "I shall not see him nor his family again for six months. I am exempt."

"Not from the first duty of all his relatives—*fraternity*," he corrected her.

"Get into the carriage," she said; and as he took his place beside her, she issued the brief order to her *cocher* "Return."

"You were not at the British Embassy last night," the man said, as their vehicle, extricating itself from the block, rolled in the other direction.

"I was not," she answered. "The invitations did not include me. In any case it would have been impossible. The Russian Ambassador was one of the guests. Were you there?"

"Yes," he said. "I thought it possible I might meet you; but that was not my object. I made there the acquaintance of an English lady, the daughter of a man whom I have cause to remember," and he smiled grimly to himself. "It is well to cultivate those who may one day be useful. Therefore, I do not regret my evening, though I failed to meet you."

She shuddered. The man was horribly in her way as it was, but anything was better than a *rencontre* in Osborne's presence would have been.

"Now," she said, when they had arrived at last, and she had conducted him into her *petit salon* and closed the door, "tell me briefly what your errand is, for I have trouble just now, and private business to which I have leave to attend. What do you require of me?"

"I desire a little of your society, comrade," he answered, dropping into an easy chair lately occupied by Osborne himself. "You shall permit me to drink to *our friends*."

"My house is open to the knock of a brother," she answered. "Do you require both meat and drink?"

"Not now," he answered, though he extended the glass he had emptied for more wine. "I wish particularly to be alone with you."

"Then," she said, "I must tell you frankly that it seems to me you are out of order. I am exempt, therefore you have not been sent to me by number ten. He has his pass-key, and comes and goes here at his will. I am one of the few to whom he is a personality, not merely a name, a voice in the air. There is no need for a messenger between him and me. I tell you I have my exemption direct from him."

"Our friend, Monsieur Bonhomme, must esteem you highly," he murmured, regarding her out of the corners of his eyes, "but there are others who sometimes employ messengers without troubling the leader of the ten."

"I expect no special message from the three," she answered, "nor have you proved yourself qualified to carry one." She paused as though expecting him to answer some sort of challenge implied in her words, but as he made no reply, only continued to regard her furtively, she went on: "How you come to know me I cannot guess, but I say again, unless you are the bearer of a special message you are out of order. Our charter does not allow us to make ourselves known to each other, except in times of emergency——"

"Or in cases of personal necessity. You forget that, comrade."

"If," she said, with evident relief, "the emergency is personal and not connected with the cause, you have but to tell me your needs, and I am bound to furnish you with the means to satisfy them so far as I am able."

"A hundred louis will serve," he answered. "My chemical and mechanical experiments are costly, comrade, as you no doubt will understand. They occupy my time. I make but little for myself."

She rose, unlocked her escritoire, and without further question passed him notes for two thousand francs, no doubt hoping to be all the sooner rid of him.

"Ah," he murmured, pocketing them without any acknowledgment just as a

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man might take up his own, "these experiments are truly expensive. It was I, by the way, who furnished the outfit for our dear Brother 113, who has *gone on his way*. He knew and trusted me. From him I heard of your fidelity; in his hands I saw your portrait."

"Our brother was brave and devoted, but he was a babble, I fear," she said, angrily, touched with the same restless impatience she had evinced the night before at the mention of that number. "Take what you have, comrade, and leave me now. Should you require more, remember that, as the emergency does not seem great, you must bring me the usual recommendation from one of the ten."

"Do you think that necessary?" he demanded, rising and drawing closer to her.

"Assuredly," she answered. "At present I know nothing of you beyond the fact that you have presented yourself as a fellow-craftsman, and——"

"You are not disposed to grant me the privileges of a past-master? Is that not so, comrade? *Eh bien!* I must bring credentials from one of the ten."

He seemed to be inwardly enjoying some grim joke. But as he spoke he slowly drew a broad gold band from the third finger of his left hand, revealing beneath it a tiny freckle, blood, blister, or birth-mark—a thing of no apparent significance, but, judging by the cry she uttered, terribly significant to her.

"You are yourself one of the ten," she stammered. "What do you want with me?"

"Did I not tell you that I wished for your society? That I was minded to drink a glass of wine in your company?" he responded, his wicked eyes gleaming at the spectacle of her uneasiness. "You admit that I am qualified to ask for supplies, that I am a fit messenger to approach you from the three? That is enough. I am satisfied. Be easy. I have no commands for you. I come simply to see one who will, some day, perhaps, become by lot my co-worker. I pay a tribute to the judgment of our departed brother, who declared you to be as beautiful as you are gifted."

She shrank from him. "Had you revealed yourself——" she whispered.

"Exactly," he responded. "You would have accorded me a better reception. No matter, we understand each other. Adieu, comrade, for the present. My name is of no moment to you. I have, as you may guess, more than one. You know the age at which my father died—*seventy-four*. That is enough. Should we meet again in the streets of Paris we may not recognise each other; but I think, yes, I believe, that we are destined to work together later on, and then, well then, I hope, we shall work amicably."

Almost as though the action were insignificant he passed his arm about her waist. She disentangled herself on the instant, and he resumed his former attitude, passing one hand over the other as though he washed them with invisible soap.

"Yes," he said, slowly; yes, we will work amicably. Your talent was thrown away on the poor youth who has departed. We shall electrify the world when you are told off to work with me. Again adieu, comrade, or *au revoir*."

He kissed his finger tips lightly, looked at her once more with the cruel, furtive gleam in his wicked eyes, and was gone.

"This seventy-four," she murmured, "must be the spy employed by the three. The three, never seen by those of the second degree and by few of the ten, are all known to him, and he is their tool. He has a presentiment. Well I, too, have a presentiment, that, if so, some day I shall kill the loathsome beast."

As the man of whom she spoke passed the *concierge's* office and stepped into the street he almost ran against a tall man in a loose cloak, who was advancing as if to enter. They drew apart with the usual "Pardon, m'sieur," apparently without any mutual recognition taking place, but the taller man muttered as he passed on:

"It is Durand again! Am I suspected? It would seem so. They know that she is slipping away into the arms of an Englishman, and they consider me too lenient with her, or I should not find that fellow at my heels. My first shot failed; my second must not miss its mark. To-night, little sister, this brief dream of yours must end.

(To be continued.)

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THE ANNUNCIATION, BY FRA FILIPPO LIPPI.

A Chapter on Angels.

By E. BROWNING TRISCOTT.

THE artistic representation of the Angels is an instance of the most supreme conservatism. For about six thousand years, the form in which the angelic Idea has been embodied has never (or only very slightly) varied. In the very early days of the World's history, a clever craftsman, one Bezaleel, fashioned of beaten metal two figures; in their form human, and winged: the "Angels" who "with their faces one to another," covered with their wings the mercy-seat. The work of the modern ecclesiastical craftsman, carving the ornamental seat-ends of choir-stall or pew, embodies with but slight variation the same idea; a human form—winged.

The genesis of this mental conception is easy to trace. The words recorded in the first chapter of the Bible—"Let us make man in *Our* Image," suggests easily a possible consulting, on the part of the Creator, of the Angels, concerning the meditated creation of man. In such wise at least have some of the Jewish Doctors interpreted the above-quoted words. Directed then, by the Holy Writ, the Seen was taken as a guide to an artistic materialisation of the Unseen, and the human form was made use of as the model wherefrom to fashion the semblance of the spiritual Being, the Angel. The non-human appendage, wings, are of course merely an expression of the most readily-occurring idea concerning transit through space: an idea embodied in Dante's phrase, "Birds of God."

"All the Angels that one ever reads of are *men*," remarks one of the characters in a modern novel—and the observation, though distinctly flippant, is literally true. History supplies us with the names of seven Archangels:—Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, Chamuel, Jophiel, and Zadkiel; and history, it will be observed, is ungallant! The first four of these names are familiar to the Christian Church; the last three are known chiefly to the Jews.

To be exact, the Biblical revelation of the Angels is of Beings in an abstract sense "masculine," but endowed with the feminine attributes of purity and beauty. They are, further, immediate embodiments of the Beauty of the Eternal Mind—endowed, therefore, with supreme

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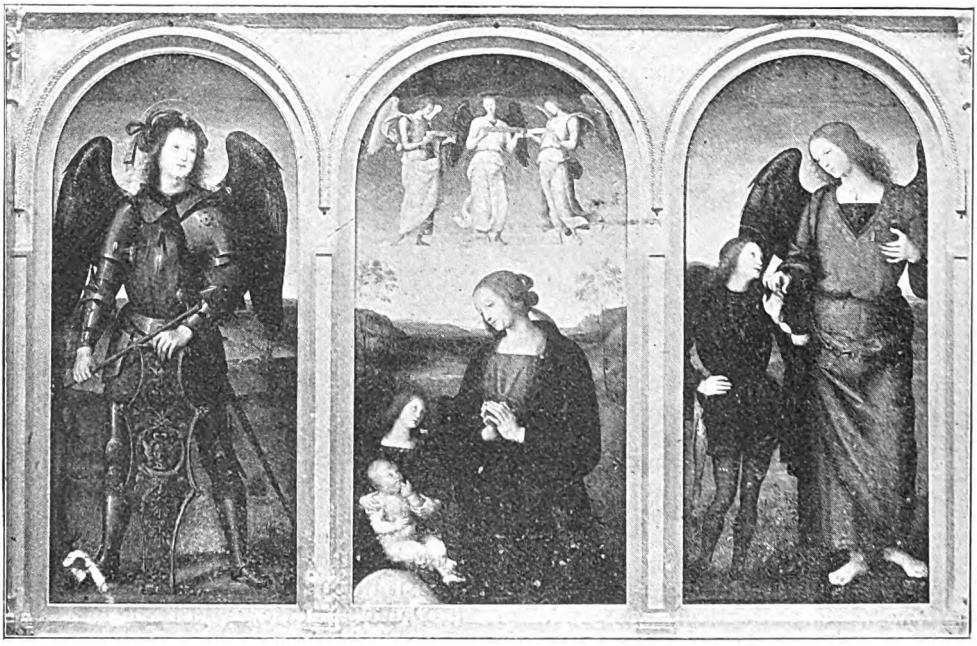
mental and moral grace. Theirs also is the gift of eternal youth. In this last connection an artistic inexactness becomes apparent. Since an "old" Angel is a thing inconceivable, Baby-Angels, Cherubs as they are commonly called, are also, strictly speaking, inconceivable; and in their many appearances in Christian Art must be regarded merely as so many instances of license on the part of the artist.

"... There was war in Heaven: Michael and his Angels fought against the Dragon; and the Dragon fought and his Angels."

being represented in his rôle of warrior, the latter in the more peaceful character of guardian to the youthful Tobias. Tradition, further, assigns to the Archangel Michael a control of the elements, and it is for this reason that most ancient hill-churches (especially those which owe their origin to the vow of some traveller in imminent peril of shipwreck) are dedicated to St. Michael. Mont St. Michel in Normandy, the Cornish St. Michael's Mount, the little hill-church of Brent Tor on Dartmoor, and the disused votive Chapel at Torquay, are well-known instances of this dedication. St. Michael



VIRGIN AND CHILD, WITH ARCHANGELS MICHAEL AND RAPHAEL, BY PERUGINO.

This triumphing of Michael over that fellow-Angel who, with a great following from among the Hosts of Heaven sinned, and was therefore driven from his heritage, is one of the most dramatic presentments of Christian Art. St. Michael in this especial character is usually represented in full armour. He wears a crown, surmounted by a cross, and bears in his hand a lance or sword. Beneath his feet writhes a vanquished dragon. In the three-panelled picture (the "Virgin and Child," by Perugino) the two outer compartments, it will be seen, are occupied by figures of the Archangels Michael and Raphael—the former

of course, is a prominent figure in all paintings of the Last Judgment—in which connection he is sometimes represented as weighing souls; his old adversary, the Devil, being set in one scale and several human figures in the other.

St. Gabriel, the Angel of the Annunciation, is the next best known of the Archangels. In Art, he commonly holds a lily, wears a long white garment, and sometimes, a crossed "stole." In the "Annunciation" here reproduced, the Archangel is represented as very richly attired in white embroidered robe and flowing cloak; his wings are of golden

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peacocks' feathers, and the two first fingers of his right hand are extended in the episcopal form of blessing.

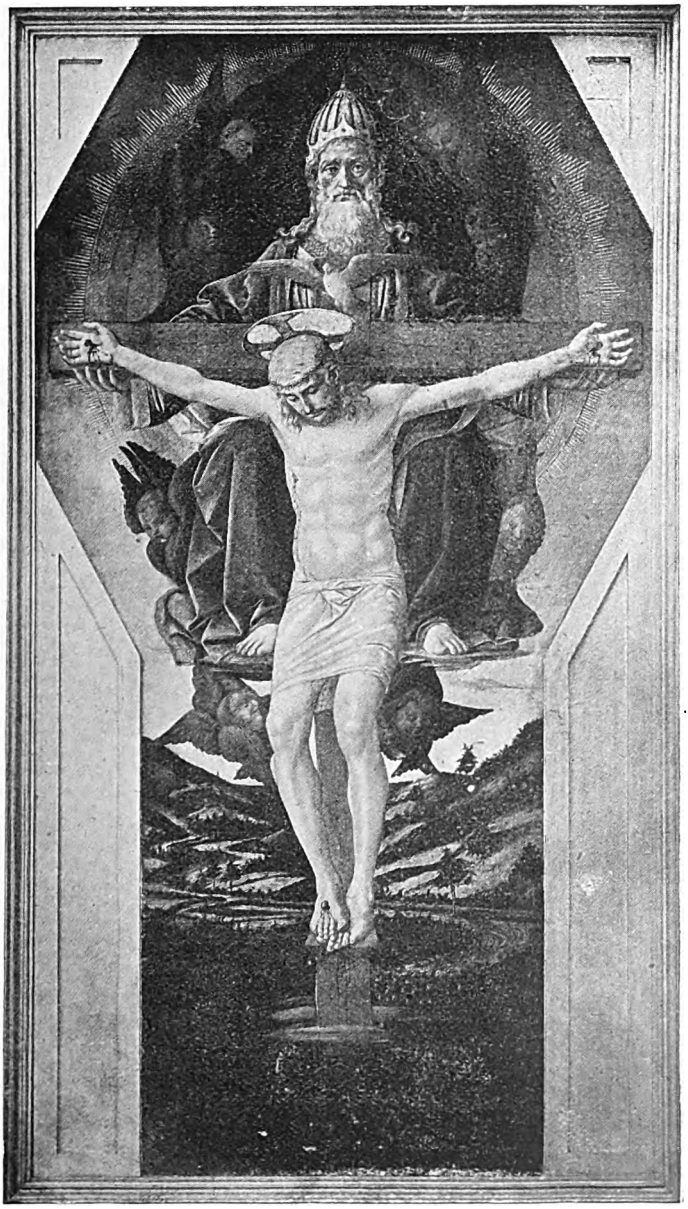
Of St. Raphael we read in the apocryphal Book of Tobit. An early tradition declares him to be the Angel who on the first Christmas night appeared to the shepherds and announced to them the birth of the Messiah. As already pointed out, a figure of this Archangel occupies the third panel of Perugino's Triptych.

St. Uriel, the fourth Archangel, is supposed to have appeared to Esdras. Chamuel wrestled with Jacob. To Jophiel, tradition assigns the guardianship of the Tree of Knowledge; and lastly, Zadkiel is reputed to have stayed the hand of Abraham, when the latter was about to slay his son.

The ancient Jews believed in Good, Evil, and Guardian Angels; and the New Testament, in frequent references to the Celestial Hierarchy, amplifies these Jewish ideas. Messengership, for instance, is, in the New Testament, especially dwelt on, and there is a continued reference, both in the Gospels and in the writings of St. Paul, to the intimate interest of the Angels in the affairs of men.

Ecclesiastical subtleties are out of place in the pages of a magazine. Suffice it then, that these vast spiritual Hosts, which we of the inexact laity speak of collectively as Angels, have been divided by theologians into nine orders; commencing with the Seraphim (who are reputed to surround the Throne of God) and ending with the Angels proper—that is, with the "messengers" whose business it is to travel constantly between Earth and Heaven on errands of the Divine Will; intangible spirits who thus link together the Seen and the Unseen.

Between these two extreme Orders, comes a great array of Beings who (while commonly spoken of, as I have just said, under the collective, if incorrect, term Angels, and which are, moreover, not very distinctly differentiated in Art) are



A TRINITÀ, BY PESELLINO.

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distinguished theologically as Cherubim, Thrones, Dominations, Virtues, Powers, Principalities, and Archangels; nine in all; the two lowest Orders, Archangels and Angels, standing in the closest relation to Mankind, and being therefore, the two Orders with which we are artistically and historically, most familiar.

In pictures which aim at representing the whole Hierarchy of Heaven, these nine Orders are commonly arranged in circles—commencing with the Seraphim and ending with the "Angels." Some of these orders have distinguishing symbols, and in certain instances, an arbitrary form of clothing. Thus Seraphim and Cherubim (who, by the way, are usually represented merely as Winged Heads) are commonly given two, four, or six wings, and the heads as well as the wings, are usually painted a bright red or green. Occasionally, the Seraphim are depicted as of a vivid blue hue, or sometimes, variegated. The "Trinita," by Pesellino, contains a circlet of these winged "Heads," and in the "Virgin and Child" by Bernardino Fungai, the slight variation is introduced of the Cherubim being represented as possessed of half bodies—terminating in a second pair of wings. Dominations, Virtues, and Powers wear long white garments, ecclesiastically known as "Albs;" mere "Angels" carry a wand or musical instrument.

The Angels, I have said, are commonly supposed to possess a more or less masculine form. A Thirteenth Century artist, however, had the temerity to introduce the innovation of feminine Angels. In the picture in question, the figures consist of a human head, and a body human to the waist—terminating in a second pair of wings. From that date to the present, women-Angels have

VIRGIN AND CHILD SURROUNDED BY CHERUBIM, BY BERNARDINO FUNGAI.

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NATIVITY, BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

from time to time appeared in the pictures of different Artists.

Wings, it may be observed, as symbols of strength, dignity and those various qualities which we may consider, reasonably, to appertain to the highest order of created Beings, are not essentially Biblical, nor especially an invention of the religious mind. To the most ancient civilisations, wings, from time immemorial, have been a symbol of might, of superhuman qualities, swiftness, and Divinity. It is probable that the work of the craftsman, Bezaleel, owed something of its form to ideas derived from the Egyptians during the enforced sojourn of the Israelites among that ancient people.

Concerning the treatment by various artists of their Angels' wings, Mr. Ruskin has made some interesting remarks. He notes that in most examples of very early Art there is "a certain confidence in the way in which Angels trust to their wings." The uncomfortable question as to whether great bird-like appendages could be anatomically joined to a human shoulder had not as yet been propounded, and it was only when Science began to suggest disturbing things on the subject,

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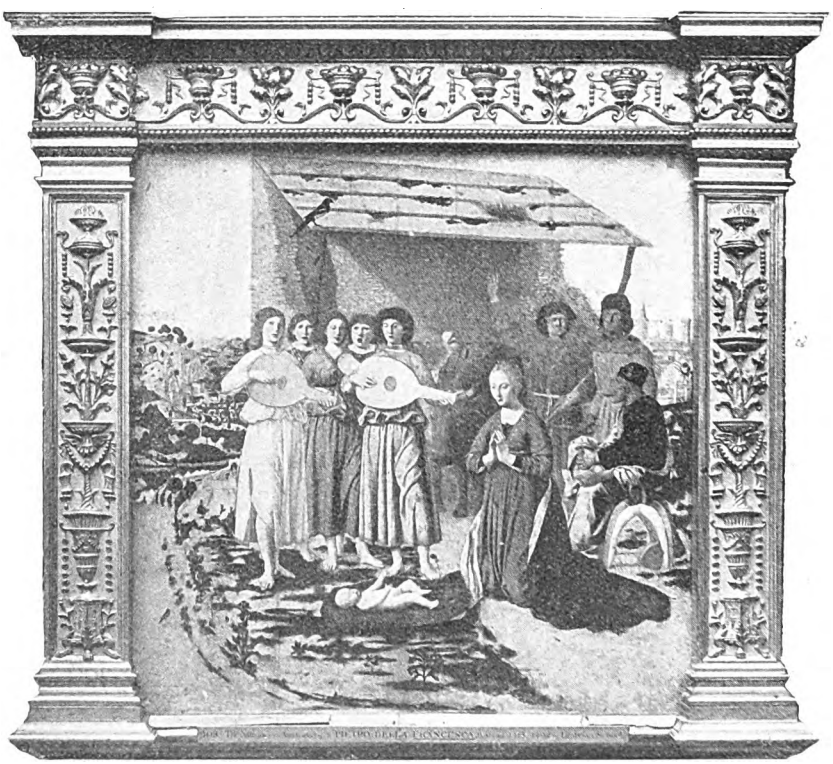
that a certain timidity in the treatment of wings became observable. In the pictures of some of the later "old masters," the wings affixed to the shoulders of their angels are very frankly useless; mere ornaments in fact; the "sign of an Angel." In pre-scientific days however, "an Angel was a complete creature, as much believed in as a bird, and the way in which it might cast itself into the air and lean hither and thither on its plumes, was as naturally apprehended as the manner of flight of a chough or a starling." In these latter days when Science is all-triumphant, this "timidity," curiously enough, has again disappeared. The anatomical difficulty of course, is not forgotten, but it is leapt lightly over, and the modern Angel is furnished with superb feathered appendages; in appearance at least, quite capable of upholding the weighty body to which they are gracefully, if not scientifically, affixed.

In Botticelli's "Nativity" a curious group of light-hearted Angels occupy the sky—their action being something between flying, walking, and dancing. Wings indeed, they have—of the order, however, ornamental rather than useful; in spite of which fact their buoyancy is remarkable. In proud superiority to all natural laws, they seem literally to tread the air—tripping on their way with the same assurance with which mere mortals set their feet on pavement or floor. The "Nativity" by Pietro della Francesca contains a group of wingless Angels;



NATIVITY, BY PIETRO DELLA FRANCESCA.

and the figure in an "Angel adoring," attributed to Filippo Lippi, appears to be also wingless.

Up to the present we have been thinking only of Good Angels. There yet remains to be considered those Angels who, at a remote period of their history, yielded to some form of sin, and so fell from their first high estate. These Angels sinned, not as Man, through the persuasion of a tempter, but voluntarily and without temptation, and inasmuch as their intellectual powers and their whole nature belong to a higher order than does

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the nature of man, so was their moral fall and the resultant change which took place immeasurably greater. The most evil among men, it is said, have some strain of good in them. It is a general opinion however, that the spiritual demoralisation of the Evil Angels is complete; they are inconceivably and unredeemably depraved.

In Art, Demons, as well as Angels, are commonly represented as winged, but their wings are no longer of feathers, but webbed like the feet of a duck. In the middle ages, the imaginations of a class of monkish artists fairly ran riot, and every possible grotesqueness of form was assigned to the fallen Angels. A mediæval picture (which depicts the sinning Angels being cast headlong from Heaven) imaginatively attributes to the outcasts varying degrees of physical deformity—their especially demon-like characteristics becoming intensified as the distance between themselves and Heaven increases—those nearest the gates of Heaven yet bearing traces of their natural beauty, those furthest away being represented as having assumed every exaggerated characteristic of a fallen estate. A conception more reasonable (if that word may be used in connection with matters entirely imaginative) supposes the Evil Angels to have kept much of their physical beauty and to retain also some traces of moral grace; a view, the reader may remember, embodied in a modern work of fiction, wherein the chief of the fallen Angels, choosing for his own temporary ends to assume a visible form, is represented as a courteous, polished gentleman; sympathy-arousing and on the whole, contrasting very favourably with, at any rate, one of the merely human characters in the book. A curious, and very ancient tradition considers the Evil Angels to be the progeny of one Lilith—a demon woman who, according to some writers, was companion to our forefather Adam (whom, after a time she deserted) prior to the creation of Eve.

ANGEL ADORING.
(Attributed to FILIPPINO LIPPI.)

Around the names of the Archangels, and more especially around that of St. Michael, cluster a vast number of curious traditions; I will conclude this paper by recounting a fragment of folklore from the wilds of Devon.

Some five or six centuries ago, the little church of Brent Tor (dedicated, as I said just now, in honour of St. Michael) was in course of building, and Satan felt aggrieved at this fresh sign of the high estimation in which men held his triumphant adversary, Michael. The devil therefore, determined that the building should not reach completion. The masons toiled by day, and the emissaries of Satan worked by night; as much as was built by human hands during the

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hours of light, as much was pulled down by supernatural agencies during the reign of darkness. As every one concerned in the matter appeared to be at their human wits' end, St. Michael presently determined to take the very serious matter into his own hands; he would at least demonstrate that the Prince of Heaven was not a person to be lightly trifled with. Taking up therefore, a convenient position on a neighbouring Tor (three miles distant from the site of the new Church!) the Archangel awaited the appearance of the band of nocturnal destroyers, and as soon as the work of destruction had fairly begun, St. Michael seized one of the enormous granite boulders (which crown the highest points of the Devonshire moorland) and with Archangelic might hurled it at the head of his old Enemy. The aim was true, and the Prince of Darkness, it is reported, decided, there and then, that discretion was the better part of valour. From that night, the builders were able to proceed with their work in peace. Tradition, I may add, asserts that the boulder, bearing on its face the dent of St. Michael's thumb. still lies somewhere in the neighbourhood of the little moorland church. (The writer of this article however, confesses to a personal failure in the matter of identification. Perhaps the reader. should he ever visit Brent Tor, will be more fortunate!)

A WEATHER FORECAST.

They strolled along one winter day,
A man and maid together,
And as they sauntered through the lane
They talked about the weather.

"My own, the future's bright to me,
Since we shall be together;
For us no dark or dreary days;
Our glass is set 'fair weather.'"

One summer day these two went by,
Strolling once more together;
They looked into each other's eyes,
They still talked of the weather.

"Dearest," she said, "altho' our hopes
Are bound up now together,
We must expect some wintry days,
As well as sunny weather."

And so they started off to share
Their griefs and joys together;
They loved each other all their lives,
Through fair and stormy weather.

Mrs. Donaldson.

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MUSIC IN THE SANCTUARY.

CHOIR AND ORGAN.

By the REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A., *Incumbent of St. James', Marylebone, London.*

WE have heard all that can be said about the enormities of the Popes, especially the old Popes, the demoralisation of the cardinals, the iniquities of the monasteries and the perversions and fallacies of the Roman Catholic doctrine generally. But the immeasurable debts of Christendom and civilisation to the genius and administration of the Roman Church are too often forgotten.

Who built the cathedrals, paid for the immortal canvasses and frescoes, preserved the literature, taught agriculture, protected the women, educated the children, fed the poor, mitigated the brutalities of the Middle Ages, and made the music of the world? Why the Church, of course, and chiefly the pre-Reformation Church, and specially the Roman, not the Greek, Church. And what has been achieved since? Much every way!

But I have no intention here to range over the whole field or trespass on any debateable ground. I wish here to speak of music only, for there the Church may put in an almost undisputed claim of sovereignty.

Admitted that a wild free sort of melodic recitation was from the earliest times current at fairs, tournays, and banquetting halls, even at Alfred's rude court, and spread itself over Europe later on in finer form of rondel and ballade from the Troubadours of Provence; admitted that court minstrels and bards twanged the harp at national festivals in city and camp, and intoned lays and legends; and that as early as 1200 A.D. we find a specimen of secular three-part writing or descant in the oft-quoted "Summer is a-cumin' in." But this more orderly scoring of "descant" was a mere leakage from the cloister science. We may even admit that the free popular melodies outside the Sanctuary reacted upon the mathematical stiffness of the early church music; yet all that made modern music possible sprang from the scientific basis which after centuries of tentative study was evolved by the Church.

The argument is quaintly clenched by the formulation of the modern octave; that great discovery without which modern music, which is only about four hundred years old, could not be born! Our common musical nomenclature is an echo of the cloister, being a hymn to St. John Baptist, and so is inseparably bound up with the offices of religion.

> *Ut* queant laxis, *Re*-sonare fibris,
> *Mi*-ra gestorum, *Fa*-muti tuorum,
> *Sol*-ve hotuti, *La*-bi-i reatur, etc.

Music indeed was long coming in. Of course the power of musical sound—music as subordinate to the dance—the marshalling of processions, the dithyramb of poets, the regulation of the orator's voice, the dirge, the pæan, the festal improvisation, all this dates far back indeed, but it never amounted to music as an independent art.

From remote antiquity the properties of musical sound have been known just as the presence of electricity in amber was known ("electro," Greek for amber), but, for all that, we had to wait thousands of years for the electric telegraph. So music as an ordered language of emotion, as a complicated and marvellous machinery for expression, a sort of physical counterpart of the inner life, was never known, explored, or discovered, could not at all come forth until the grammar and accidence, the scientific bases of the sound art, were hit upon. By the grammar and accidence, I mean in brief the octave and the perfect cadence or chords summing up the peculiarities of the octave. This is what we mean by modern tonality, making the semi-tone fall in the same place whatever be the key, making the division of the keys uniform, so that the

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same sequence of notes remain in the ear in whatever key you chance to play. The octave and perfect cadence were only discovered about 1550, and the discovery is usually connected with the name of Monte Verde, though no doubt for some time previously the sun of fixed tonality had begun to rise and dawned upon many about the same time, but when the octave, with its aureole of the perfect cadence, arose clear above the horizon of the musical firmament the whole of modern music was discovered, and the proof of it is that music, which had made hardly any progress for a thousand years—spite of the boasted innovations of Hucbald Grey, of Arazzo, and Franco, of Cologne—immediately burst into that sudden splendour, the fullness of which we of the 19th century have been the privileged spectators, or auditors!

From the death of Monte Verde in 1643, the nominal originator of the new tonality, to the birth of Handel in 1685, the perfect master of the new tonality, is a bare forty-two years. Yet in Handel the miracle of modern music is already accomplised, and the art which hung fire for nigh one thousand two hundred years, *i.e.*, from the 4th century, whem Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, introduced musical chants into the Church service, started on a career of phenomenal speed with gigantic strides from Monte Verde and Carissimi to Handel, 16th to 17th centuries; before the death of the giant of oratorio we find ourselves in the presence of Glück, master of the improved opera; Haydn, father of the quartet and symphony; whilst with Mozart in the world (an actual contemporary of Handel), born after Haydn, though dying before him, all the forms of modern music were created; the modified opera with solo recitative, chorus and musical prelude or overture, the cantata, the oratorio, the developed string quartet, the full orchestral symphony, the sonata, and the various forms of cabinet music.

Before the death of Haydn in 1808 we are in the presence of the giant Beethoven, 1770-1827, and the great tone poets, Weber, Rossini, Bellini, Verdi, Mendelssohn, Auber, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Gounod, Bizet, Wagner, Liszt followed in rapid succession, and all within the confines of one century!

The only possible explanation of the sudden appearance and development of the latest born, most complex and most spiritual of the arts, which had bided its time since the world began, is that not until its grammar and accidence in the new tonality, the octave and the perfect cadence were discovered, could it possibly be developed into an independent art, but the instant the scientific basis was revealed three hundred years sufficed to bring about the dazzling perfection and unimagined resources of a new art, which for a thousand years had failed even to foreshadow the wonders of the greatest and most perfect emotional language that it is possible for the human heart to conceive of.

Yet honour to whom honour is due. It was the bright idea of the good Bishop of Milan, St. Ambrose, to select and arrange some of the Greek modes or scales for use in the Sanctuary.

Crude and rough and harsh to modern ears such experiments may seem, but what a revelation it must have been to the monks who morn and eve muttered their monotonous prayers to a sea of emotional sound for the first time welling up under the words and giving a strange new lift to the soul.

Suddenly too a bond of sympathetic union seemed to be established between them all, binding them together and uniting their devotions whilst defining their individualities. They now discovered that they had different voices, basses, tenors, baritones; something was added to the strophe and anti-strophe, the magic power of sound setting up vibrations in the soul, through which the prayer disengaged itself from the earth and was borne upwards as on angels' wings to the great White Throne and to Him that sitteth thereon.

I wonder whether those many tourists who visit Milan and sit for a moment in the rude stone chair still preserved at the Ambrosian monastery, in which the gifted Bishop must so often have reclined whilst he drilled his pioneer musical monks; I wonder if they ever realise the enormous debt which the whole Christian Church owes to the man who first unlocked the treasures of sound and devoted them to the use of the Sanctuary.

The great Pope Gregory, who three hundred years afterwards sent the Monk Augustine over to these shores to place the imprimatur of the Mother Church on whatever was left of Christianity in these

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remote islands after the Roman occupation, also sent over his Gregorian chants. What were they? Gregory had simply adapted and enlarged Ambrose's repertory, and Augustine with his acolytes landed singing Gregory's chants, known ever since as Gregorians.

Mr. John Richard Green, in one of the most eloquent pages of his "Short History of the English People," has told us how this strange company of monks headed by Augustine found our King Ethelbert with his Queen Bertha holding his rustic court on the chalk downs of the Isle of Thanet. After being well received by his Majesty, who cautiously said he would think of the new proposals made to him from a foreign court and civilisation far in advance of his own, Augustine, we are told, turned from the Royal presence and set his face towards the town of Canterbury. The sea in those days washed in muddy shallows close up to the rude huts and shanties which then represented the Cathedral city over which the Roman monk was destined to preside as the first Archbishop of Canterbury. The ships lay high and dry as the tide went out, and as Augustine approached with banner and crucifix lifted high we are told that he sang aloud a Gregorian to these words:

"Turn away, O Lord, Thy wrath from this city and Thine anger from its sin."

But in our retrospective glance we are still about nine hundred years off the birth of modern music, and why we should go on singing these most ancient and crude Gregorians still passes my comprehension! When the Church had nothing better, well and good! But now in the golden age of music why go back to these beggarly elements? True in these days the organist flourishes about with Wagnerian harmonies, so it little matters what is the melody piped or harped by the choir. But the very fact of their being used at all is an anachronism, or let us say a reversion to a retrograde type, as though we went forth to battle with bow and arrow or dressed in skins and fig leaves.

Free melody and subtle harmonies have for ever destroyed the musical ear for the sounds and progressions which saluted the ears of Ambrose and Gregory with the magic spell of novelty. The interest they still possess for some people is no doubt largely antiquarian, not artistic, or it is tolerated because it happens to jump with the revival of a somewat grotesque theology and a ritual as obsolete as the music.

The dawn of the Reformation beheld the dawn of modern music, which coincided, as we all know, with the rise of the great singing schools at Naples—the rise of the great violin makers at Brescia and Cremona, who made chiefly for the Church.

By an untoward fatality the Reformed Churches, in reacting against all the artistic tendencies and gorgeous ceremonies of Rome, dropped out of the Liturgy to a very great extent the dramatic power of music, which in the Roman Catholic mass made the whole service hang together with an almost scenic propriety and unity of plan which sustained attention whilst deepening the emotion of the congregation.

Those who understand enough of the Roman Catholic ritual will easily see why Mozart and Beethoven delighted to write their masses. Their music was an essential element in a great work of art, where everything had its proper place.

The dislocated and mutilated fragments of the Protestant service (largely borrowed from the old Catholic ritual), admirable as they are in parts, possess no dramatic unity of any kind, and when service is piled upon service—as it was certainly never intended to be—at the cost of needless repetition and wearisome monotony, to which nothing but habit could reconcile people, the result from an artistic point of view is something like chaos.

Still any clergyman, organist or choir master, who has sufficient intelligence to understand the beauty of the old ritual and the way in which it was saturated with emotion and bound together with musical and dramatic emphasis, can do a vast deal more with our book of Common Prayer than is commonly done.

In some churches, where services intended to be distinct do not follow *en suite* or portions are judiciously used avoiding vain repetitions—an attempt to sustain attention by respecting the laws of the mind and the powers of human endurance is occasionally made; but, as a rule, throughout our country parishes chaos, prolixity, and dullness reign supreme, chapels are naturally full whilst churches are as naturally empty. But

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the remedy lies with the clergy and the choir, though both are handicapped by an essentially inartistic and undramatic Prayer Book.

The organ should create the devotional atmosphere — cutting in at the right moment—varying psalms and canticles, chiming to the prayers and recitations and accompanying the congregation with fervour. In the general Thanksgiving Creed, or even in that supreme formula, the Lord's Prayer, is there no emotion worthy of music? The organist should teach us otherwise. The ragged ends and awkward pauses of the service should be minimised—a brisk strike in after each lesson is very important—thus, with due vigilance and alertness, something of an artistic whole can be restored even to such a patchwork, well meant and admirable, but artistically defective formulary, as our book of Common Prayer.

For such partial rehabilitation of art in the Sanctuary as is sometimes attempted we have certainly to thank the High Church party. The only thing we owe from an artistic point of view to Protestantism is the fine chorales, hymns and sacred cantatas; whilst the famous music of the "Stabat Mater," Bach's "Passion" music, and the more strictly devotional oratorios remain the one point of contact —a sort of neutral meeting ground—between the Catholic and the Reformed Churches.

Properly speaking, the oratorio and sacred cantata alone kept alive in the Reformed Churches the conception of dramatic unity as something appropriate and desirable even in the devotional atmosphere of the Sanctuary.

After all, the constitution of the human mind is the same whether at a concert, a theatre, or a church—it tires, it needs excitement, it resents dullness, it demands ability. We don't like to be bored in church any more than out of church. That is the long and short of it, and it would be well if all those who are charged with conducting religious services were as keenly alive to these constitutional necessities as are the managers of theatres or the directors of any other public assemblies designed to draw or edify the public.

No one who has seen the Pope celebrate mass in the Sistine, or enter St. Peter's borne aloft in state, can fail to have been impressed by the fact that the organ, or chanting, and the sudden bell enables the whole of the congregation, however vast, to follow the service and watch for the points; there is never any hesitation about the exact moment to kneel, to rise, to murmur responses or prayer, when and where to turn and make the sign of the cross and go out—the whole service moves in such a dramatic framework that the people who often follow the singers with their devotional manuals really participate a great deal more in the service than ordinary Protestants, who gaze about and understand nothing, seem to suppose. So solemnising indeed is the ancient cult that has been handed down with little change for centuries that murderers are recorded to have paused at the last moment—quite melted and overawed have they been by what they have heard and witnessed.

In this way the life of the famous composer Stradella was saved, his bitter rival having hired two assassins to put an end to him whilst conducting one of his own sublime masses. They crept into the cathedral, concealing their weapons beneath their cloaks, but were affected to that degree by the beauty of his music and touched by the power of the ceremony that they threw up their bloody business and confessed their inability to carry out their abominable instructions.

When the Church emissaries in what are called the Dark Ages went forth to hew down dense forests in Gaul and Spain, teach agriculture, gather the children into monastic schools, feed the poor and protect the helpless, her gorgeous ritual was a perpetual source of wonder and admiration, and rough men-at-arms, reckless free-booting barons would enter the cathedrals and gaze with admiration and awe at the clouds of incense and many lights and rich robes and rhythmic motions of the priests and acolytes before the high altar—what time solemn sounds—Gregorian chants, and later on the barless music of Palestrina filled the sacred edifice with weird and ghostly solemnity of sound.

The music of the Sanctuary is both active and passive — active when the people themselves join in with response, canticle, and hymn; passive when the organist and choir charge themselves with controlling the phases of emotion and providing the whole service with the mystic sound-element which energises and lifts the service of prayer and praise.

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The passive predominated in the pre-Reformation Church, the active has won its way since. We do not now accept a service in which the priest and the choir in their railed-off sanctuary do everything for the people who are left outside the sacred enclosure.

The Reformation has taught us that the priest is not there merely to do things for us but as our representative (our servant for Christ's sake, as St. Paul says), *i.e.*, to do for us representatively what each one is bound to do for himself.

The multiplication of hymns and chorales i the sign of this remarkable change of attitude which has, let us hope in England at least, made the Church service for ever largely and chiefly congregational.

Still the influence of a devout anthem is very great. I have seen people melted to tears in listening to "He was despised and rejected of men." I have seen countenances lightened up with an inner peace whilst "O rest in the Lord" was sung, and filled with exaltation by the victorious chorus "The Night is Departing," and almost "rapt from the fickle and the frail" in listening to the double chorus "He shall give his angels charge over thee" in the "Elijah," in which memorable masterpiece of Mendelssohn Jenny Lind, although but the leading voice in a double quartette, produced an effect so electrical under Sir Michael Costa's baton that those who were privileged to hear her in those palmy days of the Sacred Harmonic will carry the seraphic echoes of that angelic voice unforgotten to the grave.

I am glad to see that the Organ Recital is taking deep root in our town churches. No one has done more for its popularity than M. Lemaire in his fine rendering of the Parsifal music at St. Margaret's, Westminster. In many churches now at the close of the evening service the voluntary is duly honoured by a number of people who refuse to be played out of church. The Organ Recital adequately conducted is highly recreative and a fit close to the religious functions of the Day of Rest, but I would have the organist rise to the full level of his high calling, which is not merely to play solos or to dance attendance on the singers, but to be on the *qui vive* to lead, not to follow, from beginning to end, never letting the service droop, never caught napping or coming in a shade too late, ready to pull up a flat bass or soprano with a trumpet stop if needful, careful to nurse a complicated chorus, to cover a halting or defective bar here or there, generally to hearten up everybody in the choir all round.

Thus will be produced something of that impression or unity of effect which is so admirable in Roman ritual, which undertakes the regulation and stimulation through music of the emotional atmosphere from beginning to end.

It is of extreme importance and has been brought to a far higher pitch of excellence and edification by the great Nonconformist bodies, who have adopted so many of the Church's methods, but from whom the Church has certainly something also to learn.

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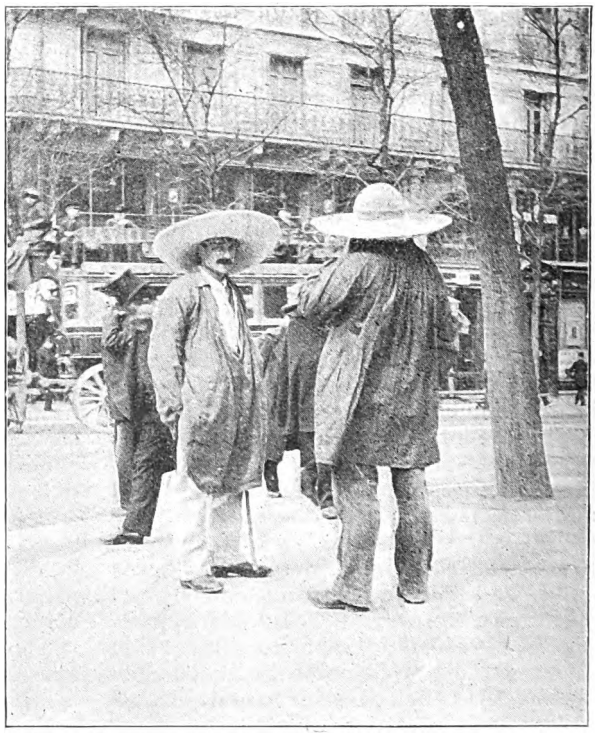
Lesser Known Paris.

PLACES AND THINGS - SOME - TOURISTS NEVER SEE.

Written and Illustrated by

By CLIVE HOLLAND.



FAR fewer English people visit Paris annually than might be imagined, except in such a year as the present —one of a great International Exposition. And of the annual batches of tourists which pour across Channel and incidentally into Paris, only a few make that city a stopping place for longer than a day or two, and probably not ten per cent. ever see more than the "stock" sights, and equally "stock" "places of interest" as they are generically called.

They have rushed through the Louvre; but how many have idled an hour or two away amongst the quaint treasures of the Cluny? They have dined at the Café de la Paix or a better class Duval according to the depths of their pockets; but how many have dined in the Quarter for a franc and a half, and thereby caught a glimpse of the life there which is, and has been for centuries, an important part of Paris itself? They have been to the Invalides and gazed at the tomb of Napoleon; but how many have troubled themselves concerning the other great dead in the old churches of Paris, and in even Notre Dame itself? They have felt sentimental over the tomb of Abelard and Héloise and admired that of Raspail; but of the other monuments such as that exquisite one to De Maupassant in the Parc Monceau how many know?

It is just this, as it were, half-hidden Paris that is most charming and distinctive—in a word that *is* Paris.

It is because the Parisian is blessed with a more genial climate than our own that the streets of the City by the Seine are so much more fruitful of picturesque types and features than those of London. The boulevards many know; the faubourgs are known intimately to the few. And yet these same faubourgs or suburbs of the toiling classes have gradually crept in towards the centre of Paris to a point where their advance is checked by the necessities of business or of wealth. They are full of interest, and also of the colour, tragedy and comedy, and *la lutte de la vie*, which last, alas, is peculiar to no large city, but common to all. And in the streets of the faubourgs the Parisian has that outdoor home which plays so important a part in Paris life. The Municipality of the City in making it beautiful

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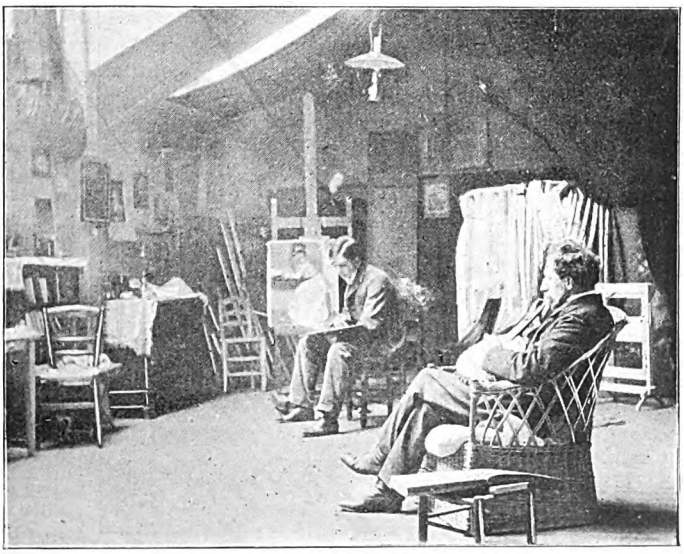
A GROUP OF STUDENTS, PLACE DU CARROUSEL.

have ministered not to the taste or the few merely but to the needs of the many. And it is just because colour, form, and beauty appeal to even the middle-class Frenchman very strongly that the countless regulations, by which he is bound to build his shop front or house according to the ideas of the fitness of things of the authorities, are seldom openly or inwardly resented, and grumbling at the "grandmotherliness" of the said powers that be is seldom heard. The explanation is easy. It is because such conformity leads to the artistic effect for which the French as a nation have so keen an appreciation.

But to come to that lesser-known Paris which is so full of interest to the observant.

An enterprising firm of tourists' agents has, I believe, recently added the Halles or Markets to the things to be seen. But these huge places from whence the food of Paris filters through arteries of streets and the shops to the consumers should be visited at half-past two or three o'clock on a summer morning to be really seen. And so the average sightseer usually does not manage to visit them.

Then there is the Bird Market in the Rue de Lutèce, where one can purchase anything from a goose to a canary. There is always a typically Parisian crowd here—mothers, fathers, children, old men, old women, and maidens—peering with that peculiar and wrapt interest the Parisian can apparently summon at will into the wicker baskets containing ducks, the crates of quails or pigeons, and into the glass pen of the incubator, over which the fat lady proprietor is dozing, in which there are to be seen innumerable balls of yellow fluff representing chicks just out of the shell. A little further along, in the shade of the wall, are a pile of small square cages in which canaries chirp cheerfully. Around these there is always a little crowd, and in it are the little *grisettes,* who have saved up their two sou pieces to purchase a yellow-hued



IN THE TYPICAL STUDIO.

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songster, to hang on fine days to a nail in the wall just outside the window of their apartments *au cinquième* which are so high up as to be almost near the sky on cloudy days.

And here and there are parrots, in dome-like cages of brass or zinc wire, which swear volubly in an *argot* not understood of tourists, and therefore quite innocuous. Around these, *gamins* with sticks and twigs furtively hang for a chance to stir the gay-hued things into louder screeching and yet more vituperative language.

Quite close at hand, also on the Ile de la Cité, is the Flower Market, which day by day almost all the year round pours forth in bouquets and the humbler two sou buttonholes a stream of fragrance into the streets and Boulevards of the Rive Droite, and up the Boul' Mich', and along the endless Boulevard St. Germain by means of the flower-laden baskets of the trim *bouquetières*, who have ever-ready smiles and deft fingers, and the flower barrows of the elder women.

Then across the river and the Boulevard St. Germain and up the broad Rue Monge and one reaches a part of not merely old, but ancient Paris or Lutetia, which at the corner of the Rue de Navarre hides away in the form of the Arena in which gladiatorial and other shows took place. There is not much of the amphitheatre left, but here one stands and gazes upon what the eyes of Roman conquerors must have beheld, and sees what remains of that city which was once, long since, the spot of civilisation in the desert of North-Western Europe. The chamber where the beasts were confined is still almost intact as to masonry, the rusted bars may be the original ones or not. Children, *gamins* who scuffle in the dust of the ancient arena in mimic combat in a scorching sun, love these bars, and the timider ones grow big-eyed as they think of the horrors their elder companions recount.

Then once more back down the Rue Monge to the Boulevard St. Germain. At the corner of one of the intersecting streets very often are to be seen two or three human curiosities who wear blue blouses, whitey-brown trousers, and huge white felt hats, not smaller than the top of a round "gipsy" tea-table. They are *forts des Halles*, literally strong men of the Markets, whose business in life it is to unload millers' and other waggons. The two in our picture refused to be photographed — modest men! — but obligingly shifted their position (to escape the camera which was levelled at them) into a better light and were speedily caught.

A STREET IN THE FAUBOURG.

Just a little further along, and on the famous Boul' Mich' one plunges at once into the life of the quarter—that life of which, except the mere surface, tourists see little or nothing, the life described in the novels of Murger, Chambers and in the pages of "Trilby." Students of law, medicine, literature and art are promenading this world-famous street. Little groups of these gay and smiling, with *étudiantes* and models, are on fine days almost always found sitting outside the cafés such as the Harcourt or Pantheon at the tiny marble or enamelled topped tables. It is

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only sometimes that these be-cloaked and baggy-corduroy-trousered individuals with slouch felt hats visit the other side of the river and appear (as they do in our photograph) in the Place du Carrousel.

Hard by are the famous Rue de Seine in which so many famous Parisians have from time to time lived, where artists and studios swarm, and the equally famous Grand Hotel Corneille where "little Billee" in Du Maurier's novel lodged, and where scores of would-be Leightons, Geromes, Sargents, or Meissoniers have since first taken up their abode ere finding a more modest apartment in the Quarter. Maybe a huge, bare-looking chamber, combining the duties of studio, bedroom, and living-room in one. A typical student's studio is that depicted in our photograph. Not the show one of some great artist crammed with armour, statuary, bric-à-brac, rich hangings, costly rugs and skins; but a workshop in which, could it but tell its own tale, reputations have been built up or lost,

IN THE BOIS DE VINCENNES.

Fame has been at last a willing if at first a somewhat laggard guest, or dark Despair has conquered mortal efforts, well or misapplied as the case may be. Such a studio may cost anything, from thirty-five to sixty francs a month in the neighbourhood of the Rue des Fourneaux or Quai Voltaire, and often it is shared by a couple of chums. Down below it is often a shop, it may be a curiosity shop where everything from artists' materials to damaged canvasses with the germs of pictures still upon them, or draperies, old armour and odd and quaint pieces of furniture may be had at ridiculously low prices if the stamp of the student and not that of the tourist be upon the would-be purchaser's countenance.

IN THE CAFE DES LILAS.

Right up the wide Boul' Mich', along which students gaily race and sing of nights, where it runs into the wider space of the Carrefour de l'Observatoire is the famous Bullier, against the saffron coloured wall of which ill-fated Marshal Ney was shot on December 7th, 1815. Bullier is not the reckless, joyous, if somewhat risky, place it was even ten years ago, but on certain nights it still swarms with students, models and *grisettes* much as it did in the old days when across

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the road. And those who would see types of Latin Quarter life, and scratch a little below the surface, will find a visit repay them. If Trilby no longer dances there, there are other Trilbies not less irresponsible than she, not less fascinatingly roguish and elf-like, not less children of the hour. And if the visitor is particularly lucky one of those strange nodules of disturbance may develop, and the whole place be aflame with rival factions before the nervous tourist can beat a hasty retreat. A little revolution which will subside almost as quickly as it arose, and all go on as before.

Across the way is a famous Café into which the tourist seldom or never ventures. There, amid the thick smoke of *caporal*, foregather little coteries of students with their models, who after Bullier in summer sit and chat and smoke and laugh and sing till the birds begin to twitter in the trees outside, and then go home in the the freshness of a Parisian morning often lovely beyond comparison with opalescent haze and softened sunlight not yet born into full day, to dream of bronzes at the Salon or successes at the schools. To awaken at mid-day to but another vanishing of visions.

It is, perhaps, a common failing to regard the Seine—the river which winds like a ribbon of oxidised silver almost through the heart of the city — as merely a river of pleasure. But though at Suresnes, St. Cloud, or Sèvres, it is that and little more, at Bercy, up above the Ile St. Louis, it becomes suddenly a busy stream encumbered with barges, with *bassins* or docks, and with quays piled up with merchandise. The huge *entrepôts de* Bercy, with their thousands of wine casks and green-blue paraffin barrels, burst upon the explorer an insistent note of unsuspected commerce. "It is like the Thames," will probably be the exclamation, and the matter is in the phrase adequately summed up. It is, indeed, difficult at first to realise that the murky water of the *bassin* in which a man is patiently fishing is the same silvery Seine which flows beneath the Pont D'Iena. Or that the boy in the wherry is not a Thames "water-rat" instead of a Parisian *gamin*.

And yet almost close by all this busy wharfage and bustling activity of lading and unlading barges, and the white spiteful puffings of innumerable tugs, named "Jean et Jeanne," "Soleil d'Or," or "Rapide," and gaily painted blue, green and scarlet, is the lovely Bois de Vincennes. Everyone knows the Bois de Boulogne, but not a tithe as many its lovely but neglected sister wood with its allées of acacia trees, bosky dells, picturesque lake, and wide lawns. The Bois de Vincennes, except on special occasions, seems given over to the less fashionable and perhaps more interesting classes of Parisians. The frequenters have the art of enjoying themselves to even greater perfection than those who are to be seen in the Bois de Boulogne. The bloomer girl on her *becane* is less correct and more merry. She rests at ease, and jokes her escort. She may even take a whiff or two of *caporal* in the form of a cigarette. And as she rests on one of the comfortable seats a fatherly municipality thoughtfully supplies she will laze unstudiedly and enjoy herself. And then, after a long day, there will possibly be the trip home by a swift "Hirondelle" or Bateau Parisien when the river has become mysterious in the oncoming night, and a path of silver broken into scintillations by the wash of the swiftly passing boats is all the light one gets till the quays of commerce are left behind, and the dazzling illuminations of the city itself break upon the eye with almost magic suddenness.

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THE STORY OF HILDA WARING.

Illustrated by A. E. PIKE.

By B. M. HICKS.

WHEN I was in Grahamstown I was invited to a dance at Fort England —that is the lunatic asylum. But before then I went over there with my friend Du Merton, and, as he knew the doctor there, we saw all there was to be seen.

One face struck me most—that of a woman, who was strictly guarded by the warders. She had masses of tangled hair, which had been once raven black, but was now snow white, although she was still young; beautiful features, a nose so straight, and a delicately-moulded chin; but the eyes—they changed the beauty into a raving beast, which I shall remember to my dying day.

"Will that be one of our fair partners?" I asked in horror. "Shall I dance with her?"

"The dance of death, if you like," laughed Du Merton. "I believe she'd kill you like a shot if she got the chance."

And then he told me the story. Her name was Hilda Waring, and they told me the same tale up in the Queenstown district, when I have stayed at Whittlesea and at the Zwaart Kei.

You know it is a good long way from Queenstown to Whittlesea, and it takes some hours to drive. The road winds about and the drifts are often bad. It is an uninteresting drive, too, until you get nearer Whittlesea; then it gets prettier, and you go through a kloof with thickets of mimosa, with the rocks rising on one side and the river running down beneath on the other. Then there is a bit of veldt again, and you come to the village, which is quite different now to what it was in old Waring's time. If you go straight on the road takes you right through the main street and the river to Shiloh, but if you turn off to the left when you get to the middle of the village you pass a long white house, with a verandah in front. This is where old Waring had his canteen, or hotel, as he liked to call it, and a good trade he did in those days. The road soon after the hotel, gets bad, and only leads over the veldt to Fair View; they changed the name when the farm was sold, for it used to be called Doorn Kloof when Tregenna had it.

Tregenna, as everyone says who remembers him, was a handsome man, tall and fine, and very dark—so dark that people used to say he must have black blood in his veins. But he had no relatives anywhere at the Cape, and he himself had only just come out before the war, so he could have had no Kaffir ancestry; but there was a rumour of his father having been an English officer and his mother an Indian princess, but that was only a story, and no one ever knew the truth about him or why he stayed on at Whittlesea. He had fought hard, they said, in the last war with the Kaffirs, and at the end, when the land was portioned up, he was given Doorn Kloof, where he built a hut like a Hottentot's and settled down with his oxen and goats. Sometimes he would come down to Whittlesea in the evening, and could drink more whiskey than any other man without

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getting drunk; and then he would get more talkative, and say queer things, and his eyes glistened. These—his eyes—seemed to be the wonderful part about him, and, after a time, they said he had the "evil eye"—whatever that may be—and could cast it on people and hurt them, if he wished. Many were the tales they used to tell about him, how he could find cattle that were lost, like the Kaffir witch doctors did, and how he could fascinate people and make them do as he wanted, and that it was a bad thing to thwart him too. His eyes, and the swears he uttered—they were enough to make the dead even rise up and shudder, so they said. Oh! I've heard many tales about Tregenna. A strange man he must have been.

Well, now, about Hilda Waring. Old Waring, at the canteen, lost his wife and his three children as well, so he sent for his brother's daughter from Ireland, who was an orphan and hadn't a farthing in the world. Old Waring took her as his adopted daughter, and treated her—well, as well as the old miser could treat anybody.

She was a tall, fine girl when she came out—a handsome-looking girl, with her black hair and clear, blue eyes. She was bright and clever, and answered back well to anyone that made fun with her. They said she had learnt something coming from Ireland to Africa; but that was the girls who were jealous of her, or the old women who cursed her for being a Romanist. She was the only one in Whittlesea, and had to go in to Queenstown for mass. Needless to say, all the young farmers around were in love with her; men are like sheep—where one goes the others follow.

She liked Walter Macfarlane the best of the lot. He lived in Whittlesea and worked at one of the stores, and was a good-natured, good-hearted young fellow, and nothing more. Old Waring knew what was going on between Hilda and young Macfarlane, and how people said they were engaged; but he took no notice and laughed in his sleeve. Young Macfarlane was only hired at the store and got £5 a month, and his father sent him in mealies and flour from the farm. But, however much a man may be in love, he can't marry on £5 a month and a sack or so of corn, and Hilda Waring was no fool. Her uncle had other plans for her. She was well worth her keep at the canteen, and he encouraged the men who outspanned at his place, seeing that it all meant business.

One evening there was a lot of them there in the bar, and old Waring was sitting by the fire. Several people have told me the story.

Tregenna came swinging in, banging the door, behind him, as usual. It was the first time he had been down for months; the first time since Hilda came. He threw himself down in the easiest corner of the couch—two of the other men making room for him—and "Halloa!" he said, "I hear you've got a new barmaid. All the young fellows after her like flies. I'll wait till she comes, if you call her quick. I'm like the rest of them; I like my glass filled by a pretty girl if there's no extra charge. Ten or twenty years ago I was reckoned a good judge of the points of a woman, but I haven't had much chance lately. Your women out here are like your horses, not much breed about either of them."

They were accustomed to his way of talking, so took no notice, although most of them were Cape born. Old Waring hobbled off to call Hilda. She came at last, looking handsomer than ever—tall and slim in her white dress, and her pretty head with its masses of hair.

"Well, uncle?" she said, standing and looking disdainfully around.

"This gentleman wants some whiskey, my dear. Be as quick as you can."

"You said *you* would attend to the bar to-night, uncle. I am busy."

"Nonsense; serve this gentleman at once. He's been waiting five minutes. Must attend to business."

"Gentleman; what gentleman?" she said, turning round slowly and curling up her little mouth. (I have met men who would have sold all they had in the world for one kiss from Hilda Waring's mouth.) Then she looked at Tregenna, apparently not noticing him. "*Gentlemen* generally take off their hats before they come into my parlour," she said, slowly reaching down a glass.

"*Your* parlour," broke in Tregenna, with his sneering laugh and taking off his hat. "Ach! you women quickly take possession, especially the pretty ones. It reminds me of the little rhyme we used to say: 'Will you walk into my parlour? said the spider to the fly.' You are the spider and we're the flies, eh? Not a

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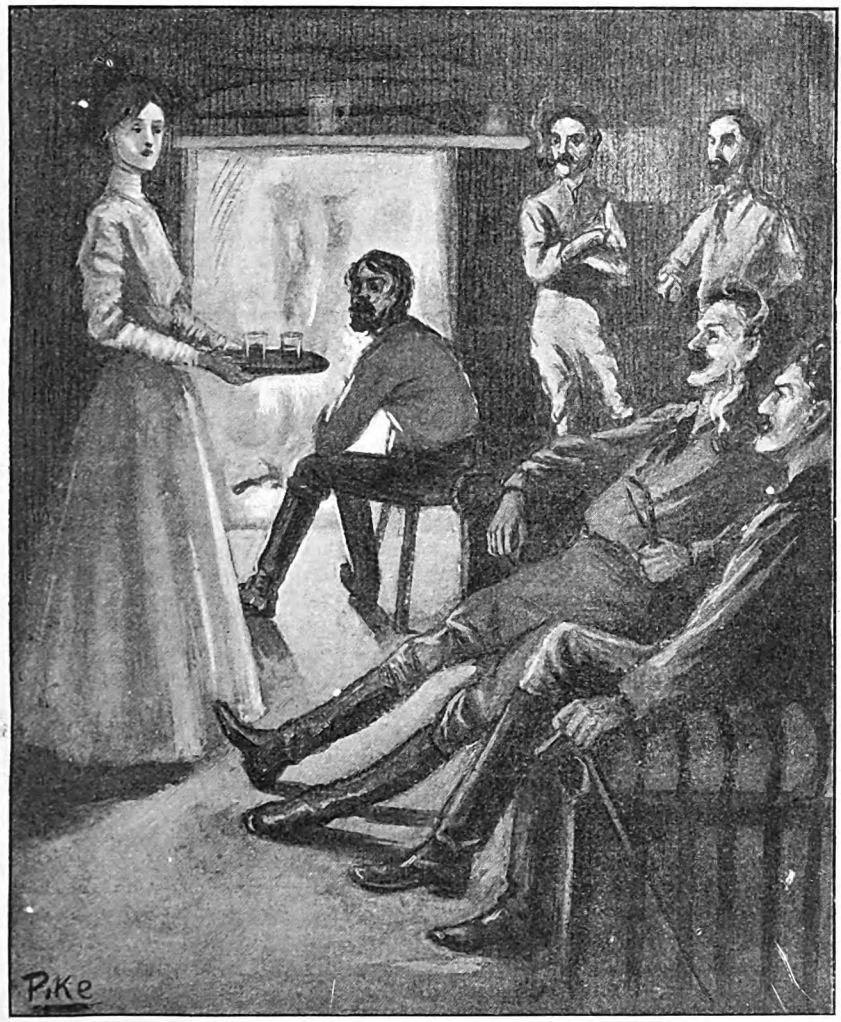
bad-looking spider either; but, take care the flies don't prove indigestible. I never knew a woman yet, who got lots of men fooling around her, but what made a mess of it in the end. You seem, though, pretty cool about it all, eh!"

She took absolutely no notice of him, and old Waring got angry. "Hilda," he said, "what is the matter with you to-night?"

"Perhaps the right man isn't here, or has gone after somebody else. Enough to upset any girl," said Tregenna. "Well, here's to your health, my dear! May your beauty never grow less and your temper never grow worse, eh? don't you think so, boys? if so, it'll be the worse for you. She'll give you a time of it." Hilda was turning red with anger. "Eh! see; now she's blushing. That's right, a little colour becomes you. You'll knock the wind out of those Queenstown girls!"

Hilda's eyes flashed; but she kept her self-possession, as she almost always did.



HILDA'S EYES FLASHED, BUT SHE KEPT HER SELF-POSSESSION.

She had a lot to put up with old Waring. "Uncle," she said, quietly, "as there seem no other *gentlemen* to serve" ("no other gentlemen," with a curl of her lips), "I shall go to my room and finish my work. Good-night."

She made a sort of bow to the other men in the room and was going out, when

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Tregenna jumped up and put his back to the door. "No, not yet. We haven't done with you yet! I'm going to have two or three more glasses to drink first; and besides, we want to talk to you. 'Tisn't often we have the chance of looking at such a pretty thing as you. Tell us about old Ireland. I knew some rattling girls over there, too. Now, the flies will keep the spider in its own little parlour, eh? That's a good joke."

"Please let me go," said Hilda, haughtily advancing, not used to such treatment.

"Not till you've paid toll," said Tregenna. "This gentleman hasn't taken off his hat for nothing, and he hasn't forgotten how he was told to do so. We want something to make up for that. I daresay you treat these young men how you like; but not so me. For everything you give me you'll get back double. Come, now, give me a kiss and then you can go."

"Uncle," cried Hilda, drawing herself up, "how can you allow this man to insult me in this way?"

"Insult you!" cried Tregenna. "It's best to cry out after you're hurt," and so saying, he dashed forward, put his arm round her neck, and kissed her twice or thrice.

In an instant she freed herself, and, quick as lightning, seized up a glass of ale and dashed it straight in his face.

"There!" she screamed.

"Curse you!" he yelled, as the beer trickled down his face.

"How dare you? How dare you do that?" she went on, panting. "I know you now. You're Tregenna. I have heard tales of you—tales that made me blush to hear them. You are a bad, wicked man. I know that and hate you, and I shall hate you for ever. And if ever you dare touch me again I shall kill you; yes, even though I'm a woman, I will."

"Hilda, Hilda!" broke in old Waring, frightened at the outbreak and fearing Tregenna.

"No, uncle. I will not be quiet. This man has insulted me before you all—before these others. And you stand by and calmly ——"

"Hilda, my dear!" said old Waring.

"It's true what they say. You're a fiend, not a man," she screamed at Tregenna.

He only laughed. "Let her be! Don't worry, Waring; let her be! She'll cool down, and we'll have apologies enough one day. By Jove! I like to see her like that. Shows there's some pluck in her, and some devilry." He gave a laugh, lolled down in a chair, and pulled out his pipe, as if he had forgotten the splashing he had got. He laughed on, while Hilda, in her passion, railed at him. Then finally she burst into tears, and rushed out of the room.

The next morning Tregenna rode down to the canteen again, offsaddled his horse, and marched in, smacking his whip against his riding boots.

"Waring! Hi!" he called out, and when the old miser appeared he caught him by his buttonhole, drew him into the parlour, and shut the door.

There they talked for an hour or more, and now and again the black boys, by the stoep outside, could hear Tregenna's coarse laugh, when he thought the old man was cutting the bargain too fine.

"Well," he said, getting up and pushing away the chair, "that's settled. An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, they say. That's right. I don't know why I took a fancy to the girl. Because of her spirit, I believe. Not everyone would have dared to have thrown a glass of beer over me. I made up my mind then; she's the only sort of woman I can marry, and it suits me to do so, too. Don't say anything about it to her. Things will arrange themselves. But we will sit behind and pull the strings, eh? Remember—I promise you £500 if I marry her within six months, and I'll think about the farm."

"Yes, yes—I will do my best. It will be all right. But she's a fine girl. She has plenty after her."

"No; but, hang it! no one will bid so high as I. Everything has its price, a woman especially. If she were a Kaffir I'd give a man ten cows for her, and take her right off, but as she's white we have to bide our time, and take her to church and all that foolery, and pay you hard cash of the realm. But the principle's the same after all, isn't it? And women are the same—hang 'em—I know, whether they're black or white."

After that he often came down to Whittlesea, and at first Hilda would take no notice of him, and he would pretend to

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take no notice of her, except to call out rudely for what he wanted—just as he would to old Waring.

But one day they were, a whole lot of them, at a picnic at Shiloh, when a Kaffir child fell in the river. It was only a little thing, and Hilda shrieked for some one to pull it out. Without waiting a moment Tregenna jumped in—he was always a plucky man, and stopped for nothing.

"Oh, how brave you are!" called out Hilda, spontaneously, as he landed the dripping child; and from that time forth she deigned to be more gracious to him. There were other little things beside which he did, which drew him more into her favour.

He noticed it all, and laughed. He believed in Time.

"See how you have tamed him," said some one, laughing, to her. "He will do anything for you!"

"Oh, don't," said Hilda. "Pray don't say that. I don't know why, but I cannot help hating him. I think I am frightened of him. I hate him, though he fascinates me. I wish I had never seen him!"

And one day her uncle broached the subject to her (of course not mentioning the bargain he had made)—how Tregenna wanted to marry her.

"Marry him! I would sooner die," she said.

But all this made Hilda anxious about the future, and as she strolled down by the river, towards sunset time, her mind was full of sad thoughts of the past, with its quiet school life at the convent, and the meek, patient-faced nuns; and then she remembered the happy evening walks with her father, as they stole out together from the unhappy home and her tipsy mother. Her father! And the future just now seemed as black as the past had been, only, there was no father now. Instinctively she fingered the little cross she always wore round her neck, as she thought of him. A breeze had sprung up, and it refreshed her. She wandered on, pulling the grass as she went, while the river made a gurgling beneath over the stones. Suddenly she looked up, and there was Tregenna. He was quite near; she could not escape, and a blush covered her face. She longed to flee; somehow her heart beat at the sight of him.

He took off his hat to her, and then stood idly for some minutes kicking stones into the water. She did not move, and at last he came nearer.

"Why did you blush now when you saw me?" he asked. "Why did you stop and not come on? I know. They have told you that I want to marry you, and that's true. You know it, too; your own heart tells you so. They say a woman always knows when a man loves her, and I love you more than I have ever loved anyone in my life. No wonder you feel it! The more you insult me the more I love you."

Hilda put her hands to her heart and stood still.

"Why don't you say something?" he went on, "or do something? It is good that I have met you here. Then we can settle matters—you and I—without your uncle, old fool; or the rest. Just you and I alone, Hilda. You and I alone, and only the world besides. You look upon me as a rough and rude man. I daresay I may be. You have heard tales about me; they may be lies, or they may be true. But my love's as good as anybody's; better than any of those young asses in the village. It's true what I'm telling you. On my oath, it is. And you will be mine. You love me, I know; though perhaps you do not know it yet. You are the only girl, the only woman in the world for me. I knew it the first moment I saw you, when you threw the beer over me, like a young tigress. You were mine from that minute, and I shall have you; but I want your love too. Hilda, you love me. Say so, you must."

But she shrank back, frightened and tongue-tied.

"Speak!" said Tregenna, sternly.

"Do leave me; go away," she said at last, struggling to free her hands.

"No, I shan't; not until I've heard you say you love me too."

"You frighten me. I don't know what to say. Do let go my hands. You hurt."

"Well, there! Sit down here upon the grass with me and talk. No; you won't? All right. But now I have caught you I shall not let you go, you little one. Do you know how often I have wanted a time like this to tell you how much I love you? Don't shrink back. I am not hurting you. You shall talk to me now. You shall tell me what you feel, dearest."

She winced and tried to pull back.

"Now, don't look confused. It is startling—sudden. But you will get

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accustomed to it when we two live at Doorn Kloof together—when you are my wife. We two up there; we can laugh at the world, you and I."

"But——" she broke in at last. "No, it can't be. You don't understand. I can never, never marry you."

"Hilda, Hilda!" he said, in a half-commanding, half-entreating voice. "Hilda; you must marry me; you must! Don't you feel it yourself? For my sake; to save me——"

"To save you? From what?"

"I don't know. From myself, perhaps. At first I loved you for your beauty, now I love you for your goodness. No, Hilda; you must not say me no. Be my angel; make me a better man. Help me, Hilda. I am tired of the wickedness—of the darkness; I want to leave it. You have been sent as my help—as my star. I feel it. It is Fate that has brought us together; we cannot withstand it. It is greater than we are; it is greater than I am."

"You are wrong," cried Hilda, "there is no such thing as Fate. But you are wicked; you do not believe in anything. It is the good God above. He orders our lives, and we must pray to Him to guide us and protect us. If it is true you want to be a better man, go to Him, not to me. I cannot save you. I will not even pray for you. And by God's help," she said, speaking half solemnly, half fiercely, "by God's help, I will never marry you. I feel you are a bad man. I know it, and as such God will keep me from you. I am not afraid of you." She set her mouth, and stood up bravely before him.

"Ah!"—he gave his short laugh. "Fate! God! I know your religion. The faith that will remove mountains, but the mountains don't move, all the same, eh? But a good enough religion for a woman. But see here," pulling her to the bank, and pointing in the distance to the rivers. "You shall look. See! Here we are on this little bit of land, between the two rivers; this one is muddy, and that clear and pure. And there—do you see?—round the krantz, they meet. They cannot help it, the land slopes so. Ha! Fate! And then they join, and the Great Kei rolls down towards the sea. Do you follow? I am this one here," and he kicked another stone below. "The stream of life carries a man, even in the ordinary way, into shady places, and on its journey it gathers, unwillingly perhaps, mud from the banks. And mine was not an ordinary life; perhaps it is best that it is hidden by the bend of the present. But still, it flows by here, you see, dark, and slow, and black."

He stopped for a moment, as if with a sigh. He was holding fast her hand, and was talking more softly and more earnestly than usual. "And you are that one, yonder. You must come into my life, purifying it, brightening it, cleansing it. We will join and flow on together—to the sea. I was not always like you see me now. I shall not always be like this, if you come to me. Give me this chance"—he spoke imploringly—"give me this chance—for the last time. Speak to me, dear; tell me."

Then, at last, summoning up all her courage, she turned and faced him.

"Mr. Tregenna," she said, "I don't know how you dare to speak to me like this. You know all the time that I am going to marry another man. You have suddenly become romantic, with your tale of the two rivers. I prefer deeds to words, and I have heard of deeds enough of you. What! I daren't imagine what I should become if I married you. I should sink lower and lower. Is the Great Kei clear and bright, as is the little river flowing into it? No, I shall repeat and say for ever, rather would I be struck down dead here than live to be your wife." Her voice failed her, and she quickly turned away, but he sprang after her.

"But I say you shall," he muttered through his teeth, as he put his arms round her, so that she could not move. He had lost his temper now, and his eyes flashed. She struggled, but he still held her. "No one says 'no' to Tregenna. When I want a thing I get it. Look at me; look at my eyes now. Mine is a great love—be careful it is not a great hate. Say 'yes, I will be your wife,' and I will let you go. You won't. Well, then—I shall keep you."

Hilda felt giddy; she did not know what had come over her, with Tregenna's eyes fixed on her like that. They were fierce, wicked, demonish, and she could not take her own eyes off them. Her heart seemed to stop beating, and she gasped for breath. She felt herself gradually falling backward and sinking, and then, with an almost superhuman effort, she gave a shriek. A Kaffir boy

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was herding the sheep beyond the thicket, and he ran up. But when he came Tregenna was standing by the river knocking in the stones, and Hilda was sitting, almost fainting, on the veldt, holding her hand to her forehead.

"Klaas," she said, in Dutch, "I am ill. The sun, I think. Here, take my book for me, and I will go home."

And she managed to get up, and went with the Kaffir boy. They had to pass Tregenna. He looked up. "Good-bye," he said, with a sneer and a bow, and then, with emphasis, "so long."

His eyes met hers and made her tremble; and all through that sleepless night his eyes were before her, gleaming and fascinating her.

In the morning she said to the boy: "Klaas, go and tell the young boss Walter, you know, down there at the store, to come here into the garden now—now before it gets hot."

And when Macfarlane came she flung her arms around his neck. "Oh, Walter, here you are! I have wanted you so much. Oh, Walter, I am so frightened."

"Why, Hilda darling, what's the matter? You look as if you hadn't slept a wink."

"Walter,— Tregenna — Tregenna wants me to marry him. You say you know it, but I'm afraid—I don't know what to do, and I'm going into town to-day with Klaas, and uncle says Tregenna will ride back with me to-morrow. He wants him to, I know—I must go to town; I promised Sister Blanche. She will be going back to Graham's town to-morrow, but you must come in for me; you must; you must. I cannot see Tregenna again. I can't live here, in this place, any longer with him. I feel I must go away. Walter, you say you love me; take me away with you—over the Katberg, down to Bedford, or somewhere. Let us go away and be married. Oh, Walter—quickly, or I feel it will be too late."

"Hilda, are you ill? What is the matter with you? Has Tregenna been doing anything, saying anything to you? No? You are excited, darling, because you didn't sleep last night, and I daresay you've had old Sannie working in the kitchen, and she has been telling you lies,

"YOU SHALL LOOK. SEE!"

like all these Kaffirs do. I can't make you out this morning," as Hilda sat down, sobbing hysterically—a thing he had never seen her do before. "But, what do you say about being married and the Katberg? What would your uncle say? We must wait. I have only saved a little at present, and I couldn't soon get another billet over there. Hilda, I'm working for you as hard as I can."

"But, Tregenna—you don't know——"

"Yes, I know he wants to marry you in his way, like all the rest of them do, but I'm the lucky man, darling, am I not?" kissing her.

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"Yes, but I can't ride home with him to-morrow. Uncle says I must, and I can't——"

"Well, it will only be for once, and you are that sort of girl, if you don't like a fellow, you can keep him at arm's length. *You*, frightened of Tregenna! I reckon I know him as well as most people do. He was in the store only yesterday. It's only his manner, and if you know his ways he's all right. He's given me that piece of mealie land of his, on the half with him, down by the river. And don't you see, dear, you must be reasonable. We must keep right with your uncle until we get him round to our side. I wish I could come for you to-morrow, but I can't.

"I'll ride back alone."

"Of course, you couldn't do that, all that distance."

"And you say I must come out with Tregenna. I hate it—I don't think I shall ever come back alive."

"Nonsense, darling. There's the old chap calling you. Ah, the post-cart going off. Good-bye! I shall see you before you start this evening."

Several people said afterwards that she looked the same as usual, riding away that day, only, perhaps, a little pale and worried, and the people in Queenstown said so, too.

The next day Hilda saw the sister off at two, and she intended to start home early to avoid Tregenna; but it was hot as yet; the sun was streaming down.

She wanted to rest a little while in the cool and quiet, where she could be alone and peaceful. So she went into the church where she always worshipped. It was a tiny place, built of corrugated iron, with a tawdry altar. It is improved now, since richer folks have come to live in the district.

She was quite alone, and after a little formal prayer for a time she sat still, with her head on her hands, trying to sort her thoughts. At first they were all confused and miserable; then she roused herself, and went over the case in her thoughts.

"It's no use behaving like this—they all seem to want me to marry Tregenna. But I won't. Even Walter, I don't think, would mind much. He laughed at me this morning; he didn't seem to care. Oh, Walter, how can you, how can you?" She wiped her eyes, and then: "But I am myself, my own mistress. I will not marry him, no, whatever happens, no. I know he is wicked, he is bad—his eyes—and I will have nothing to do with him. But I can't help it. If he rides home with me to-night and looks at me so—oh! What was the matter with me then? What is the matter with me now? I cannot bear it; I cannot help myself. I hate him, yet I have to do as he wants. Oh, God! help me, help me."

Instinctively her heart turned to prayer. She rose and went to a side altar, with its little image.

"Father, dear God," she began, fingering her rosary, and opening her heart as soul to soul. Past and future both faded away in the earnestness of her prayer. She forgot where she was, and why; her lips moving noiselessly, and her eyes seeing no earthly vision.

"Oh, God," she murmured, "kill this man! kill him! I shall never be freed from him till then. I hate him, but am powerless to hurt him. Help me! and I will be your servant for ever."

So she prayed more earnestly than she had ever done in her life; her prayer intensified by hate. The time went, and she knelt on, as in a trance. At last the door banged and aroused her. Some other worshipper came gliding in. Hilda got up slowly; she felt dazed, and rubbed her hand over her forehead. She was almost surprised to find herself in the chapel. Where had she been? Tregenna, through it all, had been ever before her—his eyes had been on her always. The clock over the door struck four; this quite woke her up, and she went out.

There was no one awaiting her at the hotel.

"The dear God has heard my prayer," she thought, as she quickly told the boy to saddle up, and then went off gladly alone, although she knew they would be angry at home with her riding all that distance without a companion.

It is a good four hours' ride from Queenstown to Whittlesea, and many people, especially if they are driving, stop on the way for a rest. But she had not started as early as she had meant to, and wanted to get home before it grew very dark; the sun set early, though the days were hot. Coming out of town she fell in with Tom Morley, of Tarkastad, in his buggy, and she rode alongside him until his road turned off. Very few she

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AND THEN BEGAN THAT FEARFUL RIDE.

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met going along—some Kaffirs trekking, and a Dutchman or so riding into town.

Then a shower of rain came on, then it hailed; so she had to shelter at Kotzee's farmhouse. But it soon stopped, and she would go on, old Kotzee said.

It was stormy-looking still, and the sun was setting, red and glowing, behind the banks of clouds. But the air was fresh, and Hilda took off her hat and let it blow through her hair, and so she felt revived and cooled after the heated day. The horse was one she often rode, and it knew the way almost better than she did, so she paid scarcely any heed to the road.

It was just at the turning down into the mimosa bushes, where it gets more stony, and on one side the krantz rises steep up—the horse stopped dead.

Hilda looked up. Within a short distance of her, on a rise in the road, was Tregenna on his horse.

It was so sudden. She had thought herself free from him. A cold shudder of fear ran down her.

Tregenna stood there still—with the dying sunlight shining red on his face, and with his horse champing and pawing the ground. He was looking at her; he evidently had been waiting for her. He had on a large hat, his riding hat, and top boots—the clothes he generally wore, but they all looked red in the glow.

There was no other way home. She must go with him; and, trying to subdue her fear, she determined to go forward. Her horse, usually quiet, now began rearing, and she could scarcely induce him to go on.

"Firefly; go on," she whispered while she patted him. "He will not hurt us. There is nothing to be afraid of."

Tregenna's lips curled, and a smile came on them as he saw her coming, urging the horse. He waved his hat.

"Mr. Tregenna," she said, boldly advancing; "seeing you and meeting you here, I presume you mean to ride home with me. That's what my uncle told me. But, remembering what passed between us the other day, I should think you know your company is not welcome to me. Kindly let me pass. It is dark already, and I must be quick home. It is not manly of you to wait for me like this."

"Wait for you! yes, Hilda. I have been waiting for you. I shall wait for you for ever." His voice was gloomy and ominous. She shuddered as she felt the old fear coming over her.

She drew her horse and passed him, and then he turned and followed behind. She closed her lips; she would not speak to him. There were four miles further to go.

And then began that fearful ride.

She hoped, perhaps if she did not notice him or speak to him, he might turn off by the bridle path to Doorn Kloof, but she heard always after the clank of his horse's feet. Once she stopped, as her horse stumbled—and he stopped too, only a foot or two behind. As she turned she caught sight of his face, grim and severe.

Neither spoke. On they went. Hilda would not turn round. A storm was coming up; she felt some spots of rain on her face, and it grew darker. The sun set, it got gloomy, and the wind whistled through the bushes. The road was bad, but she urged Firefly into a gallop, while the loose stones flew down the sides of the rocks.

The storm came nearer. A crash of thunder and a streak of lightning, which rebounded on some stone not far ahead, and for an instant lit up the whole kloof, the rocks, the river rushing underneath, and the little house on the kopje opposite. Another terrific burst of thunder, and Hilda, with her excited nerves, gave a scream, while her horse plunged.

"Wait!" called Tregenna, coming nearer, and even above the howling of the storm and the noise his voice was cold and clear. "Wait! Let us wait a little, sweetheart. You must not go on," he said.

He put out his hand to catch the bridle of her horse, but it swerved and started forward again.

"No," cried Hilda, "I must go home!"

"Home; yes, my home—Doorn Kloof. You are coming with me to-night. I have waited for you long enough. You are mine now—now and for ever," he hissed in her ear, as again he made a lunge at her bridle.

She lashed her horse furiously, and it rushed forward despite the lightning ahead. And so they dashed on through the thorn trees, he trying vainly to catch up with her. Once she heard a rumbling behind; she hoped his horse had fallen, but he was up again and after her in a minute.

She was frightened, terrified, as one possessed!

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They were through the thicket at last; the noise, the terror seemed less. She gave a little gasp—she could see the lights of Whittlesea in front. She would soon be safe now; only a second or two more.

They dashed into the street—the people rushing to their windows as they heard the noise. But it was dark, and they could see nothing.

But nearer, nearer he came. At the corner he caught her up; his horse was alongside hers. He bent forward and seized her arm.

"Doorn Kloof," he muttered.

His hand held her fast—fast, that it hurt like fire; but, after some wrestling, she was able to wrench herself free, and fell, half fainting, half mad, from the saddle in front of the inn.

He rushed on, not halting, and dashed on towards Doorn Kloof. She, dazed and giddy, staggered into the parlour.

They all started up, and scarcely knew her at first, with her ghastly look and drenched hair streaming around her, covered with mud from head to foot.

"Good heavens, Hilda!" cried old Waring. "Fancy being out such a night as this. You ought to have stayed in town. Where have you come from, girl?"

"I rode out," she panted, breathlessly. "I came through the kloof with Tregenna!"

"Tregenna!" they screamed.

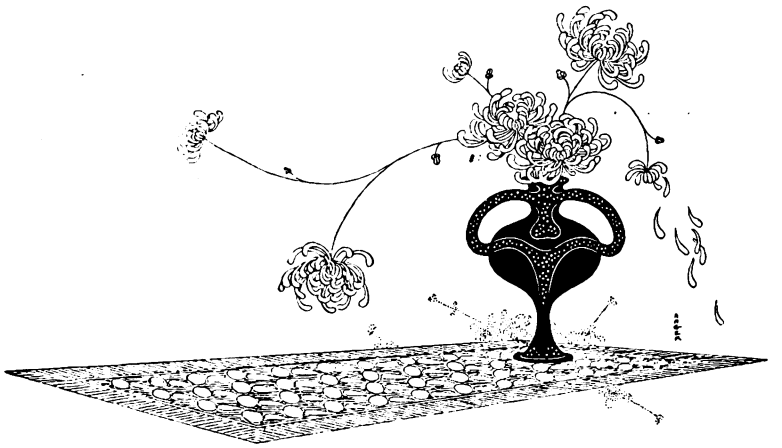
"Yes, he wanted me to go with him to Doorn Kloof—see—" and she put up her sleeve and showed the red patches on her arm where his fingers had pressed. "He would not let me go; he pulled me here!"

"What are you saying?"

"The girl's mad!"

"What has happened to you?" they called out. "Why, Tregenna is dead. He lies over there at the store. He died about four this afternoon. His horse threw him ——"

But Hilda is not the only one who has seen Tregenna in the kloof.



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A CHAPEL COLLECTION IN CEYLON.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society.

By STEPHEN STAPLETON.

THE Wesleyan Missionary Society is another of our great evangelical organisations which have grown grey in the service of spreading the light to the heathen; and after close on a century and a quarter of that arduous and harassing, but noble work, is still young and ardent and enthusiastic.

John Wesley himself was Chaplain to a Mission in Georgia for the Conversion of the Indians, from 1735 to 1737, before he formed the first Methodist Society. But the first Methodist missionary was Wesley's younger contemporary, Dr. Thomas Coke, who in January, 1784, issued a plan for the establishment of Methodist Missions among the heathen. Coke was appointed "superintendent" to discharge episcopal functions in the American Methodist Societies; and he left England for that purpose in September, 1784. Three years later his title of "superintendent" was altered into "bishop" by the American Methodist Conference. It was this that called forth Wesley's famous declaration, "Men may call me a knave, or a fool, a rascal, a scoundrel, and I am content; but they shall never, by my consent, call me a bishop." Coke also gave great offence in England by signing, in 1789, an address of congratulation from "the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church" to George Washington, on his appointment, that year, first President of the United States. In 1786 the first Methodist Missionary Committee was formed; and Coke, who was appointed its head, henceforth devoted himself with immense zeal and resource to the operations of Methodist missionary enterprise abroad. In the following year the first missionary of the Society went to the West Indies. At the Methodist Conference in 1804 the movement was reorganised and Coke was again elected "the General

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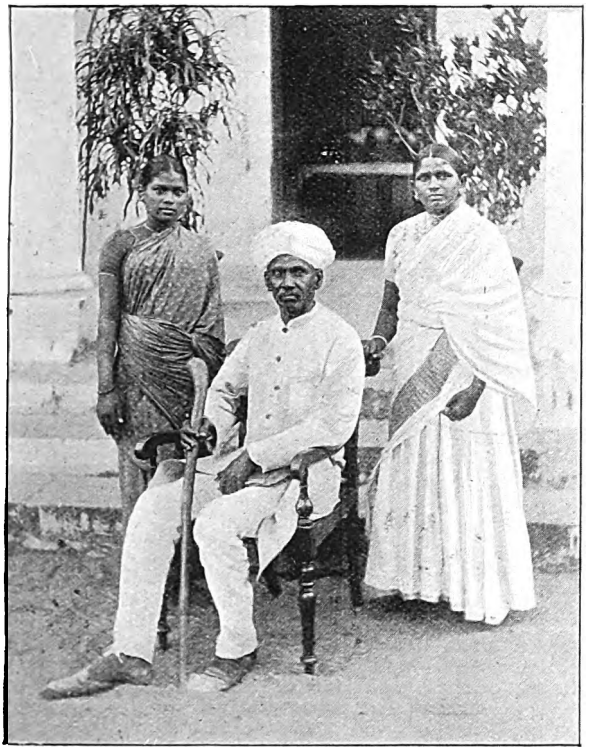
Superintendent of all the missions." Missionaries were sent to Gibraltar in 1804, and Sierra Leone in 1811. Coke's last enterprise was a voyage undertaken with a view to promote the evangelisation of India. He set sail from Portsmouth on the 30th December, 1814, with a band of workers, and died on the voyage. On the 3rd of May 1815, in the Indian Ocean, he was found dead of apoplexy in his cabin. The body of the great missionary was committed to the deep.

During the next twenty or thirty years the Society spread its missionary work to the Cape of Good Hope (1814); New South Wales (1815); Gambia (1821); New Zealand (1822). In the West Indian islands, where the Methodists first began operations as early as 1786, the missionaries took a most prominent part on the side of the slaves in the struggle for emancipation. Many of them suffered in consequence by the violence of the baser sort of the infuriated planters, but they won the undying love of the emotional negroes, and in the insurrection of the slaves in 1831, which terminated in their emancipation in 1834, the teachings of the missionaries exercised a beneficent restraining influence. In West Africa opportunities for still further widening the Society's sphere of labours were seized as British influence extended. The Gold Coast was successfully occupied in 1835, and Lagos in 1854.



A NATIVE EVANGELIST OF THE MADRAS DISTRICT, INDIA.

Perhaps in no part of the world do so many difficulties beset the path of the missionary as in West Africa. The climate is the most deadly to Europeans in the world; and the native paganism is the lowest type of religious fetishism; witchcraft and human sacrifice, involving unparalleled cruelty and terror. Yet along the 2,000 miles of coast from Gambia to Lagos, and including of course, Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast, and at many points inland, there are flourishing Wesleyan-Methodist missionary centres.

Many curious and interesting sidelights on the characters of the natives are obtained from the experiences of the missionaries. The Rev. A. Taylor, who was in charge of the Gold Coast district in the early sixties has many an amusing story to tell of his efforts to raise money from the native Christians in support of the mission. These people though not rich, as the word is understood here, are by no means poor. Their wants are few and simple and easily supplied; and they can live well on threepence a day. "The natives are better off than thousands in England," said Mr. Taylor, "and can better afford to give in support of missions than many in that country." So he determined to try if he could induce them to contribute to the funds of the mission. At the close of the service one Sunday at Anamabu, he pointed out to the congregation the obligation of conforming to the rule with regard to subscriptions. "You know by experience," he said, "that embracing the Christian religion saves people much more than it costs them. You, yourselves, have saved money by becoming Christians. You know how much you wasted every year in silly, senseless, heathen customs. Let me ask you a question. Do you think that the blessings of the Gospel—repentance and

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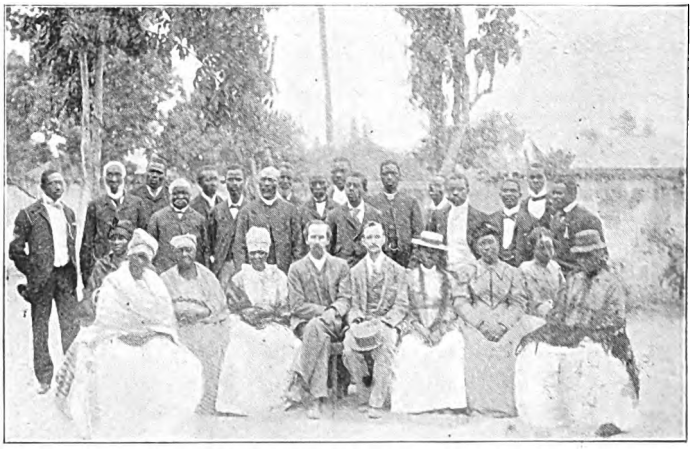
faith, pardon, holiness, happiness and heaven—the white robe, the palm of victory, the golden harp and crown of glory will be dearly bought at a penny a week and a shilling a quarter?" What happened at the quarterly collections Mr. Taylor thus relates :—

Several of the sisters who were "black but comely" practised a little guile. They did not wear "dresses" but native cloths, so did not carry purses; but just the money they wanted tied up in knots at the end of their cloths and tucked in the bosom. In meeting the classes the schoolmaster acted as interpreter. The members would leave their seats one by one, come and stand between us, and give their experience in Fanti, which the interpreter would put into English. I would reply in English, which he would turn into the native tongue. Then I would hand the ticket to the members. Those who meant to give a shilling would give it in two sixpences, tied up in two hard knots at the end of the cloth. On receiving the tickets they would untie one knot and lay down a sixpence. If I noticed them, they would unfasten another knot and put down a second sixpence; but if I were not looking they would give only one sixpence. However, the leaders were quite equal to the occasion. They would nudge me, saying, "That sister only gave sixpence; she can afford a shilling." Then I would say, pleasantly, "Sister, can't you observe the rule?" She would smile, and lay down another sixpence. The brethren were less shrewd than the sisters, but more shabby. They would stand up, argue the matter, and say, "I had been in their country some time now, and must know that things were not always at the same price. Corn and yams were sometimes one price, and sometimes another." But what they could not understand was, whatever the price of corn and yams, this ticket was always a shilling, and never any reduction. Another brother would stand erect, close his eyes, look very pious, and give a gushing and glowing experience. He loved the Lord, because He had done, and was doing, so much for him. He was so happy day by day, and was making such progress on the road to heaven, and quite longed to be there. But when offered his ticket would politely decline to accept it, thinking that was the cheaper way. But when told that by refusing the ticket he cut himself off from the society, the matter was placed in a different light. A third brother, who thought I was selling the tickets, would come and ask, "How much for a trial ticket?" But a little explanation and patience won the day, and ere long class and ticket money became an established custom.

The natives, however, often generously contribute to the mission. Several native traders in the Gold Coast district, who when lads were educated in the mission schools showed their gratitude by giving £4, £6 and £12 a year towards the expenses of the schools in the places in which they lived.

Some five hours' journey by hammock through the "bush" from Cape Coast is a small interior town called Abakrampa. In an account of a visit paid to this town Mr. Taylor tells us how the missionaries travel in Western Africa, and how they hold palavers with great chiefs and king :—

The day before my journey my servant spent in securing hammock-men and carriers. As there were no hotels nor lodging-houses where I could get what I wanted by paying for it, all I required for eating, drinking and sleeping, washing and dressing, cooking, etc., had to be taken with me. The following morning at seven o'clock the hammock-men and carriers came to the mission-house in high glee, smoking, talking, shouting, joking, and laughing. In a few minutes we started, the carriers in front with big boxes balanced on their heads. Next came the hammock in which I lay, my man-servant walking by its side. The way to Abakrampa lay through a dense forest abounding with tall grass, bushes and trees, large and small, wild flowers in great variety, handsome butterflies big as bats, lazily roving from shrub to shrub, while birds of gay plumage would dart from branch to branch and from tree to tree. In some places there were narrow, winding foot-paths, in others no path at all. Occasionally, a great tree, like a fallen forest giant, would lie across the way. Now and then we had to be content with occasional glimpses of blue sky through the tops of the trees, while the sun would shoot his fierce rays down upon our head. About noon we arrived at the Wesleyan Mission-house.



MEMBERS OF THE GAMBIA SYNOD.

According to custom Mr. Taylor sent his respects to the king, informing his Majesty of his arrival, and of his intention

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to visit him in the afternoon. The king returned the compliment by sending him word that he was glad the missionary had come to his place and would be pleased to see him, and accompanying the royal message was a present consisting of a bunch of plantains, several yams and a live goat. In due time Mr. Taylor set out for the palace.

Presently we came to a place consisting of four high walls thatched with dead grass. The entrance was through a door of unplained boards. This was kept shut by a heavy stone tied at the end of a piece of rope, fastened to the top. My friend said "this is the King's palace!" We entered and found ourselves not in the palace but in a large court-yard. At one end the floor was raised about two feet and a-half, making a sort of platform; above it was a thatched roof. Under this canopy on an Ashanti stool sat Otu Amfu, King of the Abrahs. On his right-hand there was a rusty iron chair, tied together with string. There was also a number of domestic slaves about the yard, sitting, standing, and lying down. My friends and I walked towards the king. He rose and shook hands with us, and bade me come on the platform and sit in the rusty lawn chair. Then he made a most interesting speech, though he was a heathen. He said "he was glad I had paid him a visit; he was thankful for many things especially that the Gospel had been sent to his country. Before it came the land was all dark, and the people knew nothing at all. But now it was all light, and the people knew many things, and one thing they knew was that the heathen customs of their country were *no use*. One thing, however, he was sorry for. Formerly, a minister lived in his town, but he had been removed and only a catechist put in his place. Now his town and people were very important and required a minister. So he hoped that I would remove the catechist and appoint another minister without delay."

Mr. Taylor told his Majesty he was pleased to hear him speak so highly of the Gospel, and promised to do his best for the place. The missionary then enquired of the king if he attended the chapel himself.

He said he did not. The fact was, his country was large, his people were many, and he had very important duties to perform. That was why he did not come to the chapel. I replied, "I knew he was a great king and ruled over a great people, but in the Bible we read of King David, who ruled over Israel and Judah, yet he found time to 'go into the House of the Lord.' Also England was a great country, and Queen Victoria was a great sovereign, but her Majesty found time to go to God's House on Sabbath days. And I thought if King David and Queen Victoria could go to God's House on Sabbath days King Otu Amfu might go too." He said, "He had heard my words, and thanked me for them; but another reason why he did not attend the chapel was because he was not well. Though he was young and tall, he was not strong; but was often sick and obliged to stop at home and 'medicine himself.'"

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

I looked into the sable face of his Majesty, and, smiling, said, "King, you are a tall, fine-looking young man, and in your native country, where the climate suits you well. I am a little, weak, white man, in a foreign country. The climate does not agree with me at all. I am sick 'too much,' yet I go to God's House twice every Sunday and several times in the week besides; and if I can go, I think you might." Again the king replied he had heard all, and said, "We all worship God. God gave us all we had. It was God that had made him a king. Some worshipped God in one way, and some in another. Though he did not come to chapel, he worshipped God all the same, only in another way."

"God is a great King over all." Mr. Taylor went on to say. "We are all His servants, kings as well as their subjects, and we are all in duty bound to serve Him. Not, however, as we please, but as He commands. If we do, we shall be abundantly rewarded; but if we do not, we shall be severely punished."

The missionary work of the Society in China began in 1852, when a foothold was established at Canton. China is another country which is often the despair of all but the most enthusiastic missionaries. It seems, at times, almost hopeless to make headway against the Confucianists among the upper classes, with their agnosticism and materialism, and their worship of ancestors, and the ignorant masses of the people with their Taoist and Buddist superstitions and their disposition to attack "the foreign devils." These, and the malarial effects of the climate, make the task of the missionaries in China hard indeed. But with dauntless hearts behind it the work goes bravely on. When a town or a district is selected for fresh evangelistic efforts, a colporteur is sent there to distribute tracts, and to rent a house there according to Chinese custom, by obtaining a signed agreement and paying the earnest money. The mandarin, or magistrate of the place, is then requested to put up a proclamation explaining to the people the treaty rights of the Christians. Sometimes the mandarin demurs; sometimes he consents. But the way is not yet clear, even if the desired proclamation be issued. A feast, perhaps is prepared in one of the temples, the leading men of the town are invited, and drinking wine in which chicken's blood is mingled they make a vow that the missionaries shall not be allowed to have a house in the district. The anger of the mob is inflamed

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WESLEYAN MISSION HOUSE, TEKWANI RIVER, MATABELELAND.

by placards declaring that the Christians entice children to attend their schools in order to eat them ; and many are bribed with gifts to create a disturbance. In one case, in the country town of Chi Shui, a man was bribed by the gift of a coffin for his aged mother, to lead a mob in attacking the mission hall or chapel. There is no more precious gift in the eyes of the Chinese than a coffin. But the missionaries hold on, at the peril of limb and life, until the feeling against them has worked itself out, or they have conciliated the people by their devotion and self-sacrifice.

As in India, the plague periodically visits towns and districts of China, and slays thousands of the unfortunate natives. What adds to the terror of those awful visitations, is the belief of the people that it is due to the malevolent influences of angry demons.

Sanitation they have never heard of, and indeed they would not believe in its efficacy if it were preached to them. The extraordinary measures they adopt in order to repel the malignant spirits who are believed to cause these plagues are thus described by a Wesleyan Methodist Missionary in China :—

> Mat sheds are erected in the streets, always facing south, and if the streets are long two or three are built. In these open sheds idols are seated — idols which have lived in darkness and cob-webs and filth for years, perhaps. The largest in the centre are supported, like a general with his staff, by the smaller and more insignificant ones. They are decorated with long strips of crimson bunting, regaled with piles of fruit and dishes of meat, and refreshed by vases of heavily scented flowers. The Chinese thus cajole their idols into that state of mind and volition consonant with a vigorous activity in attending to the matter brought to their notice. These groups of idols are placed in this way to insure the work being well done. Should the first idol be found nodding, the second will be awake, and if both are avoided by the invading demons, the third will surely check their progress.
>
> But like good strategists, the Chinese leave no stone unturned. The watchfulness and ability of their idols cannot always be relied upon, well treated as they are. Over the gate of every street, and door of each house, the people hang first a small bag of cockle shells, then a bunch of prickly cactus, bristling with threatening spears, also a piece of fine netting. If the demons escape the watchfulness of the idols, and attempt to invade the sanctity of the home they may yet be hindered. For the rattling shells may frighten them, as the beating of gongs frightens off the dragon when attempting to swallow the moon on the eve of an eclipse. Should the evil spirits laugh at these, they must yet force their way through the branches of cactus, with its barricades of needle-like spikes; if they get through this, they will then be entangled in the netting. In this way the people endeavour to repel the malignant spirits, first by their idols, then by placing these obstacles in their way. But all their efforts are fruitless, and the demons strike their victims—men, women, and children—with their invincible darts, which no hand can stay.

It is when the towns of China are thus scourged, when only those remain who

WESLEYAN GIRLS' SCHOOL, TALATNA, CEYLON.

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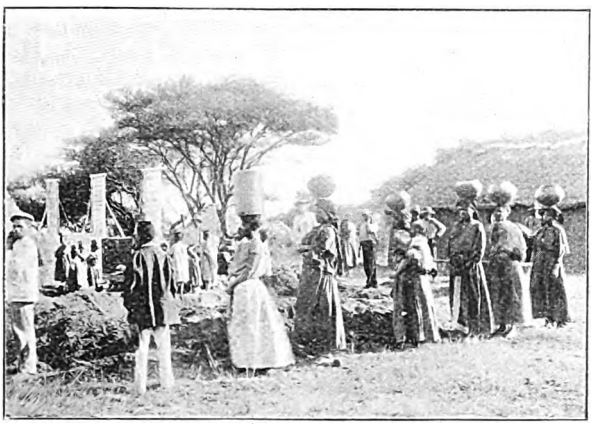
are chained to the doomed place by the want of means to leave, and when those unfortunates are frantic with terror, that the missionaries most truly reveal themselves as soldiers of Christ. What a terrible time it is for them in India and in China, when famine and plague are sweeping off their victims in thousands! The living skeletons, with protruding bones, sunken eyes, pinched faces, that run madly to them for some alleviation of their terrible sufferings—what a sight to make the heart ache! But it is in these times of famine and plague that both in China and India the seeds of the Gospel are most fruitfully sown. The kindness, gentleness and love displayed by the missionaries in these calamitous times; their nursing and succour of the plague-stricken patients, touch the people's hearts and teach them that a religion which can inspire its ministers to such deeds of heroic self-sacrifice must, indeed, be true and noble.



WESLEYAN CHURCH IN COURSE OF ERECTION, M'PHATLELE'S TOWN, GOOD HOPE, ZOUTPANSBERG, TRANSVAAL.

Many Indians and Chinese, no doubt, join the missions for sordid motives, for the material benefits which membership sometimes confers. It is inevitable that there must be some who are merely nominal converts and who will lapse back again into heathenism. But apart from these, there are thousands of men and women who become sincere and true Christians, whose lives are completely transformed by the teachings of the Gospel, who have broken completely with the past, who remain loyal amid great temptations, steadfast in the face of great persecution.

Some faint idea of the heroism of the missionary in India who, as the friend and physician to all his people, fearlessly goes about on his duty in the plague-stricken districts, nursing and comforting the sick and dying, uplifting and strengthening the living, may be gathered from the following extract from a letter written by Mr. Rees, who is in charge of Tumkur, in the Mysore country, and just received by the Society:—

On Thursday, September 28th, the Evangelist Jonathan reported to me that a man, named Devadasa, and a woman, named Sundari, had fever. I carefully enquired if there were any plague symptoms, such as swellings in the neck, armpit, or groin, and being assured that there was none, and that they were ordinary cases of fever, I ordered them to be brought in a cart next morning to the Tumkur hospital. Next morning, fearing there might be some delay in bringing them in, I started off on my bicycle for the village, which is 2½ miles distant, and midway met the cart in which were not only Devadasa and Sundari, but also Devadasa's wife Suniti, their little boy, and also a baby in arms. Sundari had left her four month's old baby with a neighbour, and her husband drove the cart. Every one of them with the exception of the baby had fever. The cart was stopped outside the town, and I took the doctor to see them. He examined as carefully as he could on the roadside, and though there were no distinctive plague symptoms, except in the case of Devadasa, we decided that our best course was to place them all in a ward of the plague hospital, which was near at hand, and wait for developments. Next morning Suniti had a bubo, which clearly indicated that they were suffering from plague. I now had to arrange for nurses, as the hospital was not provided with any. Here the courage and humanity of our Christians again made themselves manifest. Without hesitation, two young men and a woman volunteered for this dangerous work and have from that time worked faithfully, and tenderly ministered to the sick and dying. Having made arrangements for the patients, I cycled off to Betheluru to make arrangements for disinfection and segregation. On my arrival I found Sundari's baby was dead.

The annual report of the Society for 1900, dealing with mission work in Europe, India, China, West Africa, Mashonaland and Rhodesia, British Honduras and the Bahamas, showed that there are 2,450 chapels and other preaching places in connection with 315 central stations or circuits; that the staff consisted of 366 missionaries, 3,090 catechists, day school teachers and other paid agents,

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with 6,133 unpaid agents, such as local preachers and Sunday-school teachers. The Church members numbered 47,372, besides 13,265 on probation and 92,488 scholars. The net ordinary income had been £106,346; contributions for special missions, £1,834; receipts in the mission districts, £8,787; and incomes from investments, legacies, etc., £16,722, making, with a small balance from the previous year, a grand total of £133,757. The expenditure had been £19 less than the income.

What lies behind these cold figures is well set forth in the following extract from the annual report:—

It is noteworthy that all the Districts in India, Ceylon, and China, that is, our entire Asiatic field, where the most ancient and highly organised forms of heathenism are encountered, report an increase of church membership, along with many other signs of progress. But it is with respect to our Asiatic Missions above all that we would repeat the oft-expressed caution against a too literal and narrow interpretation of figures. There is much real progress that cannot be set forth in statistics. There is the diffusion of Christian thought and sentiment over widening areas; there is the moral impression made by the character of good men and women, and the affection cherished by thousands of young people for those who have taught and cared for them; there is the movement, under social and economic pressure, of whole classes, and even races, towards the religion that pities their sorrows and recognises their aspirations. These are but a part of the influences that co-operate with the direct preaching of the Gospel to loose the people from the past, and to prepare among them the way of the Lord. Whatever we at home may be inclined to do, those who are working for Christ in the East do not accept their own statistics as giving the real or adequate measure of their work. The growth of the seed, the spread of the leaven cannot be reported on with precision. The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation.

The operations of this great evangelical organisation are directed from the Wesleyan Mission House, Bishopsgate Street Within. It publishes two excellent monthly magazines — "Work and Workers" and "At Home and Abroad," the latter being intended for young helpers in the work.

HER LIFE ALL MAPPED OUT.

If no one ever marries me,—
And I don't see why he should,
For nurse says I'm not pretty,
And I'm seldom very good,—

If no one ever marries me,
I shan't mind very much;
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage,
And a little rabbit-hutch;

I shall have a cottage near a wood,
And a pony all my own,
And a little lamb quite clean and tame,
That I can take to town.

And when I'm getting really old,—
At twenty-eight or nine,—
I shall buy a little orphan girl,
And bring her up all mine.

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An English Woman in China.

A TALK WITH MRS. BISHOP.

By SYBIL C. MITFORD.

THE other week I spent an interesting hour with Mrs. Bishop, just when all eyes were turned towards China, when all England was racked with anxiety concerning the fate of the Legations and of hundreds of our fellow countrymen and women in Pekin. So it was natural that our talk should have been chiefly of China and the Chinese, of the beauty of the country, and of the cruelty and the charity, the civilisation and the barbarity of the strangest people in the civilised world.

I had read Mrs. Bishop's book "The Yangtze Valley and Beyond," which had interested me greatly. It is a book full not only of graphic descriptions of places, but replete with information about the people amongst whom she had travelled alone for fifteen months in three years, visiting towns and villages in which no European woman had ever before set foot. Remembering how intimately she had studied the people I asked her if she had then seen signs of the coming present insurrection and the causes which have led to it.

"Yes," she said, "in those three years of travel I saw many signs that foretold a storm. I saw that the hatred of the foreigner, always so marked a characteristic of the Chinese, was steadily growing. This was in a great measure due to the methods of the Roman Catholic missionaries, for whom personally I have the greatest respect. But they too often fail to make themselves popular with the Chinese. By insisting on precedence being granted the Roman hierarchy equal to that of the higher mandarins, by claiming huge indemnities out of all proportion to the damage sustained during the riots in Sze Chuan, by the non-admittance of heathen into the churches during the celebration of Mass and other services, in all these ways they have done much to excite the animosity of the Chinese. And once their ire is aroused against any class of Europeans all others are immediately included. All are Christians and 'foreign devils,' and as such only fit to be extirpated.

MRS. BISHOP.

"But the question of the foreigner, apart from his religion, has always been and always will be the greatest difficulty in dealing with

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the Chinese. 'There's a foreign devil, kill him,' is a favourite cry. It is an instinct strongly engrained in his nature, and it is doubtful whether it will ever be overcome."

But Mrs. Bishop herself almost always got on well with the Chinese. Their language she does not speak, but by means of an interpreter she knew them well, and in many ways she liked them. They are to her the most interesting people she has studied. They are made up of paradoxes. They are at once the most cruel people in the world, and one of the most charitable. Their cruelty is, of course, proverbial, but their charity is certainly less recognised. And yet they are in the forefront of civilisation with their charitable institutions, and benevolence is taught in their classics and enforced in their religions.

"In Chin-Kiang alone," Mrs. Bishop said, "they have a foundling home, an orphanage, a hospital for the blind, homes for the aged and for strangers, a beggars' refuge, and pensions for the destitute. Then there are well organised free dispensaries, and a splendid Life Saving Institute, whose little red boats are to be seen every hour of the day skimming about the Yangtze in all the foam and fret of the river, and there are also a widows' relief society and a widows' home. What European town could show more benevolent institutions? And yet with all this there is the usual cruelty, the usual callousness and indifference to life, whilst in Southern China infanticide is ruthlessly practised amongst the girl babies whenever they become too numerous. I myself have spoken to women, now become Christians, who have practised this cruel habit. One of them had put to death no less than five girl babies. But yet, though Christianity had taught her that it was wrong and wicked, she evidently did not regard her crime with any very harrowing feeling of remorse."

A PAI FANG.

Mrs. Bishop, although she managed, as a rule, to keep on good terms with the Chinese, experienced some cruel treatment at their hands. At Liang-shan Hsien she was stoned and beaten, the whole populace being in an uproar, yelling and shrieking at her, and howling with all the fury of a Chinese mob. Fortunately she managed to take refuge in a dark shed

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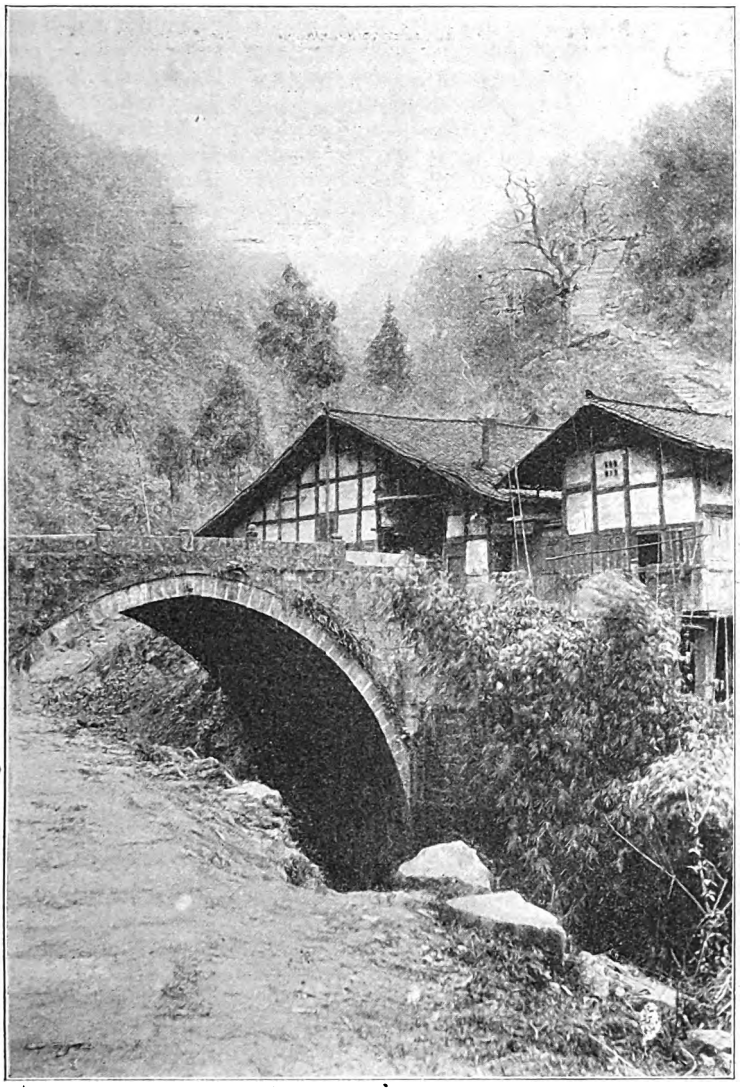
in an inn yard; and there, with the door bolted and barred, she waited expected every moment her fortress to be forced in, when nothing would have saved her from the cruel rage of the people outside.

Again at Lo-kia-chan she was at the mercy of a rowdy crowd, the whole population being roused to a frenzy by the sight of her open chair, which was to them a novelty and the sure sign of the foreigner. They kicked at her chair, spat at her, yelled "foreign devil," "foreign dog," "child eater," and showered stones upon her and her chair until one hit her at the back of the ear, making her insensible for some time. This treatment was repeated at Peng Hsien, where again she had to be hidden in a room in the inn and the door securely barred until the mandarin's secretary and another official arrived to restore order. But with all these unpleasant experiences Mrs. Bishop has not lost her zest for travelling. "They never do me any harm," she says, "so long as I sleep well, which indeed is my constant habit. Even if I go to bed afraid, and with a revolver loaded by my side, I am asleep directly. No amount of danger has ever kept we awake."



BRIDGE AND INN, SHAN-RANG-SAR.

And then returning to the Chinese, I asked her if they made good Christians. "The very best," she said. "There is no cringing about the Chinese. They stand before you as men, and when they have accepted the Christian faith they will endure any torture rather than renounce it. And it is through the particular characteristics of the people that the religion will grow amongst them. They are such ardent propagandists. If one man is converted he will not rest content until he has converted a hundred others. Then their own ethical system taught by Confucius is so high that it can be appealed to in support of our own religion, and an able missionary by quoting Confucius is sure to gain a hearing."

Leaving the subject of the Chinese, Mrs. Bishop talked about her early life and the

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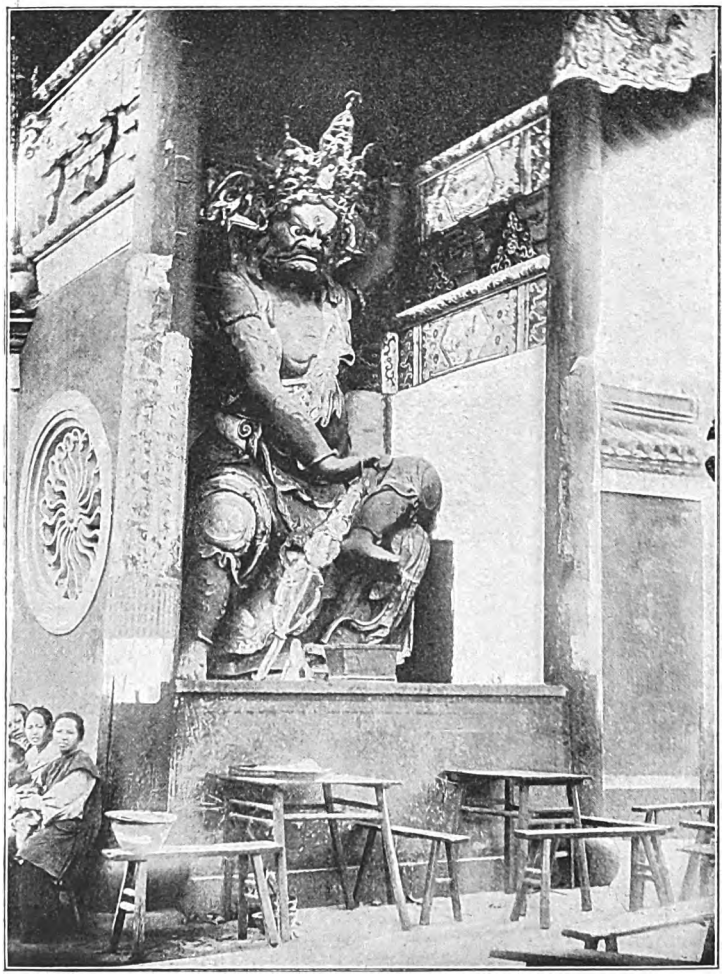
causes that led her to travel and to write, the two occupations that have made much of the interest of her life until the last years, when photography has become another of her favourite occupations.

Mrs. Bishop was born in Boroughbridge Hall, Yorkshire, but most of her youth was spent at Tattenhall in Cheshire, where her father, the Rev. Edward Bird, was rector. Here and at Wyton rectory, Huntingdonshire, all her girlhood was spent with an only sister, and with parents whose one thought was to train their girls to take an intelligent interest in all the great questions of the day. At the age of sixteen Miss Isabella Bird made her first appearance as an authoress, publishing a political pamphlet on the subject of "Free Trade versus Protection," a pamphlet which had quite a success; but it gave her little pleasure, as her relations, far from being proud of her ability, were horrified at her "precocity."

At twenty-one she took her first long journey, travelling then in more conventional manner than has hitherto been her custom. For she went to visit a cousin who was military secretary to the Governor of Prince Edward's Island, and from there wandered on through Canada and America in search of health and strength. For in those days, and, indeed, all through her life Mrs. Bishop suffered greatly from a weak spine, a delicacy which has given her so much suffering that she has often when travelling had to dismount from her horse and lie by the roadside to get relief.



GOD OF THUNDER, LUI YANG.

These travels did Miss Bird so much good that she was tempted to renew the remedy, and in 1873, after spending much of three years in bed owing to her spinal trouble, she made the first of her lonely wanderings, exploring many of the hitherto untrodden paths of the Sandwich Islands, living all day in the saddle, rejoicing in the beautiful colouring that makes these islands a paradise to the lover of natural beauty, and studying the people—her heart at one moment revelling in the gorgeous scenery around her, at another overflowing with pity for the poor sufferers on Leper Island, and again filled with longing to bring some of the glorious beauty of the country into the lives of the thousands who crowd our narrow streets and alleys, living their lives without knowledge of the loveliness

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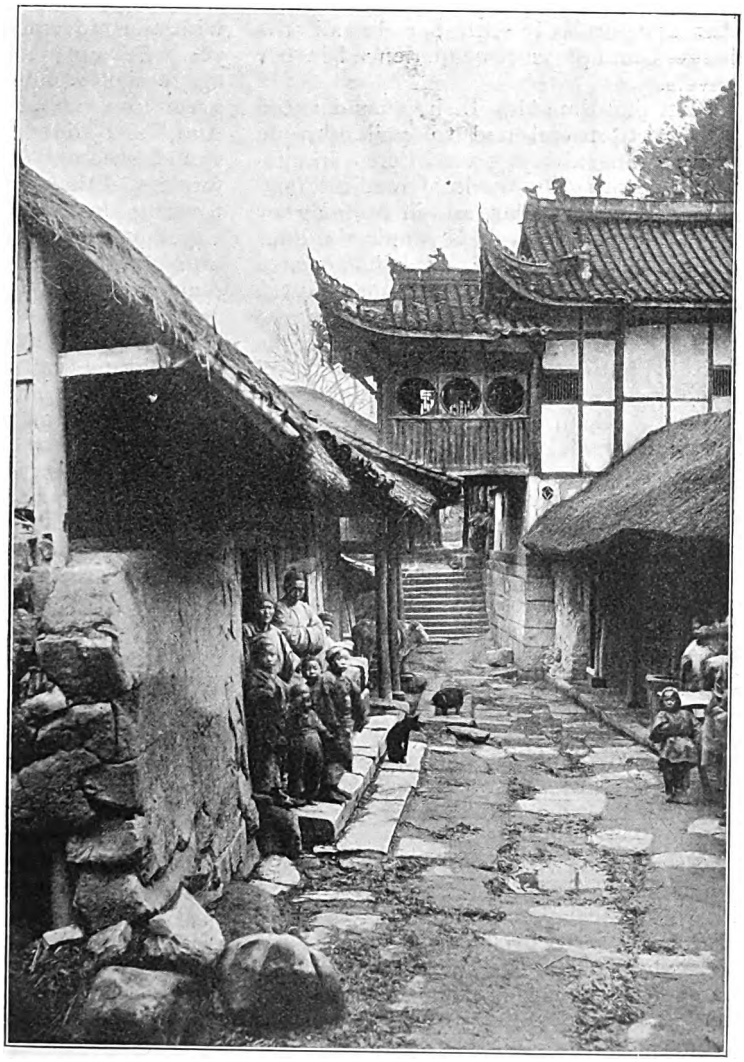
that can be found on earth, in sea, and sky.

On her way back to England Miss Bird spent three months in the Rocky Mountains, enduring many hardships and experiencing many adventures, travelling alone as usual, but ever and again coming across people who interested her, finding them in the most unlikely places, in the most lonely mountain districts. In 1878 she made her first journey to Japan, a country whose fascinating influence soon enveloped her, as it has so powerfully attracted so many travellers before and since. "I feel at home in Japan," she said; "its scenery, its people, its climate, all attract me. Five long visits I have paid to the country, and I should be glad to travel there again. The people are so polite, always anxious to do something to help you, and then so many speak English, and I felt altogether at home with them." And then she told me how during her last sojourn in the land, being on photography intent, three or four Japanese young men offered their services to carry her camera, which they said was much too heavy for her. And all through the summer they accompanied her in all her expeditions, carrying the camera and drawing the water she needed to develop and tone the photographs.

"Photography is quite a craze," she said laughing. "I feel a day is wasted on which I have not developed or printed or taken some photographs." And even as we talked there were many frames lying outside the window, which she brought in at intervals, when they had been sufficiently long a time in the sunshine. "To-morrow I am going to try a new paper for printing," she said, "and I am quite excited about it. There is no doubt about it, it is quite a craze with me." And those who have read her book on the Yangtze Kiang will no doubt remember the beautiful photographs which illustrate it, and the difficulty she experienced in getting water to wash out the "hypo." For although there was the water of the Yangtze all around her it was so full of mud and sand that it was of no use, for it would deposit a veil on the negative. But



SZE CHUAN MARKET-PLACE.

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at last she hit on the successful method of washing by leaning over the gunwale of the junk and holding the negative in the wash of the river, giving it its final wash later in filtered water. It was a chilly arrangement, but that was a small matter to such an enthusiast. That it was a successful arrangement we have only to look at the pictures in her book to know.

After her first visit to Japan Miss Bird visited the Malay Peninsula, "the Golden Chersonese," of which she has written so graphically. In 1881 she married Mr. John Bishop, but after five short years of happiness she was overwhelmed with the terrible blow of his death, having lost her only sister in 1880, the sister to whom all her letters had been written, and who had also sympathised with her in all the dangers and pleasures experienced in her travels.

Since that time Mrs. Bishop has devoted her life to travel and to philanthropic work, taking always great interest in missionary work—the work of medical missionaries in particular, and in building or laying six hospitals—in Kashmir, the Punjaub, Korea, and China. "It has been a very interesting life," she told me, "often intensely lonely, but always very interesting." She has had many hours of terrible solitude, but naturally she prefers to travel alone to taking an uncongenial companion. Then, too, the responsibility of leading another person into the dangers she so often encounters would be too great. These dangers she can meet with equanimity when she has only herself to consider, but she could not endure them if she knew another's life was in her hands.

And so, through the Malay peninsula, through China and Japan, through Korea, Persia, Hindustan, and Central Asia, she has travelled alone and unattended save always by one servant of the country in which she was journeying. But it is no feeling of restlessness that has caused her to travel so much. She has always had some set purpose before her. The study of the various peoples of the earth has been her greatest inducement. To be free of the trammels of civilisation has been another. A life of independence, of freedom from all conventionalities, from the petty worries of civilisation, has always attracted her; and the noise and bustle and rush of civilisation she finds most tiresome. "Civilised clothes too are so troublesome," she added. "These long trailing skirts that hamper every movement, I cannot walk in them. But when I get far away in the East, I wear my short skirt and high boots, and then I can walk long distances without feeling any weariness."

"What an argument you would be for the dress reformers," I said.

"Yes, indeed. But I have no sympathy with the movement. With the purpose, yes. But not with their methods. I hate aggressive women, women who make a great row about all they wish to do. And," she added, "I am quite sure they would accomplish more, these dress reformers, if they would set to work quietly, wearing neat, well-made clothes that would attract no attention and would disarm suspicion by their suitability and reasonableness."

"So it will not be long before you are off again?" I said. For, although she had told me that she had as yet made no plans, I had no doubt that before many months had passed we should hear that Mrs. Bishop had started on one more of her daring journeys. "But all the world is in such a turmoil just now that I can decide nothing," she told me, "and for the present I shall go to the home I have made for myself in Huntingdonshire, and there write and photograph and see my friends, for the next few months at any rate."

And so I left her, sorry that my pleasant talk with our greatest woman traveller had come to an end, and fascinated, as so many have been before, by the gentle manner and quiet voice that are so often found in women combined with the strongest minds, the most daring spirits, and the greatest powers of endurance.

The Illustrations of this Article are from Mrs. Bishop's works, published by Mr. John P. Murray.

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How We Spend Sunday.

By JOHN PENDLETON.

CARLYLE asserted that society is founded on cloth, and that it would be difficult to tell a row of bishops from a row of navvies if the prelates and diggers were clad alike. He might also have said that the English Sunday has become conspicuous by fine raiment. Even the middle classes were at one time accustomed to speak of their "Sunday clothes," and though the phrase is old-fashioned, the custom of putting on our best garments on Sunday still obtains, except among the Bohemian horde of artists, authors, and journalists, who give no thought to apparel, and among the aristocracy, who rigorously don extravagant attire for the Queen's Drawing Room, but have a tendency to *négligé*, to shabbiness on Sunday, perhaps because they chiefly worship the God or Goddess of Fashion, and are evidently, in many instances, superior to the criticism of religion and conventionality.

GARB AND VENERATION.

There is undoubtedly some mysterious connection between prim and orthodox "Sunday clothing" and public worship. The best dressed people on Sunday are church and chapel goers. The carelessly clothed look upon Sunday as a lazy time, or an opportunity for recreation, or belong to the army of workers who think sardonically of the commandment that tells us how the Sabbath day should be spent —without labour. However frivolously or seriously we spend our Sunday, we are proud of the character England has obtained as a Christian country. The story credited to her Majesty that she told a negro prince that the Bible was the secret of England's greatness may be a myth; but only the other day a clergyman of the Church of England, speaking in the northern province, hazarded the opinion that the English people "venerated two things—their Bible and their Sunday, and though they did not read the one nor observe the other, he had hopes that they might be approached through their respect for the two."

The bold qualification he made that we neither read the Bible nor observed the Sabbath was somewhat disquieting; but the statement, applying, as it does, to a large section of the community, gives the Bible reader and Sabbath observer the chance of posing as a common-sense pharisee. He has no hesitation in thanking God that the English Sunday is still free from such scenes as are developed on the Sabbath at the races in Paris, at the lawn tennis tournaments at Homburg, and on the pleasure boats on the Rhine.

ASLEEP IN ST. PAUL'S.

Whether our respect for the Bible and for the English Sunday is deep enough to inculcate reverence and increase public worship is another question. The afternoon services at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, for instance, reveal curious side-lights of English character. Many persons act as if these two venerable sanctuaries were opera houses. They sit wrapt in adoration till the singing is over —and they shuffle or creep out before the sermon begins. Charles Lamb described a Quaker meeting-house as the cavern of Trophonius, "where you could bathe in stillness when the spirit was sore fretted." The lower end of the nave of St. Paul's is applied to similar purpose on Sunday afternoons. The noise of traffic is subdued. The preacher's voice, strident afar off beneath the sounding board, comes to you in soothing murmur. You use St. Paul's as a bed-chamber. The anthem has thrilled you, but you sleep peacefully through the sermon, and one wonders whether the ancient ecclesiastical office of sluggard-waker should not be revived.

THE FATE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

In the provinces the vicissitudes of public worship are always arousing comment. Not long ago a Wesleyan minister,

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a capable preacher and an earnest worker in a large circuit, bemoaned the fact that he could not fill his chapel, and even the Rev. Dr. Maclaren, the famous Nonconformist pastor of Union Chapel in Manchester, has not hesitated to admit, though he invariably preaches to a crowded congregation, that he thinks the attendance at public worship is decreasing. He says that the former custom of attending service twice a day is dead, and he accounts for the change, to some extent, to the indifference of parents, who give less attention to the religious teaching of their children at home. He holds that boys and girls should be fitted at the mother's or the father's knee for public worship.

Nevertheless, the time comes when both youth and maiden drift or break away from parental control, and then it is that public worship should be a safeguard. The Sunday school, often attended merely as a duty, loses its hold, especially on the young man, almost immediately he is a free agent, and, unless the pastor is either his friend or a powerful preacher, he gradually severs all ties with the Christian associations of youth, and slips into indifference, laziness, Sunday athleticism, or worse.

IN THE PULPIT.

It is said that oratory is extinct in the House of Commons. Certainly it is rare in the pulpit. Now and again one hears a young and zealous minister declare that he intends to become a great preacher; but it must be admitted that many clergy and ministers cut only sorry figures in the pulpit. They are, no doubt, sincere Christians; but they have not kept abreast of their flocks in education. They do not even understand the art of reading aloud, and are disappointing in matter and manner as preachers. The pulpit is scarcely the place for the whimsicality of a Parker or the peculiar originality of a Talmage; but the utterances of these men are preferable to the sing-song wail of the clergyman, or the amazing hodge-podge of the mediocre Dissenting minister. A knowledge of Greek and doctrine does not make a capable preacher. The modern occupier of the pulpit should be an encyclopedia of men and things; but what is more important still, he should be taught at the outset of his ministerial career *to open his mouth!* No man, though full of wisdom, can ever be an orator if he slurs his words or tears them with his teeth.

The late Bishop Fraser owed his popularity to the fact that he spoke in distinct language about homely things. Dr. Maclaren does not tub-thump, mystify, or befog. He is one of our greatest expositors of the Scriptures because his congregation knows what he is talking about. He gets his metaphors from the incidents of daily life and from nature. He can analyse, explain, illustrate, appeal, persuade, and declaim with forcible simplicity. He does not sob theatrically, or indulge in ferocious gestures. He is perfectly natural in all his movements. The exceeding charm of his preaching is due to three facts: he is a good man, he believes what he preaches, and he does not bustle his words. He will always attract a great congregation, and the preacher who cannot go and do likewise may lament the modern trend in the direction of Sunday recreation and pleasure; but is he free from blame?

PARADOX.

The modes in which Sunday is spent brings one face to face with much paradox. Nearly every man is a law unto himself, and there is great divergency of opinion as to the keeping of the Sabbath. Half a century ago the cooking of a dinner on Sunday was, in some households, considered a sin. Now few professing Christians are content with cold mutton. Years ago Sunday journeying was looked upon as an outrage on religion, with Tartarus for its ultimate terminus. Now a minister sees no evil in going to his church in tramcar, cab, or train. He will even travel to distant town to preach special sermon for special fee. Not long ago anathema was hurled from the pulpit against the Sunday use of the bicycle. Now the minister uses it for getting quickly to morning or evening service, and the bicycle stable seems likely to become part of nearly every church equipment.

The opening of free libraries, picture galleries, and museums, the band playing in the parks, the Sunday lectures, and the "pleasant Sunday afternoons" have revolutionised the English Sabbath. The new sources of recreation and entertainment have given no fillip to public worship. They undoubtedly tend, by their freedom and novelty, to thin the

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attendance at church or chapel, yet the originators and supporters of these methods contend that they keep people out of mischief, and that the object justifies the means. On the other hand, the rigid Churchman or Dissenter looks askance at every Sunday innovation, says grimly that the Devil is getting in the thin edge of the wedge, and that by and by Sunday observance, as far as religious ordinances are concerned, will be a thing of the past—that Sunday will degenerate into a weekly holiday, as the bicyclist, the golfer, and the excursionist already make it.

THE HARDEST TO REACH.

Among the aristocracy and the rich there seems to be antagonism between the stomach and the soul, and the needs of the former, judging from the Sunday attitude of society, are the most imperative. The morning service at fashionable churches in town is attended during the season by many persons distinguished in English public life; but at night they worship late dinner! The great business community, after its struggling throughout the week, has strong temptation to evade public worship, and occasionally succumbs to the fascination of Sunday laziness and recreation; yet out of the ranks of those engaged in trade and commerce come the steadiest church and chapel goers. They are, in the main, as methodical in worship as in business. Probably they are not all actuated by the highest motives in attending public worship; but they go. They occupy their pews regularly, and they afford a remarkable example of English respectability leavened with Christianity, for religion is not so rare as some cynics imagine, either at home or in church, and has a knack, when least expected, of asserting itself, and confounding smug hypocrisy.

The industrial class, even in this prosperous time, are the hardest to reach. Their excuse a couple of decades back for non-attendance at public worship was lack of suitable apparel. Now wages are good and suits cheap; still congregations are only sparsely sprinkled by working men. The children are packed off to Sunday school so that the mother may have a free hand in the kitchen to grapple with the cooking of the Sunday dinner. The father remains in bed, or takes a stroll, either with or without his little ones, or hangs lazily about the house, or waits at the nearest street corner for the delicious moment at noon when the tavern opens.

There are many thoughtful, devout working men who keep the Sabbath day holy; but the general inclination among artisans and labourers is to enjoy a free and easy Sunday. They will attend a labour demonstration, and march in procession for some industrial principle, but they have no great admiration for the parson. In their opinion he gets his livelihood without working for it, and they consequently hold him in contempt. Anyhow, both clergyman and minister speak despairingly of their influence among working men. The late Archbishop of York, powerful in voice, gigantic in stature, bluff and hearty in manner, invariably aroused their attention. They were interested in his personality, and were wont to say he was a splendid iron worker spoilt by preferment. But the preacher capable of civilising working men into regular attendance at public worship must be not only a Christian, but a big, muscular Christian, with the eloquence of Demosthenes and the zeal of St. Paul.

SUNDAY WORKERS.

Of all sections of the community the Sunday workers are the most to be pitied. To them the day of rest is a travesty; nor does the break they get in the week compensate them for the loss of the Sabbath. They are pariahs toiling while other people do as they list, and they loathe Sunday work, notwithstanding the extra payment it sometimes brings. A book of the Sunday sayings of the engine driver, boiler cleaner, 'bus driver, tramway man, compositor, and others doomed to work on Sunday would surprise the religious world. Nor does the journalist, who must take his Sunday duty or relinquish his appointment, hesitate to express his detestation of Sunday work, which is increasing in nearly every newspaper office. The outcry against Sunday newspapers, though perfectly just, tickled the journalists' sense of humour. The indignant public did not realise that for years they had tolerated and encouraged Sunday work. It is not so much the Sunday paper as the Monday paper that necessitates work on the Sabbath. The compositors are at their frames, or at the

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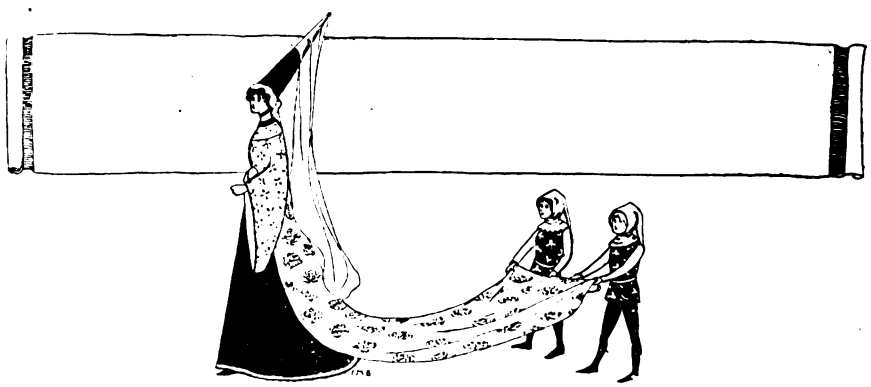
type-setting machines, while the bells are ringing for evening service. The sub-editors have gone to their desks even earlier, for they must have a supply of copy ready for the printers, and have to tackle two days' news. The reporters are here, there, and everywhere, inasmuch as Sunday in every great city is always eventful. There is either demonstration, disaster, fire, or tragedy to describe, or some notable preacher's sermon to report.

Thackeray said: "That mighty engine the Press never sleeps." The novelist was slightly in error, for she takes a nap on Saturday night, when nearly every newspaper office is deserted. But the press is wide awake on Sunday night. There is ceaseless activity in the office of every daily journal, from the *Times* to the half-penny morning papers, and clergymen or Nonconformist ministers anxious to investigate the various phases of Sunday work would surely get inspiration in Fleet Street and the Strand from a visit to such London offices as the *Scotsman*, the *Yorkshire Post*, and the *Manchester Guardian*, in which all sorts of news is in progress of transmission by private wire.

One of the greatest paradoxes of the English Sunday is the whimsical fact that the prelate or other famous preacher, while holding forth in the pulpit against the heinousness of Sunday work is actually creating it. The preacher thinks Monday's paper more complete if it contains some notice of his Sunday's sermon, yet knows that the third or half-column report of his utterances cannot appear without Sunday work. The reporter, compositor, printers' reader, stereotyper have all broken the Sabbath practically at his behest. In fact, there is no journalistic record of protest from any divine against the reporting and newspaper production of his sermon for Monday's issue. Bishop Fraser kept the reporters on the trot every Sunday, and one pressman who boasted that he had reported his lordship in every church in the diocese, smiled grimly when any one ventured to speak of Sunday as a rest day. "That millennium," he said, "will not arrive till Fraser's in Heaven!" Notwithstanding the robust life of many Christian churches, the ways of spending the English Sunday are infinite, and the modern conscience is certainly—elastic.



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The Professor's Toothache.

By ROSALINE MASSON, Author of "The Transgressors.

With Illustrations by CHARLES HORRELL.

FRAU GRUMPFELLBAUM was a little difficult to amuse. Her idea of pleasure was the truly German one of a day's excursion, with various meals at various hostelries *en route*. This hardly fell in with Sylvia's and my inclinations. Sylvia and I were very fond of, and very proud of, our home, and we would willingly have spent all our time lying on the beautiful lawn, under the dancing shadows of the old trees, staring up at the blue sky and the grey gables of Gladholme. In hot summer weather it was quite an effort to us even to go our drive in the little governess-cart that was our special property; calls we considered a penance; and on Sunday it was a strong sense of duty that took us to the village church—but it did take us.

I really believe that Professor Grumpfellbaum was of our way of thinking, and that, if he had come alone to visit us, he would have been a delightful guest. He was very big and stout, and florid, with upright grey hair and large mild spectacles. He was, I believe, very learned about something uninteresting to the rest of the world, but he wore his learning lightly—or, rather, hidden. He could speak but little English, and, though we heard him growling and hooting very amicably at his wife, when he was with us his conversation was limited to "Ach *so*, Mees Sophee!" or "Ach *no*, Mees Seelvee!" But, as I pointed out to Sylvia, we had asked Professor and Mrs. Grumpfellbaum, and now we were bound to entertain them.

"*I* didn't want to ask them," said Sylvia.

WE WOULD WILLINGLY HAVE SPENT ALL OUR TIME ON THE LAWN.

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"But we *had* to, Sylvia," I answered sternly, "after they had been so kind to Father in Germany."

"Well, then, Father ought to entertain them."

"This is foolish, Sylvia!"

Sylvia owned it was. Father never entertains anyone.

"Wouldn't driving content them?—driving Griselda?" she asked.

"Poor Griselda!" I murmured. Griselda was our fat white pony.

Sylvia sighed.

"We might send them out solemn drives in the carriage to 'see the neighbourhood.' Frau Grumpfellbaum would like that!"

"Send them alone?" I asked.

"You could take them one day, and I the next."

I sighed.

Now, unfortunately, there was an undeniable excursion in our neighbourhood, only about twenty-five miles off, though a troublesome cross journey by rail. This was the old castle of Carinbeck, with the rocks near it where some of the Spaniards were washed up after the Armada time, and the little cave where the Earl of Monkscombe proposed to his first wife, and they were caught by the tide while she was making up her mind. It was all very interesting; and there were a quantity of relics gathered in the only room that had a roof left on it, and the guide sold photographs and things made out of the wood of the park, with "A Present from Carinbeck Castle" on them. Of course I knew we should have to take Frau Grumpfellbaum sooner or later, so we broached the plan the second evening of her visit. She was enchanted, and asked volubly all about it; and it kept her an hour from remembering the draughts. She made us play draughts in the evenings. She took it as a matter of course that games were the proper occupation for the evening. We usually, when we were alone, went into the garden after dinner in summer, with our garden cloaks over our evening dresses; and, if we did stay indoors, we read. But Frau Grumpfellbaum never read: I never saw her with a book in her hand, unless you call "The Queen" a book. And, as Sylvia mournfully remarked to me, she seemed to regard the piano as one form of table.

"Never mind, dear," I told Sylvia. "'Learn the way to Heaven by doing deeds of hospitality.' We go to Carinbeck on Saturday."

And we went to Carinbeck on Saturday; and that was the beginning of the whole adventure, and how I met—but I must not anticipate.

On Saturday morning the Professor came down to breakfast with one of his already fat cheeks excessively swollen, and his mild blue eyes behind his spectacles bloodshot from want of sleep.

"But ach, Mees Sophee," he began, when his wife burst into the room and interrupted him.

"Ach, so meeserable! So onfortunate!" she cried. "Jost thees day, and all arranged! Here he has got the toothache in his head, and already at two o'clock thees morning he has begun to swell!"

We expressed our sympathy.

"And because to-morrow yes is Sonday, he think he must seek to-day already the Zahnarzt—how then do you say it?—denteest."

"There's a very good dentist at Middleham!" cried Sylvia, eagerly. I could see she thought the excursion was "off" for the day. It was a lovely morning, the sun striking the dew on the grass, and little tender clouds floating about in the sky.

"So he cannot come with us to the castle!" cried Mrs. Grumpfellbaum. She wept a little, and Sylvia's face fell comically. But soon, under the influence of hot coffee and kidneys, the voluble little German was gaily chattering again. These sudden tears and ready recoveries were most fatiguing to our British nerves—even more so than the excursions and the draughts.

We proposed that the Professor should start with us, get out at Carbrex Junction and catch the express to Middleham, which was an hour and a quarter from there. *We* could drive to and from Carbrex, instead of going the whole way by train, pick him up there on our return, and all come back together by the 6.40 in time for dinner. It seemed very simple, if the Professor could manage to idle about Middleham for a couple of hours; but you would have thought we were arranging for the entire transport of an army for the fuss the little Frau made. She insisted on looking up the time-tables herself, after Sylvia had done so; and then she could not understand them. She wept at the

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thought of the expense the carriage would be to us, though we assured her that we usually drove from Carbrex to avoid the slowness of waiting for trains. "And it is a pretty drive," we said; but she did not seem to care. When she found we were going to telegraph to have the carriage waitting, it somehow seemed to be the last straw. She wept profusely.

"All thees expense, and we shall lose him most cairtainly, and he might have tooken the toothache in his head so comfortable yesterday, and no trouble to no one!"

She glanced at him reproachfully; but he went on drinking his coffee in calm unconcern.

"I wonder why they married one another," said Sylvia to me as we went upstairs to get ready.

"It's what I often wonder—about married people," I replied.

"I hate a man that can't manage things—for himself, and for you as well."

"Yes, dear,"

"Whatever I do, I shall never marry a foreigner!"

"No, dear."

"And neither must you, Sophie!"

"No, dear."

Well, everything went quite nicely. We put the Professor out at Carbrex Junction, where we left him on the little platform, with his hat in one hand, and in the other a sheet of paper with the dentist's name and address on it, and the hour of his return train. His wife wept a little at parting from him, but her face cleared the moment the train curved round a corner, and she lost sight of him. She drew in her head, dried her eyes, and requested us to shut both windows.

We found the carriage waiting, and enjoyed the cool drive after the hot train. We lunched at a little inn near the castle, and compared English cookery with foreign—most unfavourably. We did our duty nobly by the castle, screamed at the waves that came roaring up the rocks, and spent hours in selecting photographs and wooden boxes and needlecases to take back to our friends in Germany. Then we had tea at the inn, and drove back, tired out, but with good consciences, in the late afternoon, with the setting sun turning all the beautiful land to gold.

It was not till we arrived at the station, and found we had five minutes to wait till the Professor's train came in, and twenty-five for our own, that Frau Grumpfellbaum seemed to recollect her absent lord.

HE WAS HELPING AN OLD MARKET WOMAN.

"He will not have caught ze train!" she sighed, resignedly.

"He can't have failed to," answered Sylvia. "He had two hours with nothing to do in them except to catch it."

"He is not occostomed to travel alone—to care for himself," replied his wife with dignity.

"Well he ought to learn, then," responded Sylvia, with conviction.

"My hosband?—nevair!"

Mrs. Grumpfellbaum seated herself with stoical dignity on a petroleum barrel as she spoke, and Sylvia and I walked slowly up and down in front of her. The hands of the station clock moved round to 6.20—6.25—6.30.

"The Professor's train is late," I murmured to Sylvia.

"And ours is due in ten minutes," Sylvia murmured in reply.

We consulted the station-master. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, she may come in before yours starts; or, again, she may not," he told us.

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"But, if it doesn't, ours is the last train home!" I gasped.

"He'll have to put up at the inn," said Sylvia.

We returned to Frau Grumpfellbaum on the petroleum barrel, and hinted the awful possibility to her. Her stoicism vanished at once, and she rocked herself backwards and forwards in her grief; to which form of expression the petroleum barrel responded with alarming sympathy.

And at that very moment our train came puffing up to the platform. With difficulty we persuaded the weeping wife to get in. "*We* must not lose it," I told her. "It will be quite easy for the Professor to go to the inn if *he* does."

"The inn? But he with no loggosh!"

"He can drive, you know, if he prefers."

"Ach, Wilhelm, Wilhelm! Und der Vater von zieben Kindern!" sobbed the woman.

"The other train is signalled, miss! We'll keep this a minute or two. The gentleman will do it!" cried the friendly station-master, looking in at the window.

We thanked him profusely, and sure enough in a few moments the other train came in on the other side of the line. We all three craned our heads out of the window nearest to it, and scanned the carriages as they passed.

"Wilhelm! But it is he, I sees him!" cried Mrs. Grumpfellbaum. Sylvia and I both held her firmly. Yes, there really was the Professor. We could see him through the window of one of the carriages. But what was he doing? How slowly he got out!

"If he does not hurry he will miss us," cried Sylvia. "And he has to cross the bridge over to this side!"

I let go my hold of the now frantic wife, and went to the other window to see if the friendly stationmaster were there; but he had gone.

When I returned Sylvia was laughing with vexation.

"He is helping an old market-woman out with all her babies and bundles!" she told me, behind Frau Grumpfellbaum's capacious shoulder. "He is the first civil German ——"

"*Hush*, Sylvia!"

His wife was by now shrieking hoarsely from the window, and waving her arms at him. He did not see her. He continued slowly, calmly, carefully, to set down one bundle after another.

A whistle—a puff. Our train began to move.

"Wilhelm! Wilhelm!" called Mrs. Grumpfellbaum.

The Professor did not hear. Having carefully lifted out the last baby, he looked vaguely about him. The market-woman curtseyed to him, and he walked slowly away. Our train moved away from the platform, and he was lost to sight behind the other. Mrs. Grumpfellbaum sank back, a heaving heap, in her corner, and Sylvia—naughty girl!—burst out laughing.

I soothed the poor lady as best I could. I even shut both windows, although the petroleum was still very convincing. I scolded Sylvia, and I described the comfort of the inn. It was, however, Sylvia, when she had recovered her gravity, who offered the real tangible suggestion. Sylvia was always practical.

"The best thing he can do is to get them to stop the Peversham express for him, and get out at Mudholme. Then we can send there for him,—it is only about five miles from us. I think the express gets in there a little after nine; we can keep some dinner for him."

"Oh, *why* didn't we think of that and tell the station-master!" I exclaimed.

"Well, I thought of it, but it seemed as if it were going to be all right. I did not foresee the market-woman, of course." Sylvia's eyes twinkled. "How delightful foreign courtesy is!" she added rapturously.

"My hosband, he will never think to cease the express," remarked Mrs. Grumpfellbaum.

"No, nor shall we trust to his doing so," I answered firmly; "we will wire to the stationmaster!"

"Und der Vater von zieben Kindern!" was all she said; then she dried her eyes and fell asleep.

So we wired from the next station: "Stop Peversham express and put foreign gentleman into it, tell him he will be met at Mudholme.—St. Claire."

And in our innocence we thought that our troubles were over, and that we had done cleverly and well!

We got back in good time for dinner, and gave Father a full account of our day's doings, including the loss of the Professor. Father gave the order for the carriage to go to Mudholme to fetch the wanderer, and he comforted the bereaved Frau with gentle words.

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"Oh, by the bye, I quite forgot," he added suddenly, pausing in the act of cracking a walnut, "your young friends from the Rectory came this afternoon to ask us all to go round there this evening."

"You did not say we would go, Father?"

Then Sylvia, who had been in one of her naughty, cock-sparrow moods all day, was inspired to special wickedness.

"I suppose, as the Professor can't accompany us, *you* will, Papa dear?" she asked sweetly.

IT WAS NOT PROFESSOR GRUMPFELLBAUM.

"Yes, my dear, I said you and Professor and Mrs. Grumpfellbaum would. Did I not do rightly? You like going to the Rectory, do you not?"

I gazed in consternation at Sylvia. How like Father! So kindly meant—but we were dead tired!

Mrs. Grumpfellbaum looked up from the excavations of a nut.

"Oh yes, and you also, is it not? That will be so pleasant! For since that I come, I have nowhere with you gone, you are so the student, is it not? But this night, and the

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Professor not here, it will be necessairy."

Father rose to the occasion.

"It will be a great pleasure to me," he said, and Sylvia, who was rather frightened, looked amazed and relieved.

So they all walked up to the Rectory after dinner, and I was left to receive Professor Grumpfellbaum.

I did not expect him for fully half an hour, so, having given orders for his supper, I went into the drawing-room, turned up the lamp, pulled my favourite low chair right in front of the fire, and sat down in lazy content with a book. I think I had just begun to doze, when I was aroused by a mighty peal of the bell. I laid down my book, and rose with a sigh to go out and welcome the strayed Professor.

There seemed to be some sort of skirmish going on in the outer hall. Coming from the blazing fire-light and lamp-light, I could not see very distinctly. The front door was open, and the wind was making the hall-curtains wave, and the hall-lamp flare. I could see the gleam of carriage lamps outside, and several figures moving about, and voices were raised.

"Go and see what is the matter, Jane," I said to a passing housemaid.

She went, and in a moment Purves came to me, wringing his hands.

"The gentleman is very violent, Miss!" he cried.

Purves has been with us for over thirty years, which is longer than I have. He is quite white-haired, and he lets the wine spill when he pours it out. I must say he behaved with extraordinary idiotcy that night.

"Violent?" I repeated, straining my eyes into the dark hall, where I seemed to see two figures struggling.

"Yes, Miss! And one of the men from the station has had to come up with him. Oh, dear! I wish master were at home!"

And—was it to be wondered at? I conceived the horrible idea that good, mild Professor Grumpfellbaum had returned intoxicated!

And, like a weak woman that I was, I fled back into the drawing-room and tried to lock the door.

But drawing-room doors won't lock; and, while I was fighting desperately with a stubborn snib, I heard a scuffle in the passage, hoarse imprecations, and then a crash against the door. The door burst open, and three men, in a struggling mass, fell into the room, and by the force of their entrance divided into three component and very dishevelled parts. They were followed by the trembling Purves and the staring Jane.

One of the men was Morton the groom; the second was a railway porter. I saw this much without looking, for my eyes were rivetted on the third man. It was *not* Professor Grumpfellbaum!

He was tall, young, graceful, with a pale olive face and great flashing dark eyes. He had no hat, and his clothes were hanging in shreds. He glanced round wildly, like an animal at bay. As his eye took in the calm and cosy interior of the lamp-lit drawing-room, his look changed to one of wonder. Then he saw me. His hand at once went up to his dark, ruffled hair, evidently in search of his hat; but his hat was gone. Then he bowed.

"Signorina, what means this?" was all he said.

"Indeed, that is what I was going to ask! What does it mean?" I answered, thinking what a soft, mellow voice he had.

He shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands with a foreign gesture, and glanced at the bystanders.

"Ask these!" he demanded, and leant back against the wall and folded his arms, as if giving up all responsibility or interest in the matter.

"Who is this gentleman?" I enquired.

"From the station, miss!" remarked the porter.

"What is the meaning of this, Morton?" I cried, bewildered; "and did you not bring Professor Grumpfellbaum from Mudholme?"

Morton simply looked from the tall Italian to me and back again, speechlessly.

"Who is this, Morton?" I demanded.

"Ain't it the gentleman, Miss?" he muttered.

And then suddenly the awful truth flashed upon me. They had brought the wrong man: they had brought him by force!

I looked at the victim. He was standing, tattered, hatless, dignified, with his arms folded, looking at me. His black eyes no longer flashed. He was waiting for the explanation: courteously awaiting it, at my pleasure.

"I am afraid there has been a terrible mistake!" I began.

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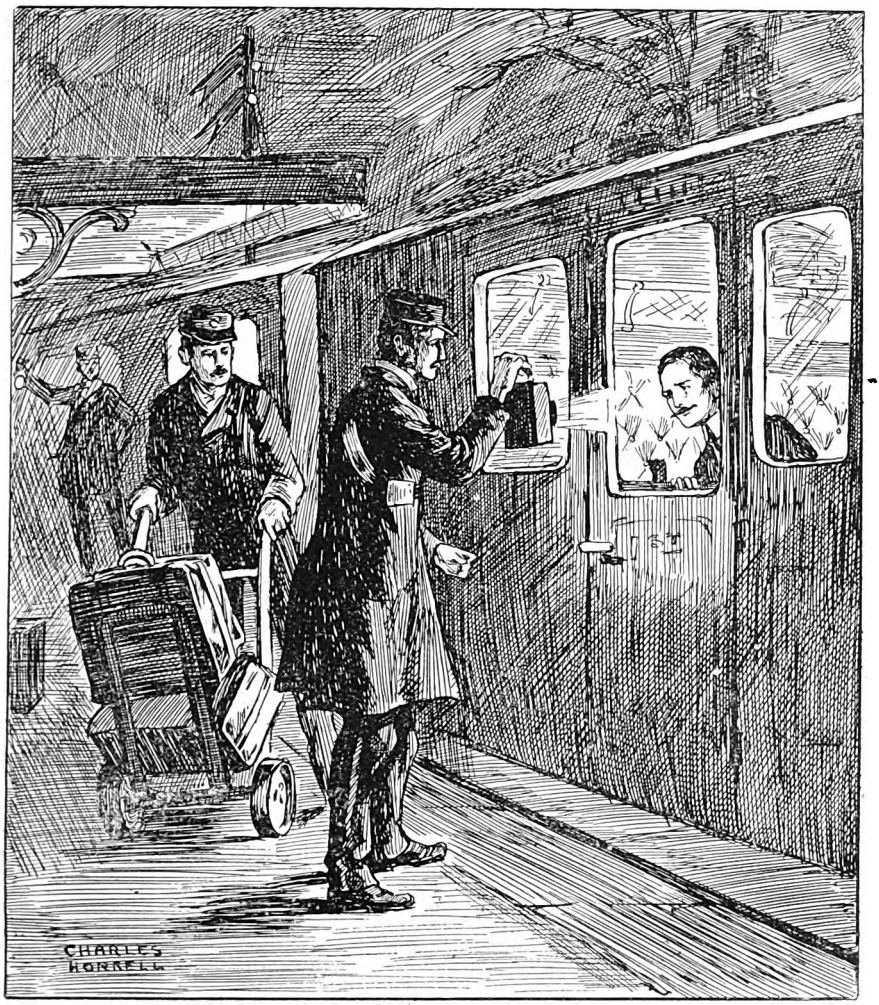
He smiled, and made a deprecating gesture with his hands. He had long, thin, sensitive hands. I glanced at his torn coat and his twisted tie. Pity and indignation filled my heart. He followed my eyes, read my thoughts, and smiled.

"Did you think this was the gentleman you were sent to Mudholme to fetch?" I asked Morton, sternly.

"Yes, miss."

"Have you not seen Professor Grumpfellbaum?"



"ARE YOU A FOREIGNER?"

"It is no matter for the Signorina to feel distress over," he said, gently, as though my feelings, not his, were the first to be considered. Then his eye lit on Morton the groom and the railway porter.

"These fellows!" he began, and his eyes went on fire again. "Explain!" he thundered. They quailed.

"No, miss."

"Why didn't Jevons go himself, then?"

"He told me to go, miss!"

"Didn't he tell you whom you had to meet?"

"Yes, miss!—furrin chap—beggin' your parden, furrin gentleman, miss."

"But do you always use force—I mean, what made you——"

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The railway porter stepped forward.

"It was this way, miss. The guard of the express, miss, he told us that the furrin gentleman had been wired for by his friends, but he was drunk and very violent, and they had had great trouble with him—him and the station-master at Carbrex—and had had to take him out of his train by force, and lock him into a carriage. So we got him out and had a great fight with him—he was like a raging lion. But we forced him into the carriage, Miss, and I got up beside Morton here to help if he got loose or fightin' again."

I looked at the Italian. He evidently had not half understood the men's speeches, and was leaning back, weary but courteous.

"And you call him—drunk!" I said in a low voice of indignant protest. The two men looked at one another.

"Well, he's quiet enough now, for sure!" one of them answered.

"You have brought the wrong man—no wonder he fought!" I told them.

They all gasped, and drew nearer together. Jane the housemaid giggled, and was sternly reproved by Purves.

Turning to the stranger, to begin my explanation, I noticed his look of weariness.

"Won't you sit down, Signor, while I try to explain how this has happened?"

"You can all go," I told the servants. "Purves, bring this gentleman a glass of wine."

I offered the Italian an armchair by the fire. He waited till I sat down, and then sank into it. There was a clatter of steps as the servants went across the polished floor of the hall. Purves returned with the wine and handed it deferentially to his late enemy, and then went out, shaking his white locks.

"It is all a mistake—you are the wrong man, Signor," I began, when we were alone.

"Through my life, Signorina, it has often happened to me that I am the wrong man. Not often has it ended so pleasantly."

But I was anxious to explain, and went on seriously.

"We have a German friend staying here, and we telegraphed——"

"'*Here*,' you say,' he put in, as I paused, feeling the futility of a long explanation. "But where, is it permitted to ask, is '*here*'? I know not! I know nothing! I travel to-day from one friend's to stay with other friends, to whom I bring introductions. The train is not to reach where I descend for many hours, so I sleep. Sudden I awake—lanterns and voices—the window is open—someone say, 'Are you a foreign gentleman?' I assent. 'Then get out!' someone cry, very rough, 'the train cannot wait for ever!' I protest—I want not to descend. Then they drag me forth. 'What means this?' I ask. 'Your friends have telegraph to send you!' they say. 'It is meestake!' I tell them. 'It is not the first meestake you make this day!' they say, and laugh. Then I strike them, and they strike me. They are many—I am but one; they throw me down. Then they put me into another train, and I am a prisoner. Then it is another station—where I know not, —and in the dark they drag me forth. 'He is drunk!' tell one man to another, and they laugh. 'I am not drunk! Cowards! Assassins!' I cry. Then I strike again—very hard. And they strike me. They are many—I am but one. Then it is a carriage that they thrust me into, and I am drive away into the black of the moonless British night. I think it is for murder—I remember all my sins to no-one. Then it is *you*, Signorina,—and what matters?" He rose and put down his glass.

"Except that you say I am the wrong man," he murmured softly, into its emptyness, as he set it on the mantlepiece.

"You must be hungry!" was all I could think of to answer.

"Oh, Eengleesh meess!" he laughed.

I took him across to the dining-room, and had some coffee while he supped.

He told me his name was Rizzio Roccazzi, and that he came from Pavia, and he showed me his card, and brought out his letters of introduction for me to read. And I told him that our name was St. Claire, and that my father and sister were out at the Rectory, and all about Professor and Mrs. Grumpfellbaum and our adventures. Then, as we got up to go back to the drawing-room, I remembered that foreigners all smoke.

"Would you not like to stay and have a cigarette?" I asked.

But he smiled sadly, and spread out the palms of his hands.

"My case is empty, and my luggage—where?" he answered.

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"Why, your luggage!" I cried, "what about it?"

"Perhaps it is with Professor Gruf—Grum—Grup—I cannot say the name!"

"Oh! And to-morrow is Sunday!—And you cannot possibly leave here, for there are no trains!"

"Of trains, Signorina, have I had enough. But of your voice, Signorina, have I not had enough. Therefore my luggage regret I not, nor my torn and wounded clothes. My torn and wounded heart, Signorina—"

And just at that moment the front door banged, and I heard Sylvia's laugh and Father's voice in the hall. They had all come back from the Rectory. I was rather glad.

"Father, this is Signor Roccazzi," I said, as Father followed the others into the room. And I frowned at Sylvia, who was standing staring at him quite rudely. As to Frau Grumpfellbaum, she simply came to a dead standstill in the middle of the room, and ejaculated "Gott im Himmel!" When I poured out the whole story, Father looked ruefully amazed, and Sylvia laughed delightedly, and Signor Roccazzi smiled at her indulgently.

"We must render you our deepest apologies," began my father, when I had ended.

"And to-morrow is Sunday, so he can't possibly go away nor get his luggage! And you can't go out, because you have no hat!"

How could Sylvia be so childish!

"Is the sun then so warm in this your country, Signorina, that one is not permitted to go forth without the head be covered?"

"There, Sylvia, you are snubbed," I said.

"'Snoobed'—'snoobed'—what does 'snoobed' mean?"

The young Italian turned to my father, laughingly, for explanation; but he caught Father's eye resting on him somewhat gloomily. His sensitive Italian face grew grave in a moment.

"Sir, it is I who give you the apology," he cried. "I come here—you know me not!"

"SIGNORINA, TELL ME, THEN, AM I THE WRONG MAN?

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Father looked embarrassed at the Italian's quick intuition. He hastened to reassure him, to tell him his visit was a great pleasure.

"And you didn't *come* here, you were *brought!*" put in the irrepressible Sylvia.

But Signor Roccazzi put his hand, with a quick gesture of vexation, to his forehead. "You know me not!" he repeated tragically. Then suddenly he drew from his pocket the letters of introduction he had shown me at supper—I had barely glanced at them.

"Perhaps," he said, with graceful humility, and handed them to father. Father took them.

"Perhaps you may know some?" asked Signor Roccazzi, anxiously.

"You will like me to look at them," Father said, and opened one diffidently.

"This is a name well-known to all lovers of Art," he murmured politely, and opened another.

"Oh—Sir William! He is our county member—an old friend!" he cried. "Were you going to stay there when those idiots captured you?"

"Yes! Thees night!" laughed Signor Roccazzi, delightedly. "You know him? Good! Then it is that I am introduced, is it not? Good!" He laughed again.

"You take it all most good-naturedly—you heap coals of fire on our heads!" said Father. "I only hope Sir William will take it in the same forgiving spirit—our borrowing his guest in this forcible fashion!"

"But where then is my hosband!" cried an agonised voice. It was Mrs. Grumpfellbaum.

"Signora, he sleeps in the train, where also sleeps my luggage. There too, but for Providence, had I been still."

"Oh, I wish you were!" she cried.

"So wish not I!" he answered.

"The Professor is most probably at Carbrex inn," remarked Sylvia, the practical. "It was a pity we interfered by telegraphing—men always manage: I said so."

"Ach yes, soch peety!"

"No—no pity!" smiled Signor Roccazzi.

The door was flung open by old Jevons, and there stood the Professor in our midst. One moment we saw him, massive in a big brown overcoat, his huge mild spectacles gleaming over his beard, his stiff grey hair upright on his enormous head. Then he was lost to sight, for Frau Grumpfellbaum flung herself upon him, and the spectacled visage was bowed over her neat auburn plaits.

They all gathered round him—even the servants had come up into the hall, and now stood in a peeping group outside the open door, behind old Jevons. Mrs. Grumpfellbaum hung on to her husband's coat sleeve; Father shook his other hand; Sylvia balanced herself on tiptoe, with her hands behind her back, and questioned him sternly; only Signor Rizzio Roccazzi and I held back, watching the scene.

"I am glad you have got safe back—we were beginning to feel quite anxious, Professor!" said Father.

"Why did you lose your train? And how have you come?" demanded Sylvia.

"Wilhelm! Wilhelm! Mein Würmchen!—I sink you lost—gone—nevermore!—Ach!—Und der Vater von zieben Kindern!" sobbed the anguished Frau.

The Professor beamed round on us genially and impeturbably.

"I dine at the inn, and zen I drive," he announced. "And,—Gretchen!—I haf had my toos pull out!"

Signor Roccazzi lent towards me in the firelight. He had been surveying the Professor wonderingly.

"Signorina, tell me!—am I then what you say of me—the wrong man?" he asked beseechingly.

I did not answer him at the time; though now, after a year has slipped by, I can safely say he is not. But Sylvia says she will never forgive me for marrying a foreigner.

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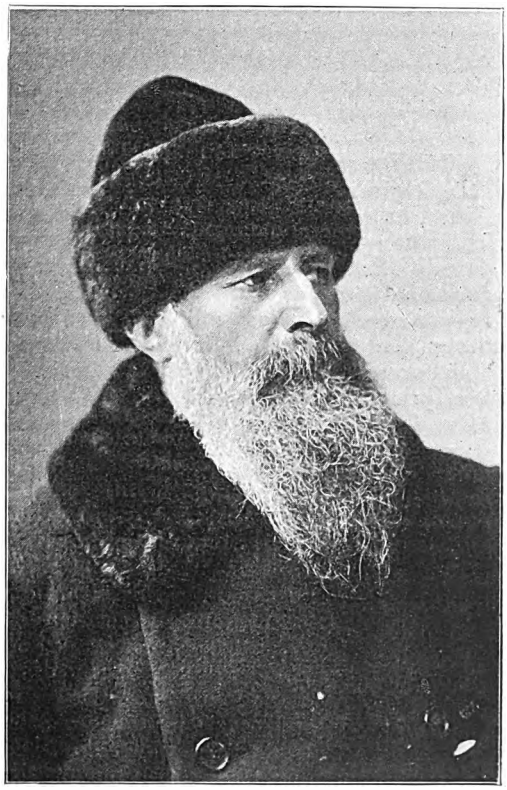
IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

THE more the world knows of the horrors of war, the sooner the world is likely to hail the coming of peace. M. Vasili Verestchagin, the most famous military painter of our age, has done more than most men to hasten the end of war. M. Verestchagin was the first great painter to paint war as it really is. "I paint what I see," he said to me the last time he was in London. "People tell me that I should not paint the worst side of things, that I should paint war with a halo of romance and glory. Those people have never seen war. They have never seen men fighting like wolves. They have no idea what a battlefield is like. It is all very well to say that war is grand and heroic and that fighting is a glorious thing. So it is—to read about. But I have seen war; I have fought for my country; I have killed a man and many men in the terror and excitement of battle. I know what a horrible, savage, inhuman thing it is, and it is my business to let the public see what I have seen. They tell me I should paint war in beautiful colours, as if an honest man could paint a lie and call it truth!" The great Russian artist is honest to the core, and, though he has fought bravely and escaped death narrowly on the field, he is an ardent lover of peace. Nobody can say what peace owes to M. Verestchagin. Moltke forbade his soldiers to see his pictures lest they should lose heart, and some of the pictures have been destroyed by the Russian Government through the same fear. But Verestchagin goes on painting, and his pictures are among the most powerful influences for peace.



M. VASILI VERESTCHAGIN.
(Photograph by E. Bieber.)

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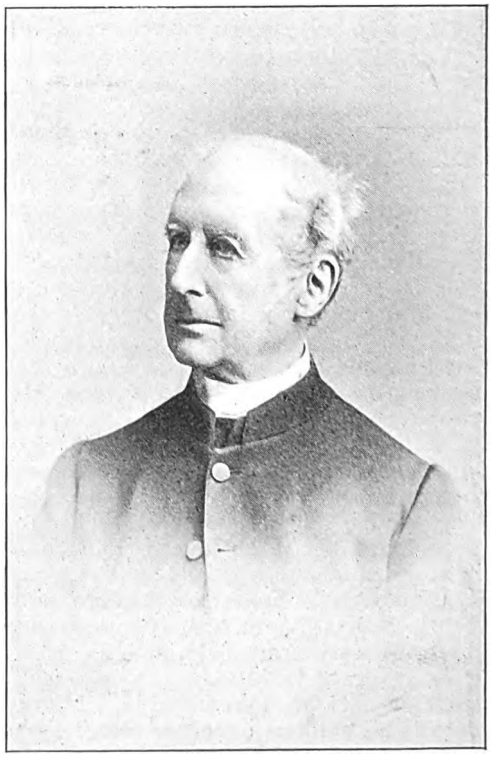
MISS LOUISA TWINING.
(Photograph by Lankester, Tunbridge Wells.)

FEW women of our time have done more to make the world better and brighter than Miss Louisa Twining, who is spending the evening of her days in Rochester, still lighting up the dark places of the earth by kindly deeds. It is to Miss Twining, more than to any other single woman, that we owe the transformation of the workhouse from a foul prison-house to what it is to-day. Miss Twining, nearly half a century ago now, first called public attention to the question of workhouse reform in a paper she read at Birmingham; and she has devoted the best part of her life to brightening the lives of our pauper population. Miss Twining remembers the days when hospital nurses were paid in beer and gin; when medical officers prescribed coloured water for all the ills the flesh of a pauper was heir to; when workhouses were such frightful places that nurses could not be found to attend the sick. She made up her mind early in life that this great scandal should pass away if aught she could do could remove it, and to-day everybody sees the result of her work, however little they may know of the ways and means by which it has come about. Miss Twining's father was one of the volunteers enrolled during the panic caused by the expected invasion of England by Napoleon. She heard Mendelssohn play, saw Charles Kemble at the height of his fame, and was present at the entry of Louis Napoleon into Paris. In the long winter nights of long ago she sat by the fire reading "Nicholas Nickleby," as it came out in monthly parts, and she is still well enough and strong enough to read and work and do a hundred things in her own way for the betterment of the poor to whom she has given her life.

TO have taken an active part in over thirty thousand religious services in London is surely a unique distinction. The record belongs to Canon Nicholl, the veteran rector of St. Leonard's, Streatham. Canon Nicholl will be ninety-one this autumn, and he has been rector of St. Leonard's since



Photograph by *Wayland.*
CANON NICHOLL.

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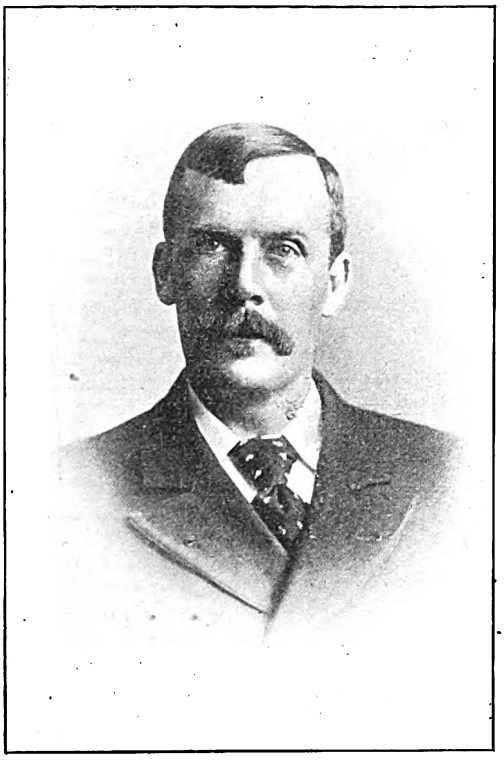
1843. Few London clergymen have better earned a rest than he, but Canon Nicholl takes part in the daily service at St. Leonard's when he is at home. A service every day is his ideal for every church, and he has carried it out in his own church for forty-nine years. Since 1851 two services have been held each day in Canon Nicholl's church, and a simple calculation shows that the Canon has been responsible for between thirty and forty thousand services at Streatham. He has seen the population of the parish rise from 8,000 to 60,000, and he has seen the number of churches rise at more than double that pace. When Canon Nicholl came to Streatham, St. Leonard's was the only church in the parish; now there are nineteen. St. Leonard's was a "dreadful spectacle" when the Canon first saw it—the phrase is his own. Forty long poles supported the ceiling, and there were white square pews and a "three-decker" pulpit. Everybody in the congregation was rich; most of the parishioners drove to church in carriages. It was disgraceful, the Canon told them, that only the rich should come to church, and before long a new church had been built, and the congregation doubled and trebled, and embraced all classes in the parish. The Canon was one of Mr. Gladstone's school companions—he sat next to the G.O.M. on the sixth form at Eton—and knew the late Premier well all through his life. He is a great reader, and his study is still, in spite of his great age, his favourite spot. It is the room in which Lord John Russell drafted the Reform Bill.



MR. F. N. CHARRINGTON.
(Photograph by Weston and Son.)

MOST men of high principle pay for their principle some time or other, but it is given to few to sacrifice a fortune for their convictions. One of the few to whom this privilege has come is Mr. F. N. Charrington, a member of the family of brewers of that name. Mr. Charrington, when a young man, decided that he could not touch a penny of his father's fortune, and withdrew from the firm which would have brought him a fortune of his own in order that he might devote himself to the uplifting of East London. Down the Mile End-road, in the middle of one of the widest parts of that thoroughfare, is a public-house sign advertising Charrington's ale; directly opposite, not a stone's throw distant, is Charrington's Hall, where, for thousands of nights without a break, the Gospel has been preached to the people of East London. During the twelve years that have passed since the Great Assembly Hall was built, its doors have not once been closed for twenty-four consecutive hours. Sunday night in this Hall is one of the sights of London. Five thousand men and women crowd the great building—the biggest mission hall on earth—and the service is one of the heartiest and most inspiring in London. The Great Assembly Hall has a magnificent record of 4,000 transformed lives. Lord Shaftesbury declared that he had never heard of such great results as Charrington's Hall produced. Thirty years ago the work began in a hayloft; and in those early days Mr. Charrington preached from milk carts in the streets and outside the music halls. He has spent a night in a prison-

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cell for street-preaching. Mr. Charrington is fifty this year, and his friends, from the titled sympathiser in the West to the humblest docker in the East, have presented him with a purse and £3,000, in recognition of the great sacrifices he has made for conscience sake, and the beneficent work he has carried on in one of the poorest parts of the Metropolis.

ONE of the great centres of philanthropic work of all kinds is the Manor House at Northfield, near Birmingham, the home of Mrs. George

Photograph by *E. B. Mowll.*

MRS. GEO. CADBURY.

Cadbury, one of the most sympathetic and active of the whole army of men and women who are working to uplift humanity. In Birmingham there is a unique "Union of Girls' Clubs" representing all religious denominations, and its success is greatly owing to Mrs. Cadbury's help as President. Young Women's Christian Association work engrosses some of her time and thought, as she is now district referee for Birmingham and Warwickshire. As Treasurer of the National Union of Women Workers Mrs. Cadbury is brought into touch with many phases of women's life and work, and with her it is no theory. Her ideals are put into practice, as far as possible, and two lady gardeners are at work in the beautiful grounds at Northfield, helping to solve the problem of the suitability of gardening as a profession for women. Mrs. Cadbury does a large amount of personal work amongst the people who live around her. There are meetings for wives, social afternoons, girls' clubs, Bible classes, and many other organised efforts carried on under her supervision, and conducted by her personally. On the outskirts of the "model village," as Bournville is popularly called, is a house used as a Home of Rest for Christian workers and a Holiday Home for Children. The slum-workers of the Salvation Army know of its advantages, and many a tired, worn-out person has been restored to health there. Mrs. Cadbury and her husband delight to welcome to their own home the many societies in which they are interested, and, during the summer, gatherings of various kinds are held in the grounds. Sometimes the members of a political association are welcomed; at another a large temperance organisation is found there. One day there may be a children's Sunday-school party, and on another a band of waifs and strays from the alleys of Birmingham or the towns of the Black country. Mrs. Cadbury dislikes publicity, and a great deal of her charitable work is done as quietly and unostentatiously as possible, but the lives of dozens, nay hundreds, of women are the brighter and better for her own.

"LITERA Scripta Manet." "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples if ye have love one to another." The above are the mottoes of an organisation which is doing a great deal to make the lives of the hard-working factory girls brighter and better. The Girls' Letter Guild was founded in 1889 by Mrs. Young (who was then Miss Isabel Kenward) and it came about almost by accident. Mrs. Young had personally befriended a girl and wrote kind and helpful letters to her. Other girls wished and longed for the same kind of help and so the idea was formed of having a society which should bring this new element into

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the lives of some working girls. The Guild was started for Birmingham girls as the home of its founder was in that city, but now there are centres in Leeds and London. It numbers nearly eight thousand members, half of whom are ladies who write to their girls once a month. The object of the Guild is "to give to working girls instruction, sympathy and kindly counsel for their daily life by a system of regular and individual correspondence between cultured Christian women and themselves." To help Mrs. Young in her work as Hon. General Secretary there are thirty ladies who act as assistants. The Guild has a monthly journal of its own in which Mrs. Young writes her messages to the members. There are two seaside Homes of Rest, one of which is at Yarmouth under her personal supervision. It is difficult to speak of results in work of this kind, but that the girls appreciate the help afforded is shown by the numbers of applicants who are always waiting for ladies. At the present time there are over one hundred girls on Mrs. Young's list and there are no available ladies. Those wishing to help this good work can get all particulars from the Hon. Secretary at Acle Rectory, Norwich.

MRS. YOUNG.
(Photograph by Wayland, Streatham.)

ALDERMAN ADAMS, J.P.
(Photograph by H. W. Bevan, Lowestoft.)

THE Primitive Methodists as a body are not largely represented in the ranks of our public men. But they are disposed to make the most of such distinctions as come in their way, and the new Vice-President of the Connexion, Mr. Adam Adams, of Lowestoft, may rely upon being introduced at many a Methodist function as "Alderman Adams, J.P." I do not think he will be likely to resent this, for he is a public man by instinct, and not without sound reason for pride in his public work. Lowestoft is a comparatively young borough, but he has been twice its mayor—his second year of office being that of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee; and he has been nine years an alderman. From its beginning, also, he has been a member of the East Suffolk County Council, and he is a magistrate for both the borough and the county. On the County Council, indeed, he has been so active and watchful in the interests of his constituents that, although the town has seven other representatives, he has

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gained for himself in a special sense the sobriquet of "the Lowestoft member." Mr. Adams is, in fact, a good type of the vigour and aggressiveness of Primitive Methodism. He is keen, alert, uncompromising, and the overflowing energy which manifests itself in his own business and in the service of his town and country, has been equally characteristic of his religious and philanthropic work. He has been an active lay preacher of the Primitive Methodists for half a century, and a frequent speaker on their public platforms; in temperance advocacy also he has done his part, and as a controversialist has given and received many a hard knock. Few men can claim to have been "in labours more abundant," and his election to the Vice-Presidency of the Connexion has for some years been looked forward to as a fitting compliment to a veteran worker.

AS Special Missioner to the convicts of Great Britain the Rev. Arthur Hanson, of the Church Army, is accomplishing a task of which any man might be proud. Mr. Hanson has been singularly successful among those who have offended against the laws of the country. He is the son of a Derby tradesman, and was born in that town in September, 1867. The Christian atmosphere of the home made a deep impression upon him, and after working as a clerk, at the age of twenty-one he entered the training home of the Church Army. For six years he was stationed as a parochial evangelist at Derby, Canterbury, Bolton, and Swansea. Since the prisons, workhouses and reformatories of our country have been thrown open to the Church Army, it has been his privilege to visit as missioner many such places, and to interview thousands of men in their cells. The work is an unspeakably sad one, yet Mr. Hanson has cause to be full of thankfulness for the success attending his efforts, and for the large number of men who, on their discharge have been given a fresh start in life by the aid of the Church Army Homes all over the country. Having first concluded an eight days' mission at Wormwood Scrubbs he is now at Portland for a longer mission amongst these convicts, many of whom are now received on their discharge by the Society, the Home Office having shown its appreciation of the work by appointing the Church Army a "Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society" for the four convict establishments.

REV. ARTHUR HANSON.

CELEBRITY in pastimes appears to be the lot of the Rev. Elwyn Lewis's family. His father, the Rev. Woodward Lewis, Vicar of Meopham, was the well-known chess player. The son is known by, and has earned, the honourable title of the cyclists' chaplain. The Rev. Elwyn Lewis was appointed to the rectory of Fyfield in 1895, and immediately commenced the special Sunday afternoon services for cyclists, which have made the little Essex village famous. At first the services were chiefly attended by local clubs from Epping, Chelmsford, Brentwood, Dunmow, and Ongar; but since last year wheelmen from Surrey, Middlesex, and adjacent counties have attended, as many as two thousand putting in an appearance at a single service. Dr. Lewis's paternal care does not stop short at the soul alone; he provides tea in the beautiful rectory grounds after service, and the visitors then stroll about enjoying the picturesque and cosy places which his artistic eye has helped to create. The shady walks, rustic bowers, and pretty

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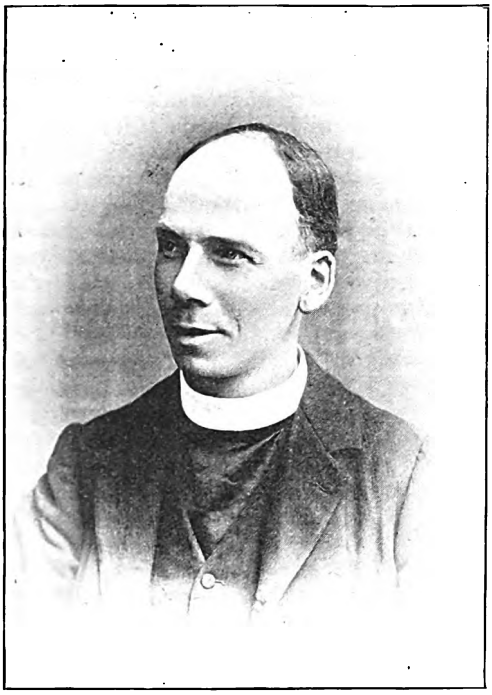

REV. L. ELWYN LEWIS.
(Photograph by Frank Foulsham.)

summer houses, which are dotted over the seven acres which comprise the rectory grounds, have been prepared by Dr. Lewis personally since he became the cyclists' chaplain. When Dr. Lewis—he is a Mus. Doc.—was in charge of a parish in Lincolnshire in 1894 he organised the first cycle parade ever held in Tennyson's county. He has been a keen wheelman for twenty-five years, starting in the old bone-shaker days when he was fifteen years old. He is also an expert poultry farmer, and has won many prizes with his birds at the shows. His parishioners owe much to his zeal and influence—a better conducted parish it would be impossible to find.

TO all devotees of music the Queen's Hall, London, is a Mecca when the symphony and promenade concerts are taking place. One of the finest orchestras of the world has been gathered together here, governed by the magic baton of Mr. Henry J. Wood, magnificent renderings of the works of the great masters and many new composers being given. Mr. Wood so early displayed extraordinary musical talent that at the age of ten he was deputy organist of St. Mary's, Aldermanbury. Since then his career has been one long triumph. He has steadily made his way to the front rank of orchestral conductors. In November, 1898, he received a gold-mounted baton from the Queen in recognition of the command performance given by his orchestra at Windsor Castle on that day. He has had wide experience, having been in turn associated with Mr. D'Oyley Carte and Sir Arthur Sullivan, the Carl Rosa Company, and Signor Lago. It is interesting to remember that it is now five years since Mr. Robert Newman secured Mr. Wood's services for the Queen's Hall concerts. Last year he visited Berlin and conducted the famous Philharmonic Orchestra with great success. That he is still young will be seen by the accompanying photograph.

THE Bishop of Lincoln is one of the most respected prelates in the English Church, yet one of the least known out of it. The reason is not far to seek. He has never been written about in newspapers and magazines, as have other dignitaries of the Church. He

Photograph by MR. HENRY J. WOOD. *Alfred Ellis.*

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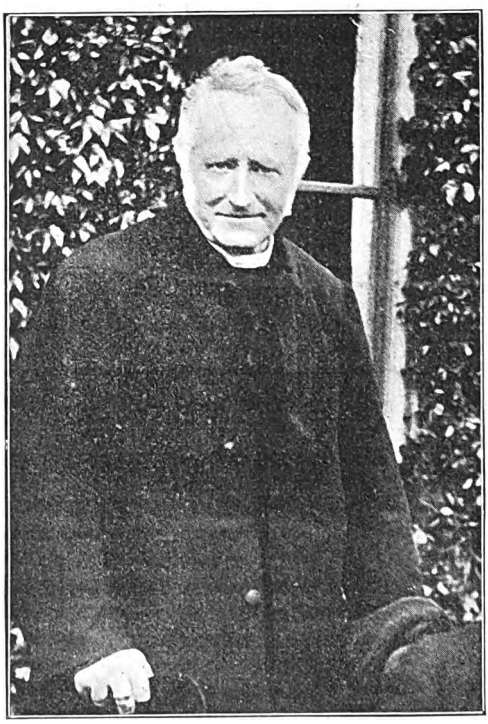
has a dislike to being interviewed, and regularly refuses to accord that privilege to those who ask for it. The life of the Church in the Lincoln diocese has strengthened and deepened owing to Dr. King's life and influence. He has gone about amongst the people as no other bishop had before him. Tiny villages know him as well as the large towns, and no person has ever been too humble to gain his interest if that was sought. The bishop, on his accession to the see, refused to live in the large house a few miles from Lincoln which had been the residence of the Lincoln prelates for years. The old palace below the minster was restored, and there the bishop makes his home and gives hospitality to all kinds of workers in the diocese. The growth of the guilds is largely due to his fostering care and the enormous number of men and women who assembled in the cathedral a few weeks ago to hear him give his triennial address must have been a source of joy to him. The bishop is a remarkably telling preacher, not particularly eloquent, but clear and simple; so simple, that a child can understand. He has a wonderful insight into character, and this quality helps him to reach people's hearts. His hearers feel as if he is talking to them personally, and they wonder how it is that he knows all about them. The effect of his preaching is greatly heightened by his expression. His face constantly lights up and shines, so great is the beauty of soul behind. A lady who had heard him preach for the first time was once heard to say, "His smile gave one a glimpse of heaven." The following story will give an insight into his character better than any other words. Staying one week-end in a country village where a short time before he had held a confirmation, he went for a walk, attired in ordinary clergyman's dress, and came across a ploughboy tenting. The bishop got into conversation with the boy, and elicited from him the fact that he had lately been confirmed. Wishing to know if what he had said had been remembered he went on asking questions, and rather sheepishly the boy admitted that the bishop had told them to read the Bible, to pray, and at last, in a burst of confidence, exclaimed, in broad Lincolnshire, "He might ha' been a ploughboy hissen, for he talked as if he knew all about us." The bishop, in telling the story afterwards, said it was the greatest compliment that had ever been paid him.



THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
(Photograph by Duckmanton.)

THE Rev. Thomas Allen, D.D., the new President of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, is a Cheshire man by birth, but a Methodist minister, under the rigid rule of itineracy, has no "continuing city." As a set-off, he has the opportunity of making friends over a wide area, and Dr. Allen has many friends in the leading English cities who will rejoice that at length he has been called to sit in Wesley's seat. Dr. Allen has "travelled," according to the quaint terminology of his order, for forty years, and his later stations have included important circuits in Southport, Sheffield, Manchester, and London. He was chairman for six years of the Sheffield district, and when a suggestion was put forward for establishing a kind of Methodist Episcopate under the name of "separated chairmen," I remember that it obtained some support in Sheffield for the avowed

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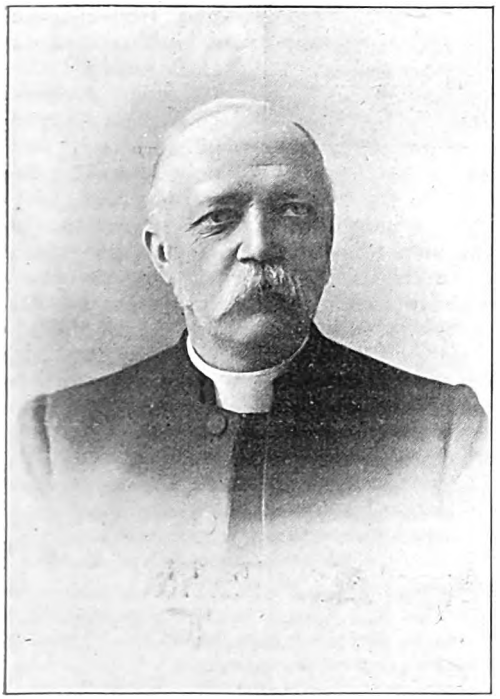
reason that it would enable Mr. Allen to remain in the city. For the last three years Dr. Allen has been chairman of the Birmingham district, the Leeds Conference in 1897 having appointed him governor of Handsworth College, and professor of pastoral theology and church organisation, a post for which he has special qualifications. For some years there has been a growing desire to see Dr. Allen in the chair of the Conference, and the responsibilities of that high office will, without doubt, be adequately fulfilled. He is habitually calm and dignified in his bearing, and his leadership of the Connexion may be expected to display ripe wisdom and sound judgment. He may speak less than some of his predecessors, but his utterances will be those of a man of culture and refinement, applying himself thoughtfully to the controversies of the day. He is in full sympathy with progressive Methodism, and those who know him best are most confident that he will make a safe, but by no means a dull President. He is a man who makes warm friendships wherever he goes.



Photograph by *Braycott.*

REV. THOMAS ALLEN, D.D.
(President of the Wesleyan Conference.)

Photograph by *J. E. Bruton, I. of Man.*

LORD HENNIKER.
(Governor, Isle of Man.)

WHEN Lord Henniker was sent to govern, in the name of the Queen, that unique fragment of the United Kingdom, the Isle of Man, with its separate legislature, its quaint judiciary, and its keen estimate of the spending power of the English pleasure-seeker, the county of Suffolk parted with a nobleman who realises that rank spells duty. Lord Henniker, at home in his pretty place at Thornham, near Eye, was emphatically a county man. He was elected in early manhood to represent East Suffolk in Parliament, and his duties as a county member were conscientiously discharged, but it was after his accession to the peerage that, by his close association with the internal administration of the county, he became almost an embodiment of county government. As chairman of Quarter Sessions, his work helped to justify the anachronism of a non-elective rate-spending authority, and when the County Councils came into existence there was never a question as to his selection for the chairmanship. The distinguishing characteristics of Lord

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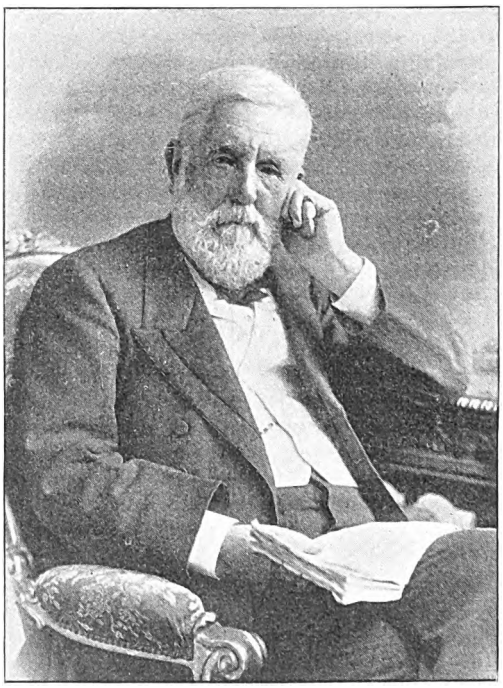
Henniker's public work have been patient conscientiousness, sound judgment, and rare modesty, and personally he is one of the kindest and most unassuming of men. Suffolk people still hope that his removal from their midst may be only temporary. Unfortunately, since his appointment to the Manx Government his Lordship has not had the best of health. I may add that Lord Henniker has for many years been a prominent Freemason.

FEW men have done more lasting work in a quiet way than Sir Sydney Waterlow, whose statue has lately been unveiled in the park he presented to London some years ago. Sir Sydney is one of London's Dick Whittingtons. Beginning life as a printer's apprentice, he became Lord Mayor nearly thirty years ago, and he built up one of the most flourishing business concerns in the Metropolis. Sir Sydney has entertained in his time a Sultan of Turkey, a Shah of Persia, and a Viceroy of Egypt; but it is in connection with the democracy rather than the aristocracy that he has deserved well of his generation. It was he who, nearly forty years ago now, initiated the movement for the better housing of the working classes, and the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company, which he started in 1863, has expended three-quarters of a million of money in housing between twenty and thirty thousand people. Sir Sydney may be thought somewhat of a heretic in this matter by many younger adherents of the movement. He is not by any means in love with the notion that the working classes should be housed outside London. It is much better, he thinks, that they should be kept inside the town, and not be separated from their richer neighbours. Mr. Gladstone, in conferring a baronetcy upon Sir Sydney at the close of his reign at the Mansion House, paid a high tribute to the recipient's "intelligent and indefatigable philanthropy," and nobody will question Mr. Gladstone's judgment. Sir Sydney is one of the men to whom the Metropolis owes more than it conceives. He has taken some interest in party politics, having sat through Lord Beaconsfield's last Parliament as a Liberal, but he has preferred to devote himself rather to the social welfare of the people than to political affairs.



SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW.

THE ONLOOKER.

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For THE BAIRNS.

Conducted by
THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

"A SUMMER DAY'S RAMBLE."

I have received so many letters for this competition that the best I can do is to make a selection, for to print them all would be to take up more room than can be spared. This month we shall let the younger ones have their chance; those a year or two older next time; the Three Kingdoms are represented. And since there have been so many letters, and, generally, such good ones, *I shall give two prizes instead of one only*, but shall not announce the winners till all the letters I mean to print are printed. Without any remarks of my own (so as to save space), I let the letters speak for themselves. There is a fine waft of summer and the freshness of youth about them all:—

Chalmers Street Manse, Dunfermline.

I have had many "Summer days' rambles" but I think this is the latest one, so I write it. I am very fond of botany, and there is a very nice walk for botany out by a loch called Luscar. We went at the time when the trees were in flower and got some nice specimens of wild flowers, and the fruits of the trees and ferns. When we got to the loch we wandered round it, and then went into a wood and did the same thing and then went home. I was a little tired, because it is a good three miles. I mean to have more rambles before the summer is out. Hoping you think this worth publishing and not too long,—I remain your little friend, ENA GEORGE (*Aged* 10 *years*).

Ivydene, Gilbert Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

DEAR SIR,—Last year, when we were at Reading, we rode on a coach to a place called Silchester. One of the hills we had to go down was so steep, we had time to pick some blackberries. We went to see the ruins of a Roman city. When we got there it began to rain, and we were twelve miles from home. At the place where we had tea there was such a funny old gentleman. We had some honey for tea, and he asked if we had ever tasted it before. This was very amusing, for at the place where we were staying we had honey for breakfast every day. We saw some birds' nests on the roof of the inn. I forget now what they were called. It rained all the way home. Once we stopped under an arch for the horses to rest. We were very wet when we reached home, but we did not mind that at all. I think this is the best summer day's outing we have had. I could tell you much more but my hand aches, and my fingers are so inky, and it is nearly bed-time.—Your little friend,

MARJORIE ELDRIDGE (*Aged* 7¾ *years*).

Ivydene, Gilbert Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

DEAR SIR,—I should like to tell you about a very happy day we had last year, when we went with the Sunday school belonging to our church for their summer treat. We went by train to Polegate, and saw some children who waved their hands to us. When we reached Polegate we had two miles to walk to Wannok. It is such a pretty place and there are some lovely tea and fruit gardens there, where we had tea. We went for a long walk to the glen. There was a steep field which was very hard to climb. I thought it was just like a mountain, and I was quite tired when I had climbed it. When we had had a nice walk we went back to the field at Wannok and had some gooseberries, cherries and currants. We had tea in the garden, and then we sat down on the grass and saw the races. This was very interesting. When the races were over a gentleman opened some large boxes of sweets, and threw them all over the ground, and the children scrambled for them. Then Marjorie, two little boys and I ran races and had pennies for prizes. When it was time to go home some wagons came to take the little ones back to the station. It was such a happy day and we were all so sorry when it was over. When you come to St. Leonards I hope you will go to Wannok, I am sure you will like it.—Your little friend,

OLIVE CLARA ELDRIDGE (*Aged* 8¾ *years*).

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Teviotside House, Hawick.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—I think the best ramble I ever had was with my brother Robert. We were at Dunbar then, so we went round to the bathing pool, and then we went in and out among the rocks. The first big rock was shaped like a camel. Then we passed a stream, of which we had found the source. And after a while we saw some fisherwomen gathering cockles and mussels. Then we went home for tea.

JAMES AITKEN (*8 years 11 months*).

Crosbie Dykes, W. Kilbride, Ayrshire, N.B.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—I live at an old farm, and every Saturday my brothers and I go and ramble about the woods and look for birds' nests. Sometimes we go away to the burn and fish for trout, and also go up to the hill to look for white heather, which is very scarce. In the holidays we go into the garden and pull gooseberries and black currants. While we are gathering the gooseberries, we sometimes go and try to catch butterflies. There is a new water works being made, and the men who work at it are called navies (?!). On Saturday when they get their pay they go down to the town and get drunk. At night when we come home from the town, we see them lying on the road singing.—Yours truly,

ROBERT BLACK (*Aged 9½ years*).

24, Lucas-street, Openshaw, Manchester.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—My sister and I went to Morecambe for our holidays, and during our stay we went to Grange-over-Sands. The steamer we went on was called "The Sunshine of the Bay." It seemed to me to be a very large steamer, as I had never seen one before, and it was my first visit to the sea-side. At first I did not care for being on the steamer, but after I had been on for some time, I began to enjoy it very much. When we had nearly got to the Grange, it began to rain very heavily and spoiled part of our outing. We got off the steamer and sheltered in a barn, but it soon cleared up and turned out to be a very nice day. We thought the Grange a very pretty place, and we would have liked to have stayed longer but we had to be back by a certain time. We went a short walk and went through some pretty lanes, from where we could see the sea. We then went through a large park and went back to the steamer, but it could not get near enough to the land, so we had to go in a small boat to the steamer.—I remain, Yours truly,

LILY BLAYMIRE (*Aged 12 years and 2 months*).

3, Smith-street, Dalry, Ayrshire.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—Seeing this competition in the TEMPLE MAGAZINE, I thought I should like to try it. I am 13 years of age last January, and so still under the limited age. It was a fine day about the middle of May that I and a companion, Tom, went out seeking birds' eggs. We went about two miles without getting anything more than a robin's, blackbird's, and wagtail's. Having all these, we left the eggs in the nest and walked on. Now we entered a wood so thickly planted with trees that we had to keep two or three yards apart so as not to get struck with the fir branches. Suddenly, I saw an old piet's nest with what I at first thought was a cat in it. Tom told me to run away, that it was a weasel. I said no, and gave the tree a kick, but it did not move, so I climbed up the tree (half in terror of getting my eyes torn out), and when I neared the nest a bird flew off and fluttered about. Tom said it was blind and he would catch it, so when it fell into the dark branches he tried to catch it, while I descended with two out of the three white eggs which were in the nest. When I came down, Tom was crying. Its great eyes and cat's face were staring out of the darkness at him, and he had been scratched by it in his efforts to make it prisoner. I took a stick and struck the branches round about it. It flew up in the air, and I saw some small birds chasing it. When I reached home I found that it was an owl's egg, and after tea I went to bed and slept soundly.—Your most affectionate friend,

JAMIESON BONE.

27, Dartmouth Park Avenue, Highgate, N.W.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—We went to Hampstead Heath a few weeks ago; we live quite near it. "We"—that means my father and mother and sister and brothers—walked, and took our lunch with us. It was on a Bank Holiday. There were a lot of people there, but I suppose they did not care to go very far because it was so hot, for there were hardly any people where we went on beyond the flag-staff. We ate our dinner under a tree and then we went to seek oranges. Then we had a game of hide-and-seek among the bushes, and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. After that we went round Golder's Hill and saw some convalescent soldiers sitting under the trees, some playing and some sitting in little tents. We walked home another way in time for tea, and spent the rest of the day in our garden.—From your friend,

GWENDOLEN M. CAUSFIELD (*Aged 11½ years*).

4, Brownhill-road, Birstall, near Leeds.

DEAR SIR,—As it is the first time I am writing, I will try and do my best, but I scarcely expect to get a prize. One morning in the summer last year, father came downstairs and said to me, "Would you like to go with me to Bolton Woods to-day?" I was quite excited when he said this, and said I would very much like to go. Then I got ready and went to the station with father, and when we got to Bradford Station we met the gentleman who was going with us. We saw a number of children with baskets and bags, who were going to a pic-nic, and I think some of them were going to Ilkley, and there was a rush for the train. Father and I nearly missed it. When we got to Bolton we got into a carriage and drove off to the woods. Then we had some refreshments and I had some strawberries and a banana. Father and his friend who went with us sat down under the trees while I was doing what I wanted; I was dabbling in the water and running over the stepping stones. We went into the Abbey and round about the river. It is a very old Abbey; it is a ruin, but it is very bonny with ivy climbing up it, and I noticed that there were two or three artists making pictures of it. It is a very lovely place, is Bolton; it is all country, and there are not many houses except the farmhouses, and there are very few of them. There is a part of this river Wharfe called the

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Strid, and it is very, very deep; I have read in the papers that there have been many people drowned by trying to jump it. They call it the Strid because that is the only part of the river that you can stride over, but it is very dangerous, the water is so deep and the current so strong that it draws you down, and there is no chance of your being saved; but the water looks so beautiful splashing down; it looks like salt water when it dashes together. Once, a boy called Romilly was walking in Bolton Woods with his hound and he wanted to jump across the Strid, and when he was jumping, the dog pulled back and let him into the water and he was drowned, and his mother founded the Abbey in memory of her son. When we came back from the Strid, I gathered some forget-me-nots and other flowers; then we went to Barden Towers to have tea, and afterwards we drove off to the station. I was tired, but I was very sorry when I had to go home, and I think it was one of the best days I ever spent.—I am, Yours sincerely,

IDA MARY BURRELL (*Aged* 13 *years* 8 *months*).

6, Foxhall Terrace, Mornington Road,
Ranelagh, Dublin.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—I have been so many rambles I hardly know which to describe. There are so many pretty places around Dublin, but they are so far. Last Saturday afternoon mother, my two sisters and I, started out to go to Killiney, a pretty seaside place about ten miles away. We were going to a little station an hour's walk away, called Sidney Parade Station. It began to rain when we were near the station, and when we got there we found a train just gone. So we went to Blackrock on the tram, a seaside place. We went in the park at Blackrock and sheltered under some trees. It is a very pretty park; there is a lake with swans and ducks on it. There are tea rooms and a band-stand where a nice band plays some evenings. You have a grand view of Dublin Bay from the park. It cleared up a lovely evening so we went on the sands, and my little sister paddled in the water. The water had gone out a long way. We went in the park again after, and walked around the park. We saw a lot of lovely convolvulus growing and we saw the ducks sleeping. We walked along the high road to Booterstown, and then went in the tram as far as Aylesbury Road and then walked up this road home. It is a nice shady road in summer, for on each side are beech, elm, laburnum, and many other trees. We beguiled the way by playing at "Rhyming Words." One of us said, "I've thought of a word that rhymes with dance," or any other word, and the rest guessed it. It began to rain again, so we hurried home.—Yours truly,

GWENNIE HEAP (*aged* 14 *years*).

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE.

Let the reader give a glance over the list of members at the close of this article. The addresses indicate almost every quarter of the globe—Dublin, Plymouth, Dunoon, Keswick, Tunbridge Wells, Highgate, Guernsey, New Zealand, and so on over an area of thousands of miles. What has brought them all together? That spirit of kindness and pity which is independent of either space or race, seeking its outlet wherever there is a compassionate heart on the one hand and a sad or suffering one on the other. And the addresses of the correspondents could be extended almost indefinitely, for the Crutch-and-Kindness League has its members in Chicago, Tokio, Shanghai, New Guinea, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Paris, Como, St. John's, Newfoundland, and all that is included in the convenient phrase "the uttermost isles of the sea." As a phase of the progress of modern philanthropy these facts are not without their significance, especially when we consider that the compassionate purpose of all the writers is focussed upon London, for in the great city there are no less than six thousand young people—poor, some very poor—lonely and pained ones shut off from all that makes life joyous to the young, for they are cripples. So far as it can, the Ragged School Union, by the help of its many voluntary visitors, takes a kindly oversight of these little afflicted prisoners of God, but the work is great, and the workers always sadly fewer than the need, so that the loneliness, which is almost a necessary part of their affliction, is often painfully intensified on many of these little suffering mites. To relieve this monotony, in some measure at all events, the Crutch-and-Kindness League was started. Its main object is the writing of a friendly letter, once a month at least, to some cripple put into the writer's care, or when pressure of time makes a letter impossible the sending of some illustrated magazine or paper or card, toy or anything likely to interest the suffering child's mind and buoy up the little heart with some suggestion of freshness cast into the life. This may not seem a great thing to do, but no one who knows anything of a child's nature will be likely to undervalue the pleasure thus given. It is a means of doing good quite after the spirit of the age—in these days we shop by post, or even make the telephone a substitute for a visit, and as the rush of life necessitates these expedients in one direction, the same rush often necessitates some similar time-saving means if the good impulses of the heart are to have any practical effect, for there are many who fain would do some good in the world, yet find it impossible to do it by personal visitation. The Crutch-and-Kindness League gives an opening to all, young or old, men or women, bedridden or active, at home or abroad, to do

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something to make the lot of maimed and lonely children a little brighter. The League has grown from its start somewhere at the rate of about a thousand members a year, but what with deaths, removals, and other such causes between one and two thousand members are still required for every poor cripple child in London to be able to say, "I have a friend." While all may see at a glance something of the happiness thus afforded to the children, no one can reflect a moment without seeing the blessing shed in the heart of the writer himself or herself. All further particulars concerning this most gracious and compassionate work may be obtained for a stamp *not from me*, but from *Mr. John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John-street, Bedford-row, London, W.C.*, together with a beautifully embossed card of membership for framing.

New Members for the Month.

Muriel King-Smith, Ronald King-Smith, Buckfastleigh; Percy Holman, Marjory Holman, Joyce Holman, Highgate; Miss F. Easy, South Norwood-hill; Miss Aggie Grant, Arbroath; Miss A. Nixon, Keswick; Miss Louisa Craven, Bradford; Miss Robinson, Manchester; Miss Annie Walker, Miss F. Jossie Faur, Miss M. Chandler, Miss Daisy Abbot, Miss Seaborn, care of Miss Underwood, Luton; Miss J. Ford, Ilford; Miss Adelaide Robinson, Bristol; Mr. W. H. Bournes, Dublin; Miss Gladys Quarrington, Maidstone; Miss Sayer, Southborough; Mrs. Gains Smith, Leedlow; Miss May Percival, Southport; Miss M. V. Miles, Primrose-hill; Mrs. H. S. Bennetts, Chislehurst; Mrs. Garratt, Wimbledon; Miss F. E. Dawson, St. John's Chapel; Miss M. A. Trigg, Miss M. Trigg, Storking Pelham; Miss Dorothy Cook, Oxton; Stevenson, Tunbridge Wells; Miss Mabel Moscrop, Saltburn-by-Sea; Members of Senior Endeavour, Members of Junior Endeavour, care of Miss Humphreys, Plymouth; Miss Mary Long, Swinderby; Miss Hilda Hayes, Frodsham; Miss Maggie Hooper, Miss Ida Stanley, Miss Ethel Banbury, Miss Edith Darvill, Miss Dora Hare, Miss Lily Martin, care of Miss M. Hooper, Leytonstone; Members of Junior Endeavour, care of Miss Hibblethwaite, Hornsey, N.; Miss Ada Husband, Miss Elizabeth Spencer, Cottingham; Miss Linda M. Choldcroft, Oxford; Miss Phoebe Young, Chislehurst; Miss Mactaggart, Wimpole-street, W.; Mrs. Watson, Shrewsbury; Miss C. W. Ellis, Plymouth; Miss C. H. Bawtree, Croydon; Miss Nicholas, Dartford; Miss N. Stranger, Guernsey; Miss M. J. Williams, Grays; Miss K. L. Walliker, Basingstoke; Miss A. Ray, New Zealand; Miss Chew, Kingsholme; Mr. Charles Ockenden, Oxford; Miss L. Stephenson, Surrey; Miss Mabel Portlock, Lordship Park, N.; Miss Ella Mason, Streatham; Miss Lily Scott, Mrs. Whitehead, Stamford-hill; Miss Hope Ennals, Honiton; Miss Catherine Ramsay, Brigham; Miss Snashall's S.S. Class, Epsom; Master Francis W. Day, St. Albans; Mrs. L. L. Armitage, Little Hulton; Mrs. John Highgate, Dunoon; Miss Youpha Upham, Guernsey; Miss N. Lumb, Reading; C.E. Junior Endeavour, care of Mrs. Douglas, Bishop Auckland; Mrs. Hugh Ferguson, New Zealand; Miss Bertha M. Savage, Miss Savage, Miss Savage, Tunbridge Wells; Miss Daisy Sharpe, Nottingham; Mrs. Hunt, Miss Boniface, Waltham Cross; Miss Fanny Blake, Stroud; Miss Ethel Spragg, Birmingham; Miss Bowden, Tipton; Miss Gertrude Stranger, Guernsey; Mrs. Asquith, Scarborough; Miss Mary Sayers, Glasgow; Miss Bertha Foster, Miss Eva Kelly, care of Miss Underwood, Luton; Miss Blanch Inch, Walthamstow; Miss Lily Robinson, care of Miss Dickson, Boscombe; Miss Winifred Hubbard, Sheffield; Master James Parsons, Miss Aubrey Down, care of Miss Medway, Hendon; Mr. Cope, Bedford.

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

FOR HOME AND SUNDAY READING.

VOL. 5. NOVEMBER, 1900. No. 2.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

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LINES

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Indigestion will make a man a misanthrope for years—Orain Tablets will make him love his neighbour inside a week.

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You must remember that there is a chance—possibly in your opinion a long-odds chance, but still a chance—that, though this is an advertisement, its contents are in line with the truth; and if you have the misfortune to be dyspeptic, you don't need to be told that the merest chance of unloading your burden is worth more than an average risk. Orain Tablets are guaranteed innocuous, so that the risk in their case figures out at **1s.**; that being the sum (in stamps) for which we will send you a bottle, post free. Is it too big?

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BECHSTEIN PIANOS

These magnificent Pianos for Hire on the Three Years' System, at advantageous prices and terms.—List and particulars free of CHAS. STILES & CO., 40 and 42, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

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CURED. This can be done, with or without patient's knowledge. Send me a stamp and I will tell you how. (Send no money.) Address, in confidence, Mrs. E. C. (Room 8), 195, Oxford Street, London, W.

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is a stimulating appetiser, possessing characteristics found in no other Sauce, and is invaluable as a flavouring with all kinds of Soups, Fish, Meats, &c. To enable everybody to test the merits of this delicious sauce

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the manufacturers will, from now to the 31st of December, refund the cost of a sixpenny bottle if the purchaser's name and address is written across the outside wrapper of the bottle, and the wrapper posted direct to

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A PERFECT PICTURE IN YOUR GARDEN,

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Lovely New **Paeonies**

The Fashionable Flower; in an almost endless variety of lovely tints, and, in many cases, with the fragrance of the Tea Rose; Kelway & Son's celebrated improved kinds certificated by the Royal Horticultural Society. Strong country grown plants for flowering next and many succeeding seasons in the hardy perennial border or bed, or in shrubberies, drives, grass, park or woodland. The cut flowers are gloriously decorative.

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FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

A LADY FACTORY INSPECTOR.

Miss Gray, Inspectress of Female Workshops and Laundries in Islington, points out a curious condition of affairs in her last report. While women in humble circumstances are leaving laundry-work for typewriting and other supposedly "genteel" pursuits, educated women are rushing in and attempting to fill up the vacant places. As the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women is continually showing, there are good openings for such ladies as laundry-managers and superintendents as well as laundry-matrons in Poor Law Schools and Industrial Institutions (the trade papers have even contained advertisements offering as big a salary as £200 to competent managers), but Miss Grey does not disguise the fact that the work is very hard and the hours are long.

ABOUT MUFFS.

Fur muffs this year are very expensive owing to their size. Here is a hint to the economical for a home-made muff of velours du Nord, of which half a yard suffices. The muff consists of a band of velvet mounted on wadding lining, edged with two double frills of velvet which are interlined with muslin and are stitched at the edge. The top of the muff is decorated with a satin ribbon bow and a bouquet of flowers.

THE QUEEN'S WARDROBE.

All the dresses and robes the Queen has ever worn are kept stored and laid by; none are either sold or given away. Not only are those used for her coronation, her bridal, and for affairs of State put carefully into the large cabinets at Windsor Castle, but the plain gowns for every day use—all are preserved, even after their wearer has well-nigh forgotten their existence.

NEW FURS.

The fashions in furs were decided upon long ago. The sort of furs people are to wear were bought and made up and got ready for winter while the same people were baking under a blazing summer sun. According to all the prominent dealers, there is a great increase in the price of fur. Sealskin has gone up about 80 per cent. since last year, and is to be very fashionable. Chinchilla will be in high favour, but only the rich will be able to wear it on account of the price. The fur is very beautiful for trimming, and it is no wonder that it continues in fashion. Grebe is used very much for trimming also, and ermine will be more in vogue than ever. A novelty in trimmings mentioned is fur that can be dyed to match the wrap for which it is intended. Mink will be popular, and for the animal scarfs all the foxes, and black and white thibet. Sable collarettes with stole fronts are fashionable too. Fancy muffs of mink and marten will be very much worn.

IT PAYS TO TAKE PAINS.

Take pains. Take trouble. Whatever you do, do thoroughly. Whatever you begin, finish. It may not seem to be worth your while at the moment to be so very painstaking, so very exact. In after years you will find it was worth your while; that it has paid you by training your character and soul; paid you by giving you success in life; paid you by giving you the respect and trust of your fellowmen; paid you by helping you toward a good conscience, and enabling you in old age to turn back and say, I have been of use upon the earth.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

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Hall's Wine.

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It is no wonder that a heavy percentage of victims succumbs to influenza, for it attacks the nerves with uncommon severity, and those who recover have, when convalescence is reached, but little further resistance left to offer possible complications.

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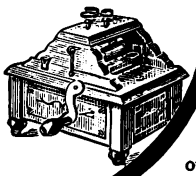

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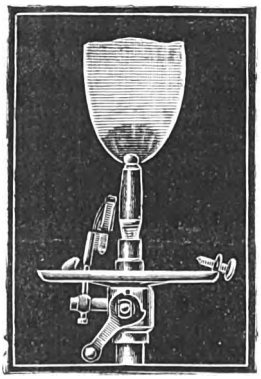

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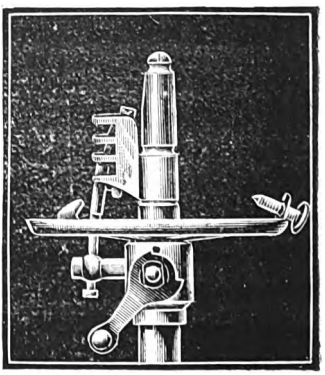

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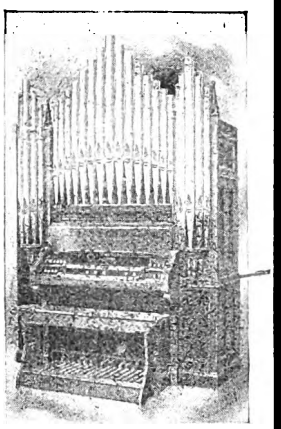

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SAC WALKING COAT.

There is no garment that is so dependent for success on the wearer and the manner of wearing as the sac coat. Round shoulders

or a flat chest make it at once into a dowdy-looking wrap, however fine its material or smart its make. A slouching carriage has the same effect. The one shown in our sketch is made of mastic cloth, with collar and cuffs in dark blue velvet, the edge of which is strapped with the cloth and trimmed with black and gold cord. The coat is lined with blue and amber tartan silk.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S CENTENARIAN COUSIN.

Mrs. MacQueeny, better known as Kate Livingstone, a cousin of the celebrated Dr. Livingstone, has now entered upon her one hundred and fourth year. She lives at Salon, Mull. Though afflicted now with deafness, and her memory to a considerable extent gone, she is in fairly good health. Dr. Livingstone invariably, on visiting Mull, called to see her or sent for her to visit him She still exhibits with pride a handsome silver brooch with her name inscribed on it with which the distinguished traveller presented her.

WIVES OF POLITICIANS.

It has been said that the wives of great politicians have chanced to be the happiest of women. Everybody knows that the unions of Lord and Lady Salisbury and Lord and Lady Beaconsfield were ideal ones; that Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were inseparable, and Sir William and Lady Harcourt are never happy apart. One could quote a number of other instances where the older politicians and their wives were concerned. The reason, if any, is this. That women in their hearts worship a big man, and a great politician who has greatly succeeded must of necessity be a great man.

WOMEN DOCTORS IN CHINA.

A writer in a German paper gives an interesting account of European and American lady doctors in China and their work The Société des Missionaires de la Femme, he says, employes five European female doctors in its hospitals and six Chinese nurses. He reckons the total number of European and American women doctors and surgeons in China to be not less than a hundred. In Tientsin there are two lady physicians from Chicago, two from Canada and one from London. Only one Chinese lady has studied medical science and practice after the Western manner.

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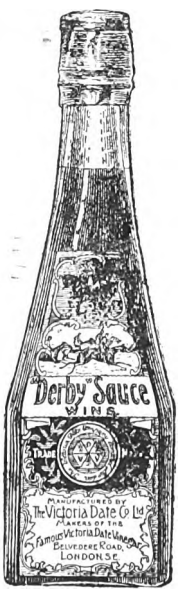
For small country gatherings and every-night-at-home wear there is no doubt that

the fichu is the most useful of all other possessions. This, partly, because any girl who is clever with her fingers can arrange such fichus at home. They may be made of gauze, chiffon, *mousseline*, or spotted tulle, as we will, while they may be frilled at the edge with the same kind of material, or a deep frill of sufficiently good lace may be added instead. Quite the most useful evening dress can be enhanced by such an addition, or even a blouse bodice turned in at the throat, and draped with one of these etceteras, and made into quite a presentable evening gown, as occasion demands. Then, again, for matron's wear these fichus own every possible advantage. They form, too, a most charming gift, and one that can be made with very little outlay. Nowadays, when we have such enormous overcharges on our luggage to consider, the possession of one or more fichus of the kind should prove a meritorious economy.

A statue to Rosa Bonheur has been erected at Fontainebleau. The famous French artist had a studio at By, near Fontainebleau, for many years, and there she worked at her marvellous pictures, always in male attire. The statue is life-size, and represents her in her ordinary working dress of a smock and trousers.

Derby Sauce



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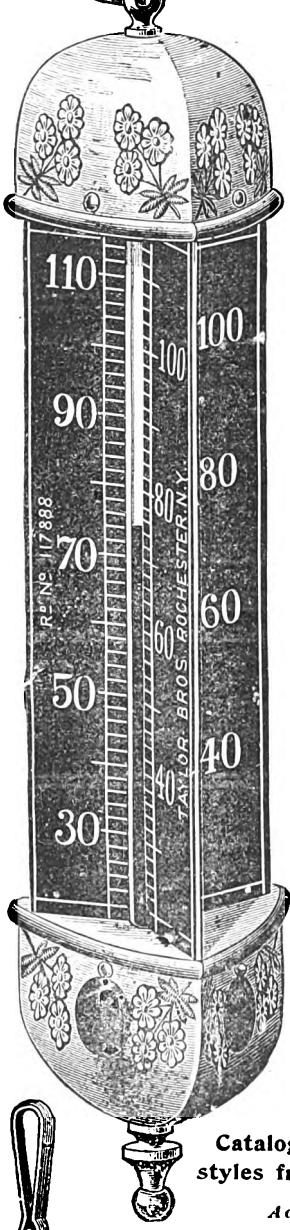

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sleeve is carried out *en suite*. This charming frock is lined throughout with red silk, while the feature of the whole is without doubt the dainty frills of écru-coloured lace, which commence some 12in. above the first hem, and cascade from thence to the ground. The same kind of gown could be most effectively carried out in black, piped with white, or, indeed, for smarter occasions, in white, piped with black.

The constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts, and to strengthen them for the help of others.—RUSKIN.

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PLEATED DRESS.

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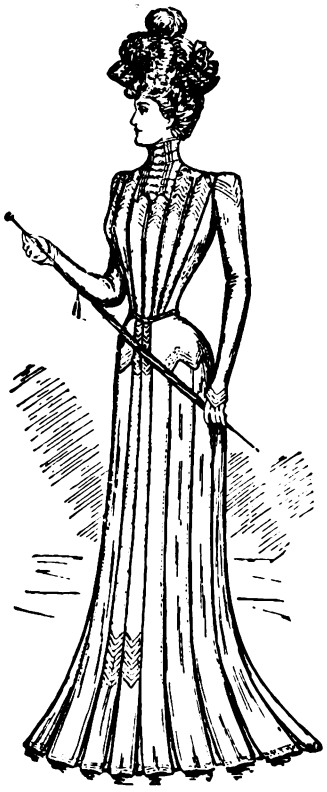

as automobile. Both bodice and skirt are pleated, but the pleats of the latter commence only where the basque of the bodice ends, in this way preserving as much as possible the slimness of the figure below the waist. The illustration shows where the pleats on the skirt are released from the stitches that fasten them down. A close vandyke trimming of narrow gold cord appears upon the two front pleats. The collar and yoke are white satin, trimmed with gold cord. The cuffs are trimmed with cord to match. The tendency of the hour is to give undue prominence to the front of the bodice. This is the chief fault of the fashion at present, with the overlong skirt. Sleeves, too, incline to be uncomfortably tight, and it is often difficult to persuade a dressmaker to give the arm sufficient room in its covering. The effect of a too-tight sleeve is to give a wooden look to the arm which is far from artistic. We do not seem to be able to wholly reconcile ourselves to the plain sleeve. On many of the new dresses there is a shoulder trimming of some kind. However slight it may be, it serves to break the line. It will be noticed that in the walking dress illustrated this relief takes the form of some vandyked rows of gold cord. Often it is introduced in tucks of the material of which the gown is made. Of this a very small and unobtrusive epaulette is made which stands out very slightly beyond the line of the sleeve itself. Guipure is used in the same way, but never unless it is also introduced on some other part of the bodice. Chiffon, again, is very useful for epaulettes, matched to the colour of the gown, and either tucked or pleated.

Idleness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes it.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We call our readers' attention to the advertisement, which appears on another page, of Volume IV. of the Temple Magazine. This volume forms an admirable gift book for the Christmas season. It contains two complete serial stories, "The Shadow of Gilsland," by Morice Gerard, and "His Grace," by Mrs. C. N. Williamson. There are 500 illustrations in the volume. It is beautifully bound in cloth and is fully indexed. Those of our readers who do not live near a bookseller's should apply at once to the Publishers, Messrs. Horace Marshall and Co., Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. The price is 7s. 6d., and the postage 8d.

Our Christmas Number will be ready on November 24th. It will have a special cover, and the contents will be of an unusually attractive character. Miss Mary Angela Dickens, Miss Winifred Graham, and Miss Mary Wilkins will each contribute a Christmas story to the Number. Among other features will be a racy article by the Rev. E. J. Hardy, Chaplain to Her Majesty's Forces, entitled, "Mr. Thomas Atkins in War Time;" an interesting sketch, "The Toy Shop of the World," by Mr. J. A. Hammerton; "The Pilgrim Fathers' First Christmas," by Dr. Everett Hale; "How to Give a Christmas Party," by Lucie H. Armstrong, and "A Message for the New Century," by Ian Maclaren. The price will be, as usual, 6d. Orders should be placed early with your newsagent.

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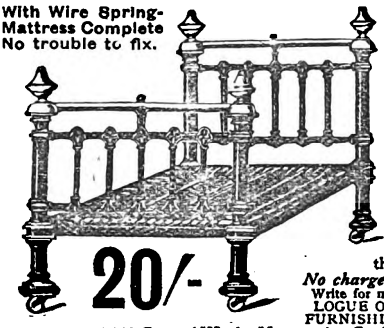

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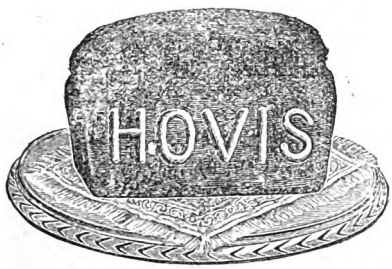

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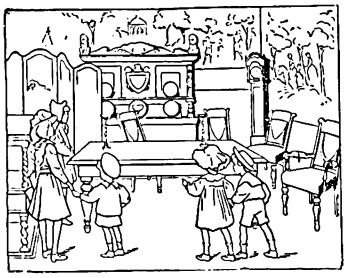

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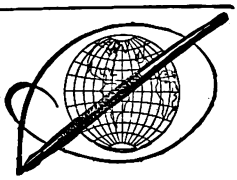

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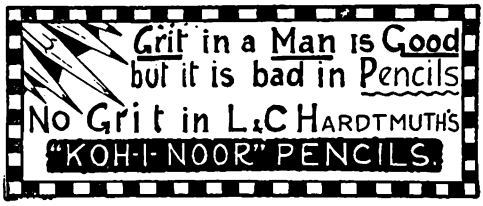

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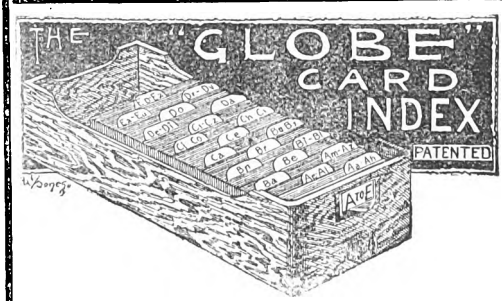

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

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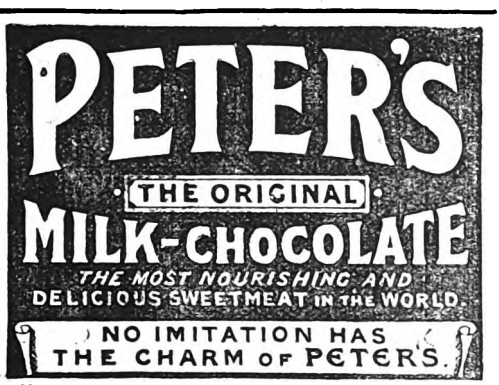

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NOTICE.—In place of the separate Christmas Annual of ***THE QUIVER*** which has hitherto been issued, there will be published this year a

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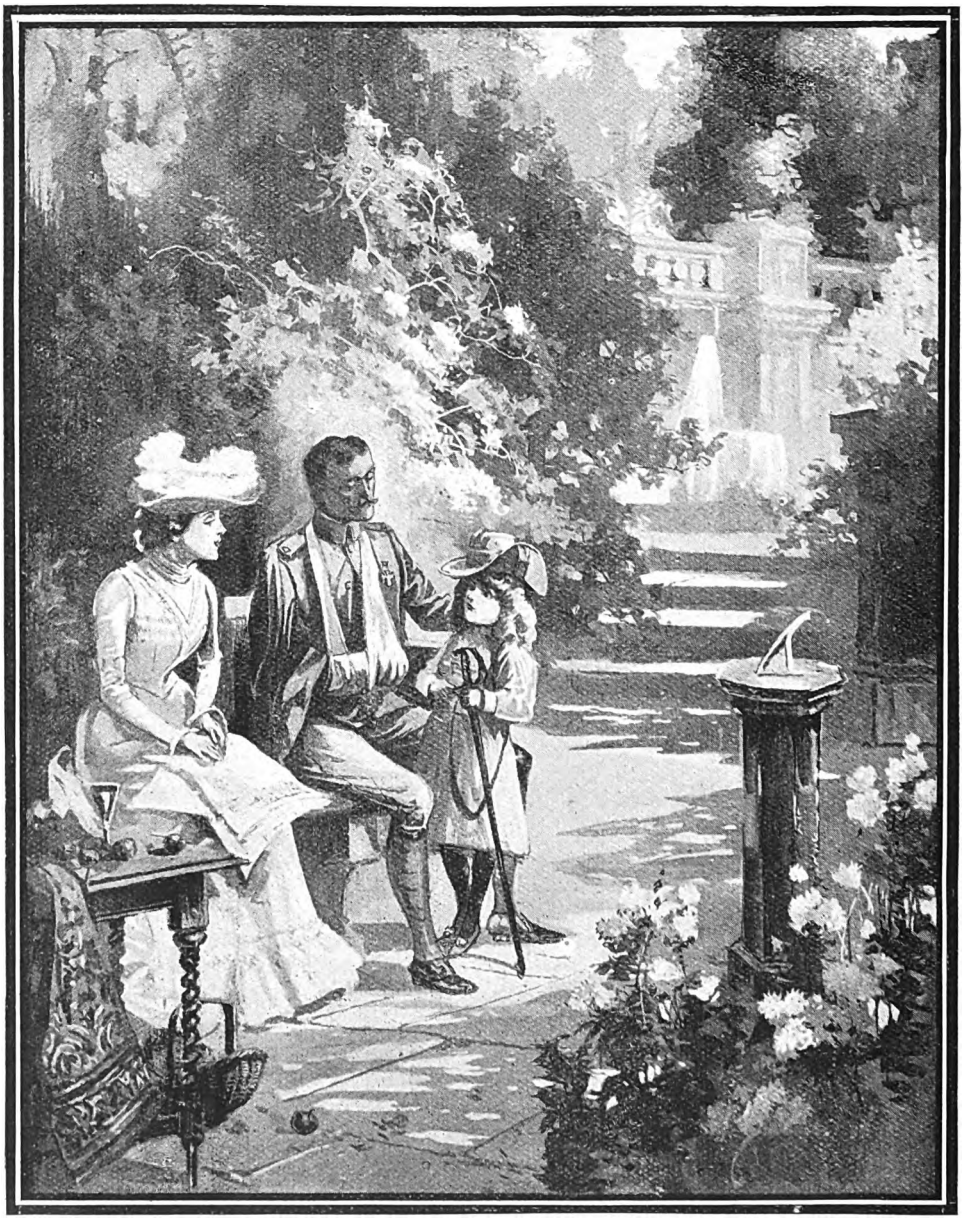

HOME FROM THE WARS.

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Little Hallelujah's Convert.

A WESTERN RAILROAD STORY.*

By ALVAH MILTON KERR,

Author of "The Luck of the Northern Mail," "In Front of the Stampede," and other Stories.

THEN there was "old" Barrett, train-master, who held that when an engineer had once gone, unkilled, through a head-end collision, he was never so much a man of courage afterward. Perhaps the grumpy old chief's contention was grounded on fact, for what man, having faced such monstrous peril, could be quite the same again? But Nat Shandon's deed at Muley Fork gave Barrett's theory a refutation so marked that I, for one, never heard the "old man" "chew" that argument more. Doubtless Barrett would have felt the contradiction less had he liked the young engineer better, for Shandon was a bit hard of control—so fond of fast running indeed, that Barrett had threatened to discharge him more than once.

It was Shandon, you know, who brought the Star Route its first fame for quick service by driving the 407, hooked to Governor Graham's special, across the State in two hours and forty minutes. The hostler ran the engine into the house, when the hot clip was finished, with her frame cracked and her driver flanges whittled to knife blades. Barrett was

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wroth, being gray and conservative ; but Superintendent Joy, younger, and of the new school of haste, slapped Shandon on the back, and praised him. He was getting in some new passenger engines, Baldwin compounds with seven - foot drivers, he said, and Shandon would be expected to see what sort of speed lay in the first one that should arrive. That one proved to be the famous 990. Shandon liked the idea immeasurably, but approved it quietly. He would do his best, he said.

"Of course, you are not to press her too hard," said Joy, with a grain of misgiving, "but I think you can make the record of the 407 without injuring the engine. The directors are expecting us to shorten the card here on the mountain end of the route ; business has been going round by the Southern rather heavy of late."

Prior to the Governor Graham run, Shandon had "snapped" a dinky caboose from the tail of a wild stock-train on the eastern division, taking the string down a grade and around a curve so fast that the little caboose flew the track, turned over, and skated across a frozen creek, injuring several people. Shandon was charged with being reckless from drink, but investigation failed to make the accusation stick.

Shandon, too, had met the monster face to face, that dementing thing which Barrett averred made cowards of engineers. It was he who sat on the right-hand side of the cab of the old 200, going up Angel Pass, when Jerry Burns came down with the big 722, and piled the gulch with ruin. Jerry was not at fault, for he couldn't hold seventeen cars of steel rails on a slippery mountain track when something was wrong with the brakes. Jerry and the fireman of the colliding engines jumped, with natural and calamitous results ; but Shandon stuck, and saw the supreme vision.

It was only for a moment, but little more than a glimpse, then he was having a voyage in air, with a disagreeable notion that he was making the passage in sections. At the end of the journey he found himself pasted against a creek bank fifty feet away, broken of limb and unpleasantly lacerated. Three months of hospital life made him good as new—so he declared—while Barrett declared the "newness" would be found in his lack of grit, that the wild moment of the colliding of engines would prove to have been an end of matters for Shandon, at least as respected courageous running. But, remember, it was afterward that Shandon made the Governor Graham run, and later he did the deed at Muley Fork, which, after all, is the real story.

Shandon was a large man, or, perhaps, to put it more precisely, a big boy. Even such gravity as seems natural to one approaching life's thirtieth year was rarely his. When his hand was on the throttle and the machine was going fast, he was sometimes sober and looked his age ; but for the most part he was "cutting up," almost disagreeably exuberant, indeed, especially when he came into the despatcher's office, as he sometimes did, and literally stampeded us with his pranks. At times he was rough as a grizzly, after he had indulged in a cup too much of that which he designated as "most elegant booze." But he had a great heart, a prodigal benevolence of nature that kept him always looking for the pay-car, and a fearlessness of railroad officials which, to men who suffered the normal trepidation of beings who might at any moment lose their "jobs," was fairly appalling. As I remember him, he stood something more than six feet in flat-heeled shoes, was powerfully fashioned in body and limb, slightly stooped in the shoulders, with head and face nearly handsome, but almost too small for his frame, and medium-sized gray eyes that looked square into the eyes of other people and danced with bantering smiles.

Barrett could not understand him, and on that account, and for the more prickly reason that he could force no sign of subserviency from the man, disliked him. But Joy, who was of larger nature, liked him unreasonably. At least, we despatchers thought so by the time he had pushed Shandon, over Barrett's protests, to the best passenger run on the line. But the affair at Muley Fork settled it all.

Life in Round Hill, the division station, was not a dry thing, save for higher social functions. There it was arid quite, kid-gloved affairs and full-dress occasions being nearly unknown. Still, it was lively. Nearly every one was active, and the building and repairing of cars, the overhauling of engines, the constant despatching and returning of trains, and all that goes to make a pulse-point on a great transportation artery, are things of

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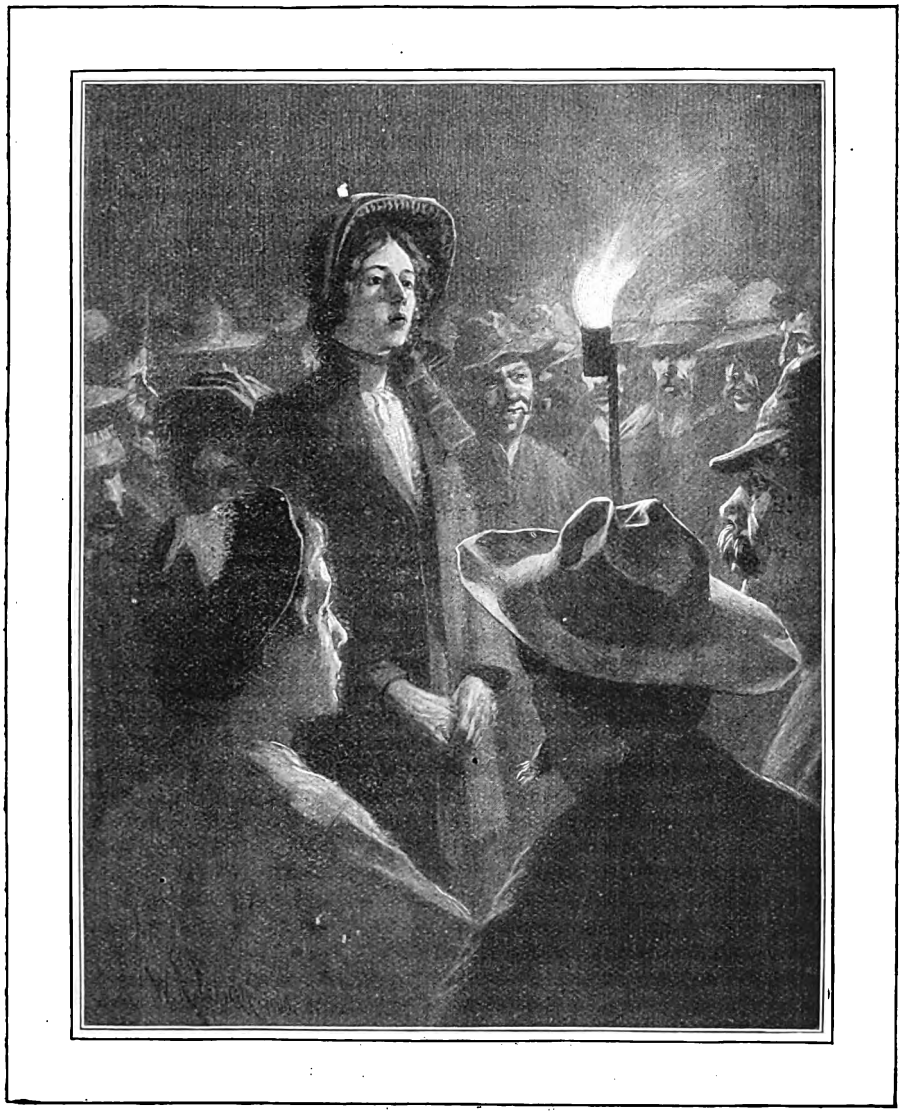
unabating interest. These we had in plethora.

Round Hill, too, was a "wet" town, for what town beyond the line of the Rockies could hope to excite the envy of its rivals, unless its saloons outnumbered its stores? The place was wicked, not with the brutal abandon of the mining camp, but chiefly in the way of recreation. The men, largely denied, by the exactions of their trade, the restraints of the church, and the refining niceties of polite life, "broke loose" occasionally, being human. Perhaps it was for this reason, or because it was agreed that an aggregation of Western railroad men could perforce not be else than in need of grace, that the drums and tambourines of the Salvation Army startled its Main Street *habitués* one February evening. The "Hallelujah People" had arrived.



WITH LIFTED EYES . . . SHE BEGAN TO TELL THE STORY OF THE CRUCIFIED AND RISEN LOVER OF ALL LIFE.

To the eye and ear of the Round Hill

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populace the spectacle was not at all religious, but, on the contrary, distinctly worldly, even ridiculous. They did not then know, what most of the world has since learned, that back of the noise and "circus" methods of this Army of Love lay a mighty, benignant purpose for the uplifting of the weak and fallen among mankind. Hence Round Hill laughed, the saloon keepers especially, but later these last showed their teeth in different fashion.

Nat Shandon was passing, on his way to his engine, that first evening, and paused a moment to see what was going on. Three persons, fronting a crowded sidewalk, were singing in gleeful fashion. Two of the singers were girls, and each of these rattled a tambourine. The third was a middle-aged man, clean-shaven and happy-looking, but with the tracery of outlived dissipation thick upon his face. At times he beat a bass drum with force and unction. Each was habited in the uniform of the Salvation order.

Shandon's initial impression was that street fakirs were selling Wizard Oil, Herbs of Wonder, or something after that sort, and he began cracking jokes as he laughingly looked over the heads of the crowd toward the singers. Even when the three strangers knelt, and the man's voice rose in prayer, the crowd, and Shandon as well, continued to laugh and jest. But a moment later one of the girls stepped upon a box at the edge of the sidewalk, and looked round on the torch-lit faces of the curious concourse. Instantly Shandon was a serious man.

The young woman was small, and had a brown look, a face thin, faintly olive in tone, delicately featured, with big, dark, sorrowful eyes that dominated the countenance. As she looked down on the faces of the crowd a little smile ran about her lips, an engaging, yet pathetic gleam of appeal which somehow mingled friendship and pity curiously. Shandon felt the look and the spirit of the face enter him as something that passes to the heart of matter and leaves no sign or wound. He drew in a deep breath, glanced up at the clear stars overhead, dropped his eyes to the crowd, and made a movement as if to go. His world had suddenly changed. Then he turned toward the face again. "Shut up!" he said to a noisy fellow at his elbow, unconsciously ending the gruff command with an oath.

The girl was speaking. Shandon listened a moment, then pushed on round the crowd and in nearer the speaker. Her voice was thready from hoarseness, yet sweet with sympathy and tenderness. She was telling why they had come among the people of Round Hill, of the work of love they hoped to do, of the friendship and help they craved. Then, with lifted eyes, she began to tell the story of the crucified and risen Lover of all life. Rapturously, with ineffable appreciation in look and tone, she told of His compassion and the uplifting, saving power that came to men from loving Him. She told it, not as priest or preacher might, but as only a delicate girl could, with a subtlety of feeling and a spiritual intuition impossible with men.

Many in the crowd grew quiet, others continued stirring about, scraping such merriment as they could from the odd situation. Shandon listened, looking at the girl with level, earnest eyes. Old as was the story, he felt it as something almost new, the beautiful resurrection of a tale worn well-nigh threadbare and meaningless in his childhood years. Still to Shandon the personality of the speaker was far more than the story. Her delicate form in plain brown; her pathetic, tender face, in its frame of black bonnet and dark ribbons, tied under the chin, sent something like a cry of pity through his great frame. He had felt the charm of more than one woman, but it had never been as with this one. Why should she subject herself to such publicity? Why should brutal people be permitted to jeer at her? A tipsy brakeman a few feet from him was interrupting the speaker with loud remarks and drunken gestures. Shandon, with sudden fire in his veins, reached in, and drew him out in a tiger-like clutch. With an angry grip on the nape of the man's neck, he whirled him about, and pushed him roughly from the crowd, and almost flung him into the mouth of a dark alley near by. The girl paused, and looked after them oddly, pityingly. The crowd roared with laughter.

Shandon looked down a moment at the outline of the fallen man. "Get up and go t' your boardin' house!" he growled. "Don't you disturb the—the meetin' again." He turned, and came toward the crowd, but passed around it, and paused in the middle of the street and looked toward the speaker. The girl

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stepped down from the box, and took her tambourine from the hand of her sister worker, a blonde young woman wearing the insignia of a cadet, while the lieutenant, the man who had beaten the drum, mounted the box and began speaking. He mentioned "their little captain, who had just spoken," and said that "Cadet Wilson would sing 'The Cleansing Blood of Jesus' set to the tune of 'After the Ball is Over,'" when he had finished telling them what salvation had done for him.

The little brown captain drew toward Shandon a few steps, and lifted her sorrowful eyes. Then she came nearer to him, and put out her hand. He took it timidly, feeling himself suddenly touched with a kind of trembling. Bystanders were grinning and nudging each other, but he did not consciously see them. The face of the girl, sad though faintly smiling, and the big appealing eyes, looking out of a shadowy half-circle that told of overwork and shaken health, enthralled him. "I want so much to thank you, but I shouldn't," she said. "It wasn't right to use the man roughly, to take him away. It is such as he that Christ is seeking; poor, blind soul, he is so much to be pitied!" There was something like tears in her voice.

The big engineer looked confused, shifting from foot to foot as he looked down upon her. "I didn't know—I didn't understand—I'm—I'm sorry," he stammered. "But, Miss," with a sudden clinching of his fists, "you can't expect a man to let any one disturb or insult you. I won't stand that; 'tain't right and proper."

"The Saviour didn't mind such things," she said, softly. "He loved the erring; when they maltreated Him, He strove the more to help them. We try to feel as He did."

"Well, I'm not—not religious; I don't understand the feeling; 'tain't hardly human, seems t' me. Anyhow, no—no man shall break up your meetings when I'm 'round," he said, with a flame in eyes and cheeks.

She put out her hand again, and it clung a moment in his, while a gratitude she could not suppress shone in her eyes. "Then you'll come to our meetings? God bless you," she said, her tone both a benediction and caress.

"I don't know; may be," he stammered, and hurried away toward the round-house.

When he had gone a hundred feet or more, he turned and listened an instant. The lieutenant was telling how, after years of dissipation, he had elected to end all in suicide, when the Salvationists brought him to know God's love, and that had freed and saved him. "Hallelujah!" came the voice of the little captain, and she and the cadet broke into pealing song.

"Hallelujah—little Hallelujah," murmured Shandon, as he went onward, and again, "little Hallelujah," tenderly, wistfully, as he crossed the main track and saw his engine steaming down toward the station.

"You said you was comin' round to look the machine over, Nat, 'fore I brung her out of the house, but I couldn't wait," said the hostler, as he jumped to the ground from the gangway of the engine.

"She's all right," said Shandon, absently, as he swung himself up the step, but whether he meant the mighty 990 or "little Hallelujah" was not apparent.

"Something wrong with Nat," muttered Ridley, the fireman, an hour later, as they rolled away through the mountains.

Shandon's face was grave, yet with a kind of light in it. His grimy left hand, always on the throttle lever, seemingly did its work involuntarily. As they rushed into the echoing gorges he aroused himself, and looked keenly ahead and back at the swaying string of glowing coaches. But in the long open valleys the dreamy light stole back into his face, and he looked up wistfully to the great dome of stars and the moon ploughing the silver fields of snow on distant mountain tops. Something new had come into his heart; he felt, but could not analyse it, a holy kind of tenderness that had the little captain and the seeming hardships of her life at the core of it.

He wished that she had not given herself to such unwomanly labour, had not offered herself as a target for ridicule, gibe, and sneer. She was one who ought to have her life in a warm home-nest, with a true man's love as a shield between her and the brutal world. But in what fashion was it his affair—he, big, rough, sinful? His questionings and solicitude were preposterous, he admitted; yet they clung in his consciousness sweet, disturbing, insistent.

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When he pulled into Round Hill on the return trip the following evening, he had his mind made up to let the little captain and her meetings alone. But he did not. He passed down through Main Street was preaching. He stopped some distance away, and listened, a gloomy, brooding look in his eyes. At the end of ten minutes he shook himself together and went onward. In the morning, with an

WITH A GASPING MOAN . . . SHANDON LEAPED IN AND GATHERED THE SLIM FIGURE IN HIS ARMS.

when he might have gone to his lodgings by a shorter route. He found the Salvationists, with a larger and somewhat more respectful audience, labouring at the point of their first attempt. "Little Hallelejah" odd throb of dismay, he found the little captain and the cadet seated opposite to him at the breakfast-table in the dining-room of his boarding-house. Later he learned that the Salvationists had secured

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a small hall on Main Street, which was to constitute "the barracks," and that the lieutenant, like a true soldier, was bunking on the floor of the hall with no more easeful thing than a blanket about him. The "lasses" would camp there later, in a little room partitioned off at the rear. They had come to make a campaign against sin in Round Hill. The fight promised to be long. When Shandon sat down at table, the little captain inclined her head to him in recognition, but was quiet and reserved, only at times her big brown eyes wandered to his face, leaving a queer tremor at his heart.

After that events went quietly through four evenings. Then a storm of opposision broke upon the heads of the Salvationists, the three soldiers sent into the mountains from that strange Army of Love which has covered the planet with its camps. The saloon men were in a rage; the meetings of the Salvationists drew the drinkers from the bars. Hired roughs began to pelt the girl-warriors and the lieutenant with mud and divers sorts of offensive missiles. Shandon fought two bloody fights in the streets of Round Hill in their defence. Barrett discharged him, but Superintendent Joy at once reinstated him, and Barrett resigned, only to find that Joy would not accept his resignation. In the faces of the three Salvationists grew a happier glow, their preaching was more loving, their songs more spirited, their prayers more fervid. They were fighting to save men; the battle was full of joy.

Then there came a terrible night. A great crowd stood in a faint mist of rain listening to the little captain's impassioned pleading. The lights glimmered along the saloon and store fronts, the flame of the army torches wavered and smoked near the girl's head, the lake of faces about her was full of glinting eyes. With yearning and pity in every gesture and tone, she poured out her message of love. Shandon stood not far away, pale and suffering dumbly. Then there came a rush of heavy feet, men lunged yelling through the crowd, people were overthrown, there was surging and confusion, missiles whistled through the air, and the little captain suddenly toppled and fell backward from the speaker's box, a bleeding wound on her forehead.

With a gasping moan in his throat, Shandon leaped in and gathered the slim figure in his arms. He rose up holding her as one might a child. His face was dead white, and he swept two blazing eyes over the confusion of faces about him. "If I only knew the man that did this—you mob of cowards!" he cried, with hoarse, shaking voice. "This girl is an angel—she fetches you a message of love—you stone her in the street! I'll whip you man by man as I find you—you that are puttin' up this outrage!"

He turned about, and utterly unmindful of what might be thought or said, strode across the street and down the opposite sidewalk toward the boarding-house. "Little Hallelujah—poor little Hallelujah," he muttered, as he looked down upon her face lying pallid and bloodstained against his shoulder. When he came to the house, he set the door open with a big impetuous foot, and pushed his way into the hall. The landlady came out of the sitting-room with sudden paling countenance. "They've killed her—they've stoned her," said Shandon, chokingly. "Where shall I lay her?"

They placed her on a bed in a room off the parlour, and Shandon rushed away for the company's surgeon. When he returned with the physician, the blonde cadet and the lieutenant, with several other persons, were in the room. Shandon went out, and stood on the porch by the main entrance. At the end of half an hour the surgeon came out. He looked at Shandon understandingly. "A pretty bad concussion—stunned her—but she'll be all right if kept quiet," he said. "She's a soldier, sure enough. As soon as she came to she wanted to go back to the street and speak." He ended with an odd grunt of laughter.

Shandon's lips moved, but he did not speak. An aching lump sprang into his throat, and he turned away and strode off to the round-house.

At sunset the next day he came softly into Hallelujah's room. The girl lay propped up among her pillows, wan and weak, a white bandage about her brow. She laid a Testament, which she had been reading, on the counterpane before her, and looked up to Shandon with a welcoming smile. The big engineer stood through a breath or two awkwardly turning his hat in his fingers, a swift surge of emotion visibly sweeping him at sight of her. "I wanted to see you—to

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find out how you was gettin' along," he said, with apology in the tone.

"You are kind, so kind. Bring a chair and sit here, won't you?" she said. Her voice was sweet and cool, and grateful to hear.

He drew a chair near her by the bed, and sat down. She put out her slim hand, and laid it on his. "You are a good friend, and I thank you. There is something growing in your heart, I think —something that concerns me, but I don't want you to—I am not worth it—there is something so much greater, so much sweeter—you understand, don't you?" She turned her eyes to his appealingly.

Shandon returned the look steadily, yet his hand shook under hers. "I only understand that I—that I love you," he said. "I want to take you away from this thing you are doing—to marry and protect you."

Her eyelids fluttered shut, and she lay in silence a little time, but she did not take her hand from his. "You do not really know who I am—what I have been," she said slowly, with eyes still closed.

"I do not care," he said.

Her lips moved. "Human love is a blind, strange thing—sometimes it is good and saving—sometimes. I have tasted it —it is sweet." Her eyes opened on his again. "I am older than, perhaps, you think. I am twenty-six. I am the daughter of a minister. I revolted against the seeming tyranny of the—the higher duty. Afterward I loved a man — worshipped him—he led me astray. Both he and the child are dead."

Shandon's hand closed on hers quiveringly. "Poor little girl—how bad you've been treated! Won't you come to me—I love you so?" he said huskily.

"I have drained that cup—personal love. You—your love - would be different, I know. I would like to taste it; but large as it seems, it is a little thing besides the Great Affection, the impersonal love that yearns for all mankind. Cannot you understand?—to fix the heart on only one —it is a toy beside the splendour of a planet!" Her big eyes, luminous with the thought and the ecstacy of it, dwelt upon his face.

He sat looking down, a kind of numbness creeping upon him. "Then I am as the rest—to you? I am but a part, an atom of the whole."

Her fingers tightened on his hand. "I would sin by saying that were true," she said caressingly. "Yet can you ask me to take the cup? Once it would have satisfied me, now it would not. I have drunk at the fountain of Universal Love, the great God-cup; it is strangely, inexpressibly sweet."

He fell flaccid, hopeless, gazing at her dumbly.

"You would marry me, would try to make me happy, *only me*. How much sweeter, more unselfish, to work for the salvation and joy of all mankind. The object would be infinitely greater, your reward of happiness infinitely larger. You understand, do you not?"

He stirred restlessly. "I seem to see—somehow—a little, but I cannot feel it," he said, desolately. "I want only you."

"You must enter into God's love. It will fill you, and then you will love as He loves, caring tenderly for all life. Love grows by use; even Jesus, I believe, kept Himself from sin only by constantly doing good. Let me help you a little, let me lead you just—one—step."

Her eyes closed, and she began praying for him, plaintively, simply, softly. When she had finished he arose, a struggling sob in his throat. She took his hand in both hers, and each looked at the other through tears. "You will be good," she said, "you will be great in the best sense, won't you? I am so little—only one—almost nothing. Think of the thousands of sick, the unsaved, the fallen. Forget me in thinking of them, because it is better for you, and because I might lose myself in loving only you."

"I—will—try," he struggled to say, and turned and went out, shaken to the soul.

That evening he passed along Main Street on the less frequented side. A larger crowd than ever was at the old point of meeting. In their midst he saw Hallelujah on the speaker's box, a white bandage across her forehead, preaching with a glow of light on her face. The town marshal stood not far from her, a cordon of big-fisted men from the railroad shops stood about her, men who had sworn that Round Hill should not be again humiliated by having a woman stoned in its streets. Shandon tried to listen, but could not for the tender, aching, strangling thing at his heart. "God bless her; she is greater than any man," he faltered, and went onward, out through the town into

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the still valley, under the big white stars, facing the sphinx of silence in the moonlit fields. At seven in the morning he mounted the 990, and took the express east, and the drama of Muley Fork was played under that span of the sun.

It was a stage for tragedy, that region where the Muley River bored through the mountain bases and met the Grand, eighty miles east of Round Hill. At the first step the larger river bent round a cliff's bottom, and flowed eastward through a gorge. The track, looking from the west, approached the gorge on the right side of the Grand; but at the mouth of the pass crossed the river by an iron bridge, and curved eastward at the cliff's base. A half-mile east of the bridge the cañon widened, a sloping mountain lifting on the left, a towering wall of rock beetling on the farther side of the river. At the foot of the steep slope the little town of Midgley clustered, above it the broad, slanting bosom of the mountain. On this beveled sweep, which ran upward thousands of feet, were dark green clots of pine, dents that were valleys, and mighty snags of rock, poured round with gleaming rivers of snow. Two mines opened mouths in the mountain's white face, thrusting out dark tongues of trestle-work and trailing gray beards of waste. Between and a little above the mines fell a depression of the earth, closed in the foreground with a dam thirty feet high and nearly 200 feet in length. Behind the wall hung ten acres of water, force for the machinery of the mines and the stamp-mills and supply for the town. On that day, at the warm end of February, a thin sheet of water a hundred feet wide flowed over the top of the dam, and every heart in Midgley was uneasy. Just east of the town, less than a quarter of a mile from the railroad station, the opposite range opened ruggedly, letting Muley Fork into the Grand through a narrow gorge. Fronting the opening through which the Muley came, on the railroad side of the Grand, the cañon broadened, leaving a clear half acre or more through which the track went eastward.

This was the stage, with a setting of stupendous scenery; uprushing walls of chaotic stone, gigantic cleavage here and there, soaring, silvery necks of distant peaks, white, sloping mountain-shoulders, breasts of crags shaggy with forests, and tiny Midgley down in the cañon with 10,000 tons of water hanging above it.

SHE PUT OUT HER SLIM HAND AND LAID IT ON HIS.

The land had been warming for a week, and we in the despatcher's office, and the crews of the road, had been dealing with annoying earth and snow slides, not large, but ominous of disasters. Upon a hundred mountains—perhaps a thousand, great and small—snow lay softening; the frozen streams began to break; down in Midgley gorge and over in the Muley's bore there were popping and crunching noises

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throughout a day and night; then came the morning of Shandon's eastern run.

As he sat at the throttle his aspect was that of an older man; within a few days his rollicking boyishness had gone. Without understanding why, Ridley, the fireman, looked at him with increasing respect. Grave, but alert, Shandon watched the track ahead. On the way to the Grand several bridges, spanning swollen streams, had to be inspected before crossing with the train, and the 990 plowed through two mud slides, leaving gravel and stones wedged between the slats of her pilot. The sun seemed warm as in June, and the air had the balm of late April in it. Here and there on distant mountains Shandon saw broad black streaks, showing the way of avalanches. Early in December rain and sleet had fallen, leaving a steely coat from which the melting snow now slipped, when unrestrained by natural dams, sweeping to cañon and valley in boiling torrents.

Shandon went carefully. His train should have been at Midgley at eleven-thirty; it was two in the afternoon when they made the Grand. A chaos of ice lay piled against the centre pier of the bridge. Shandon got down and walked across. Momentarily tremors ran through the iron structure, but it seemed firm. Above the bridge the river had a heaped, swollen look, and was filled with grinding masses of ice. Shandon mounted the engine and pulled slowly across. The last coach had hardly left the eastern span when, with a tearing crash, the span broke from the crumbling centre pier and plunged into the flood.

At Midgley they found a red signal out, and a freight train on the siding. Looking eastward they saw the cause; Muley Fork, mad with its burden, was pushing a moving, grinding ridge of ice clear across the track into the northern cañon wall. Looking up the mountain-side, they saw the whole front of the reservoir streaming, a long veil of glittering glass. Would the dam hold? What if the snow on the steep, open slope to the left of it should break and sweep into it irresistible in force, incalculable in weight? Here and there were small, black spots like spear-heads on the white gleaming slope, starting drops of the avalanche. The Grand, freed in a measure at the bridge, was climbing its banks, momentarily backing up from the ice gorge at the mouth of Muley Fork. Midgley and the express and the freight lay in a frightful trap.

Shandon got down and looked about him. The conductor came running forward. There was crying and hysteria along the track. A hundred people or more, the populace of little Midgley, were waiting for the train. Six or seven sick persons, on improvised stretchers, lay on the station platform. There were three sick people on the train. What was to be done? The hale and strong might possibly escape up the mountain; but the reservoir and the snow, the women and the children, and—the sick!

"We must clear the gorge, and take 'em over Angel Pass into Peace Valley," said Shandon, half to himself. "Lot of folks goin' to lose their lives here. *She* said to think of the sick and helpless, and any sort of people in trouble. Say, Phil," he shouted to the engineer of the freight, "run down ahead, and let me kick my train in on the siding; then you hook onto the coaches, and stand ready to follow me through. I'm goin' to cut the ice-pack in two."

The conductors of the freight and passenger both protested. Nothing but destruction for the engine and death for the man who drove her could result, they declared. But Phil Lyon, chewing hard on a piece of tobacco, said coolly, "All right, Nat; only you'd better let me buck the ice first."

"No, I have the right of way; it is my duty, not yours, Phil. Pull down quick, and let me kick in. There will be forty feet of water in this gulch in twenty minutes if that gorge ain't broken," said Shandon.

Then there was wild hurrying, the clashing of drawheads and the hissing of steam, rough shouting and shrill crying, and moans from the sick who were being carried aboard. The Grand was lipping the rails of the main line, its waters heaped with groaning and grinding windrows of ice, as Shandon backed the great 990 for the charge. He sent her back clear to the fallen bridge before he reversed for the terrible plunge. Ridley had gotten off at the station, and Shandon sat alone in the cab. There was a babble and clamour of echoes through all the cañon. He drew in his breath, and held it an instant, then threw the throttle wide. The huge

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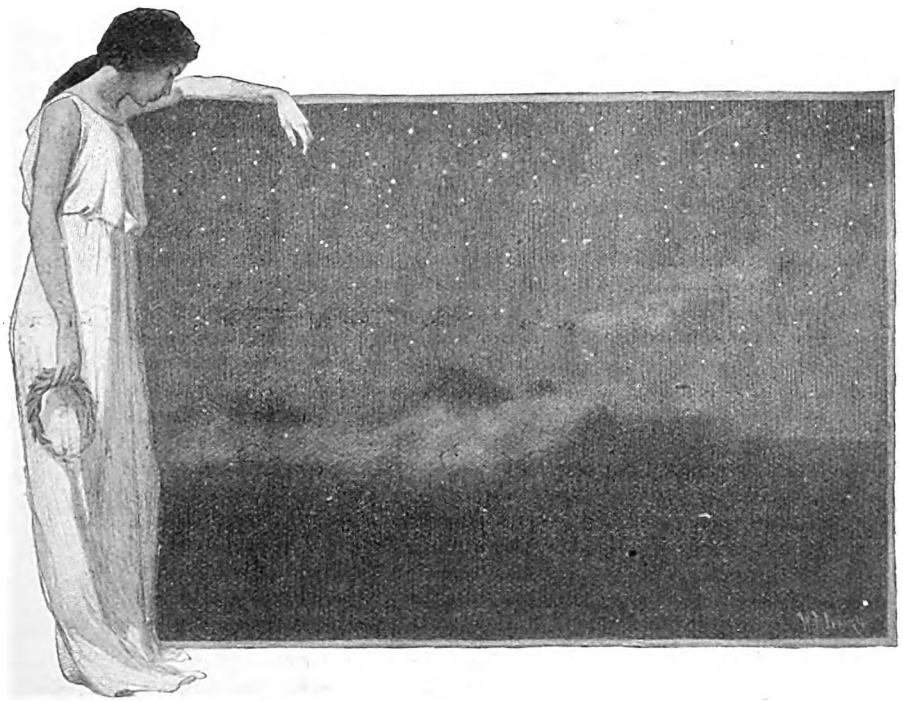
machine leaped forward with a roar from stack and exhausts. Beautiful and mighty she swept down the perilous stretch, her iron skull set for the mounting ridge of ice. What the people heard as she passed was a long roar of thunder; what they saw was a glimmering monster flash by with a grey iron face at a window. Then there was a booming crash, a great gush of water and ice blocks in the air, and the monster was gone.

Lyon opened his engine's valves, and the express rushed after her, plowing onward through water and crashing ice into open ground. What Lyon did not see some on the rear coaches saw, a sublime and terrifying spectacle on the mountain-side—the smoking rush of a thousand tons of snow into Midgley reservoir. With the impact half the water of the inclosure seemed to gush outward over the dam's crest like a gigantic silver banner, bending downward as the structure burst. And tiny Midgley? Well, no human life was there.

They found the 990 three hundred feet beyond the ice-pack, lying on her side. Stack, bell, sand-tank, cab—everything was gone. Battered and stripped she lay, a hissing wreck. They pulled Shandon from some wreckage rearward from the engine. He was hurt beyond mortal help. As he hung in Lyon's arms he spoke but once. "Tell Hallelujah," he murmured, "the little captain—back in Round Hill—you know—tell her I tried to love and save 'em all—but I—loved—her—the—best."

That was all. They laid him on cushions in the baggage car, and pulled onward around the curve, up Tudor Gulch, over Angel Pass, and down into Peace Valley.

He was buried there.



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Albert Edward, Millionaire.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS MONEY.

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR MEE.

ROYALTY and riches do not always run together. There have been kings who have pawned their crowns, and queens who have begged their bread; and there are those who speak of England, the richest country in the world, as if it were mean to its monarchs. While the Czar of all the Russias, and even the Red Sultan, count their wages in millions, the Queen of the British Empire receives, as we used to be told at school, only "a thousand pounds a day and £20,000 on her birthday." The Queen's official income of £385,000 a year is half a million less than the Emperor of Austria's, £200,000 less than King Victor's, £100,000 less than the Shah of Persia's, and only half as much as the Kaiser's. But there is no doubt that Her Majesty has got along very well on the £24,000,000 which she has received from the British people since her accession. A hundred and seventy tons of English sovereigns is a handsome life-salary, even for the Queen of the greatest empire ever known, and however lavishly other peoples may shower their wealth upon their sovereigns, a nation which, in sixty years, has presented to one lady enough English sovereigns to make a golden pathway round the world, can hardly be said to be mean.

It is popularly imagined, for some reason or other, that the Prince of Wales is poor. Poverty is, after all, a purely comparative term. This man may be poor with a thousand a year, that man may be rich on a pound a week. So that there is nothing inherently impossible in being a poor prince on £3,000 a week. But is it true, taking the broadest definition of poverty, that the Heir-Apparent is poor?

It is not difficult to understand how the fable of the Prince's poverty got abroad. The special grant of £36,000 a year in 1889 probably had something to do with it. But we owe it chiefly, no doubt, to the Prince's well-known sympathy with the race of Israel. H.R.H. has always been on excellent terms with the Jews, and it is an open truth that his sympathy has been misinterpreted. When he attended a Rothschild wedding in 1881, there were not wanting those who deliberately misunderstood his presence in the synagogue, where no other prince had ever been since the first decade of the century. It was maliciously imagined, and openly suggested, that the Prince had particular reasons for being friendly with the race of money-lenders, and the talk of his being up to the neck in debt became so general that the Prince thought it worth while to contradict it. Sir Francis Knollys, the Prince's private secretary, declared that H.R.H. had no debts worth speaking of; that he could pay every farthing he owed at any moment; that there was not a word of truth in the tales of a mortgage on Sandringham; and that the whole thing was a fabrication, on a par with similar tales representing the Prince as being assisted by financiers of more or less doubtful honesty.

There is a story that when travelling *incog.* in France at the end of the Franco-German war, the Prince of Wales, with his equerry, General Teesdale, was obliged to pawn his watch to pay his hotel bill; but such stories are told of every monarch. They may be true enough, but nothing would be more absurd than to imagine that they indicate anything more than absent-mindedness or lapse of memory.

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Yet it is on foundations quite as shadowy that the pile of gossip and scandal about the Prince of Wales's poverty has been built up. Those who want to be as near the truth as they can will dismiss all such tales as old woman's gossip, and nothing more.

The truth is that from the moment of his birth the Prince of Wales has been splendidly rich. He was born, as the Irishman would say, with sixty thousand a year in his pocket, and from that day to this the Duchy of Cornwall has yielded him that magnificent sum. At twenty-two the Prince married, and Parliament gave him Marlborough House and a wedding present of £40,000 a year. That, too, has come to him regularly since 1863, year in and year out. In 1889, when the Prince's family ran away with his money, Parliament once more came to his aid and nearly doubled the grant he had received since 1863. From 1889 the Prince has been relieved of the anxieties of a father for the financial welfare of his children by a special grant of £36,000 a year, which comes to him in quarterly instalments of £9,000. So that the public income of the Prince is £136,000 a year. That is what it is worth to be Prince of Wales.

But even that huge sum is much within the mark of the real income of H.R.H. It has been stated that the Prince has a private income of a hundred thousand pounds a year, which would make his total income something like a quarter of a million; but, not having the authority for that statement, we may leave it out of our reckoning. We know, however, that the Prince has at least two private sources of income—his estates and the Turf. The Heir-Apparent to the British throne wins £120 a week on the racecourses of England. Six thousand pounds a year represents the Prince of Wales's winnings on the Turf during the last ten years. And Sandringham, which he purchased out of his early savings, has a rental of £7,000 a year, bringing his income, as we know it, to within a thousand of £150,000 a year.

That is the minimum—though probably not the maximum—income of the Prince of Wales. The man who would be poor on £150,000 a-year would be poor on a million. The House of Commons, when the Prince was receiving £100,000 a-year, increased his allowance by £36,000, but the grant was by no means unanimous, a fact which shows that a considerable section in Parliament regarded the Prince as sufficiently rich. The grant was made, it may be remembered, to prevent repeated applications to Parliament for Royal children, a quarterly payment of £9,000 a year being allowed out of the Consolidated Fund, from which the Prince would be able to "make such assignments and in such manner to his children as H.R.H. should in his discretion think fit." Though the proposal was strongly recommended by a Select Committee, and supported by Mr. Gladstone, there was a strong opposition from some whom Mr. Chamberlain called the "Nihilists of English politics"—among them Mr. John Morley and Sir William Harcourt. There had been considerable opposition, too, in the House of Commons and in Hyde Park, to the public payment of the expenses of the Prince's Indian tour. The Prince spent seventeen weeks in India, and the bill came to over £1,000 a day. The Admiralty spent £52,000 in connection with the voyage, the Indian Government spent £30,000 on the reception, and Parliament gave the Prince £60,000 to spend himself.

We are now able to form some idea of the amount of money the Prince of Wales has had at his disposal during his lifetime. He was born with £60,000 a year, set up housekeeping with £100,000 a year, and since 1889 has had £150,000 a year. Parliament gave the Princess of Wales £10,000 a year on her marriage in 1863, which totals up for the thirty-seven years to £370,000. So that we can now ask, and answer with some approach to accuracy, how much money the Prince of Wales has had at his disposal. Totalling up all his Parliamentary grants, his revenues from the Duchy of Cornwall, his rental from Sandringham, and his winnings on the Turf since 1890, we find that he has had enough to make him a millionaire many times over if money, being round, had not a habit of running away. The account stands, in round figures, something like this:—

	£
From the Duchy of Cornwall	3,480,000
From Parliament...	1,936,000
From Sandringham Estate	260,000
From the Turf in ten years	60,000
Total	£5,736,000
Payments to Princess of Wales ...	370,000
Grand total	£6,106,000

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Six millions of money! Roughly, it is an income of £100,000 a year through the whole of his life. Every day the heir to the British throne has had an income of £274 5s. od.; every hour £11 8s. 3d.; every minute 3s. 9½d. Every time the clock has ticked since the light of Albert Edward dawned on the world, his wealth has grown by three farthings. It looks undignified enough brought down to farthings, but £6,000,000—forty-five tons of English gold, more than the Mint makes in a year—is an income to be proud of even in these money-worshipping days.

But it is not to be supposed, of course, that H.R.H. is a millionaire six times over. If being a prince means much taking, it means much giving and spending too. The Prince of Wales is not likely to go down to posterity as a great philanthropist. But he has given away more money than many people know, and everybody knows that he is generosity itself in his private life. It is said that he never gives a "cabby" less than half-a-sovereign, and everywhere he dispenses what we may call his "pocket patronage" on the same generous scale. He pays, contrary to popular belief, for all his boxes at the theatre, at the usual library tariffs; and, again contrary to popular belief, he pays for all his telegrams, letters and parcels. Telegrams and stamps cost the Prince £1,000 a year. Like ordinary citizens, too, H.R.H. pays his taxes regularly for Marlborough House, which, though it is the official residence of the Heir-Apparent, is a private house for taxation purposes. The Prince pays over £1,000 a year in taxes to St. Martin's parish.

We get some idea of what it costs to be a Prince of Wales from the fact that the Prince's military wardrobe is valued at £15,000 and is fully insured for that amount. Every army title the Prince possesses requires four complete uniforms — full dress, undress, mess-dress, and overcoat. His private saloon carriage at Boulogne, in which he usually travels on the Continent, cost £7,000; and his stables at Marlborough House cost £25,000. On his marriage, the Prince bought a silver dinner service, which is always used on Derby days, for £20,000. The expenses of Marlborough House and Sandringham are, of course, enormous, and—at the London house at any rate—every money transaction is indexed and care is taken that no tradesman sending in duplicate accounts is again patronised.

Sandringham, with its rent roll of £7,000 a year, was purchased for the Prince by Prince Consort, who took care of H.R.H.'s income during his boyhood. The accumulated revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, before the Prince came of age, were about a million sterling, and out of what had been saved of this, Prince Consort bought for his son the Norfolk estate, costing £220,000. It is said that the Prince has for thirty-five years spent the whole of the rental of the estate on improvements, and if this is so he has spent in this way £245,000. An unexpected expenditure became necessary in 1891, when fire did £15,000 worth of damage at Sandringham. The Prince caused great satisfaction by placing all the orders for repairs with local tradesmen. The Prince has travelled a good deal, but his greatest tour, that to India, was an excellent business transaction. His personal expenses were paid by Parliament, and, though he took with him £40,000 worth of presents for the native princes, the Prince brought back gifts valued at half a million sterling, all of which are now at Sandringham or Marlborough House.

A glance at the Prince of Wales's donations affords an interesting study in royal charity. The Prince's charity is, as a prince's charity should be, as cosmopolitan as it well can be. The subscription list of the Prince of Wales is broad, if it is not quite so long as one would expect. There is nothing about it suggestive of narrow-mindedness. As a boy of fifteen, the Prince sent a drawing to Burlington House in aid of a war fund, which profited to the extent of fifty-five guineas by the royal artist's contribution; and he has been giving to this, that, or the other charity ever since.

There is no official record of royal charity, and it is not possible, therefore, to present a complete return of the Prince's philanthropic expenditure. But we are not quite in the dark concerning this demand upon his income. His public donations, his annual subscriptions, are common knowledge—buried away in newspaper files, but, at any rate, not so secret that the left hand does not know what the right hand doeth. In the first twenty-five years of his married life just over seven hundred donations by the Prince of

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Wales were recorded, amounting in the aggregate to something over £40,000—an average of about £60. That, however, takes no account of annual subscriptions, which are reckoned only once. The Prince's annual subscriptions, as we shall see, number at present between eighty and ninety, with an average of about £22 10s. If we suppose that this average was maintained for fifteen years of the period under consideration—many of the subscriptions being, of course, of comparatively recent date—we shall have to add something like 1,200 subscriptions and £27,000 to our figures. This brings the total up to £67,000. Now the minimum income of the Prince of Wales from 1863 to 1887 was two and a half millions sterling, so that the demand upon him for charity and public services was less than *one thirty-seventh* of his *public* income—not quite 3 per cent. In ten years the Prince of Wales has won back again on the turf nearly all the money he gave away in a quarter of a century—so far, be it always remembered, as his public giving is concerned.

It is interesting to know how H.R.H. distributes his charity, and we may classify this quarter-of-a-century's list of donations under certain heads. We find, then, that the list stands like this, merely giving round figures, and making no pretence to absolute exactness :—

	£
Benevolent Institutions	9,710
Educational and Intellectual	7,450
Religious	7,130
Social, Moral and Physical Improvement	5,900
Hospitals and Infirmaries	3,280
Asylums, etc....	1,820
Orphanages	1,320
Commerce and Agriculture	990
Foreigners in Distress	710
Relief of Children	680
Women's Agencies	670
Deaf and Dumb	260
Convalescent Homes	240
Blind	80
Total	£40,240

In the same twenty-five years H.R.H. contributed £3,083 towards 52 memorials and statues, besides giving £10,000 towards the mausoleum at Frogmore He built Wolferton Schools, too, and presided at scores of dinners and festive gatherings in the interests of charity. The Prince of Wales, Mr. Rhodes would say, is the greatest asset in the world as a chairman. At a Freemasons' dinner over which the Prince presided a collection was made of over £50,000, the biggest Freemason collection in the history of the world, and there are dozens of instances which might be quoted to show that the presence of the Prince acts like magic with men's purses. It is probable, indeed, that the Prince has done as much for charity by his example as by his purse.

The Prince of Wales, like the Archbishop of Canterbury, is the patron saint of a thousand little worlds. It is one of the penalties of being a prince. There is more in a name than Shakespeare imagined, when the name is that of a prince, and the Prince of Wales, in lending his name to a thousand causes, is really making a great contribution to them without sacrificing himself. The number of causes to which the Prince actually and regularly subscribes, is probably fewer than most people would expect, and so far as we have any record of them, the annual subscriptions of H.R.H. do not reach a very astonishing sum—less than £2,000, in fact. It is interesting to see to what causes, and in what proportion, H.R.H. devotes his "fixed" charity. Here is a list of his annual subscriptions :—

	£	s.	d.
St. James', Piccadilly, Charities and Schools	25	0	0
St. Martin's Charities and Schools ...	30	0	0
West Newton Clothing Club	7	10	0
Cornwall Royal Agricultural Association	10	0	0
Egham and Thorpe Agricultural Association	5	0	0
Norfolk Agricultural Association ...	31	0	0
Norfolk and Norwich Horticultural Society	1	1	0
Norwich Fat Stock Show	21	0	0
Royal Agricultural Society	5	0	0
Royal Counties' Agricultural Society	1	1	0
Royal Dairy Association	1	0	0
Royal East Berks Agricultural Association	10	0	0
Rupture Society...	10	10	0
Sutherland Rifle Association	10	0	0
Tenth Hussars Band Fund	30	0	0
Warspite Training Ship	25	0	0
West Norfolk Foxhounds	40	0	0
Hospital for Women and Children ...	10	10	0
City of London Artillery Company ...	20	0	0
Cornish Volunteer Association ...	15	15	0
Honourable Artillery Company ...	20	0	0
National Artillery Company	21	0	0
Norfolk Artillery Militia	105	0	0
St. Mary's and St. Peter's District Schools	20	0	0
St. Paul's Penny Schools, Vauxhall...	5	5	0
Toxophilite Society	5	5	0
Windsor Free School	10	0	0
Wolferton School	100	0	0
Working Men's Club, Vauxhall ...	3	3	0

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	£	s.	d.
Society of Foreigners in Distress ...	21	0	0
Lock Hospitals (Male and Female) ...	21	0	0
North Staffordshire Infirmary ...	5	5	0
South Bucks Agricultural Society ...	10	0	0
Wraysbury and Horton Agricultural Society	5	0	0
Hunstanton Convalescent Home ...	5	5	0
Cambrian Archæological Association	1	1	0
Cornwall Royal Polytechnic Society	5	0	0
Dersingham School	15	0	0
King's Lynn Museum	3	3	0
Lambeth Day Nursery...	2	2	0
Royal Academy of Music	10	10	0
Royal Asiatic Society	3	3	0
Royal College of Music	26	5	0
Royal Naval Female School	5	5	0
Sanscrit Text Society	2	2	0
Cambridge Asylum for Widows ...	10	10	0
Fakenham Nurses' Home	5	5	0
Gordon Boy's Home	10	10	0
Dorset Royal Yacht Club	2	2	0
East Cowes Regatta	5	0	0
Highland Rifle Association	20	0	0
Hunstanton Regatta	5	5	0
King's Lynn Regatta	5	0	0
Marine Society	25	0	0
Norfolk County C.C.	5	5	0
Portsmouth Royal Corinthian Yacht Club	2	2	0
Portsmouth Royal Dockyard Regatta	5	5	0
Royal Amateur Orchestral Society ...	5	5	0
Royal Cornwall Yacht Club	26	5	0
Royal Victoria Yacht Club	6	6	0
Paulton Memorial Hospital	5	5	0
Women's Hospital, Waterloo Bridge-road	10	10	0
Shepton Mallet Hospital and Dispensary	5	5	0
University College Hospital	10	10	0
Yeovil Dispensary and Hospital ...	5	5	0
St. Mary-the-Less Mission Chapel ...	3	3	0
St. Mark's Mission Buildings, Kennington	3	3	0
Braemar Highland Gathering ...	5	0	0
Cornwall Royal Geographical Society	20	0	0
Cowes Town Regatta	10	0	0
Guards' Industrial Home	5	0	0
Royal Cornwall Sailors' Home ...	5	5	0
All Saints' Charities	5	0	0
Clergymen's Widows (Norfolk) ...	2	2	0
Cornwall Royal Institution	20	0	0
Dersingham Friendly Societies (2) ...	2	10	0
Lambeth Charity Organisation Society	5	5	0
Mendicity Society	15	15	0
Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution	10	10	0
Royal General Theatrical Fund ...	10	10	0
Sandringham District Charities and Schools	600	0	0
Total of H.R.H.'s Annual Subscriptions	£1638	8	0

But we must not forget to allow for special calls. Indian famines, war funds, hospital appeals, every great calamity, every occasion of great distress, means that the Prince of Wales must put his hand into his pocket. In the first twenty-five years of his married life, these special calls accounted for £40,000, and if we reckon them since 1887 at the same rate, we find that they roughly double the annual subscriptions. We may reckon, therefore, that the Prince gives away something like £3,200 a year in public philanthropy. Such is the annual burden of charity on the Heir-Apparent. It is barely more than one week's income. It cannot be said that the public demands on the Prince are severe financially, however they may tax his physical strength.

Totalling up his charity since his marriage, we find that, assuming that it has maintained the same average since 1887 as before that year, it reaches rather less than £110,000, barely a whole year's income, and less than the Prince's present annual income. Even if we add £200,000 for Sandringham, accepting the statement that the Prince has spent the thirty years' rental on improving the estate, the total is £310,000. The average income of the Prince of Wales since 1863 has been—reckoning only the income which is public knowledge—£115,000 a year, and the Prince's philanthropy has cost him slightly more than £8,000 a year. Taking the thirty-seven years, the figures stand: Income, £4,260,000; charity, £310,000. Taking the whole life of the Prince, and allowing as much for private charity as the Prince has given in public, there is still five millions sterling—an income of £86,000 a year from the year of his birth—left for other purposes.

It is impossible to believe that the Prince of Wales has spent £230 every day of his life, apart from all demands of public and private charity. If he has done that, and has no private income that we know nothing of, he may be poor. But even a prince can be rich on much less than £230 a day for personal and household expenses, and most people will probably be more inclined at the end than at the beginning of this article to believe that H.R.H. should be ranked among our English millionaires.

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Illustrated by E. A. Pike.

YES, it was assuredly distant cannonading.

The old woman, for the first time for ten years, got out of bed without assistance and crept to the window, which she pushed wide open. The brisk air of the dawn came in, sweet with the thousand balsamic odours of the fields and hedgerows in summer time. She leant on the sill and looked about her, a prey to great anxiety. But everything wore so peaceful an aspect, that she experienced a sudden relief. Surely she had been mistaken? She held her breath and listened for the sounds that had alarmed her a few minutes before; and as she heard nothing she became convinced that she had been a victim of imagination.

But at that moment her eye was attracted by a melancholy group which had just appeared at the bend of the lane. It consisted of a peasant neighbour of hers with his wife and three little children. They were advancing in frantic haste. From time to time they cast terrified glances behind them. All were burdened with household articles, such as would be picked up indiscriminately at the beginning of a panic-stricken flight. The youngest little girl clasped a kitten to her breast, and as she trotted forward by the side of her parents her tears fell upon it.

"What is the matter?" said the old woman, when they had reached her.

"It's those Prussians," said the peasant, without stopping. "Haven't you heard the guns? They're only ten miles off, and coming fast. You clear out of that, mother. All have gone." And he went on with added speed, bending double beneath a pyramid of furniture and bedding roped together.

The old woman trembled. The momentary energy that had sustained her threatened to give way, and she was obliged to seek her bed again. She lay there exhausted, feeling the helplessness of her position acutely. Ah, if her boy had only been with her! She began to divine that, in the egotism of fear, her neighbours had taken flight without bestowing a thought on her, and that she was left alone to endure hunger and thirst and the brutalities of an invading army. She was overcome at the reflection, and refused to entertain it seriously. But when hour after hour had slipped by and there was no appearance of the neighbour who for the last five years had regularly come to help her to dress and to prepare her breakfast for her, she was forced to realise the truth.

This brought a great calmness upon her. She blamed no one. After all they could have done her no real service by rousing her with the evil tidings. They were all poor people, and penury has to go afoot. How could she have accompanied them—she, who found it a cruel labour to creep from her bed to the door seat?

Towards nightfall hunger forced her to exertion. She got up and managed to light a fire, at which she warmed herself a little soup that remained from a previous meal. The effort occasioned her such keen suffering that she thought the pangs of starvation would be preferable.

Since the early morning she had not heard the sound of artillery, and this gave her a glimmer of hope. No doubt

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those cursed Prussians had been beaten back to the frontier by the victorious armies of France. The return of the fugitive peasantry would follow in a little time, and life for her would resume its old aspect. But could she hold out? She must.

She lay awake half the night devising means to lighten the labour necessary in the preparation of her sustenance. The little patch of vegetables at the side of the cottage would supply all her wants; but she shuddered as she anticipated the bodily torture that each meal would occasion her. Still she must live. And now that those filthy Prussians had been sent to the right-abouts ——

She woke the next morning with a start of fear. The air seemed full of dull rumblings, which were foreign to her experience and thrilled her. She struggled into a sitting position and gazed out of the window. A portion of the main road which ran on the side of the hill opposite was visible to her yet keen eyes through the little aperture. As she looked, she saw pass at a mad gallop what seemed to her to be long, low carriages drawn by four horses, with a driver for each couple, and crowded with men in dark coats and brass helmets. Instinctively she knew she was gazing at artillery; and there came to her recollection something she had heard about the Bavarians wearing helmets like the firemen of her own country. A shudder passed through her, and for a moment she closed her eyes.

Nearly an hour elapsed before the last of that terrifying procession had swept by. Then she breathed more freely. But her anxiety was still excessive. Only her intense patriotism, cruelly lacerated by the sight she had just witnessed, referred it now in part to a less selfish origin.

About noon she put on her clothes, and, in spite of frightful suffering, crawled into the little garden to gather something to put in the pot.

She was bending over the soil when she heard herself addressed. She looked up and saw a stranger beside her—a tall, resolute-looking fellow of middle age, dressed in the blue linen blouse of her own class, and with a bundle over his shoulder. Her heart gave a jump of rapture; here, at least, was one of her countrymen who had not joined the general flight. Surely he would take pity upon her in her helplessness and isolation?

"It seems the Prussians haven't frightened you away, missus?" said the man, leaning on the fence and smiling.

She explained why she was there, and added:—

"And you?"

"Oh, the beggars won't touch me," he said carelessly. "I'm a non-combatant, you know—that is, one who doesn't carry arms and fight against 'em."

"I have a son," said the old woman, slowly; "we've been parted for years and years, and whether he's alive or dead I've never heard. But I feel that we'll meet some day, and the thought keeps me alive. Ah, he was a bonny lad——"

"Yes?" said the stranger—for she had paused, lost in some happy recollection of the past.

"Well," continued the old woman, with energy, "if that boy was to come back to me now and refuse to shoot down some of those filthy pigs if they came in sight, I'd show him the door and tell him to begone."

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Shoot at an army! You'd pretty soon see your 'bonny lad' with his back against the wall here and a squad with their chassepots before him. A fine sight for a mother, that. But look here, missus. What do you say if I stop with you a bit and look after you? I might as well be here as elsewhere, and I rather think you'd be the better for me."

The old woman thankfully accepted the offer, and he promptly entered upon his new duties. He lifted her in his arms with the ease with which a child lifts a doll, and, carrying her indoors, deposited her in her armchair. Then, hearing that she had not yet broken her fast, he prepared a meal. While they ate they talked about the war, and he amazed the old woman with the extent of his knowledge of the situation. She was furious when he confidently predicted the overthrow of France.

This statement, delivered, she thought, with secret satisfaction, when coupled with his evident familiarity with the movements of the combatants, excited her mistrust, and she began to think he

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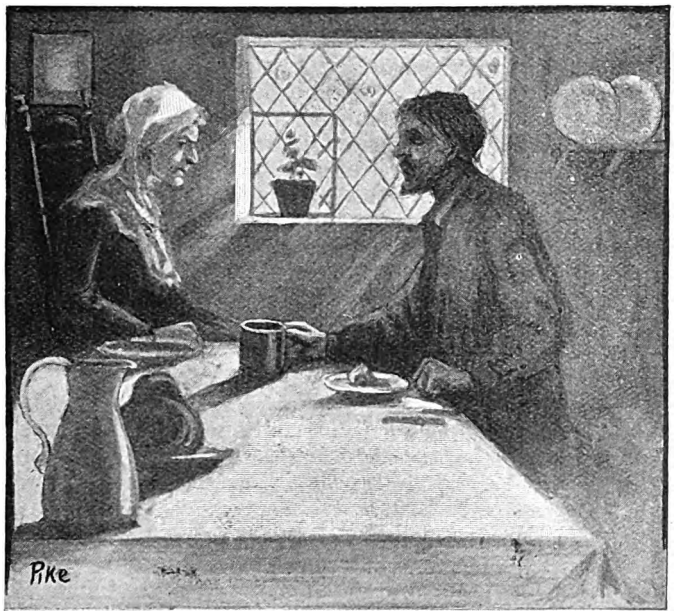
was not what his appearance would seem to indicate. She slyly questioned him about himself, but got little satisfaction. His name, he said, was Robert Billot. He was a field labourer by calling; but times were bad, and he was tramping a bit. And as for his knowledge of war matters, why, he was something of a reader, and could put two and two together as well as another. Beyond this he would say nothing.

When dusk came and the old woman had lain down, all dressed as she was, on her bed, Billot slipped out of the cottage. Several times during the night she awoke and scrutinised the shake-down Billot had made for himself near the door. But it was not occupied. Shortly before daybreak she heard the door opening cautiously, and Billot entered with deft steps, and sank upon his couch with a sigh of weariness. In a moment he was asleep.



THEY TALKED ABOUT THE WAR.

The next day was tempestuous with heavy showers. Billot displayed great restlessness. Now and again he left the cottage, and the old woman watched him climb the high lands which commanded a view of the surrounding country, and stand with his face persistently turned towards the west.

To her eager questions as to whether he saw anything, he shook his head, or returned a curt "No."

Shortly after nightfall a tap came at the door. Billot quietly rose and opened it and passed outside. Then the old woman heard him conversing with someone whose French had a gutteral quality. Like a flash it came to her that a traitor was beneath her roof.

Ten minutes later he re-entered the cottage. He stepped up to the candle, and, as he snuffed it with his fingers, he remarked indifferently:

"Some news for you, mother. The French and Prussians have had a bit of an engagement this morning at Deuville, a place twenty miles from here, and the Prussians had to fall back."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed she, fervently. "Ah, the filthy swine! They are getting their beating at last, are they? I knew it would come sooner or later." She added, in a meaning tone, "Now, we'll see what those who are false to their country have to say for themselves."

Billot screwed his mouth into an enigmatical smile, and pronounced the syllable "Puh!" Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself upon his improvised bed.

The sleep of both was fitful. The old woman was wide awake long before dawn. She lay watching the gradual appearance of objects out of the gloom as the east brightened. Now and again she turned her eyes in Billot's direction, and her face grew hard and contemptuous.

Billot slept. But all at once he sprang to his feet, as wide awake as though he had been seared with a red-hot iron. With the rising of the sun a furious discharge of artillery had broken out. It appeared to be close at hand. A shell crashed into the wood opposite the cottage and burst with a frightful detonation.

Billot dashed into the open air, and scanned the neighbouring heights with an anxious eye. An exclamation of fury

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escaped him. He ran back into the cottage and seized his bundle and stick.

The old woman was standing in the middle of the floor, supporting her tottering limbs by a chair back.

"The Prussians," she stammered. "Are they upon us?"

"No," said Billot, rapidly; "it's the French. They are swarming over the hills on all sides. They must have come up under cover of the darkness. The Prussians have fallen back towards the frontier."

He made for the door. "Good-bye, mother."

She arrested him by a gesture.

"What! you fly from your own countrymen?" she said, almost in a whisper. "You're a Frenchman, aren't you?"

"Yes; I'm a Frenchman."

"You are something besides," cried the old woman, shrilly, shaking her fist in his face in an outburst of concentrated passion. "You are a traitor and a spy."

Billot paused.

"You're about right, mother," he said, quietly. "But before you condemn a man you should learn his history. However, I've no time for talking; think what you like."

He moved to the door. But he had scarcely reached the threshold when he slunk back with an imprecation, staring.

"Lieutenant Melier, by God!" he muttered, and his weatherbeaten face became set and angry.

The old woman, peering under his arm, saw a number of French infantry coming quickly up the glen towards the cottage. A fierce exultation made her heart throb. The spy was completely caught in a trap.

Billot shut the door and drew the wooden bolt. Then he turned to the old woman and said hurriedly, while he wiped his glistening forehead:

"I've done you a trifle of service during these last few days. Pay it back now, mother. You know what'll take place if these men lay hands on me, since you know what I am. They may pass or they mayn't. If they don't I am going to hide behind the bed here, and you must act as though you were alone. You agree, don't you, mother?"

She listened to his appeal with a bitter smile, but made no reply.

He stepped to the little window and peered out with indescribable anxiety. The squad, with an officer at its head, was advancing as directly as though the cottage was its objective point. But at a distance of fifty paces away it broke into irregular order and began to clamber up the hill side.

Billot gave a sigh of relief.

"Saved!" he said aloud.

The old woman heard him, and understood what had occurred. Furious at the escape of this man she hated with an unappeasable enmity, as the betrayer of her country, she tottered to the door, and, before Billot could prevent her, she had thrown it open and screamed out:

"Here, my lads, here! Seize this Prussian spy!"

Billot clutched her in his powerful grip, and dragged her back into the cottage, grinding his teeth with fury. He rebolted the door with one hand while with the other he clutched her throat mercilessly. Nothing was spoken. For a moment they looked into each other's eyes.

Then all at once the bitter defiance in the old woman's gaze was replaced by the most utter amazement. With a frantic movement she pushed up Billot's hair to disclose the left temple, on which was the mark of an old wound. She uttered a terrible cry, beyond the orthography of any language to express—a compounding of wonder, love, and thankfulness.

"My son! my son!" she cried in rapture. "My little Jean has come back to me at last!"

She drew his now powerless hand to her bosom and covered it with adoring kisses, uttering exclamations of ecstacy in the midst of sobs. Her cheeks were flushed. Somehow her wrinkles became less obtrusive; the bliss of the moment seemed to renew her youth.

"Yes," said Billot in a hoarse whisper, my name's Jean, sure enough. And yet——"

"I knew you first, my child, by one of your eyes being blue and the other grey," she said in an eager, fondling tone. "Then that gash that old Dr. Leneaux stitched up on your bonny brow. Don't you remember falling from the top of the rain tub? Ah! it was a naughty boy, always in mischief. Yes, that told me I wasn't mistaken. After all these weary years my lad's come home to the arms of his old mammy. Eh, how happy we'll be!"

"My poor old mother," said Billot—as

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he called himself—in a choking voice. "I sought you in the old place, and they told me you had gone away and had died long ago, and I believed them. Thank God, I see you once again."

He lifted the old creature bodily in his arms, and kissed her fervently.

"My Jean, my Jean!" murmured she, tenderly. "Ah, how happy I am!"

At that moment a storm of blows fell upon the door, and a stern voice demanded admittance.

The old woman started, and then, recalling everything, grew livid as death.

"It's the French," said Jean, in an unemotional whisper. He added, without bitterness, "They come to seize the spy."

With pallid lips she stammered out:

"Spy! My God, you are no spy!"

"I am," said Jean, quietly, "and the officer here knows it well. He had me in his clutches once before, but I escaped and left my mark upon him. I am as good as a dead man. Kiss me good-bye, old mother."

For a moment it seemed as if the poor old creature was about to fall at his feet. The blow was overwhelming, but love for her son sustained her.

"Listen," she said in a hoarse whisper, freeing herself from his encircling arms. "Hide under the bed. They know nothing. I will deny what I said, and send them away. Quick! quick!"

Jean hesitated. He felt certain that he had been seen by the soldiers when he dragged his mother back into the cottage. Still, there was a doubt, and it would be madness not to embrace any chance of salvation, however slender it might appear.

Fortunately the bed occupied a favourable position: he could crawl to it without being seen by the lynx-eyes that he knew were peering into the room through the little window. He fell on his hands and knees, and in a moment or two had disappeared in his hiding-place.

THE LAST OF THAT TERRIFYING PROCESSION HAD SWEPT BY.

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The old woman then tottered to the door, which was shaking under the heavy blows, and drew back the bolt, saying:

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, what is the matter?"

The door was pushed open with such violence that she nearly fell. She was appalled at the fierce countenances that confronted her in the opening, and instinctively drew back towards the bed to interpose her body between them and her son.

The lieutenant in command of the party, a stout man with the delicate complexion of a girl, but with wolfish eyes, pushed his way into the room.

"Now, then, old woman," he said roughly, "what's this about a spy?"

"Spy?" said she, meeting his inquisitorial gaze steadily, though her lips trembled. "I don't know what you mean. I'm a poor old woman all alone. There is no spy here.

"You cried out 'Seize this Prussian spy,'" said the officer, frowning. "What did you mean by that?"

The old woman shook her head.

"No, captain, I said nothing of the sort."

The lieutenant swore.

"You lie, you old witch; I heard you myself. Come, now, if you don't want this place pulled about your ears, explain yourself. I am a bad one to joke with, I can tell you."

"Sir," she said vigorously, "I'm a true Frenchwoman, and adore my country, and hate the Prussians like death or pestilence. If I knew of a Prussian spy hiding anywhere I'd tell you to enjoy the sight of his hanging. Before God, I'm speaking the truth."

The lieutenant looked perplexed.

"Well, this is all deucedly strange," he said, half to himself. He stood in the middle of the room, and sent his fierce glances right and left. Then, with a shrug, he strode to the door.

"The old crone is evidently doting. We waste time here," he said curtly.

A murmur came from the men. The old woman did not catch what was said, but the lieutenant turned like a flash.

"Where is the man who was with you two minutes ago?" he demanded, with a ferocious look. "The man who dragged you back into the cottage while you were calling for us."

The mother felt all was lost.

"There was no man with me," she stammered. "He—he was not—he went away long ago."

"You lying old witch," said the officer, with a venomous look. "He was here two minutes ago, and must be here now. I'll swear he's——"

"There's a man under the bed, lieutenant," interrupted one of the soldiers who had caught sight of Jean.

"Ah!" said the lieutenant, with savage satisfaction. "Out with him, my lads."

Pale as a spectre, the old woman threw herself before the advancing men.

"It is my daughter," she said in a strangled voice. She was afraid of you and hid herself. She is in ill-health, and if you touch her it will be her death. Oh, protect her, my captain!"

"Your daughter has a beard," said the lieutenant, stooping. "I see the fellow. Drag him out, boys."

"No, no," said the mother wildly. "You shall not touch him. You shall kill me first."

"By ——," said the lieutenant, showing his teeth in a bitter smile. "We're going to have some fun, it appears."

"Have pity!" cried the mother in anguish, as the soldiers pressed upon her. "He is my son, my only child. He's never done you any harm. He is innocent, I declare to you before God."

"Innocent men don't hide under beds," said the lieutenant sharply. He added, impatiently, to his men, "Push the old Jezebel aside and let us see this fellow."

They laid hands on the old woman, and, despite her struggles and wild appeals, drew her to one side. In a minute Jean was dragged from his hiding-place. He made no resistance, but allowed himself to be assisted to his feet, then boldly confronted the lieutenant, whose jaw fell at the sight of him.

"Jean Couvet!" he ejaculated, and his face flushed a deep red.

"That's my name, Lieutenant Melier," said the spy quietly.

The lieutenant's eyes sparkled with vindictive joy. He raised his fist and shook it in the captive's face, struggling in vain to give voice to the thoughts which crowded upon his tongue. Then he turned to his men, and said hoarsely:

"Take this scoundrel outside, and let him be shot."

The old woman heard this order without emotion She stood between a couple of

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soldiers with her hand pressed to her brow, looking straight before her with wild eyes that appeared to see nothing. But when Jean had been dragged through the doorway she seemed to awake from the species of stupor that had mastered her. With an agile movement she eluded the grasp of the men beside her, and darted after her son. She saw that he stood with his back to the cottage wall, and the soldiers were beginning to fall back, some of them looking at their chassepots in a sinister way.

The mother ran to Jean, and convulsively threw her arms about him.

"My God! my God!" she said hoarsely.

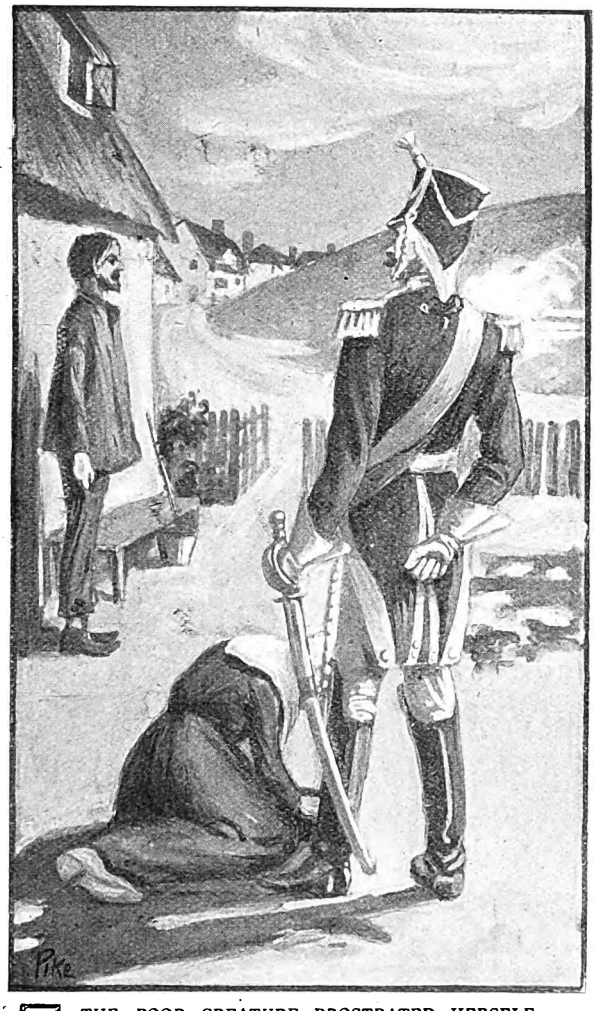
"Pull that woman away," shouted the lieutenant savagely.

Two or three approached to execute the command. Jean, fearing their violence, endeavoured to release himself from her tenacious clasp.

"Come, old mother," he said tenderly; "leave go. You can do no good. Stand on one side, and let us show these dogs what brave stuff we're made of."

The poor creature said frantically:

"Oh, no, no, no! They will never dare to fire while my arms are around you. I am protecting you, my child. Don't you see that?"



THE POOR CREATURE PROSTRATED HERSELF TO THE EARTH.

One of the soldiers laid a hand on her shoulder. But she turned her head and looked at him with such active hostility in her contracted pupils and half-displayed fangs that he drew back in dismay. Then, ashamed of his cowardice, he gripped both her wrists, and endeavoured to pull her arms behind her. A comrade came to his assistance, and between them the death-like grip of the old woman was loosened.

"My son," she said faintly, as she felt her strength giving way, "they are taking me from you."

Jean bent down and kissed her white face, and in doing so left tears upon it. He murmured some tender words of farewell, then moved some paces away from her and folded his arms with a disdainful glance at the lieutenant.

"Fall back six paces," ordered the officer.

The firing party obeyed. A further command was interrupted by the voice of the old woman.

"Sir," she said to the lieutenant in a tone of infinite agony, "I beseech you have mercy upon my child. Oh, surely his fault is not so terrible as to call for death. Just think. How awful it is! You are a gentleman, and just and good. Have pity! have pity! He's my only child—the only being in the world left for my old heart to love. And you would take him from me. Oh, such cruelty would make a savage blush."

"The law has condemned him," said the officer shortly.

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"Do you know what it is to be a parent?" continued the old woman in a hoarse and rapid voice. "Has God sent you one of his little ones that you might gaze into its wide-opened eyes and learn something of the angels? Have you held it in your arms and smiled down at its toothless laughs, and felt its little soft fingers wander over your face? Recall such moments, and then picture your child as mine is now—awaiting death. Isn't it a bitter thought? And yet what is your love to mine—a mother's? Man, man, pity me and have mercy! I've borne that child in my bosom, and fed its little lips with my milk. I've watched it growing day by day, and many a time found comfort in its sunny looks for the bitterness of a hard life. Spare him to me, I beseech you. Ah, you will when you know that we've just met again after twenty-five years of separation. The good God has led him back into my arms to bless my last days. You won't oppose God's wishes? Ah, no. There's something like tears in your eyes that speaks of pity. See! I kneel to you. I implore you, as you hope for God's mercy, to have mercy now."

The poor creature prostrated herself to the earth.

The lieutenant was very pale. He averted his eyes from that suppliant form, and called out in a husky voice:

"Present. Fire!"

A loud fusillade followed the words. A faint white smoke rose slowly into the sweet morning air.

Like a machine, the old woman slowly lifted herself by one hand and looked behind her. Jean lay on his right side, with his legs drawn up. A deep red patch, slowly expanding, defaced the breast of his workman's blouse. A scornful smile still hovered over his lips.

The lieutenant's sharp voice rang out:

"Fall in there. Fours left. Quick march."

The column moved onward.

As the soldiers began in silence to climb the steep hillside, heads were anxiously turned towards the scene of the execution. They saw that no change had taken place, save that the mother had fallen forward with her face to the turf. She lay as motionless as though the bullets that had pierced her son's heart had pierced hers also.

Again and again they glanced downward. The immobility of the old creature filled them with a sad satisfaction. The most reckless were subdued. They conversed in whispers.

At length the brow of the hill was reached, and the descent began. Many turned to the valley for a last look. The two tragic figures still preserved the same restful aspect; and as they turned away an old sergeant murmured to those near him:

"I reckon yon poor creature hasn't been parted from her lad after all."

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THE BOY PIPERS AT THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN ASYLUM.

THE ROYAL CALEDONIANS.

By KATHERINE CARSON.

A YOUTHFUL Scot who had just found his way to the Metropolis was applying for a post. On stating the object of his call, he was met with the query, "You're Scotch, aren't you?" "Is that anything against me?" he retorted quickly, nettled by the tone of his questioner. "No," drawled the Cockney, "but there are rather too many of you in London." The Scot smiled. Understanding where the shoe pinched he could afford to be generous. The number of Scots in the Metropolis is many. Probably that Cockney did not know how many, and it is more than probable he knew nothing of the most interesting Scottish colony in London, known to history and fame as the Royal Caledonians.

To make the acquaintance of this colony, you must pay a visit to Holloway, Islington. In the busy thoroughfare of Caledonian-road, which takes its name from the colony, stands the Royal Caledonian Asylum, the home, for nearly a century, of this colony, consisting of a cherished but ever-changing band of Royal Caledonians. A solid home-like building standing in two acres of ground and adjoining Pentonville Prison, the Royal Caledonian Asylum is one of Holloway's old landmarks belonging to

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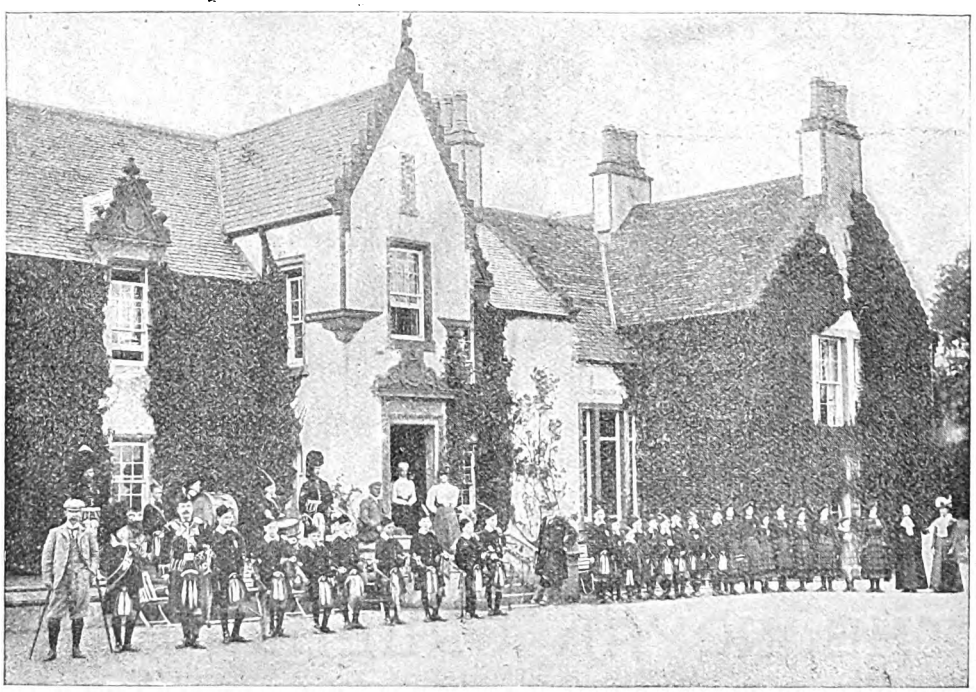
the days when this district was open country and known as Copenhagen Fields, because of a still older colony—a colony of Danes—who at one time had made their home in the neighbourhood.

The Danish association with this part of London is altogether a matter of history. The Caledonian association is to-day as much in evidence as ever, for the youthful Caledonians when they take their walks abroad on business or pleasure bent, the boys in kilts and the girls in frocks of Royal Stewart tartan, though an every day sight in Caledonian-road, never cease to attract attention.

It may be, however, that ere very long the Royal Caledonians' association with Holloway will also become a thing of the past, for a movement has been on foot for some years to find a more suitable locale for what is neither more nor less than a good boarding school run on distinctive Scottish lines for the orphan children of Scottish sires. There is, however, no hope for the Cockney with a grudge against Scotsmen, as the school will still continue to minister to the demand in the Metropolis for the really capable Scot, and will ever be associated with the City of London in a very special way.

Happily for the Scot, and the Metropolis too, the Cockney referred to is not at all representative. At one of the events of the season, the annual dinner of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, the Sheriffs of London and other magnates honour and are honoured at the festive board of the one London Scottish institution for the sons and daughters of Scottish sires. A visit to the school, which shelters, in the heart of the dingy and busy thoroughfare of Caledonian Road, seventy-seven Scottish boys and fifty-two Scottish girls, is all that is needed to rouse the enthusiasm of anyone interested in such institutions, and in a cosmopolitan age will be an education even to many Scots. The phrase "such institutions" is, in this instance, rather misleading, for the Royal Caledonian School is an altogether unique foundation. Its counterpart is not to be found from Land's End to John o' Groats. It is a school of which Scotsmen may well be proud, representing as it does a glorious page in Scotia's history of the brave. It is a monument to the kilted Scottish



SOME OF THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

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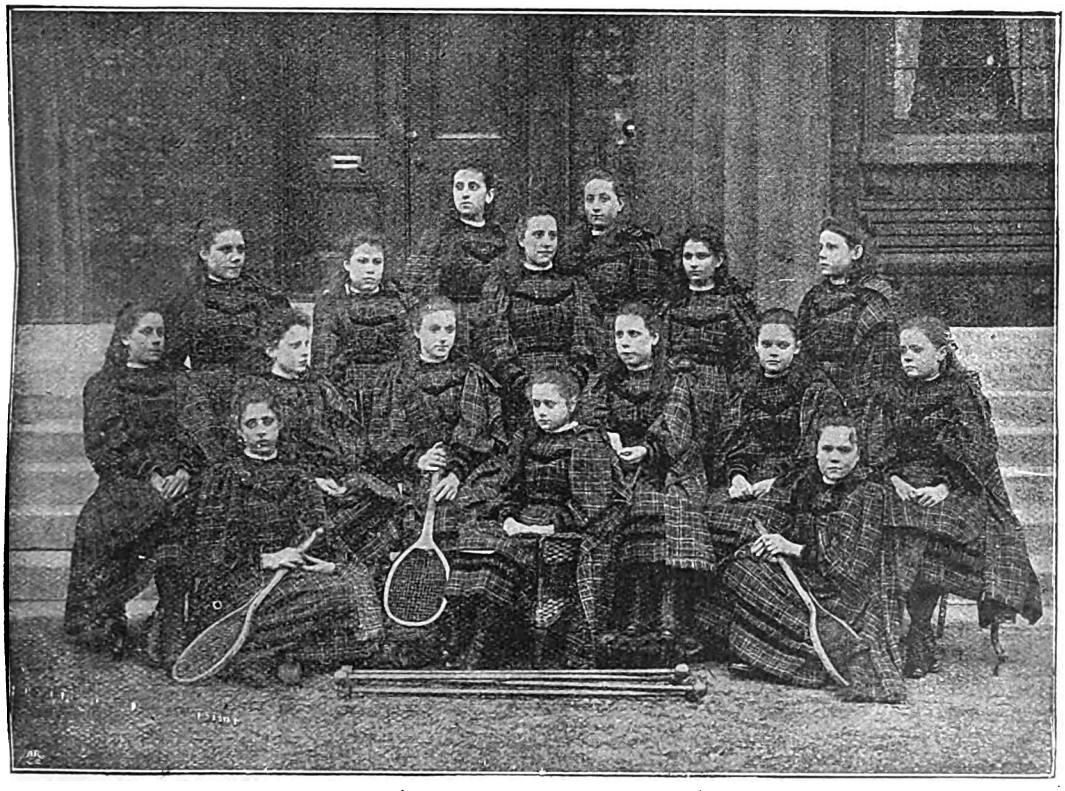
regiments, the fighting Scots, who distinguished themselves in the bloody wars which marked the end of the last and the opening of the present century. As Ireland's sons have earned a nation's gratitude in the recent war so did the Scottish soldiers in that great struggle which culminated on the field of Waterloo and Napoleon's historic residence in the island of St. Helena, recently called into requisition for an end-of-the-century warrior.

Then as now the cry of fatherless children was heard in the land, and then as now the atmosphere of the home land breathed a noble patriotism hallowed by the sacrifice of countless precious lives. Then as now the cry of the bereaved met a generous response, and then it was the Royal Caledonian Asylum had its birth and this unique colony came into existence.

The fact that its promoters, a band of patriotic Scots under the ægis of the London Highland Society, chose the Metropolis for the locale of the school, has a significance specially worthy of note at the moment when we are hearing so much of Imperialism. To the dark troublous days when Europe's tyrant set his heart on taming the British lion may be traced the beginning of the great welding process which made for the Imperialism we now know as a living reality.

The Englishman and the Scot fighting side by side as Soldiers of the King and Sons of the Empire, tasted then the first fruits of the larger life which breathes in the end-of-the-century Imperialism. An Act of Union and a Union of Parliaments did little to bind the hearts of the men of the North and the South. A common danger threatened their island home, a tyrant menaced their freedom, and Englishmen and Scotsmen learned in times of war what they never would have learned in times of peace. The promoters recognised this, and so it was this national monument, erected to the heroes of Caledonia, found a resting place in the capital of the Empire, and may be said to mark an early stage in the development of the Imperial idea.



GIRLS OF THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN ASYLUM.

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Associated in its origin with the bloodiest page in national history the traditions and sympathies of the Caledonian School, as may be expected, have always been military. Its rank as a military school was determined, for all time, last autumn, when our much loved and gracious Queen consented that the school should henceforth have the right to "using and bearing colours," thus placing the school on a level with the Duke of York's and the Royal Hibernian. This act of grace on the part of Her Majesty is much appreciated by all interested in the welfare of the Royal Caledonian School.

The donor of the colours and the initiator of the scheme to definitely place the school on a level with other schools of a like nature, was Mr. Alexander Littlejohn of Invercarron, and the occasion of the presentation of the colours was a historic one in the annals of the Royal Caledonian School. At the invitation of Mr. Littlejohn, a contingent of boys and girls, last summer, paid a visit to the land of their fathers to receive the colours on Scottish soil, with full Highland military ceremonial. At Invercarron Gathering, within the policies of Invercarron House, surrounded by a distinguished Scottish audience, the donor's daughter, Miss Littlejohn, presented the colours—the Queen's colour and the School colour—to the representative contingent of Royal Caledonians. The colours will ever be considered one of the school's most precious possessions. In their texture and their colouring they tell the story in the language of heraldry both of the Queen's honour to the school and the school's Scottish foundation. The Scottish motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit," embroidered on the school colour is one which the youngest child in the establishment can interpret, and history records one which the boys of the Royal Caledonian School are throughout life ever ready to vindicate when occasion requires. Mr. Littlejohn is one of the Institution's most ardent supporters, and the presence of the children at Invercarron was part of his scheme for rousing Scottish sympathies and so forwarding the movement set on foot by himself to raise funds North of the Tweed for the building of a new school amid brighter and healthier surroundings than those it now knows in Holloway.

I said a visit to the school is all that is needed to fire the enthusiasm of anyone whose heart, as Byron's did, "warms to the tartan." The boys in their kilts and the girls in their dresses and plaids make a picture that nowadays can only be seen at Holloway, for the Royal Caledonian School is the one institution in the kingdom where the Scottish national dress is preserved in all its entirety, and Scottish music and dances taught as part of the curriculum.

The children do not go out professionally, as the directors have no need to make capital in this way, but they are very frequently asked to lend their services at entertainments for philanthropic purposes. Their dancing is highly appreciated wherever they go, though the skirl of the bagpipes, even a Scot must allow, is not heard at its best at a drawing-room meeting. It needs the deck of a castle liner or a Scottish glen to know something of the inspiration of their music. Five Royal Caledonians—youthful pipers—were of the party, invited to do honour to Mr. Gladstone on the occasion of the *Tantallon Castle's* special trip to Denmark for the opening of the Kiel Canal in 1885.

The visitors' book of the institution is valuable for its autographs of distinguished visitors. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York record, below the signature of "George" and "Victoria May":—"We have been very pleased with our visit and are delighted with all we have seen. The children appear to be well cared for and happy." The occasion of the visit was the week prior to the Duke of York's presiding at the annual dinner of the institution in 1898. On this occasion the Duke, following in the footsteps of his father and his great-grandfather, made an eloquent and touching appeal to his supporters on behalf of the Royal Caledonians' new building fund, with the result that a sum of £4,000 was then and there contributed. What the Duke said on that occasion still applies, "Much more money is wanted and must be obtained" if the object the directors have in view is to be accomplished, that of again placing the Royal Caledonian Asylum mid green fields and country sights, and what is still more, in a purer and healthier atmosphere.

In the days when the present school was erected, Islington was a delightful

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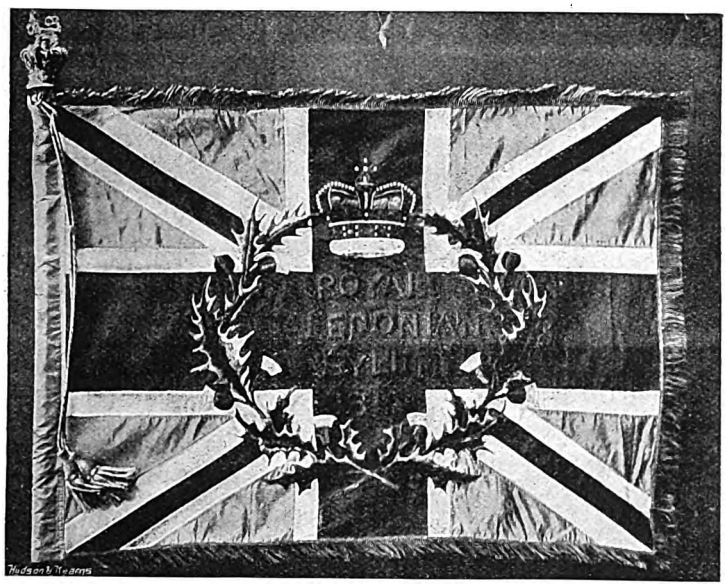
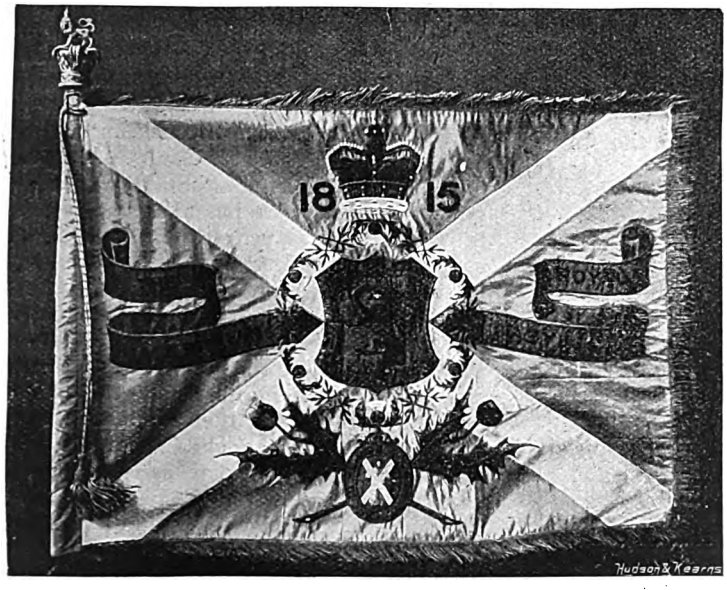
suburb and the site of the Caledonian School an ideal spot. Since then, buildings and streets have grown up around the school, closing it in on every side. Pentonville Prison is its next door neighbour. This latter association is not a happy one. The old building does not lend itself readily to the improvements necessary for modern sanitary requirements. Altogether, a radical change is necessary, but ere this is possible, kind friends must "pay, pay, pay" to the extent of something like £10,000. Major-General Hector A. MacDonald, last year, during the short interval between his Egyptian Campaign and the present one, visited the school and presided at the annual dinner, when he also made an appeal for this special fund of the school in which he is much interested. "Fighting Mac" was also present at the Invercarron Gathering, and was delighted that the school should receive its latest honour—its colours—in Ross-shire, his native county. Above his signature is written, "The general arrangement of the Asylum seems to leave nothing to be desired, and the cleanliness of the establishment is most remarkable. The boys and girls look the picture of health, and their smiling faces denote complete satisfaction. The drill exercises and dances were remarkably well executed, and Highland regiments might take a lesson from the exhibition of the sword dance by the little girls." To give all the tributes paid to the school by distinguished personages since its institution would fill a big book, for the Royal Caledonian Asylum has been favoured among schools.



THE QUEEN'S COLOUR.



THE SCHOOL COLOUR.

Royalty has ever delighted in honouring it. In 1815, the year of its incorporation, H.R.H. the Duke of York and Albany presided at

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the institutory dinner, supported by the Queen's father, the Duke of Kent, together with the Duke of Sussex and Inverness. At this historic banqueting table every nation in Europe was represented by its Ambassador, met there to do honour to the memory of the Scots who had done so much to restore peace not only to a nation but to a continent of nations.

A glance at the twenty toasts on the list of this historic dinner would fill the end of the century temperance reformer with horror. There were giants in those days—the days of the four-bottle men—when the highest born and the bravest of our own and other lands drank to the newly-born Caledonian Asylum and "The Offspring of the Brave."

In all, in the present year of its history, eight members of the Royal Family afford the school their Royal patronage, while eleven members of the Royal Family are life Governors. Each of the Queen's sons, and, indeed, nearly every male member of the Royal Family have presided on different occasions at the Anniversary Festivals, and have expressed their delight at doing so. All of Scotland's noble families have, at one time or other, actively interested themselves in the welfare of the school, and famous Scots in every walk of life have held it an honour to associate themselves with the Royal Caledonian Asylum. Carlyle's great friend, Edward Irving, was its first Chaplain. Byron, "half a Scot by birth and bred a whole one," as he describes himself, was deeply interested in the efforts which led to the foundation of the school. He it was composed the following little-known stirring verses for the Committee of Managers in the early days when they were struggling to give the school birth :—

Who hath not glow'd above the page where fame
Hath fix'd high Caledon's unconquered name ;
The mountain land which spurn'd the Roman chain,
And baffled back the fiery-crested Dane :
Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand
No foe could tame—no tyrant could command!
That race is gone—but still their children breathe,
And glory crowns them with redoubled wreath.

Oh! pass not by the northern veteran's claim,
But give support—the world hath given him fame!
The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who bled
While cheerly following where the mighty led—
Who sleep beneath the undistinguish'd sod
Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,
To us bequeath—'tis all their fate allows—
The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse.

'Tis Heaven—not man—must charm away the woe,
Which bursts when Nature's feelings flow,
Yet tenderness and time may rob the tear
Of half its bitterness, for one so dear ;
A nation's gratitude perchance may spread
A thornless pillow for the widow's head ;
May lighten well her heart's maternal care,
And wean from penury the soldier's heir.

The Ettrick Shepherd, too, lent his muse, and composed a song for the institutory dinner.

The Royal Caledonian School, it will be seen, may fairly claim to be no ordinary charity school. Round its foundation hovered the grandest sentiments of which men are capable. Not pity, though it is akin to love, but pride and gratitude, and a sense of a deep debt to the brave who fell fighting for their country were the feelings that gave it birth, and so it is the Caledonian boy feels he is no charity boy in the ordinary sense of the words. The foundation to which he belongs, with its glorious traditions, is a heritage of which he is justly proud. The usage he meets with in the school, the respect and admiration his foundation commands wherever he goes, the enthusiasm kindled by the "Garb of old Gaul" which he proudly wears, and the distinguished gathering in which he takes an important part every year, kindle in him a sense of proud responsibility in the honour and welfare of his foster-home and the land of his Scottish sires.

The school was founded and exists for the benefit of the children of Scottish sires, soldiers and sailors, who have died or been disabled in their country's service, and also for the children of London Scots, who through some cause or other have gone under in the battle of life. The children receive a sound, general education, are instructed in moral and religious principles, and in addition to the usual course of subjects, and moving with

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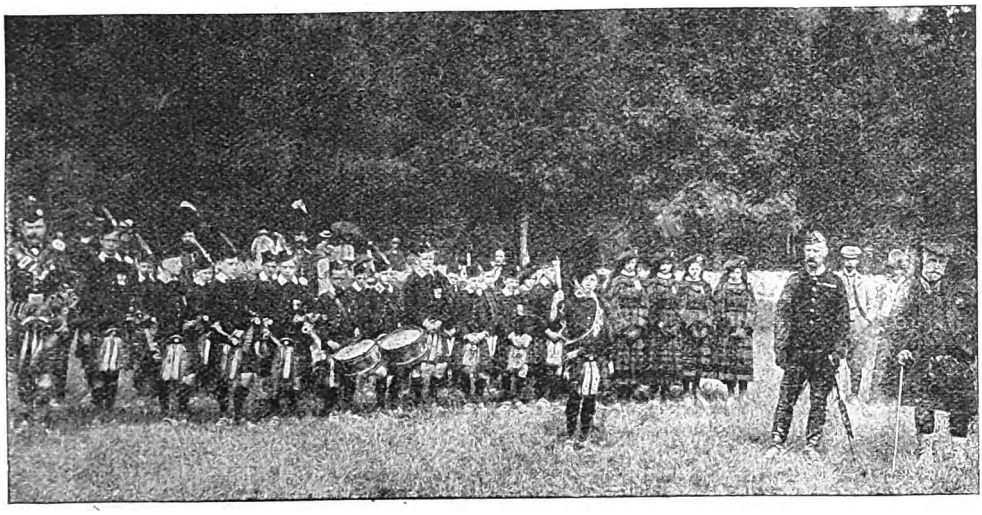
the times, shorthand and typewriting have recently been added to the curriculum for the boys. Needlework and domestic duties are the girls' special subjects. Outdoor exercises are much indulged in, and a swimming-bath was added some years ago, so that both boys and girls are now taught swimming, and benefit greatly by this healthful exercise.

Children are admitted into the institution by election or payment. A donation of a hundred guineas gives the donor the right to place a child in the school without election. The directors also reserve the right in special cases to admit children without either election or payment. When the *Drummond Castle* went down three children of Scotsmen who lost their lives in this disaster were admitted to the school without the formality of election. Early in the present war a special resolution was passed by the directors agreeing to admit without election any eligible children of Scotsmen who may fall or be disabled in South Africa. In terms of this resolution two children have already found a home in the Asylum, one the child of a Sergeant of the Gordon Highlanders who fell fighting at Elandslaagte.

Since the origin of the school 3,000 children have owed to it their education and start in life, and in nearly every case have done well, for the directors keep in touch with their old *protégés* as long as possible.

The greater number of Caledonian boys on leaving the school take to commercial pursuits, and positions are found for them by the many friends who interest themselves in the school. The records of "Old Boys" include several who have distinguished themselves in the world of art and literature. Charles Mackay, the well-known poet and journalist, father to the late Eric Mackay, the poet, was a Caledonian boy. James Thomson, the author of "The City of Dreadful Night," received his education in the school. The late Donald Mackay, piper for twenty years to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, gained his proficiency in Highland music during the years spent in the Royal Caledonian Institution. Caledonian boys have risen to place and fame in almost every colony of the Empire, and in the City of London to-day there is more than one Caledonian holding a high place in the business world. The army and the navy have been recruited from the school, and Caledonian boys have served in nearly every famous Scottish regiment. A Caledonian boy has recently chosen his life work in the Mission field, so that practically the sphere of labour open to a "lad o' pairts" who has been lucky enough to be educated in this school, is an unlimited one. The limit age at which the boys leave behind them their Caledonian School days is fourteen. The age limit for the girls has recently been raised to sixteen; for many years it was fifteen.



THE SCHOOL GATHERING IN ROSS-SHIRE.

It would almost seem as if I were neglecting the Caledonian girls. Well,

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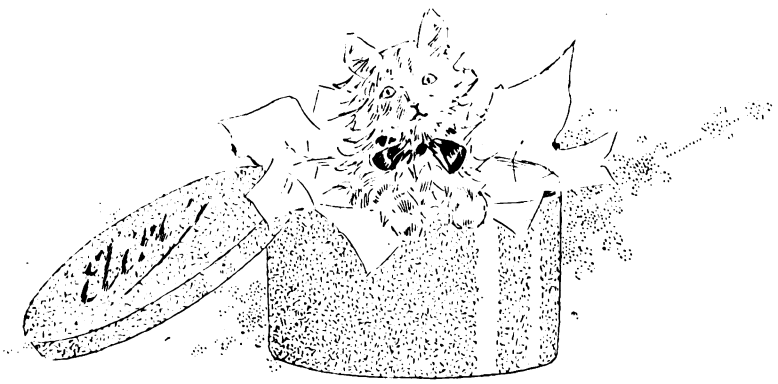
this is precisely what the Caledonian School did do for a quarter of a century. From the year 1819, when the first establishment in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, opened its doors to twelve boys, down to the year 1845, it was a boys' school. When the question of the claims of the daughters of Scots was raised in 1843, it was taken up heartily, and in 1845 the necessary addition to the original building in Caledonian Road was completed, and the school opened its doors and offered its hospitality to the daughters of Scotsmen. Now they not only share equal rights and privileges, but are allowed to prolong their stay a year after the age at which the boys make their start in life on their own account. During the later period of a girl's school life domestic duties take a fairly large place, but here again the Directors give a good deal of latitude and leave much to the discretion of the teaching staff. For most of the girls homes are found with good families, and in the service of such they find a useful and congenial sphere. No girl, who might find such a life uncongenial, need necessarily make this her career. If her needle be her favourite tool, she may be apprenticed to dressmaking or millinery. The present assistant teacher, an old Caledonian girl, recently won her Queen's scholarship, and is happy to continue her labours in the home she has known for years. Though I have dwelt most on the school as a boy's school like "Fighting Mac," it was the room packed with bonnie lassies dressed in their cosy-looking tartan frocks that impressed me most, both with the music of their sweet young treble voices and their eager bright faces that afford the visitor such a hearty, unsophisticated welcome. The youngest girl in the establishment amused me much by emphatically disclaiming any connection with Scotland. It turned out her mother was English, and the little one insisted on claiming her mother's nationality.

There is yet another member of the establishment who was neither elected nor placed in the school, and for whose presence there a yearly tax must be paid. This is Gwen, a handsome Scotch Collie, who found her way one cold, raw morning, several years ago, to the door of the Caledonian Asylum. Gwen was, as she evidently expected to be, admitted, and elected to stay, and now takes the entire establishment under her charge. Whence this foundling came, no one knows, but unlike the baby Caledonian girl who insists she is English, Gwen evidently knew her nationality, and in some way got to know the one place in London where she could trust to find, and had some right to make, a permanent home. She is a credit to the school, and seems to thoroughly understand this. One of her self-imposed duties is to escort visitors over the establishment. With the help of her tail she says as plainly as need be, whenever a halt is made, if everything doesn't please the visitor it ought to.



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A HIGHLAND COMMUNION.

. By .
J. MACLEAY.

IT was grey dawn on a Thursday morning when we left Ardachullin to spend the Communion season at Lochmalash. Thirty miles is the distance between Ardachullin and Lochmalash, and our conveyance being a cart we looked forward to a late arrival.

It was grey dawn, I have said, as we left. Dense chilly mist hung low in the Big Strath. The air had a keen edge, only mitigated by the shrewd fragrance it bore us of the rich grass, the bog myrtle, and the belt of birches on Maldie side. The strath is empty as an evicting laird can make it, and for many miles the silence of our journey was only broken by the clanking of the cart, the clatter of Nancy's hoofs, and at regular intervals the alien call of the cuckoo. There is always a Sabbath stillness in the Highland glens, and those who have not felt the joy of peace and that silence which means intimacy with God should spend a season among the mountains. No wonder that the Gael is a man of mystery, full of reverence for that which is seen and unseen.

As we proceeded the mist cleared, trailing through the corries and from off the mountain peaks before a soft west wind, but here and there in sheltered places swathes lingered till the sun demolished them. The early chill died, and in the sunlight what was sombre became glad. In the hollow of the strath the sedate summer colours of a Highland landscape revealed themselves, and the grim mountain sides almost condescended to smile.

Out of the great open strath we turned into the Pass of Spears, with its birch-clad dripping precipices and its roaring burn. After the sunlight, the shade, the moist rocks, the luxurious greenery were a great refreshment, the more so since the road was soft to the wheels as a cushion.

For two miles does this dark pass extend—two miles memorable in history for a great fight; then we emerged into an undulating cultivated land. We passed townships of crofters, here and there a big farm; all over it seemed a district of reasonable prosperity. Such was the country till we reached Lochmalash.

A Highland Communion is far-reaching, and as we proceeded the road became busy with pedestrians and vehicles, all making for the Fast Day preaching at Lochmalash—the well-to-do farmer, the poor crofter, wives in a blaze of country finery, cailleachs in black shawl and spotless white mutch.

Lochmalash is a street of two dozen houses, with a smithy and a couple of general merchants' shops. Before we arrived the street was crowded like a fair, along the sides being rows of carts and carriages, from which the horses had been unyoked, and it seemed, judging from the number we had passed on the road, as if the stream of incomers were to continue for some time. Housing our horse and cart, we got what dinner we could at a relation's, with whom we were to stay over Sunday. The service had begun when we got to Cnoc Fraing.

The preacher occupied a movable box pulpit on a patch of green at the foot of the hill, and on the slope in front of him the congregation was seated. A picturesque scene must this big assembly on the hillside have appeared to the eye of a stranger. At the outskirts of the congregation was a shifting fringe. The preacher's voice did not reach that length, but even if it had the ceaseless muttered conversation on topics not exclusively religious, the snoring of some for whom the sun and a long journey were too much, would have effectually drowned it. From nearer the preacher, indeed, occasionally a man would rise and make his way to the outskirts for a drink of water or a smoke.

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The service was in Gaelic, and everything connected with it was distinguished by length. The prayers seemed unending, and the old custom of chanting the line of the psalms seemed designed to fit in with the general tendency. But it was very beautiful to hear so many sweet homely voices at the old tunes. Here let me, as one who has lived much in England, utter a warning to Presbyterian ministers in that country. Their congregations are mostly composed of Scots folk, and yet, in my experience of their services, neglect of the metrical psalms and paraphrases and the old beautiful tunes is almost general. How often have I longed to hear "Ballerma" sung, to hear "Martyrdom," "Irish," "Rest," and many more splendid melodies hallowed to all who have known Scottish homes by innumerable memories. Your chanting of prose seems to me unfitted to your service; to have a large congregation pattering after a choir, rushing a dozen words into a bar or less is both pitiful and irritating. On this sunlit day it was glorious to hear the old tunes sung. We Highland folk sing in slow time, but that gives the old folk a chance to join in the praise, and that alone is a grand thing. To hear at the close of each line the thin solemn aged voices is to think of year-laden souls, glad in faith, for all that the inward fires are dwindling.

The preacher was an Argyllshire man, with the deep, rich voice which that country seems to produce. He was past middle age, yet abundantly vigorous, and his sermon lasted two hours. It was divided into eighteen heads, but, though that gives an impression of order, its matter was mightily comprehensive. There was little left untouched; the advice was robust, the admonition pointed, and the picture of punishment black as a brooding mind could make it. But the Highlander is not averse to strong meat, and he gets it. Almost personal attacks are too common on the West to call for remark. Even in an east coast town I have heard recently a congregation of grey beards called "brats of hell" by a young man fresh from Edinburgh, and not very long ago a certain Parliamentary candidate was denounced to his face before a large congregation by a leading Highland minister; this occurred in a town which I had better not mention.

It was evening when the service closed, a cloudless evening with no wind. But the quiet was disturbed by the departure of the people. The houses in the district were crowded with visitors for the Communion season, but all within reasonable driving and walking distance left.

Next day (Friday) was the "men's" day. "Speaking to the question" by "the men" is a dying institution. It consists in certain men of wide repute and ripe experience in religion speaking on a certain text, and Friday is allotted to this exhibition of lay eloquence. During recent years some of the most remarkable "men" in the Highlands have passed away, and it is because of the difficulty of filling their places that the institution is in process of decay. On this Friday, the weather being still fine, the service was again held in the open. A minister presided, and gave out the subject on which the men were to speak. That was about the last we heard of it. After some preliminary remarks on the text laid down, the "men" glided naturally into long impassioned harangues on vexed questions of theology and Church policy. The burden of it all was a lament for the backsliding of the age; the Higher Criticism, hymns, organs, certain Free Church professors, Principal Rainy, etc., were denounced in Gaelic language often more forcible than polite. One aged worthy launched into a tirade on Home Rule, the land question, and the discussion of a local right-of-way dispute. The manner in which he attempted to connect these extraneous topics with the subject for the day was solemnly ingenious. There was no protest on the part of the listeners. The other day a young minister pulled up one of the "men" for digressing; the satisfaction he got was bad thanks. The fact is the "men" like to talk and the people like to listen. By their discussion of current topics the "men" add piquancy to their addresses. To listen to and to watch these "men" speak—the remark applies to all the older class of Highland speakers—is exceedingly curious and to the stranger even comical. When they warm to their subject their utterance becomes like a chant, with a sing-song rise and fall that is broken only now and then by a groan, a grunt, or a sigh. It is a common thing too to see a speaker burst into tears and continue blubbering like a child for a

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considerable period of his discourse. One minister I knew never preached without crying, and as he had a round red face his appearance was exceedingly funny. There were sing-song utterances and crying on this Friday, and it was with unmistakable signs of a satisfactory experience that the service ended late in the afternoon and the people dispersed.

On Saturday there was another service, but clearly all were looking forward to the morrow. Then the Rev. W. Kerr, of K——, was to preach, and that meant an ingathering of the people from half the county. The Sabbath morning broke brightly, and a dusty and thirsty congregation began to assemble early in the forenoon. By midday, when the service began, there was an immense crowd. The hillside was packed, tier rose above tier, and on the outskirts, this time more remote than on the former occasions, was the same shifting fringe. I say again, with no intention to scoff, that length was a distinguishing feature of the service. The Highlander is not yet educated to short sermons. Even in the advanced burghs of the east coast, which regard the west as the "Hielans," length is often a saving quality. I remember how at communions in Inverness we used to take a pocket full of toast with us to munch when hunger attacked our young stomachs, and a lady of my acquaintance on turning to look at the church clock—it was five in the evening, and the service had lasted since twelve—was remonstrated with sharply from the pulpit: "Never mind the clock, my good woman," said the minister addressing her directly, "never mind the clock; you're in good time yet."

For all its length, this service was singularly beautiful, and to Highlanders an experience to cherish in remembrance. Mr. Kerr was as one inspired. He prayed with great feeling, and with a rich poetry of language which English cannot provide. And his sermon of an hour and a half, with its numerous heads—what shall I say of it? Excrescences it had doubtless, such as a south county congregation might rebel against, but its eloquence reached a lofty height. It was a sermon on the great solid lines of the old preachers; it revealed a man of deep insight, of sincere piety, of remarkable oratorical powers, and of strong prejudices. Nor was there wanting a shrewd practical humour, displayed in the choice of illustration, which was apt and easily comprehended. That he moved his hearers was patent, and if some dozed and some sly ones slept under sheltering bandanas there was sufficient excuse in the heat of the sun and the early start many must have made. It was interesting to note later on the various appreciations of the sermon. Most were acute and just in their praise; others belauded just those things which were trivial. For, when a Highlander grows to like a preacher, criticism is seldom indulged in, a remark which is borne out by a story I once heard. At a summer communion in an east coast town the doors of the church were left open so that the crowded congregation after their long journeying in the morning might cool themselves. After a while, however, the draught became so noticeable that the minister shouted in Gaelic to the beadle, "Shut the east door." When that was done he shouted "Shut the north door," and so with the west door. At the close of the service one old woman was heard to say to another, "An' wasn't he gran' aboot the doors!"

As is most often the case, there were several "tables" that day. They were "fenced" by a most solemn and touching address by Mr. Kerr. The elements were spread on a small table beside the preacher, the elders sitting round. The communicants came up almost reluctantly. The Highlander views with awe the breaking of the bread and the drinking of the wine; the small number of communicants in the Highlands is one of the most painful aspects of church life. Even if he be a church member the Highlander is often loth to go forward, and this day you might have seen the elders among the congregation arguing with some greybeard or some aged woman, whose sense of sin induced a needless humility. The hush which fell on the congregation during this part of the service was profound, and above Mr. Kerr's subdued voice you could hear the tinkle of the burn near by, the weird cheep of a stonechat, and the cackle of hens at the village.

The day dwindled to evening, and the sun was sinking into the bed of the western hills ere the last psalm was sung and the benediction pronounced. Then, however, was no time wasted. Then was a hurrying home of pedestrians, and those with carts and carriages set briskly

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about yoking their horses, and again was the peace of the twilight broken by the crunching of wheels and the clanking of hoofs.

Next day another service was held. It was, however, sparsely attended. Thursday and Sunday were the great occasions. To the Highlander these were memorable, and to a stranger they must have been memorable also, but curious as well. Ere long these great communions—feasts of preaching, religious carnivals—will seem curious to Highlanders themselves, for a new generation is rising; the old preachers and the "men" are passing away, and many old habits once cherished have now become of secondary concern in the heart of the young Gael.

THE HOSPITAL COLLECTION.

"Where are you going, my little maid?"
"I'm going c'llecting, sir," she said;
"But not for me," she added; "it's all
For the poor sick folks in the hospital."

I followed her down the garden walk;
I saw her smile, and I heard her talk.

"Pansies, have you some seeds to spare?
Thanks! How happy and good you are!

"Poppy, your box is full, I see,
Plenty for you and enough for me.

"And oh, you 'Sturtiums! Sure's I live,
You've two three four seven seeds to give!

"No seeds in your pockets, O Fleur-de-lis?
Why should you hide them, dear, from me?

"Sweet Peas, you darlings, you never hide;
You carry your pockets of peas outside.

"Next May I will scatter them here and there
And hit-or-miss in my garden square;

"And after a while the flowers will call:
'We're ready to go to the hospital.'"

Mary A. Lathbury.

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MODEL VILLAGES.

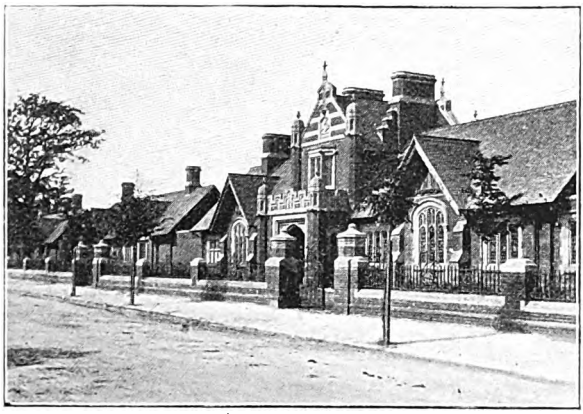
By GEORGE A. WADE.

WE hear a great deal nowadays about the slums of our large towns and of the necessity for clearing them out and making more sanitary abodes for their densely-crowded people. But Corporations are proverbially apathetic, and it may be taken as certain that few of them will do anything towards the latter desirable object unless compelled. For too often the very members of the Corporations themselves own no small portion of those slums and fatten upon the tribute of blood and life that is annually paid by the inhabitants thereof to squalor and vice. Moreover, the Corporations are continually bewailing that they do not know *how* to improve such spots; that they are waiting to see how this or that scheme turns out.

But there is no need to wait. There are at this very moment several "model villages" throughout our land of which we may be reasonably proud, where good and philanthropic men and women, using their wealth nobly, have shown what splendid homes working people may have to live in, and at no great cost either, where sanitary matters, pleasant surroundings, and charming attractions are all that one can desire. And it is my intention in this article to bring before the reader a few such spots, which if he has never seen I strongly advise him to visit some of them at the first opportunity.

Let us look first at Bournville, near Birmingham. This delightful village owes its origin and extension entirely to the magnificent efforts and kindness of the Messrs. Cadbury, the noted cocoa firm. They have here bought an immense estate and laid it out, built fine cottages for their workers, and given them, men and women, every pleasure that can be derived by any very wealthy men. The houses are of several varieties of architecture, so as to better please the eye; some are plain, some are finely ornamented with carving. But all are built after the best sanitary models, and gardens are attached to them all. Messrs. Cadbury allow the tenants to purchase them by a special system, if the latter wish, and many have taken advantage of this concession.

The roads are splendidly kept and arranged, and are named after trees in them. Thus we get Beech Road, Hazel Road, etc., which is a vast improvement upon the fantastic names of many town streets. And there are pretty parks for tired workers; there are almshouses for the aged who have grown old in the firm's employ; there is a magnificent old mansion, Bournville Hall, set apart entirely for the use of the girls of the cocoa mills. Here you may



ALMHOUSES AT BOURNVILLE.

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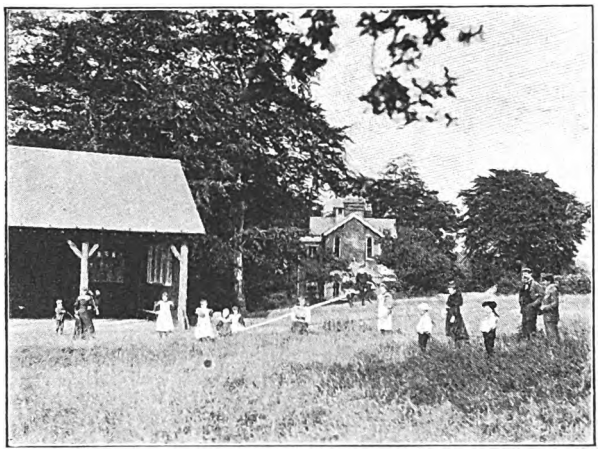


BOURNVILLE: "SLUM" CHILDREN'S HOME OF REST.

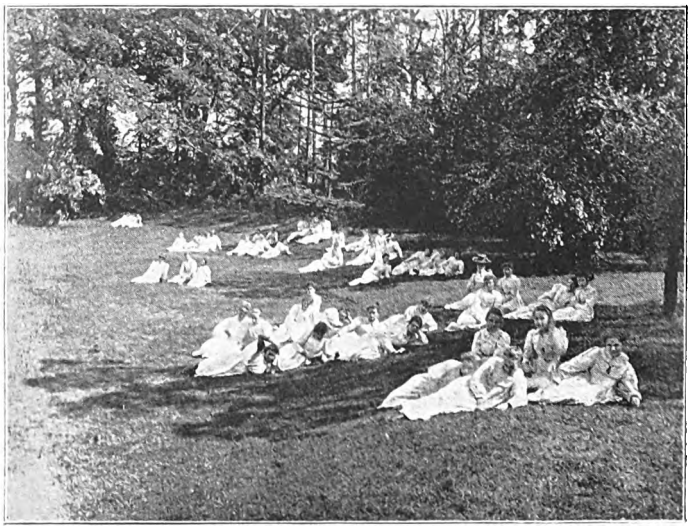
see them, happy and gay, playing tennis, sewing, walking leisurely amid the flower-beds in the hours of rest and recreation. Happy girls, I thought, how great the contrast between your lot and that of the women who forge chains not many miles away in the dark district of the Black Country!

Then the village has a lovely cricket-field for the men, and a swimming-bath that would make a river-side club envious. For the cyclists of the firm there is a model track laid out, whilst a pretty brook that runs through the parks suggests all sorts of thoughts of peace and happiness to be found in lazy rambles along its meandering banks. I must mention also "The Beeches," a grand old house which has been dedicated to the children as a holiday home for the little ones from the Birmingham slums who come in relays during the summer, whilst in winter the same house does noble duty as a "Home of Rest" for the women-officers of the Salvation Army.

And all this wonderful village has cost the firm the sum of £200,000; at least that was stated lately by Mr. George Cadbury as the value of the estate at present. Fancy what can be done, therefore, for a quarter of a million pounds! Here it has made a village with 420 houses and shops; a village where life is delightful, healthy and pleasant. And yet our big town corporations go on squandering money ruthlessly, in millions, over miserable schemes of little or doubtful benefit to anybody except men with axes to grind; whereas for one single million pounds used after the style of Bournville, they could provide for nearly seven thousand people from their town slums, and place them in an earthly paradise!

Let us leave Bournville to visit a village of another kind, which is a model of what a sensible Board of Guardians can do. Thank God there is *one* such sensible Board in our country to-day, and let us pray there may soon be more such! The Chorlton Board of Guardians a year or two ago came to the conclusion that it was useless to go on talking about the evils of bringing up children in the workhouse as paupers, unless somebody "belled the cat," and made a beginning at taking them away from such pauper environment, and at training them to recognise themselves as respectable and responsible members of society.

So the Chorlton Board of Guardians resolved upon a great scheme, which was no



BOURNVILLE: MID-DAY REST.

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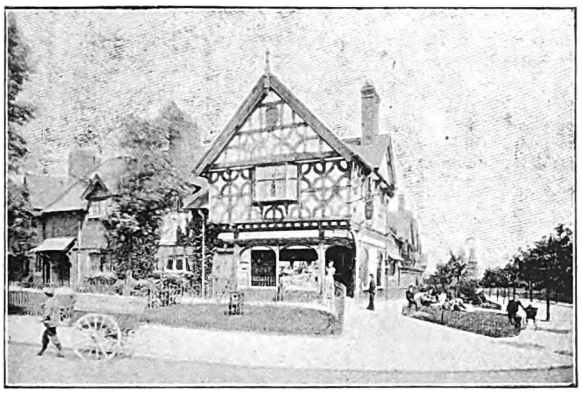
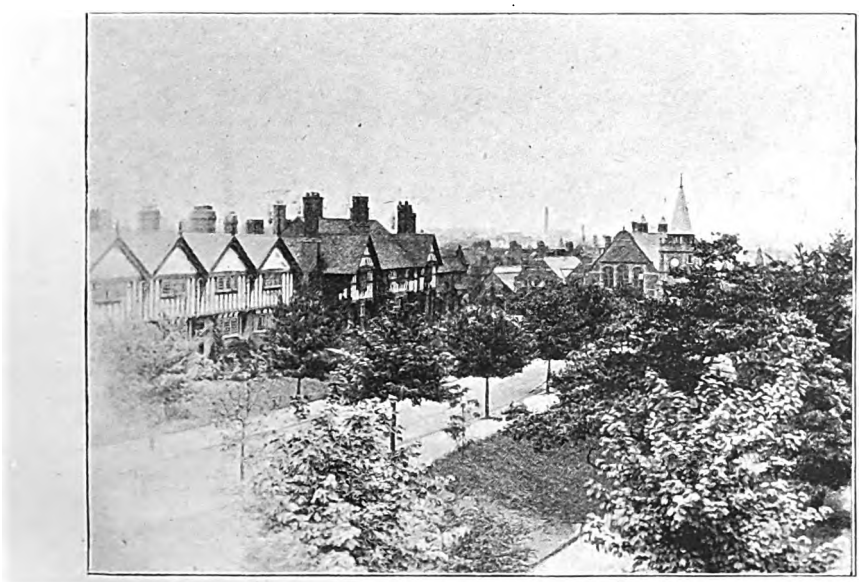
less than the making of a whole "model village" at Styal, in Cheshire. And bravely and well did they carry out their project. Go there and see what can be done with workhouse bairns, who have hitherto been the scorn of cynical folks, more's the pity. It cost £50,000 to do it, but never was money better spent, and Chorlton deserves the thanks of every Briton for its enterprise and its exhibition of what can be done by one sensible Board of Guardians.



POST OFFICE AND VILLAGE SHOPS, PORT SUNLIGHT.

There are some sixteen houses, twelve of which have twenty little ones in them, and the other four have ten. Each home is under the direct care and supervision of a kind, motherly woman, whom the children call by the name of "mother," and whom they dearly love. There is a lodge where newcomers are kept on probation for a fortnight before being drafted into one particular home, so that they may be placed in the house best suited to their individual characteristics. A large swimming bath is there also, and every child is taught to swim. Then a fine school, capable of accomodating about 500 children, is erected not far away, and it is intended that other boys and girls from the neighbourhood shall be allowed to go to this school, so as to keep the little charges of the Chorlton Board of Guardians in absolute touch with the busy world outside them.

The whole estate bought by the Board comprises fifty acres, and it is, I believe, the intention of the Board that the lads in the village shall use a good portion of the land in an agricultural capacity (thus learning a trade, if we may call it so, besides gaining health and strength), under capable instructors, and have the chance to become useful gardeners or farm-workers.



PORT SUNLIGHT.

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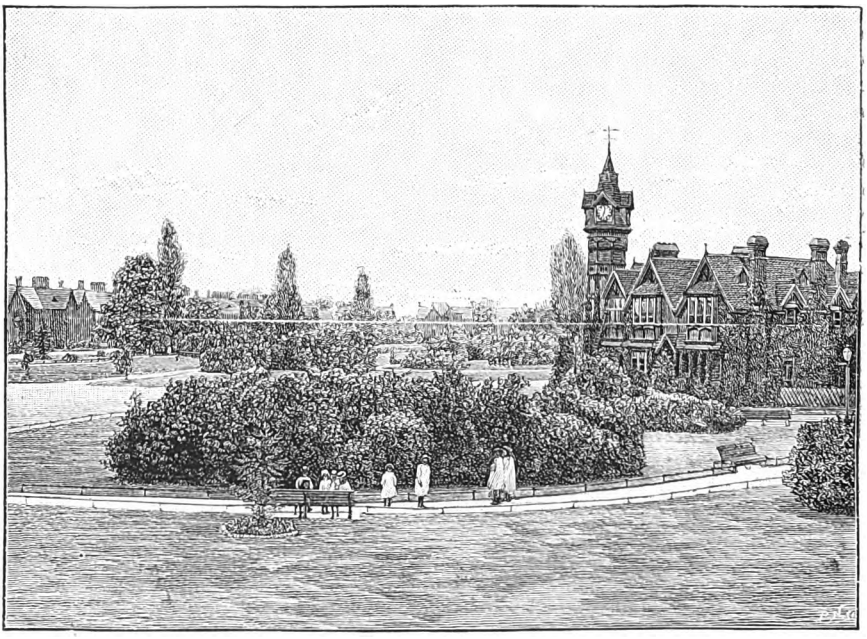
Bravo, Chorlton! How much better and grander is all this than that wonderful system we know so well of keeping boys and girls in Oliver Twist fashion, and making them walk in the streets with those little Scotch caps and short corduroy jackets that have become as much the recognised pauper garb as has the broad-arrow suit that of the convict! Let us hope that many towns will send deputations to see Styal village, and then follow our Lord's advice to the lawyer, and "Go, and do likewise."

Whilst we are still near the River Dee let us look at a model village, which may



ILFORD VILLAGE.

well be termed a "wonder of later days." Here, only twelve years since, there was a long bare strip of land by the Dee which was supposed to be useless and was disregarded. Yet it is to-day a thriving town whose inhabitants number thousands, and who live in a charming place that might well be the envy of folks whose riches runs into the four figures very high up. The transformed strip is now "Port Sunlight."

Here, as in Bournville, it has been wisely deemed important to select the names of the streets with some regard to appropriateness. Hence we have such as Greendale-road, etc. It may be of interest to state that the length of wide roadways alone in Port Sunlight is over three and a half miles, and when one remembers that every few yards of these roads are planted with sycamore, poplar, chestnut, and elm trees, one easily sees how much such streets resemble the boulevards of Continental cities of renown.

The model cottages are of red brick, with red tiles, and lattice windows that give that look of country life so peculiar to such English cottages. And then the delightful gardens, with the clumps of yellow lilies, mignonette, and lupins, and their beds of geraniums, calceolarias, and begonias, what pictures of ease and comfort they are? The rent, too, for such a pretty house would make the average Londoner stare in wonder. You can get a capital cottage, with room, kitchen, four bedrooms, and bathroom, for from four to five shillings a week. Lucky and happy are the dwellers in Port Sunlight, and rightly has that spot been named.

In this model village there are allotment gardens; a man with a desire for a garden to grow his own peaches or cabbages, can have ten perches of land, with water laid on, for five shillings a year! Pretty and clean as Sunlight can

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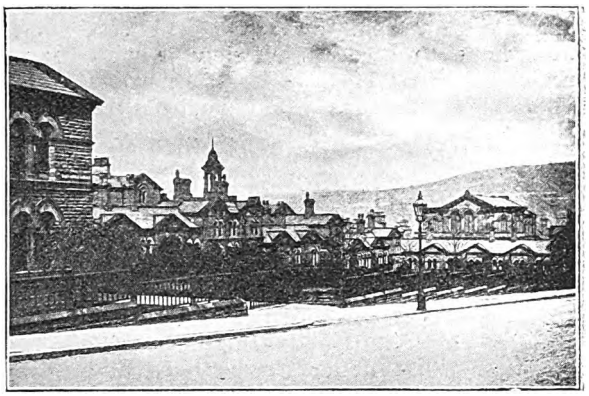
make them, also, are the village shops. In the words of a North country phrase, "You could eat off the floor!" These village shops are managed on a special system by a company, and even of the profits the residents of Port Sunlight get some benefit. Lawn-tennis grounds and charming walks have been laid out by the owners of the place, Messrs. Lever Brothers, for their employees, and such adjuncts to community life as a girl's institute and day and Sunday-schools are there in the shape of buildings that would be a credit to such large towns as Newcastle or Plymouth. The Central Hall of the schools, a splendid apartment, is open each Sunday for religious services, and is lent alternately to ministers and evangelists of various denominations. Crowded congregations are the rule, for men and women go to church with pleasure and thankful hearts when their lot is cast in such pleasant spots as these.



SALTAIRE : ALMSHOUSES.

There is a lovely little dell on the estate, as dear a little spot as any lovers could wish, and this is known as Sunlight Park. The firm has recognised that lovers will always exist, and it has made this dell a favoured place for charming walks. And no artist or cyclist ever passes through Port Sunlight without being struck by the prettiness of that "little bit" where the village post office stands at the corner of what is called Park Road.

Like Messrs. Cadbury Bros., the Lever firm intends its employees to have time to enjoy all the good things provided for them, and so everybody on the estate works only eight hours daily unless there is some very occasional special reason for doing otherwise. For winter there is the large Gladstone Hall, opened by the late famous statesman, and here theatrical performances, concerts and important lectures are given. Happy workers who can live under such model conditions!

A STREET IN ILFORD VILLAGE.

Shall we now travel quickly to another lovely model village, this time only just well away from London's smoke, yet a revelation to the impotent Boards of Guardians and similar bodies in the Metropolis, would they only once awaken from their lethargy and really care for the poor and the children instead of feasting? Look some day at

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Ilford, and you will see the most pathetic and beautiful sight you can ever hope to see, if you view it with the right eyes. Here is Dr. Barnardo's village-home for girls who have been the scum and sweepings of the streets of our big cities. But you cannot recognise them as such when you see their beautiful, bright happy faces on this June morning at Ilford. It seems incredible that every one of these 500 girls came from homes where the father, very often, was a villain of deepest dye or where the mother was a terrible drunkard and sometimes even worse. What homes to be born and brought-up in these girls had before they came here! Oaths, blows, sin, and crime were their daily environment. Now, look at them at Ilford. Clean as new pins, nicely behaved, well-spoken, polite, educated, bright, cheerful, and taught to become happy and respectable workers in various fields of labour as they grow up—what a village this is!

There are thirty cottages on the estate, with a house for the governor. All these enclose a large rectangular plot of land, where are a grass square and shrubbery. Each house has, of course, its own garden and courtyard, and over each house is a "mother" just as at Styal, whose arrangements were somewhat modelled on those at Ilford. The cottages here at Ilford are each named after some flower; hence we get such pretty titles as "Myrtle," "Ivy," "Bluebell," and other "Cottages." Then there is the school, the laundry, the church, and many other adjuncts to a village of this kind, such as the hospital. But how well it speaks for the sanitation and healthiness of such a spot that not 2 per cent. of these children suffer serious illness after coming here; yet recollect they come from London's deepest slums, from Birmingham's worst districts, from Bristol's vilest streets. Pale faces and crippled limbs often disappear almost as by a magician's wand, rosy looks and straight bodies take their place.

Plenty of room for each dwelling, plenty of fresh air, plenty of water for personal and domestic use, plenty of food, good and strengthening, perfect sanitation; these are the foundations of all "model" villages, and Ilford has them in abundance.

And we cannot omit mentioning the first "Model Village" built in this country, though now it has blossomed out into a town, it is so large. I refer, of course, to Saltaire, near Bradford. When the late Sir Titus Salt, the great Yorkshire philanthropist, first conceived the idea of building a village where his workmen could live under conditions equal to those that surrounded himself, he little dreamt what a revolution he was beginning. Nor did he foresee what a great place his village on the River Aire was destined to become. Salt-Aire he named it, after himself and the river, and he little expected to see it develop as it has done. He built everything his workmen could desire to make life happy and pleasant. And he built everything well and pretty. Lovely almhouses; a charming set of schools, which are now amongst the first in the country for "higher education"; a splendid chapel; delightful cottages; a pretty park; what more could any worker want at his master's expense?

Wide streets and excellent sanitary conditions; plenty of room and healthy surroundings; these were the mottoes of Sir Titus Salt. And he saw his own neighbours raise a statue to him whilst living, which is what only two or three Britons have ever done. His was the real original "Utopia" that Sir Thomas More dreamt of in "Model Villages"; the forerunner of such others as I have been describing in this article.

There are several other places in our islands that deserve a passing notice, and are worth quoting as model spots in these or other respects. There is Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight, on her Majesty's estate, where our Sovereign sees that each house is what it ought to be to insure health and comfort. There is Castle Howard in Yorkshire, where the well-known philanthropic Countess of Carlisle has acted as woman-guardian, school-board member, and in other capacities, but is best known as one who sees that her village is a "model" one in so far as she can make it so. The Isle of Man may be also quoted as a model in two things; it has no pawnbrokers and no "Sunday" public-houses. Would we could say the same of England and Wales, of Scotland and Ireland! We should be happier for it.

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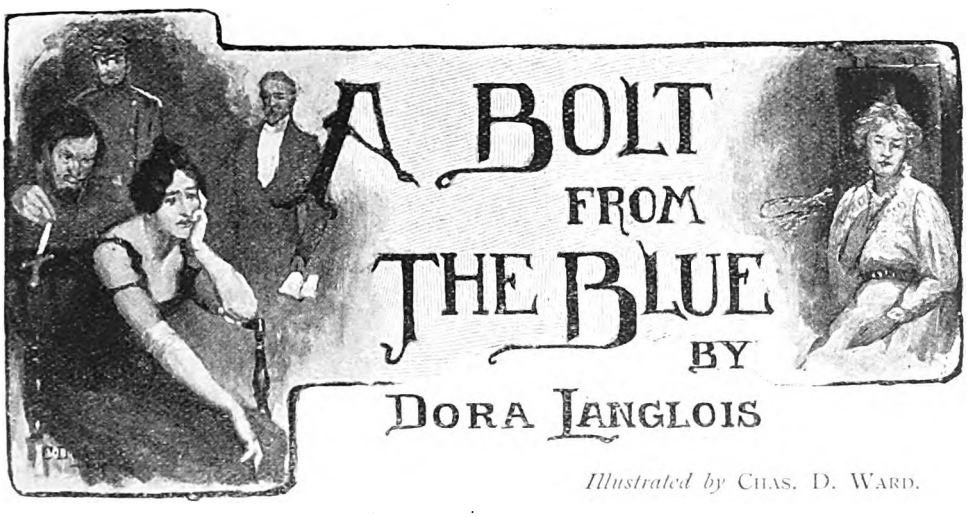

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE

BY

DORA LANGLOIS

Illustrated by CHAS. D. WARD.

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

Frank Osborne, a rich man with socialistic ideas, has become entangled with a certain Helga Katiskoff, who passes for a widow. His sister Maria and his cousin Eva are in Paris with him at the time. Eva is in love with Frank herself, but stifles her feelings, and endeavours to help him with Helga, who is avoided by persons in good society. Though Frank does not know it, Helga's husband is still alive, in an inebriates' home. She herself is a member of a formidable secret society, and has in the past plotted against Russia for the liberation of Poland. The members of the society look upon her entanglement with Frank Osborne with dislike, as in case of marriage she would be lost to them.

CHAPTER V.

FRANCIS OSBORNE and his sister Maria had brought their young relative, Eva Rayne, to Paris to complete her course of art studies, and after Paris she was to go on to Rome. No one seeing the girl, so shy, quiet, and even simple, would have given her credit for the power she really possessed. Maria frankly called her ambition "all moonshine," but regarded her art-work as a safety-valve for a romantic disposition. Her brother, on the contrary, had abundant faith, and it was to his encouragement that Eva owed her success, for without him she would never have dared to persevere.

On the morning, however, on which Miss Osborne had got rid of her that she might have an opportunity of giving her brother "a piece of her mind," Eva was not doing well.

"It will not do," she said, despondently, falling back from her easel with a sigh. "It is as flat as a pancake and as hard as nails. I cannot paint it to-day."

She lifted the canvas down and began to wipe her brushes, then slowly turned to a corner cupboard, unlocked it, took out another unfinished work, and set it before her on the easel.

"One can only paint what one feels," she said to herself, "and this—this—— I should have less power than I have if I could make this hard and unreal."

She took up her brushes again and fell to work, at first slowly and critically, then with an eager intentness, a complete absorption, in her subject, a male head which, even in its unfinished state, was an excellent portrait of her cousin, Francis Osborne; a portrait, too, that was not crude and laboured, but full of suggestion and sentiment.

"Oh! you are at that again, Eva. Well, you may as well leave it, it won't be wanted yet."

"Not wanted?"

"No, not wanted," Maria, who had entered, reiterated. "It was to be a present to the bride, wasn't it? Well, Madame Katiskoff will not require it, I fancy."

Eva turned round, her eyes, usually so gentle, blazing fiercely.

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"So," she said, "you have repeated that wretched story, and separated Frank from the only woman he cares for."

"Naturally I've done it. I'm always to blame. No, my dear, you needn't excite yourself. Frank, it seems, knew all about it, and——"

"Frank knew?"

"Yes, and he's just as big an idiot as ever over the woman, with this difference, that now his folly is almost criminal."

"Don't talk to me like that," Eva retorted. "I don't like it. And please go away, Maria. I can't work with you about, you fidget me."

The elder lady moved to the door. "Of all the ungrateful girls in all the world," she said, "I think you are the worst," then, shutting the door with a bang, she retired.

Lest the point of her remark might escape the reader, it will be as well to state at once that Miss Osborne thought Eva ought to have been grateful to her for the bitter opposition she had displayed towards her brother's union. That brother's very existence was the chief of all her grievances. Not only had he robbed her, as she considered, of their late father's estate, but his known age (thirty), so to speak, proclaimed hers within a year or two, as the late Recorder had been ten years a widower before he espoused his second wife.

"You little fool!" she said, as she stood outside the door, apostrophising the absent Eva. "You little fool! Do you think I'm as blind as Frank is? Do you think I don't know? Do you think I haven't heard you crying your heart out every night? Why, you're head and ears in love with him, and with your baby prettiness and your great eyes you might have caught him. You might catch him yet; and there you go playing sister to this adventuress, and missing your best chances. Well, wait till he runs away with her, and then let us see how you'll like it. I shan't regret it for one thing, for it will just serve you right."

* * * * *

The bright summer day had faded into dusk, and Helga Katiskoff was again waiting for the advent of her lover. She had made herself strangely, almost weirdly beautiful to receive him. But he did not advance towards her; his greeting was cold and constrained.

"Have you news for me?" she asked, lightly, determined not to notice his change of manner. "Have you succeeded?"

"No," he replied, "I have no news—at least, none that will be news to you; but I am in a position to hand you something which you may be able to return to its proper owner."

He was holding in his hand a paper. As he extended it to her, she saw that it was a portion of a letter, and that it was covered with her own writing.

Her very heart turned cold. What was this? What dead leaf of the past had the winds of fate blown to this man's feet? Yet she extended her hand and took the paper calmly, read it, and as calmly put it down. She was too wise to snatch at it or to seek to destroy that which convicted her, in spite of the impotent rage and despair which had seized her and was consuming her heart.

"Ah!" she said; "you have read this?"

He nodded.

"I thought better of you," she remarked. "Come, let us destroy it and forget such bagatelles."

He did not heed the last part of her speech, but retorted on the first in a tone of deep reproach:

"You thought better of me? *You!* When it reached my hands addressed in a cunning facsimile of your writing I thought it came from you and read it in good faith. You thought better of me! No, by Heaven, it is I who thought better of you! A man who has been allowed to offer such a love as mine to such a woman as you has been wronged—yes, wronged and outraged, too."

She dropped into a chair and arranged her draperies with a swift turn of her wrist.

"I took your love as I found it," she answered. "I did not make it."

"No, but you accepted it without letting me have an inkling of the truth."

"Most women do that, and all men," she answered, "otherwise Heaven would have few marriages to make."

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"What I say," she retorted. "Have *you* told *me* every step of your past career?"

"There is nothing in it that might shame me," he answered.

"Possibly not," she said. "For men and women the standard is different. Be reasonable, my friend, do not make me a

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jealous scene. Granted, I am unworthy of the respect you gave me. I admit it. Why, then, argue the question? We are all unworthy when found out. Still, I love you, and I am only yours. Put that precious document in your pocket. It is a manly thing, much loved of your sex, to have some little whip manufactured by the past with which to lash a loving woman. For does it not give you the advantage when you wish to play truant yourselves?"

"A loving woman!" he repeated, fiercely catching up the letter. "A very loving woman, who, on the day, some six weeks since, on which she consented to become my wife, wrote thus to another man."

"A pretty phrase," she said, nodding her head, "but meaningless, in one sense. I never loved the man, though he loved me *far better than you do.*"

"A pretty phrase, indeed!" he persisted, determined not to let her lead him into side issues, "coming from a woman newly betrothed to another." And with cutting irony he read the words the paper contained: "'Adieu, my friend, or rather *au revoir.* On the long journey which lies before you carry as a talisman upon your heart the memory of the brief fortnight which we spent together at Naples, when life was to both of us a poem.—Yours until death, HELGA.'"

"'Yours *until death*,'" she repeated, calmly, "Well, the man is dead."

"Like your husband?" he queried, sarcastically. "How many others are there, Helga, who are dead to you—that is to say, forgotten?"

"I could wish," she murmured," that my husband might be even as that man *is.*"

"Still, as you bid him not good-bye but *au revoir*, my only resource is to retire lest he should return to life as suddenly as he has quitted it. Believe me, I neither desire nor intend to dispute supremacy with any man."

HE SAW HER STANDING LIKE A STATUE.

In his excitement he had turned up the Persian prayer-rug which she had thrown over the wine stain on the carpet left by that strange libation of theirs to fate.

She advanced upon him, terrible in her beauty and passion as a fallen angel, pointing downwards to the mute emblem of their compact.

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"It that means that you would break with me," she said, "consider. Because you have fallen into an error of judgment, does it excuse a breach of faith?"

"An error of judgment?" he echoed. "Say rather that I was deceived. What man not steeped in vice could have believed——"

She was drawing nearer to him, intent on bringing him to her feet again.

"I am what fate has made me," she said. "If I deceived you, if I accepted what you offered, it was that I might not pain you with the truth. It was for love, the first, as it will be the last, of my life. I deny nothing, I only ask for pardon. I am no longer your equal; I am nothing but the woman who loves you."

Putting her away with a motion of the hand, he answered, "I care for no love on which I cannot depend. And as for yours, it would seem that this man to whom you wrote has a prior claim."

When he set her aside, and looked for the first time coldly on her beauty, she felt her cause was lost; but with the boldness of despair she continued—

"That letter was written to a man who bored me insufferably. I was forced to take him to Naples on an errand which was pressing. It was necessary, no matter why, that he should go there. He would not go unless to follow *me*. I went, he followed, and——"

"Managed to transact your business and still spend a fortnight of idyllic bliss?"

"Bah! A fortnight of utter weariness! driven there and kept there by the fear of those men from whom none but an Englishman can ever save me."

She had touched the right chord at last. For the first time he wavered. He looked with pity on her, and pity, she dared to hope, would be the stepping-stone back to love."

"Ah! That fortnight, that hateful fortnight!" she muttered between her teeth.

"You do not so name it in your letter," he said, turning his eyes from her, and trying to steel his heart.

"What foolish reiteration!" she cried. "You have seen one portion only of that letter, I will tell you of the rest. I was *forced* to write it. When we returned from Naples another errand was found for him. He would not obey the brotherhood. I and I only could bid him go. That letter, that verbal sugar-plum, which you, my friend, find so hard to swallow, was the bribe which paid his services to *others*. He went, he did his duty. He will never return to ask for further recompense. He will trouble us no more."

"It is only six weeks ago," he murmured, in an awe-struck whisper, "and you can speak of him without remorse."

"Pity! Remorse!" she cried. "No, my pity is for myself. Why should his folly have made of me an unwilling tool?"

She looked more noble in the abandonment of her despairing energy than ever before. But a new horror had fortified his heart against her.

"Where did you send this man?" he demanded.

"You torment me," she answered. "There are some things even a jealous man should let alone. I might tell things I would not have you know for worlds, for I love you, and knowledge is not always power; it is sometimes slavery or death."

"Where did you send him?" he reiterated, his eyes searching hers.

"Let us say to the North Pole," she answered. "In truth, the place is far enough from here. He is dead; let that suffice."

He laid his hand upon her firmly, touching her for the first time during their interview, but not with a lover's touch.

"Deal honestly for once," he hissed. "The man is *not dead*, he is on his way to Siberia."

"Who knows?" she answered trembling. "He may have reached his journey's end by now, Heaven, Hell, Siberia. No matter, he is gone. I would that I might so be rid of all the tangled and unhappy past."

"That can never be, Helga," he insisted. "What! Can you contemplate a life of love while he is trudging over plains of snow in chains?"

"Why not?" she cried. "I—I, too, have risked that to which I sent him."

He shivered and drew from her. "Never with me, then," he said, slowly. "I could not bear such a spectre on my hearth. Good-bye, and may God forgive you."

"Your oath!" she panted. "Your oath!"

"I'll keep it," he said, firmly. "Have no fear that I shall forget. Now that I know what a woman can do, what she can confess without a blush, without a heart-pang, I shall have little enough desire to make any woman my wife. Come, let me

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go," he added, for she had laid a trembling hand upon his arm. "Some day I may forget the wrong you have done me."

"So be it," she answered, slowly, unclasping his arm and drawing back. "I release you; go! I shall suffer, but so too must you. God alone knows what lies before me, but that is no longer anything to you. Go, leave me. Love if you can or dare, you will but find my kisses on other lips. The past is dead, but it lies above ground unburied. Adieu, my friend, or rather *au revoir*. Believe me, we shall meet again."

He reached the door. Turning he saw her standing like a statue, her hands clasped on her bosom, her long robes falling round her white as a shroud. He closed the door and went his way bearing the memory in his heart, but little dreaming that he should ever see her thus again in the self-same robe, her hands thus crossed upon her bosom, her face as chill and cold.

He was gone, and she was alone.

"Darkness, darkness!" she cried. "Let it cover my loss!" And with a swift impulse she touched a little button and shut off the light of the electric lamps which had shone upon her degradation, then flung herself upon the Persian prayer-rug, and lay there in her despair.

How long she lay there she could not tell, but at last the door opened, and she heard the footfall of a newcomer. Someone half-stumbled over her, then passed a hand over her face and figure inquiringly.

"Comrade, how is this?" It was the master's voice.

"Let me be," she answered, sullenly. "You and you only could have saved that letter when all the rest were burnt. You sent it on its mission. This is your work."

"All work is good that is done for the cause," was the gentle reply.

"And could you have found no other work for me," she cried, "than that errand to Naples? Did I not offer you my life, and risk it, too? Was not that enough? Why, why should you also have demanded the sacrifice of my honour?"

"Honour!" the master answered, calmly. "Honour? There is no such thing. Honour is a word, a phrase, invented by the tyrants against whom we fight, that with it they may persecute those who have it not according to their code."

"Who says their code is wrong?" she demanded, hotly. "I had it till you made my beauty a snare for fools. I had it and have lost it, and with it my eternal happiness."

He was silent for a moment before he answered, slowly, "Granted that such a thing exists, and that you owned it once, it was not yours, it belonged to the cause. Humanity is our cause, the world is our cause. Therefore what you gave, seeing that it never belonged to you, you did not lose, neither is it extinguished. It is now as much yours as ever it was, inasmuch as you yourself are part of that human race to which you surrendered it. There was surrender but no sacrifice; there can be no sacrifice in duty, comrade. The blind multitude sacrifice to pleasure, to avarice, to self-esteem, but duty only claims her own. As for eternal happiness there is no such thing; for there is no eternity."

"I tell you," she said, "that I had found happiness enough for me. You have robbed me of it. Denounce me to the three as a renegade; I will never more do your bidding."

"You forget," he replied. "I am master of the ten. All others must denounce the one who wavers or deviates never so little from the path. Mine is the right to hold my peace and pluck the brand from burning. I will never denonnce you, comrade, while your glorious ability remains to be saved for us."

"It is useless," she said. "My past has ended. To-night I died."

"To him," he persisted, "but not to the cause from which he would have seduced you. What! Did you dream that I would let you be his wife to breed hereditary enemies to us?"

"Humanity is his cause as much as it is ours," she retorted. "He works in his own way, but he uses other weapons."

"He who is not with us is against us. Forget him, comrade. He has left you. Ask your reason can you ever bring him to your side again? You know you cannot."

Slowly the woman raised her head, and, dashing the tears from her eyes, extended her hand to him in the darkness.

"Take me," she said, "do with me as you will. I belong now and for ever to the cause."

CHAPTER VI.

Private view at the Royal Academy, a function not designed for any appreciation of the year's harvest of art, but as a

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grand display of spring millinery, and a gathering together of social forces on the eve of the great summer campaign.

"There's positively nothing worth seeing this year," remarked one not particularly gorgeous female, who seemed rather out of place in the crush of smart people. "It's very disappointing; I can't see anything new at all."

"Disappointing! Do you think so, my dear?" remonstrated her companion, a large woman in black satin and jet sequins, who looked as if she had been melted down and poured into her tight-fitting gown.

"I was referring to the pictures," the other explained.

"Oh! The pictures! There never is anything new. There are Mr. So-and-So's cows, and Mr. So-and-So's sheep, and somebody's else's sand bank and weeds, and the other man's mountains with mist on them; and, of course, a host of undressed figures—one knows exactly what to expect in the pictures. Thank Heaven! I haven't got to do them," and the lady dropped her pencil and swept the crowd again with her lorgnette.

"Who is the girl in white—that very young thing who looks half frightened?"

"Don't know her, my dear; don't know her from Adam! She must be an artist, I suppose, or something of that sort."

The lady's tone implied that "something of that sort" meant a very inferior kind of biped uninteresting to the student of social zoology.

"The man she is with seems to attract a good deal of attention."

The lady journalist wheeled round, intent on capturing a male celebrity with whom to vary her paragraphs on petticoats.

"I declare it's Francis Osborne!" she said. "I must find out who the girl is."

"But who is Francis Osborne?"

"Oh, he is not of any great importance, but people are interested in him. A line about him would not be out of place. You've positively no idea how careful we have to be in this sort of work; to give a line to anybody not positively in the swim is mortally to offend all the other people whose names you have down; besides, it lowers the tone of one's journal so. Still, Mr. Osborne will do. I'll risk him. They say that Lady Emilia Datchet is head and ears in love with him."

"Perhaps his companion is Lady Emilia?" suggested the country mouse, with roused interest.

"Gracious! No, my dear. Don't you think I should know Lady Emilia?"

The loquacious lady turned away to seek information, just as Francis Osborne, with the object of her speculation on his arm, passed by. The twelvemonth that had gone since that night in Paris when he broke his chains had aged him in appearance; he had lost his boyish air and fined down in some way difficult to describe. Still, there was nothing gloomy in his bearing; it was only more subdued.

"Don't look at your catalogue, Frank," his companion was saying. "Don't look at it yet. I've something to tell you."

"I was not going to look at my catalogue, Miss Marplot," he answered, looking down at the girl beside him with a smile. "Observe that I am carrying it religiously closed. I was making straight for a certain picture (No. 506, I think it is), and, arrived before it, I was going to strike an attitude, and exclaim: 'By Jove! The best bit in the gallery! Who is the man?'"

"I sent it in," the girl went on hurriedly, "never thinking it would be successful. When it was accepted I hardly believed it, and felt sure that its fate would be to be crowded out."

"Is it so very big then?"

"It looked big in the studio. I daresay it looks like a cabinet photo here. I don't know; I didn't come to see it on varnishing day."

"Upon my word, Eva, you look like some feminine Eugene Aram, compelled to visit the scene of your crime! Are you afraid of seeing the work beside those of your big brothers in art?"

"Oh, no, I'm not afraid of that."

"Then what is it? Why don't you look gay? You are certainly not the typical young artist before the shrine of new-born success."

"I—I only want you to be pleased, and I am not sure you will be."

"Am I such a stern critic then?" He spoke lightly, his eyes roving over the walls for the figures in the corner of each frame. Suddenly he arrested himself, and stood with the girl on his arm before a moderately large canvas, hung but little above the line.

"Ah, this is the picture!"

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"Yes." The girl cast one hasty glance at her work, and then fixed her eyes on her companion's face as he stood steadfastly regarding it.

It was not daringly original either in treatment or in the selection of the subject; but it had a tenderness and grace which spoke for it. The lines which gave a title to the work, and followed the number on the catalogue, were those familiar to the world,—

> The stately ships sail on to the haven under the hill,
> And oh! for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still.

Under a shimmering sky on a wooded promontory, beyond which gleamed an inlet of the sea, a woman in widow's weeds sat with her head resting on her hands. That was all the picture contained; a suggestion of the joyousness of nature, in bright, clear atmosphere, verdant foliage, and sparkling water, and on the woman's face traces of passion burnt out, and the lassitude of an unutterable loss.

"You have done well, Eva; your picture deserves its place." The man spoke at last gravely and slowly.

"Ah! But you do not forgive me for having painted it."

They had both turned away, as if by mutual consent, and had mingled again with the crowd.

"Forgive? I have nothing to forgive. Just for a moment the resemblance struck me into silence, that was all. You see, you had told me nothing; I did not expect to see that face here. When I get used to the idea I shall go back and look at it with pleasure. It is not fair to rob you of your well-earned triumph."

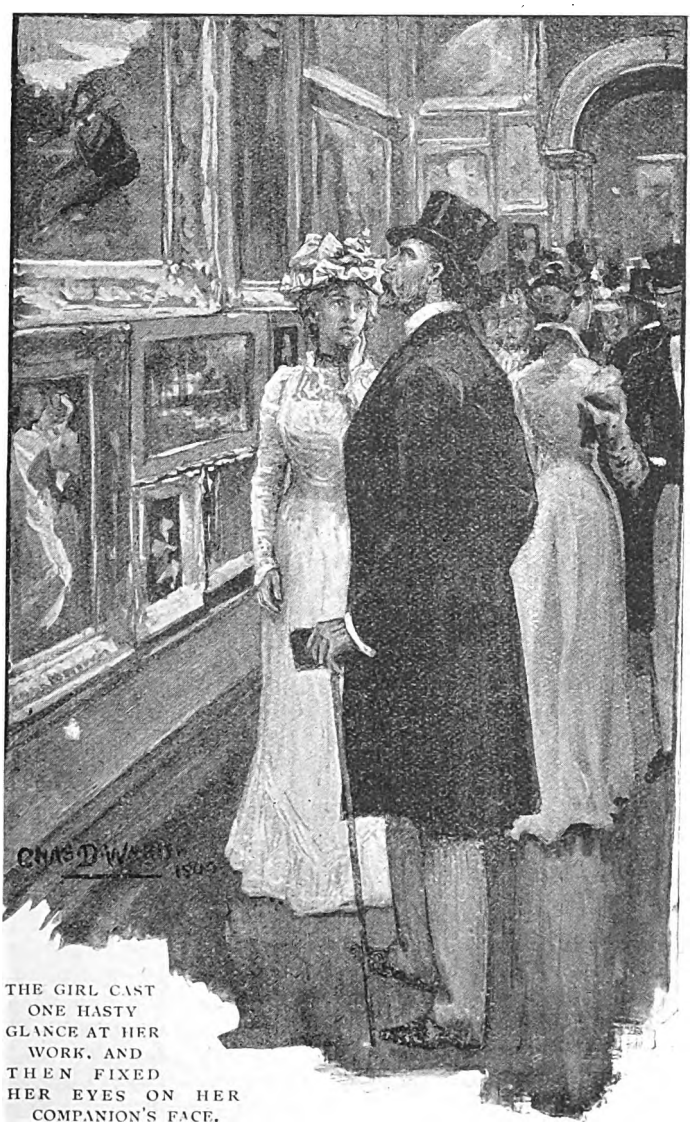
"Frank, you are trying to comfort me, but I believe I have made your heart bleed. My triumph is dust and ashes."

"I have spoilt your joy, and I blame myself."

"Take me away, Frank. Let us get away and go home."

He led her down the broad stairs, placed her in his little victoria, and took the seat beside her.

"I could not help it, Frank. The resemblance to Helga came into the picture without my meaning it. One tries to paint beauty, and one unconsciously paints what one has seen. And then when



THE GIRL CAST ONE HASTY GLANCE AT HER WORK, AND THEN FIXED HER EYES ON HER COMPANION'S FACE.

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Maria noticed it, I said to myself, 'Why not? If Frank has ceased to care he will not grudge me the loan of her beauty, but if his heart reproaches him for anything he has done, perhaps this may help him to listen to its pleadings.' Hearts may be widowed, Frank, without either marriage or death; the truest widows sometimes have neither ring nor weeds."

"My heart, Eva? For God's sake don't appeal to that! Your picture has gone too near already. This is no case of pride or pique or prejudice. The barrier between Helga and myself must not be removed. Every day of all these weary months I have had to rebuild the breaches my untutored nature has essayed to make."

The girl made no reply, but, heedless of the throng of vehicles and the crowd about them, burst into tears.

"Eva, forgive me! I feel as though I had murdered a child of yours. It was not your painting her that cut me; it was not even the suddenness of the thing. It was that you painted her *like that.*

He broke off, and passed his hand across his brow, recalling the cold, defiant ring of her voice when she spoke of the unknown lover whom she had sacrificed to the cause.

"You do not think she suffers then apart from you?"

"I did not think so."

His answer showed that his conviction had at least been shaken. He was asking himself was it possible that her face could wear that still expression of absolute hopeless, endless grief?

There was silence between them for a little space, and presently he woke from his vague and troubled day-dream to consciousness of the fact that someone was hailing them from the pavement. He made a sign to his coachman, and the victoria drew up; then casting a hurried glance at Eva, who had mastered herself, and was sheltering her face with her sunshade, he extended his hand to the foot-passenger who had stopped them.

"Oh, Mr. Osborne, Miss Rayne! How awfully jolly to see you again!" exclaimed that individual, a very young man, little more, in fact, than an overgrown schoolboy. "Of course, you won't remember meeting us in Paris. Mother and Diana and me, you know."

"On the contrary, I remember you very well, Mr. Trevor," Osborne answered. "How are you all?"

"Very well, thank you, and it's awfully jolly of you to say so; about remembering us, I mean. We've heard that Miss Rayne's got a picture exhibited, and we're going to see it to-morrow. We're awfully pleased. By George, we are! No chance for us at the private view. You've just been, I suppose?"

The boy stammered a little, and grinned a good deal.

"Yes, yes, we have just returned," Osborne said, casting a hasty glance again at Eva, who had turned her head away.

The boy turned red. "Perhaps the picture is crowded out, or skied, or something," he thought, "and I have made a fool of myself." Redder and more uncomfortable he grew every second, and at last made a desperate plunge again into conversation.

"We've been abroad again; mother and Di and I. Rome, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and lots of places; and that reminds me, we saw Madame Katiskoff there, and she wasn't looking over well."

"You saw Madame Katiskoff! Where?"

"Oh! Didn't I say? At St. Petersburg, of course. And we thought, that is mother and Diana thought, that she wasn't looking——"

"How long ago was that?"

"Why—why, in M—March," stammered Bertie Trevor, "but per—perhaps she wasn't looking ill a—a—after all."

"Give our compliments to your mother and sister, Mr. Trevor, and——"

"Good—good morning. Mustn't detain you. So—so sorry," and poor Bertie, hot and confused, he scarce knew why, melted away into the crowd as the little victoria rolled on.

A heavy groan escaped from Osborne's lips. "In St. Petersburg!" he said. "In St. Petersburg! My God! How awful."

Eva turned to him a startled, appealing face. "Frank," she said, "what is it?"

"Heaven knows," he answered. "Heaven only knows. But I fear, I fear——"

He interrupted himself to lean suddenly forward and take her hand.

"Eva, help me," he said. "Once before I appealed to Maria, and she refused. If she had consented then, I might never have learnt what it would have been better for a human soul never to know. It is a case of life and death now. Will you help me?"

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"Frank, tell me what must be done, and I will do it."

"O God! To think that a plain English spinster like Maria might with hardly an effort have averted what may prove a national calamity, a—a terrible crime. But no, no; it was two months ago; nothing has happened; perhaps she is no longer there."

"What do you intend, Frank? Are you going to seek her?"

"Yes. I must; I must."

"And if you find her, you will forgive?" The girl's voice was very low and faint.

"No," he answered firmly. "Not in your sense."

"Frank, she will accept nothing less of you."

"She would not have accepted in the old time; but now, perhaps, she may."

"I doubt it."

"I never offered it. We parted in anger. Because my own soul was full of wrath, resentment against her, and rebellion against what had to be, I never saw my duty. Eva, my burden is a heavy one. I must find her and bring her to England. She must live always near me; she must never wander, as it were, out of arm's reach; and yet, save for this silent watch which must not be relaxed, the circle of our lives must never meet. I don't ask you if you understand this; I ask you to accept it without explanation."

"I understand nothing, but will accept it."

"It will be misunderstood, and generally misconstrued. Maria, who might be our greatest strength, will be our greatest stumbling-block, but *you* will promise, if I bring Helga back, to be our friend, to make the hard life I propose at least possible for both of us? Can you, young as you are and happy, with all the world before you, make such a sacrifice?"

"Yes," she said, firmly. "I can, and will."

In speaking of sacrifice, he meant the sacrifice of her time, the sacrifice of placing herself in opposition to public opinion; but when she accepted the trust it was something infinitely more than all this which she surrendered, and the surrender was all the more complete because he for whom it was made did not know how much it cost.

CHAPTER VII.

"So Miss Rayne is to be a celebrity after all?"

"It seems so," Maria Osborne answered, grimly. "I must say no one has been more surprised than I. I never expected it, myself."

Of course she had not; whoever does expect the coming of fame to a near relative? Is not the world's first emotion always one of surprise, when it wakes up one fine morning to find that it has entertained—or more probably given the cold shoulder to—the angel of celebrity all unawares.

Miss Osborne was speaking to her greatest friend and crony, an ex-schoolfellow, who had committed matrimony and the additional folly of having five unmanageable and unmarriageable daughters.

"By the way, my dear," inquired her friend, stifling a weary yawn, "what has your brother been doing this season? I've hardly seen him anywhere."

"For pity's sake, don't ask me what Frank has been doing," responded Miss Osborne, peevishly. "How should I know? I did think that now Eva has ceased to drag us about the Continent in pursuit of art, he would have settled down; but no, he comes up for a season for the first time in several years, and leaves us suddenly for some whim to go to St. Petersburg. He has been there and back three times already. He came home yesterday. I was quite alone, for Eva has been with some friends; she returns today, and then we shall leave town. Let me offer you some tea. One of the maids will serve it. You know our peculiar domestic arrangements, and the footman is off duty till the dinner-hour."

"Mr. Osborne has been to St. Petersburg, you say? What a peculiar idea! St. Petersburg is horrid in the summer, all dust and flies; but, by the bye, Lady Emilia Dachet is there with her sister, the Princess Benkindorf."

"Indeed!" responded Miss Osborne, tartly. "I don't think *that* has anything to do with it. What a time that girl is taking, to be sure!"

"Poor dear Maria," mused her friend, with a certain malicious enjoyment; "that would be an end to her reign, certainly, for Lady Emilia would stand no rival near the throne."

The fact was Mrs. Leggett, though she had always known that none of her

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daughters had a ghost of a chance with Francis Osborne, had never quite forgiven his sister for hedging him so carefully from attack.

The door had opened, and a neat maid presented herself with the tea equipage. Mrs. Leggett, absorbed in the pleasant reflection that her dear friend would some day have a bitter pill to swallow, was startled at hearing Miss Osborne exclaim sharply to the maid :—

"Go to your room, and look at yourself in the glass."

"She has forgotten her cap, it would seem," remarked Mrs. Leggett, as the girl retired with a toss of the head ; "or is this some new regulation?"

"Certainly not. It's right down impertinence and rebellion."

"Rebellion? That's a strong word, Maria. What has gone wrong? Ah, Mrs. Leggett, how are you?"

It was Osborne himself who had entered.

"Hand Mrs. Leggett her cup, Frank," his sister returned, acidly. "Later on you must interview the new maid, Ellen, yourself. You saw her ; she had no cap on."

"Fortify me with some tea first then, Maria, like a good soul ; but remember, if I must interview the girl, I have no legal ground for insisting on the cap. I find no mention of that article in our bond."

Miss Maria breathed hard, but kept her temper because a stranger was present.

"We can always dispense with her services," she said. "Ah, there's the bell. I believe it's Eva returned."

Osborne sprang up eagerly to meet the newcomer, and they clasped hands for a brief minute in the hall.

"Frank! You returned before me? What news have you?"

"None, Eva. And no news is good news. So far as I and my agent could learn, she was not in St. Petersburg. The Czar left for Moscow the day before I started for home ; and we received authentic information of his safe arrival ; so I came away, leaving my agent there. He is a clever man. How he gets his information, I do not know, but there is scarcely anything of importance stirring in the capital of which he is ignorant."

No word of explanation had passed between them. Eva had not asked a single question ; but Helga's nationality, Osborne's horror at the idea that she should be in the Russian metropolis, his departure for St. Petersburg on this last occasion simply because it was rumoured that the Czar, contrary to custom, would spend a fortnight there before the commencement of the season, all suggested much to her ; and Osborne seemed content that she should guess the truth.

"Lady Emilia is in Russia," he continued. "Her sister's husband is Governor of a Finnish province. Lady Emilia has great influence, I hear. My agent tells me that if I must at any time have help or information, she is the person to apply to ; but, unfortunately, we are such mere acquaintances."

"I do not think that would stand in your way, Frank," Eva answered, with a quiet though rather sad smile. "One thing rejoices me : you look better."

"I am leaving my nightmare behind me," he answered almost gaily. "I believe that that which I have feared will not come to pass," and then together he and Eva joined Miss Osborne and her guest.

Half an hour later he was seated in his study getting through his arrears of correspondence, when a timid knock startled him.

"Come in! Ah, Ellen, is it you?" he said, as the new maid, red and flustered, wearing a cap hastily pinned on—but pinned on awry, as if in protest—entered, and stood before him. "Now what's the difficulty?"

"Please, sir, I was took in when I came here," was the reply given by the young woman, who stood nervously fidgeting with the corner of her apron.

"You were taken in, were you? How's that? Sit down and tell me."

The girl took a seat as far away from her employer as possible ; and, sitting on the extreme edge of it, as though she did not consider it decorous to be comfortable, answered :

"They told me you was a Socialist gentleman."

"Perhaps they told you a little too much," he said. "I am in no particular hurry to find a name for myself yet, Ellen ; but you say they told you so? Well, what of it?"

"Only that when I came to your house I didn't think I should be made to wear caps."

"So that's the difficulty? You object on principle to the wearing of caps? Well, if that's so, take your cap off, and make

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a bonfire of it; but first tell me what's the objection to the cap?"

"It's the badge of servitude, sir," the girl answered, with so much earnestness and force that her objection was not without a certain dignity.

Osborne's brow contracted with that troubled air which was becoming only too common with him.

"You mean," he said, "that it is a badge of servitude to me; a personal affair, implying that you are in some way my inferior, a piece of commoner clay than I."

"It's degrading, sir," was her reply. "Yes, that's what it is; and I can't abear it."

"Very well," he said, after a moment's consideration, "if you honestly think it degrading, put it away. I will be no man's stumbling-block, nor woman's either. Personally, I look on your cap merely as an indication of your calling. There are many such badges in the world; soldiers, sailors, policemen, firemen, all wear them."

The argument was possibly double-edged, for Ellen's sweetheart was a policeman.

"Uniforms is different, sir," she retorted.

"Are they? Well, possibly you have gone deeper into the matter than I, and know best. To me any badge or uniform is simply the emblem of certain duties undertaken for the general good, and in that the bootblack and the scavenger may stand in line with the general and the admiral. The only badge that seems to

"MR. OSBORNE, I BELIEVE?" HE SAID AFFABLY.

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me degrading is the purple and fine linen of an utterly useless and futile life. But we won't go too far afield. We'll stick to your case. That cap, which you are at liberty to wear or make a bonfire of, is certainly not in my eyes a mark of inferiority to me, or to any person in my house. Now, why do you think it 'humiliating'?"

"Because it *is*," the girl cried hotly, "and everybody knows it, if you don't, sir. It's meant to make us different, and keep us so. They'd have us of different flesh and blood if they could; but they can't, and so they've only got the cap, and they stick to that. If it wasn't meant to be degrading, why does every woman that can have a maid at eighteenpence a week insist upon it?"

"Hush, hush!" said Osborne. "Perhaps the lady with the eighteenpenny maid really cares nothing about the cap, but is afraid of violating the *custom*. I warn you that even to me, who care nothing for the custom itself, this new departure will bring trouble.

"I'm very sorry, sir."

"There's no need. Remember every hour of the day that work *is* noble after all. Believe me that that conviction is the only thing that can sweeten the dull round of toil."

The girl slipped out of the room, looking far more sober than elated over her triumph; and Osborne turned again to his desk.

"Well, Frank, you've settled that little matter, and discharged the girl?"

It was Maria Osborne at his elbow.

"No, Maria, I have not discharged her," he replied, nerving himself for the inevitable battle.

"Then she will do as she is told?"

"I hope so; but she will not be told to do this particular thing."

"You have given her leave to go about——"

"Without her badge of servitude? Yes, that's what it amounts to, Maria."

Miss Osborne regarded her brother with such a look of mute, unspeakable horror, that he added—

"Come, now, don't look so shocked! It's only three inches of cambric from a girl's head; and, to see you, one would think I had given her leave to go about in the light and airy get-up of a Kaffir domestic."

"That's not it. Don't quibble, Francis," she retorted, sinking into a chair with an expression of acute vexation. "If you've really permitted such an unheard-of innovation, you've shown an utter disregard for my feelings which astonishes me."

"No, no, don't say that; don't think it," he cried, appealingly. "You wrong me, Maria—indeed, you do. You think that I cannot enter into and understand your feelings; but I both can, and do. It is the curse of my life that I can always see things from both sides, for it makes whatever I do, even from conviction, seem a struggle. The one-idead man with narrow views is the only fellow who is always comfortable, always sure that he is in the right."

Miss Osborne had never been able to estimate her brother's character at its true worth; any exhibition of feeling on his part she regarded as a sign of weakness, and, like many other women, who lose their power by the same tactics, she invariably put the screw on.

"In this case," she said, "when a mere hireling's feelings have been weighed against those of your own flesh and blood, the latter have kicked the beam."

"No, no; but consider—these are my servants. Is the question of a butterfly piece of cambric to endanger the mutual goodwill between me and mine, which I have so long sought to establish?"

"You asked me to live with you as the head of your house; remember that, Frank."

"I did and I will do all in my power to make your life with me happy; but this girl says that the cap is degrading. I can't see it myself, but she says it, and she thinks it; and I know that she has learnt to hold that opinion through the conduct of those above her. Tell me, now, would domestic servants detest the cap which the hospital nurse puts on with pleasure if they did not know that we draw a line between ourselves and them almost as broad as that which divides the leper from those who are clean and whole?"

Miss Osborne, with her nostrils quivering, declined further combat, and walked to the door.

"Take your own way, Frank," she answered. "I have only one other word to add. You intend to be this girl's friend, of course; but people are sure to remark on the favouritism shown to this particular maid, and the inferences which will be drawn are not likely to be beneficial to her character, I assure you."

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Osborne broke into a laugh. "You evidently know my neighbours," he said, "and do full justice to their powers of imagination. But, by all means, let me save my character," and he seated himself at his desk and began to write.

"What are you going to do?" she demanded.

"I am going to take your valuable hint," he responded, "and, by having this posted in the servants' hall, do away with all idea of favouritism."

As he spoke he handed her the sheet of foolscap on which he had been writing in bold characters.

She took it, and read the following sentence :—

"Cap-wearing is not compulsory in this establishment."

Before she could utter a word of protest a footman, bearing a cablegram on a salver, entered. Osborne took up the former, and, with a few words of direction, handed over the sheet of foolscap. A moment later he had torn the envelope and read the message it contained.

"What is the matter?" his sister asked, struck by the sudden pallor of his face.

"Nothing," he answered. "Nothing to worry yourself about, Maria," but, as he spoke, he laid his arms upon the high mantelshelf, and dropped his head upon them.

Something in his attitude warned Maria, or possibly touched some tender spot in her nature, for she silently withdrew and left him alone. In the clenched hand on which his forehead rested was the crumpled cablegram, which read as follows :

"There is reason to believe that the person we are interested in is now in the State prison of Schusselburg, near St. Petersburg."

CHAPTER VIII.

In Lady Emilia Datchet's suite of rooms on the Nevsky Prospect there was the usual stir and bustle which proclaimed that her ladyship was "at home" to her friends.

"Where is General Bazaroff?" inquired one dame of another, as she glanced round the assembled groups. "I thought he was always here."

"Perhaps she is tired of his devotion and has given him a hint to stay away," was the reply. "His sister, the Duchess Maya, gives a ball to-night, and he is there on duty."

"Who, then, takes his place as chief priest at the shrine of beauty?" the first speaker demanded with a malicious little smile.

"That is as it may be. But whoever he is he is coming to-night assuredly, for see how animated she is. Ah! Who is the man who presents himself at the moment?"

"Possibly the new devotee. Observe, she has frozen all over. Her manner to him is icy, doubtless because she expected him and he has come."

It was Francis Osborne, weary still from the effects of his long journey to St. Petersburg, whose arrival had attracted the Russian dame's attention. He had reached the Czar's capital only that morning, and acting on his agent's advice, had immediately written to ask Lady Emilia's permission to present himself in the evening.

"You here, Mr. Osborne? What brings you to this unbearable city?" she asked, naïvely, as she offered him her hand.

"No city can be unbearable which is honoured by your presence," he answered, making an effort to offer her the homage she was used to.

"That is very well," she said to herself, "from a man who was here before and never came near me. No matter, he is here now, and has courted his punishment."

"I hope you left all well at home?" she said aloud. "You will find plenty of people here whom you know, I daresay. Later on you must give me news of your sister, and your charming cousin, Miss Rayne," and, with a little wave of the hand, she dismissed him to what she knew would be a penance—an aimless dawdle through rooms which contained no friends, possibly not even an acquaintance.

Osborne drifted away into the interior of the *salon* with no very enviable feelings. "I thought so," he said to himself. "With her many distractions she just remembers my name; that is all. How can I expect among all these gad-flies to get half an hour's serious conversation with her? How, even if I get it, hope to move her heart or rouse her sympathy. And yet I must attempt it, for that agent fellow says that she alone can get me the information I must have."

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His reflections were cut short by a tap on the shoulder, and turning he found himself face to face with a plethoric, red-faced man of the English type which is so mercilessly caricatured by foreigners, and which lends itself so easily to the cartoonists.

"Mr. Osborne, I believe?" he said, affably. "My name is Porcher, Samuel Porcher. I haven't had the pleasure of making your acquaintance formally, but as semi-public characters we may say, I suppose, that we know each other?"

Francis Osborne looked straight into the eyes of the stranger and answered:—

"Yes, I believe, Mr. Porcher, that I may say I do know you." He had not made any movement, however, to grasp the hand that was extended to him.

Mr. Porcher was not allowed by nature the privilege of turning red, that being his normal condition, but the bags of skin under his puffy eyes became a faint purple as he said, a trifle uneasily:—

"My place is in Warwickshire, you know, next to Miss Wilfred's; and as they say she has willed her estate to you, some day we shall be neighbours, you know."

"I can only say that I hope that day may be long delayed," Osborne replied, his quiet glance pointing his speech with a significant double meaning as he turned coldly away.

"I'll remember you for that, my boy, if you ever get the Wilfred estate," muttered Mr. Porcher under his breath. "Sam Porcher is a good friend, but a deuced bad enemy, as you may learn some day to your cost."

As for Osborne, he had hardly taken a couple of paces when he found himself face to face with his charming hostess.

"So, Mr. Osborne," she said, with a little imperious gesture, "you have the temerity to object to one of my guests?"

"I'm afraid I must plead guilty, Lady Emilia," he answered, in some confusion. "But if you will permit me to explain——"

"Not now," she interrupted, her eyes dancing with a mischievous sparkle; "many of my guests are leaving. I will give you an opportunity later on to offer me the abject apology I require. Do not go yet," and she moved away, leaving him bewildered, wondering whether she was annoyed or pleased.

The crowd was, as she said, thinning rapidly. At the end of half an hour she was bidding good-bye to the last of her other guests, and immediately afterwards she faced round on him.

"Now, Mr. Osborne," she said, with a half-amused, half-cynical smile, "I may as well relieve your mind by telling you that I owe you a debt of gratitude for snubbing that odious individual. He is building railways for the Czar, and my brother-in-law, Prince Benkindorf, is officially polite to him. But that gives him no right to be here. Why, the man's father was a navvy, and his mother kept a little all-sorts shop! Still, it is surprising that the snubbing should have come from *you*. It makes one ask, 'Is Saul among the Prophets?'"

"I am afraid he is not," Osborne answered, feeling painfully uneasy in view of the grave business which had brought him. "I object to Mr. Porcher solely because I regard him as a knave—a successful one, no doubt, but still a knave, Lady Emilia. If I might tell you the private history of some of the companies he has floated——"

"Oh, but you may not, you know," she cried. "That would bore me horribly. I should yawn in your face, and then we should part with a mutually poor opinion of each other. Besides, *quo animo* since we both object to Mr. Porcher? There are so many guinea-pigs nowadays that if one were driven to study the habits of the animal and his history one would have to cut half one's friends."

Osborne stood in silent confusion, his eyes on the ground. Lady Emilia burst into a soft musical laugh.

"Do you know," she said, "you look horribly shocked."

Osborne pulled himself together with an effort. "If I have been unfortunate enough to offend you," he said, "I have not only done wrong, I have been excessively foolish, for I came here to ask an immense favour of you."

She gave him a swift glance from under her half-veiled lids. "Ah!" she said. "Then you did not come here merely for the pleasure of seeing me? How many men would confess as much by way of moving me to a compliant mood?"

"I am afraid you must attribute it to that fatal habit of mine," he said, humbly.

She was undeniably a handsome and alluring woman, this Lady Emilia, with

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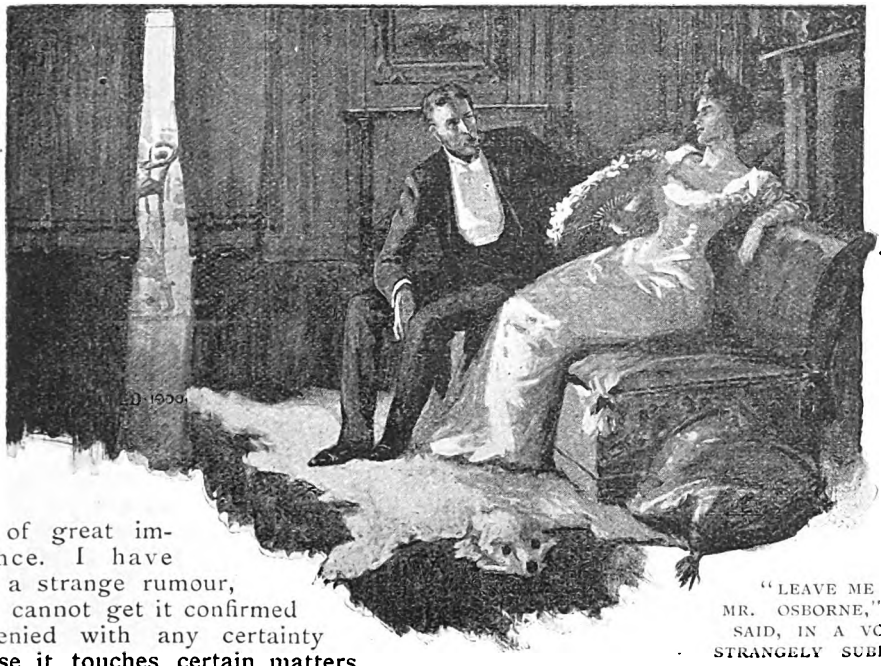
her ash-blonde hair and her gold-brown eyes.

"Come," she said, "you had a purpose. "Take the plunge, Mr. Osborne, and let me know what that purpose was."

"Lady Emilia, it is in your power to do an act of mercy," he began.

"Ah, now you are going to impose on my good-nature," she interrupted him. "That's always the way with you philanthropists. Give you an inch and you take an ell. Never mind, what can I do for you, Mr. Osborne? You have not told me yet."

"That is very quickly done, Lady Emilia. I am seeking information on a point of great importance. I have heard a strange rumour, but I cannot get it confirmed or denied with any certainty because it touches certain matters which are supposed to be known only in the highest Imperial circles."



"LEAVE ME NOW, MR. OSBORNE," SHE SAID, IN A VOICE STRANGELY SUBDUED.

"Stay, Mr. Osborne, you are wandering into politics, and I must tell you once and for all that you cannot interest me in any set of discontented people either here or at home. I am positively too lazy to work up an interest."

"Lady Emilia, I am myself the discontented person in whom I seek to interest you."

"Upon my word your audacity deserves success," she retorted. "Who told you you could interest me? I said only that I found you amusing."

Francis Osborne looked across at her in vague uneasiness and bewilderment. He noted that her eyes were brighter a hundred times than they had been when her other guests were present. "May I go on?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, lightly. "I sometimes relent towards the individual when I care nothing for the cause; go on. You say you wished to get information on a matter known, or supposed to be known, only in the highest official circles. My dear Mr. Osborne, *I* am not in those circles; why do you come to me?"

"Because," he answered, "I believe that you know, or at least might know, anything you desired."

"It seems to me," she said, "that you have formed a very poor opinion of the discretion of certain members of those official circles."

"I regard them, Lady Emilia, as mere mortal men."

"Upon my word," she said, "I shall have to revoke that opinion of mine! Mr. Osborne, it appears, understands the art of flattery by inference."

Power was the breath of life to Lady Emilia, and it was very sweet to her that he should acknowledge her power over others, though he might not feel it himself.

"Tell me the rumour. What have you heard?"

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"I am told that there has recently been an attempt on the Czar's life."

"Is that all?" she cried. "My dear Mr. Osborne, you cannot prove official leakage by a thing like that."

"I fear this is no mare's nest, Lady Emilia," Osborne replied gravely. "I would to God I could think it one. I speak of no chimera of the police officials' vivid imagination, but of a design carefully formulated; every detail of which was successfully carried through. Russia would now be in mourning for her Emperor, I am told, but for the fact that it was poor Tourganoff and not his master, who was poisoned in the Imperial Pullman on the recent journey to Moscow."

"Tourganoff! Is he dead?" Lady Emilia cried, her cheeks suddenly blanching. "Great Heavens! Is it possible?"

"Ah! Then there was such a person."

She bit her lips. "You have surprised me into an admission," she said. "Yes, I may as well confess it. Tourganoff was known to me. And he is dead, you say?"

"So I have heard."

She lay back in her chair and drew a deep breath. "Poor faithful fellow," she said. "He has paid dearly for his fictitious splendour, his borrowed plumage. Your news is news indeed."

"It is true, then," Osborne inquired, "that the Czar's ex-valet, a born mimic, bearing a strong personal resemblance to his master (which, with the addition of a little make-up became absolutely complete), was allowed to personate him on various public occasions?"

"It is quite true," she answered. "The late Czar Alexander II. met a horrible death in 1881. His son has been a stern ruler; he has never conceded reforms lest they should be attributed to fear. Personally, Alexander III. is a brave man, but his counsellers and his wife prevailed on him to employ Tourganoff, and he acceded. For years the imperial policy has been to overawe would-be conspriators by a show of confidence and even carelessness, and Tourganoff's devotion made the thing possible."

"If that is true," Osborne said, heavily, "I fear that the rest of my informant's story is true also; and that we may take it for granted the poor fellow has been assassinated."

"I cannot guess how you came to know all this, Mr. Osborne. I do not speak of the assassination, but of the ruse itself. The thing is regarded as a profound State secret."

"I know it, Lady Emilia, because I have a paid agent here. The rouble will do almost anything in Russia. This profound secret——"

"Is known to both of us, of course," she interrupted; "but I must forbid you to ask me how I come to know it."

"I should not think of asking such a question," he replied.

Her ladyship was now regarding Osborne critically. "But you," she said, "you who know so much, what can you possibly desire to learn from me?"

In spite of himself the colour mounted to his brow and his fingers locked themselves together nervously, as he answered, "I wish to know who have been arrested for this crime, and what the fate of the prisoners has been, or is to be?"

"You are interested in all these prisoners *par example*, or in one only?" There was a certain metallic ring in her ladyship's voice as she put the question.

"In one only," he answered, in broken tones. "That is to say, I am interested in one individual who may possibly have been arrested."

"Let us narrow the field of inquiry," she said, with a sudden touch of impatience. "Is this person whom you seek a man or a woman?"

"A woman, Lady Emilia. God help her!"

There was a slight pause. Her ladyship's face had undergone a complete transformation. No one to see her now would have recognised the Lady Emilia of half an hour ago. The reckless flow of raillery, the graceful *abandon* of pose, the glances pointed with inarticulate challenge were all discarded. "I have been in danger of making myself ridiculous," she said to herself.

"It seems to me," she remarked presently, "that one part of the inquiry which you propose I should undertake must be very futile. The fate of all those arrested is a foregone conclusion, is it not?"

"Siberia? The mines?"

"Oh, no."

"But there is no capital punishment in Russia."

She laughed a hard pitiless laugh. "No one is ever condemned to death, of course," she admitted. "But there is the knout and the 'blow of grace' which is sometimes purchased by relatives of the

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prisoner on the understanding that it is the first blow to be administered, sometimes given as a final *coup* on a hint from the presiding official. It falls on the body below the ribs, curls round it, and lays opens the viscera."

Osborne uttered a hollow groan and buried his face in his hands.

At sight of his distress her ladyship's manner softened again. "It is useless to indulge in false hopes," she said. "If this person was on the spot at the time of the crime, or if by communication after the event with any person directly concerned she obtained knowledge of that State secret of which we have spoken, it is absolutely certain that she has been silenced already; she would not have been allowed to take her knowledge even to Siberia; but in Russia for every political crime of which one man is convicted, half a score are sent to Siberia on suspicion. Sometimes their fault is called one thing and sometimes another, it matters very little so long as they are removed; and they are not as harshly dealt with as the others. This may have been your friend's fate. Describe her to me."

Osborne did not answer at once, he was striving to master himself.

"Your hesitation is not very flattering, Mr. Osborne," she said. "You ask me to induce a man to risk his life by giving me certain information, yet you hesitate to place this woman in my power."

"No, no," he answered; "I am sure you will be careful, for if not yet arrested a description of her would be a dangerous weapon, but it was not that; it was not that. I was only struck by the fact that I myself know so little. Her name, the very name by which she was known to me, may have been a false one."

"Names are of no consequence, conspirators have so many. What is she like?"

"She is tall and dark, Lady Emilia," Osborne said, hoarsely. "Her face is beautiful; her figure very like your own; and she is a little more than a year my senior."

"Is she of the peasant class—a woman from the gymnasiums?"

"No! Oh, no! She has moved in the society of half-a-dozen capitals, I think."

"Her birth, parentage, and condition in life? What do you know of them; or, rather, what did she tell you?"

"By birth she is a Pole, of good family, I believe. She was married in St. Petersburg to a Russian."

"Is the husband living?"

"That I do not know. I have no information about him, except that he was a sot and a debauchee, who persecuted her for resenting his vileness."

"And if I do what you ask, if I succeed in the task you would set me, what then, Mr. Osborne?"

"Any certainty is better than doubt. You would have earned my life-long gratitude."

"But should I discover that this person has been drafted to Siberia ——?"

"I should endeavour to follow her there."

"You would carry your devotion as far as that?"

Osborne's brow flushed.

"There is not the personal element you suggest in this affair," he said, in a low voice; "but there are responsibilities which do not cease with the mere waning of a sentiment. Such a responsibility is mine."

Lady Emilia's eyes were cast down, her foot was softly tapping the carpet. For the first time since her early girlhood this worldly woman, this cynical beauty, was in the grip of a genuine emotion.

"Leave me now, Mr. Osborne," she said, in a voice strangely subdued. "I will do what you ask; at least, I pledge you my word to attempt to gain the information you require, and my sincere prayer for you is *that I may fail.*"

He bowed over her hand, too much moved even to attempt to formulate his thanks, and left her.

She dropped her cheek into her palm, and sat there motionless as a statue.

"To Siberia!" she mused. "To Siberia! Over the snow, and the mountains, and the desolate places for the sake of a dead passion. Is it possible? But to go, to go at all, to suffer, to exile oneself! That woman, whoever she is, has been loved, and I—I, the relict of George Datchet, what should I know of an unselfish devotion?"

She sprang up feverishly, and rang the bell. "Make me presentable," she said to the maid who answered her summons. "I am going for half an hour to the Duchess Maya's ball."

(To be continued.)

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The Mission to Lepers in India and the East.

By STEPHEN STAPLETON.

ON my way to Exeter Hall, the London headquarters of the Mission to Lepers in India and the East, I read on the contents bill of a weekly review displayed outside a newsagent's shop the query, "Should our missionary work cease?" I think that anyone who listened for half an hour to Mr. John Jackson, the able and earnest organising London secretary of the Mission to Lepers, on the splendid results of the philanthropic and religious labours of that Society must answer the question in a decided negative. The objects of the Mission are to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the lepers, to relieve their dreadful sufferings, and minister to their simple wants, and to provide homes for the untainted children of leprous parents. And the text for the sermon in good works which has been preached by that Mission for more than a quarter of a century is, "Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth his hand and touched him, and said unto him, I will; be thou clean."—Mark i., 41.

But before I attempt a description in detail of the labours of the Mission in the Far East let us first try to obtain some idea, however faint, of the nature of leprosy—that most hideous and most repulsive of all human diseases, for which medical science has, in despair, almost given up the hope of obtaining a remedy.

Happily, we know nothing by actual experience of leprosy. It is now more than a century since a leper has been seen in this kingdom. We are acquainted with the disease only through Biblical and secular literature. And is there in all history, ancient and modern, a more pathetic being than that social outcast, the leper?

There is the Hebrew leper, to whom we are introduced in the Bible, who with rent garments sits by the highway uttering his melancholy, despairful cry, "Unclean, unclean!" The foul disease is said to have been introduced into Europe by the Crusaders on returning from the East. In mediæval times in our own England the leper was expelled with a solemn and awe-inspiring religious ceremony from towns and cities. Beautiful reference is made to it by Tennyson when the Leper's Bride moans out her sorrow:—

> . . . O, the grief when yesterday
> They bore the Gross before you to the chant of funeral hymns.
> "Libera me, Domine!" You sang the Psalm, and when
> The Priest pronounced you dead, and flung the mould upon your feet,
> A beauty came upon your face, not that of living men,
> But seen upon the silent brow when life has ceased to beat.
> "Libera nos, Domine." You knew not one was there
> Who saw you kneel beside your bier, and weeping scarce could see.

A HOMELESS INDIAN LEPER.

Inns and churches and bakehouses were then closed to the leper. He was forbidden to eat with healthy people or to touch them. He was not permitted to walk on narrow footpaths. Arrayed in a long grey gown, with the hood drawn over his face, he roamed through the country with a clapper to announce his approach, and at that dread sound every one fled in horror from the outcast. The repulsive

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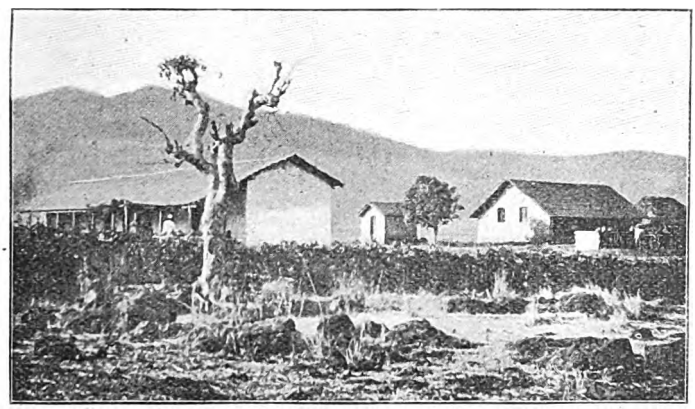
appearance of the unhappy being afflicted by this terrible scourge explains the terror with which our forefathers regarded any contact with him. The first indication of this incurable constitutional disease is the appearance of brown spots on the skin. As the malady develops large round reddish moles appear on the face; the bridge of the nose falls in, and the other features, becoming puckered, the leper assumes a fierce, morose, and forbidding expression. The sight also becomes dim, or is altogether destroyed. Then horrible ulcers appear on the feeble and emaciated frame of the leper, emitting an overpowering smell, and the fingers and toes drop off joint by joint. Thus the doomed being, hopeless of recovery, dies by inches a lingering, long drawn-out and loathsome death.



A LEPER VILLAGE.

Leprosy is endemic, or peculiar to, India, China, and Japan. It has existed in these countries from the remotest ages, and is due, no doubt, to the filthy habits and the unwholesome food of the unfortunate people. In these three countries, which comprise the sphere of this Society's philanthropic and religious efforts, there must be at least over a million lepers. India is said to have 500,000, China probably as many, and Japan has 200,000 registered cases of the disease. Here is a fact which should stir profoundly every heart capable of sympathising with human misery at its deepest deeps. Remember the fate of our fellow creatures who in these countries are afflicted with this most loathsome and incurable disease. The moment leprosy appears on any man, woman, or child banishment from the home is irrevocably decreed. There is no pity or compassion for the lepers. Men or women, young or old, they are turned adrift as unclean foul things on the highways and byways, homeless wanderers, dependent for subsistence upon casual doles of food thrown to them from afar, and which their mutilated fingers are scarcely able to pick up. In India the leper loses caste, which is regarded as the worst of all dooms. In Japan the native name for leper means something no longer human at all—something outside the pale of humanity altogether—and he is accordingly treated with the greatest cruelty. It is the same in China. The leper there is often put to death by fire without compunction, and even his religion has not a ray of hope for him in the next world. Something is done by the Government in India to provide refuges for the leper, but in China and Japan his sad lot is utterly without alleviation from the State. His only chance of physical relief and religious salvation is through the Missions.

The founder of the Mission to the Lepers is Mr. Wellesley C. Bailey, the Society's Secretary and Superintendent, who resides in Edinburgh. In 1869 Mr. Bailey was attached to the American Presbyterian Mission at Ambala in the Punjab. The Mission had a leper asylum, consisting of three rows of huts under some trees, and here it was that the young missionary was brought, for the first time, into contact with these most wretched outcasts of humanity. "They were in all stages of the malady," Mr. Bailey says, "and very terrible to look upon, with a sad, woebegone expression on their faces—a look of utter hopelessness." He continued to visit the asylum at Ambala regularly for three or four years, when he returned home to Ireland on furlough. His descriptions of the sad condition of the lepers in many parts of India deeply touched the hearts of a few personal friends in Dublin, and it was resolved to try, with God's help, to do something to relieve their

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sufferings. For this purpose a sum of £30 annually was promised, and thus was founded in 1874 the "Mission to Lepers in India." The publication by Mr. Bailey of a little pamphlet entitled "Lepers in India" awakened public sympathy, and by the end of the year the £30 had swelled to £600. In 1878, when the income had risen to £900, the Mission was placed upon a broader basis, and a committee was formed to manage its affairs. The public support of the Society continued to extend, and with it, of course, its beneficent operations. The committee was enlarged in 1888, and the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava (who during her husband's Viceroyalty in India had shown a warm interest in the welfare of the lepers) became patroness, and, as the society was formed in Ireland, Dr. Plunket, the Archbishop of Dublin, became the president; an office which is now filled by Dr. Alexander, the Primate of Ireland.

The methods of the Society are—(*a*) The establishment and maintenance of asylums for lepers and homes for their untainted children; (*b*) grants in aid of asylums in connection with other missionary societies; (*c*) the maintenance of Christian instruction in asylums where it it not otherwise provided. With regard to its religious as apart from its philanthrophic work, the Society does not send out missionaries of its own, but utilises existing agencies by providing the missionaries of these agencies with the means for carrying on Christian work in connection with the leper asylums of the Society, or among the lepers outside these institutions, and it is thus working in fifty-six stations in India, China, and Japan through the agents of twenty missionary societies of all Protestant denominations. The Society has eighteen leper asylums in India and Burma, four in China, and two in Japan, or twenty-four in all, entirely supported by its funds; while fifteen similar institutions under other control are assisted by grants of money. The homes for the untainted children of lepers supported by the Society are fourteen in number, twelve being in India and two in China.

The following extract from a letter received from a lady missionary at Sumatra, India, helps us to realise the treatment often accorded the lepers by their relatives and neighbours:—

I have told you about my poor leper, Nai Haseja, whom I used to visit regularly. I believe she did trust in the Saviour, though her notions were very confused. She lived alone in a little hut made of bamboo with straw roof. Her neighbours were very frightened of her and wanted her to go away, but she refused. Last week Brother S. rode past there and saw smoke rising. He went closer and saw a terrible sight, the hut and the brushwood burnt to the ground, and the bones in the midst.

The people were standing round, amongst them Nai Haseja's son, who was crying, but Brother S. heard a man scolding him because of his tears. "He ought to be thankful that his mother was now dead." If they had only done it at night when she was fast asleep she wouldn't have suffered so much, but this was at 5.30 p.m. She was awake, but hadn't yet left her hut, and her boy told me she had been begging for mercy. It is better not to try and picture the scene; it is over now, but it sickens me to see the burnt trees which grew round her hut. I passed by there this afternoon. It is hardly five minutes from here.

Yet this is not all. Our girls told us that only two days before another leper had been killed quite near here. Six men had set his hut on fire. He, being a strong man, had tried to flee, but had been thrust back into the fire with spears. *This*

LEPERS AND THEIR HUTS IN CENTRAL INDIA.

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is the fourth leper who has been burnt alive during this last year in Lagnbots alone! And we knew nothing about it at all. Those lepers were all heathen and unknown to us. If I had not visited Nai Haseja, and Brother S. known her, no one would have told us.

The lepers are not considered to be neighbours any more, and even the Christians don't think it so very bad to kill them, though no Christian would do so. In old time a father would burn his own son, and once the chiefs got all the lepers together in one village and burnt them all.

We, of course, directly went to the Government official about it, and asked for justice and for protection for the living lepers, but got the answer that the murderers, whose names are all known and who are quite proud of their deed, said they had better do the same to all the others too. They could not be punished, because this burning was an old custom of the Battas!

Brother S. asked the official if the Government couldn't do anything to establish a leper colony. He said it would cost two much money, but the Mission ought to do something. He promised, however, to make a law to forbid further burning of live people. You will understand that this affair has been, and is, very much on our hearts. There are so very many lepers here, and they are a great danger to others.

The Mission to Lepers, affected by this touching account of the terrible sufferings of the lepers of Sumatra, made an arrangement with the Rhenish Missionary Society to give aid, both spiritual and temporal, to these unhappy outcasts. The official organ of that Society contains a letter, from which the following is an extract:—

I feel much joy in my work amongst these poor lepers. Nor far from here is a village in which eight of these unhappy people have settled. This settlement of lost ones made a very great impression on me, with their bamboo huts and their banana and vegetable plantations. These people cultivate rice-fields and rear poultry. There are five men and three women, still pagans. The lot of the poor lepers here is sad beyond measure. Any one burning them in their huts boasts of it as if he had killed a tiger, for they are no longer considered human beings. It was a teacher himself who said to me, "Why do you go near those people? Such creatures should not be approached." The poor things are delighted if one takes an interest in them, and the hours that I have passed among them are some of the happiest in my life. It is, of course, an indescribably sad sight at first to see these poor people with their crippled limbs and unbandaged wounds, but one gets use to everything in time, and now we get on happily together.

One of the inmates, a woman, found great difficulty in eating with her decayed fingers.

I brought her a spoon (the missionary continues), and still laugh when I think of the solemn reception this useful article received. First the woman took it and placed it seriously in her mouth, then she examined it carefully. It next travelled from mouth to mouth—every one wanted to taste with it! It seemed to please them extremely, and they all said they could not eat any more with their fingers, and so we just had to procure one for each of them. They have, of course, very small needs, and we are always very glad when we can cheer their sorrowful lives in any way. One thing they were specially anxious for was shoes. They insisted that they could walk much better in them, so as there seemed less fear of infection with shoes I begged some old shoes from the missionary for them. Now our healthy Christians insist that the lepers are very proud since they have worn shoes. General feeling is, as I have said, much against lepers. One day one of the lepers met a baptised acquaintance in the field and said to him, "Now we pray also to the Lord Jesus," and received this answer, "As if the Lord Jesus would hear such as you!"

These touching records show the intensity of the suffering and misery which the Mission to Lepers seeks to alleviate. The poor afflicted creatures are gathered together in the asylums established by the Society. These institutions are not splendid buildings, with extensive grounds like the hospitals and asylums we often see at home. An asylum for lepers in India generally consists merely of a few low houses or native huts grouped together, with a house for a caretaker, a couple of store-rooms, a room for a dispensary, and a little school or church. The inmates, however, have a shelter from the inclemency of the weather; they are comfortably clothed; they receive daily rations, and each is supplied with a set of cooking utensils. They are also taught the Gospel, and in time many of them receive the truth in all sincerity and become Christians. "I have often received the Communion with these poor Christian lepers," says Mr. Bailey, "and it is certainly one of the most touching services I have ever engaged in. Those of us who were pure from the dreadful disease received first, and then the bread was put from our plate on to a plate which the lepers kept for the purpose, and in like manner the wine was poured from our cup into a vessel of theirs; then they handed both about among themselves, as, of course, we could not partake from the vessel that they did. It was, however, *spiritually* the one bread and the one cup." The helpless, hopeless, and forlorn condition of these poor creatures is, indeed, terrible to contemplate. They cannot work, many of them, as their fingers have dropped off; they cannot very well walk, as their toes are generally all gone; and the stench from their sores alone makes even their own relatives and friends reluctant to go near them. They are attacked by swarms of flies, against

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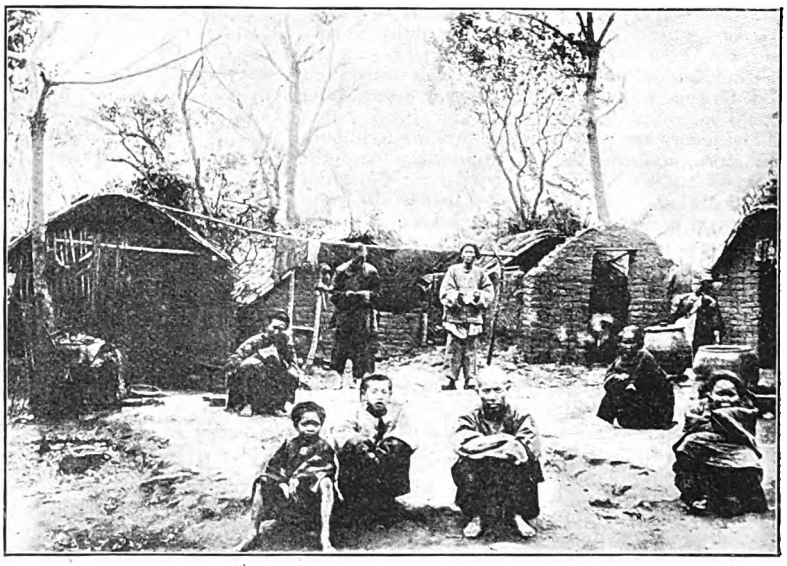
which they are, as a rule, helpless to defend themselves. They have no sensation in their mutilated limbs. As one of them said, "The rats come and gnaw us at night, and we don't know anything about it till we see the blood in the morning, or we move too near the fire in our sleep till we are badly burnt and never feel it."



A LEPER VILLAGE IN SOUTH CHINA.

The station of the Mission at Purulia, Bengal, which was established in 1888 by the Rev. H. Uffmann (whose daughter died of leprosy) is the largest leper asylum in India. Including the home for untainted children, which is attached to it, there are six hundred inmates, and there is a leper church of nearly four hundred members. The success of this institution in comforting and saving the outcast leper has received official endorsement. In the report of the Leprosy Commission appointed by the National Leprosy Fund, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, the lines on which the Mission works—of isolation of lepers and separation of untainted children—were warmly approved. The members of the Commission who inspected the large asylum at Purulia in 1891, entirely maintained by the Mission, reports as follows: "We were much pleased with the excellent arrangements made for the lepers. Their houses were very clean, they were well clothed and apparently well fed, and appeared to lead happy and contented lives. The Rev. Mr. Uffmann, who exercises the most careful personal superintendence, may be congratulated on the entire success of the asylum—one of the very best we have seen during a lengthened visit to such institutions throughout India. The children of leprous parents are kept apart, and they appear to be extremely happy and comfortable." The inmates of the asylum recently sent to England the following touching expressions of gratitude to the Mission: "We, the men and women in the Leper Asylum at Purulia, send you a thousand thanks. We have now good houses to dwell in, and a doctor and medicine to heal our ulcers. We have teachers and pastors who instruct, guide, and comfort us. All these advantages we owe, next to God, to you, our benefactors and friends. Our nearest relatives have abandoned and forsaken us, and there was no place left on earth where we could rest and stay without molestation. People seeing us from a distance shouted 'Begone! begone!' Ah! that was hard. Please remember us in your prayers, and continue to help and succour us, your suffering brothers and sisters, the Lepers of Purulia."

Here is the story of Dayamony, one of the inmates, told in her own words, which is typical of many cases in the institution:—

From my childhood I have had to fight with much distress. When I came of age according to Hindoo law, I was married. Soon after I was overtaken with this disease—and what an acquaintance! I tried medicine to cure it, but in vain, and the result was my husband turned me out of doors. I went to my father and was advised to go to the house of the god Siva and worship there. I went, and was lying on the ground for twenty-six days, spending day and night in fasting and prayers, crying as far as I understood to the gods for mercy. Every sunset I took a mouthful of dry corn; that was all I had for twenty-six days, but I got no answer, nor did the god Siva appear to console me. I left that

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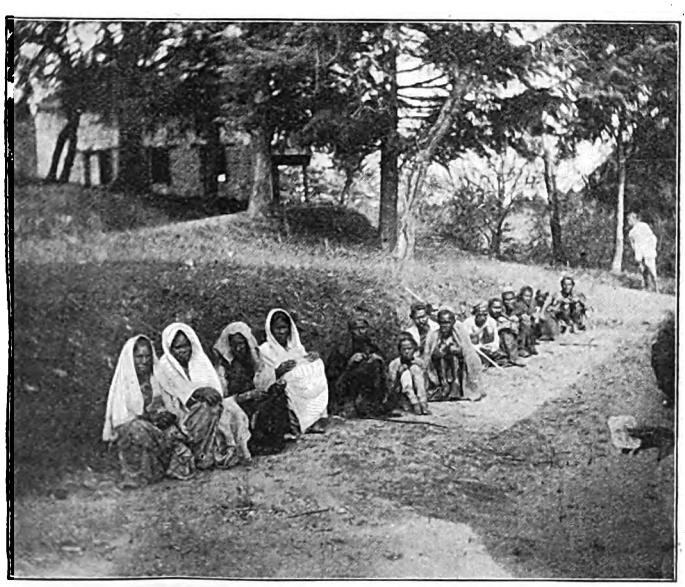
place much disappointed and went home, but when my family found my pilgrimage had been useless I was told that for such people as I was homes had been built at Purulia and I had better go there. With great sorrow I received this news, but took my only child in my lap and sheltered for four days under a tree, then with a broken heart and a sorrowful face I started alone for Purulia. When I arrived I was very kindly received, as others here are. Here it was that I first heard the name of Jesus our Saviour, here I learnt the great difference between Heathenism and Christianity. I know I cannot thank the great God in this world as I should do, but I hope to do so with my whole heart when I arrive in heaven. Please pray for me.

Another fine institution is at Chandag on the Himalays, which shelters nearly one hundred lepers, the majority of whom have become Christians. The asylum is conducted by Miss Mary Reed, an American lady, whose story, as told by Mr. John Jackson in his book "Mary Reed, Missionary to the Lepers," is as striking, thrilling, and pathetic as that of the heroic Father Damien, the leper martyr, which moved the whole civilised world some years ago. Miss Reed is not only a missionary to the lepers but a fellow sufferer with them. She fell a victim to leprosy while working as a Zenana missionary in India. When it became clear to her that her ailment was the dread disease, she applied to the Mission for a sphere of work, and the committee gladly appointed her superintendent of the asylum at Chandag. There, at her lonely post in the mountains, Miss Reed devotes herself, with zeal and enthusiasm, to succouring with much needed care and charity her fellows in affliction and suffering.



A GROUP OF LEPER CHRISTIANS.

In a recent number of the little quarterly magazine of the Society entitled "Without the Camp," I find some interesting descriptions of recent accessions to the leper asylum at Almora, in the north-west province of India. Of one, a lad of eighteen years, named Kauntia, it is written :—

He came to us through hearing of the asylum from some friends of Baura, another inmate, who had visited him and saw how contented and comfortable he was in the asylum. Doti, from which Kauntia comes, is about one hundred miles away, but hearing the glad news of a pleasant home for such as he was, he set off to find it, and after a tedious and painful journey reached us on February 18th, 1899. He was a piteous sight, maimed in hands and feet, and disfigured in face, dirty and weary, and miserably clad. He soon settled down to our routine, and brightened up, and became as cheerful as his condition would permit of. Think of his eight years' suffering and privation, and you will not wonder that gratitude filled his heart when he found such comfort and peace as we had to give him. He set about learning to read, and is already able to do so fairly well. The first day he arrived he attended the service, and had his thoughts stirred by what he heard of the Saviour. It was so different from what he had been taught about Devi Thul, the goddess he had been in the habit of worshipping, whose spirit he was afraid of, as bringing down upon him all sorts of terrible evils, and whom it was almost impossible to propitiate, even by superhuman effort. She was known only for her cruelty and oppression. This was all the thought poor Kauntia had of God till he came to the asylum and learnt how much God loves all men and forgives them. His thought now is "Jesus saves, Jesus saves me."

Here is another case which throws a vivid light on the contrast between the helpless lot of the leper as a wandering mendicant and the comfort and ease of mind and body which the outcast feels within the sheltering walls of the Society's asylums :—

Champha was a woman of the Rajput class. She comes from a village which is also a long way off, called Jagoli. She is about forty years of age, and has been suffering for more than seven years; but came to us only last

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May. She was led to do so by hearing from Jogiani and Hira of the comfort and peace they were enjoying in the asylum. She had met them in her wanderings. It is a long time now since she heard of her husband and son and three daughters, who are, so far as she knows, still alive. All her children were born before she got ill, and no one else among all her relations has ever suffered from the disease. She used to worship Mahadeo, and offered goats, and grain, and flowers, and made pilgrimages, but never received any benefit bodily or spiritually. She is a great sufferer, and feels keenly her sad lot. Soon after coming to us she grasped the truth that Jesus is the Son of God, and she has been striving to maintain a constant and earnest discipleship ever since. Her one thought is cleansing in the blood of Jesus.

A most important and beneficent part of the work of the Society is the rescue of the children of lepers who have not as yet contracted the disease. If, as decided by the latest scientific Congress on Leprosy (that at Berlin in 1897), leprosy is "contagious, but not hereditary," it is of the utmost urgency that the many children to be found in leper villages and settlements, as well as in native asylums and other places, should be removed from their surroundings of grave physical and moral danger. Surely no condition can be more terrible than for young and helpless children to be in daily contact with leprous parents and have their young lives blighted by the degrading surroundings of a leper village or an asylum whose every inmate is a centre of contagion. The fact that in the fourteen children's homes of the Mission to Lepers there have been in many years only one or two authentic cases of the children of leprous parents developing the disease is certain evidence that the disease is not hereditary, and is the strongest possible testimony to the value of this department of the Society's work. The number of children in the homes of the Society, according to the latest report, is over two hundred. Fully four thousand lepers are supported or helped by the Mission, and there are two thousand Christian lepers in connection with it. The receipts of the Society in 1899 amounted to £12,936 15s. 9d., and the sum expended was £10,335 10s. 6d. The work is entirely supported by voluntary contributions

FLEETING.

Fleeting on, forever fleeting,
Like the spirit of the wind;
Still the years roll on, repeating
Echoes of the year behind—
Naught the mystic chain may sever,
Present now and future ever.

On, forever, onward speeding
Down the long-drawn vale of tears;
Still the fading past, receding,
Beckons to the future years—
Flitting onward, resting never,
Present now and future ever.

Clarence Hope.

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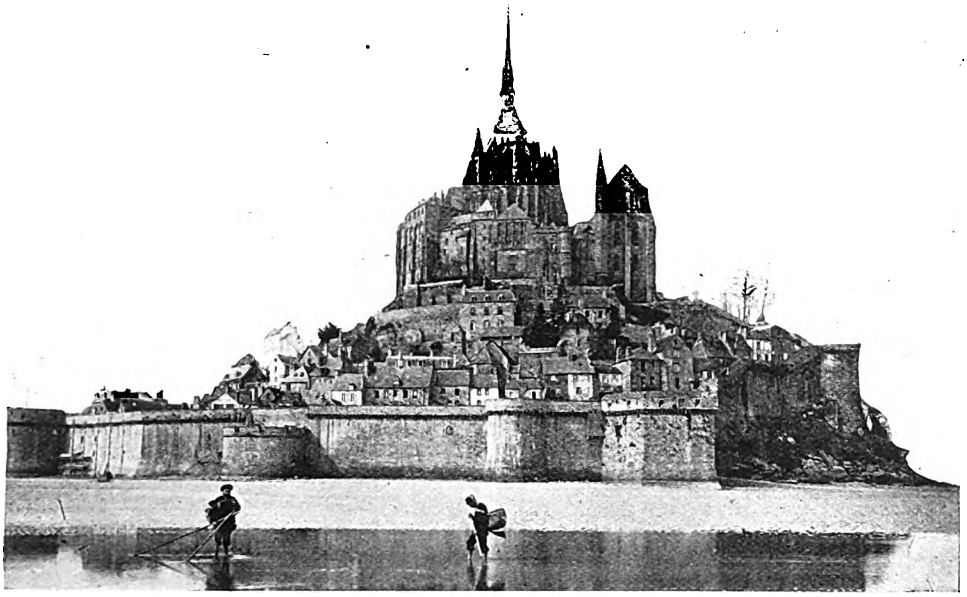

MONT ST. MICHEL FROM THE EAST.

The Palace of the Angels.

By J. A. HAMMERTON.

IT was in Evreux, while cycling through Normandy this summer, that my wife and I met three "new women," who were also touring the country awheel. Their route was for the most part the reverse of ours, but not so extended, and in discussing the country with them I asked how long they had spent at Mont St. Michel. "Oh, we have not gone there," was the reply, "we were told it wasn't interesting, and so we have kept away from it." We were shocked to find that three rational English women, and especially of the advanced type, could know so little of the monuments of France as to accept the irresponsible opinion of some one-eyed tourist that Mont St. Michel was not worth visiting.

Not interesting, indeed! There is not in the whole of Normandy, in all France, in historic England even, an example of so much interest concentrated in so small a space. An enthusiastic Frenchman has described it as the eighth wonder of the world. Victor Hugo has said that Mont St. Michel is to France what the Pyramids are to Egypt. Large and deeply interesting volumes have been written about it. It will form a theme for writers for generations to come, and artists will employ their pencils here so long as a vestige of the wonderful buildings remains.

There is a strong temptation in writing of Mont St. Michel to fall into the style of the junior reporter who will blandly tell you that a thing is indescribable, and immediately proceed to describe it. One is persuaded that this marvellous monument of the Middle Ages cannot be adequately described in plain prose, however apt the

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pen, yet one is equally desirous to make the attempt. But I shall promise my readers on this occasion to make no effort at an elaborate description, which, indeed, the space of a magazine article renders impossible, and to attempt no more than a general sketch of the most noteworthy features of the Mount.

To begin with, I take it for granted that the reader, if he or she has not already visited Mont St. Michel, is at least aware that it is situated in the bay of the same name, near the point where the coasts of Normandy and Brittany unite, and thus some forty-three miles south-east of Jersey. The story of Mont St. Michel, even if the hand of man had never reared upon it one of the most remarkable structures which the human mind has conceived, would have been interesting. During the Roman occupation of France, or Gaul as it was then called, the great stretch of sea which lies between the Mount and Jersey to-day was then a vast forest, through which some fourteen miles of Roman military road were constructed. But in the third century the invasion of the sea compelled the Romans to alter the course of their road, and in the next century both the Mount and the small island of Tombelaine, which lies scarcely two miles away, were isolated at high tide. So on from century to century, the sea has gradually eaten away this part of Normandy, until now some three hundred square kilometres of land are entirely submerged at high tide. This alone is sufficient to invest the Mount with a peculiar interest, for one can stand upon it to-day and, gazing far away to sea, contemplate the absolute mastery of Neptune, whose ravages have left of all the great forest of Scissy nothing more than a handful of trees growing sturdily among the rocks on the north side of the Mount.

But it is the human interest attaching to Mont St. Michel that outweighs everything else. The rock is steeped in religious lore, and in the annals of war there is no place in France more historic. Originally a monastery, it became in time an impregnable fortress as well; the rough warrior lived side by side upon it with the studious monk, and there the clash of battle was as regular an occurence for years on end as the mass and vespers. In its old age it became a prison, one of the most dreaded in a land of terrible prisons, and just as it had been absolutely impregnable to attack (the English without success besieging it for eleven years in the fifteenth century) so was it an inviolable prison, only one man ever having been able to effect his escape, and even in his case escape would have been impossible but for the facilities which were unconsciously placed in his hands by his gaolers.

The first thought which comes to the visitor as he views the Mount from the shore is, What could have induced anyone to choose so difficult a site for the foundation of a monastery? But here legend conveniently steps in and explains all. In the eighth century Aubert, the Bishop of Avranches, one of the most pious in an age of piety, was in the habit of retiring to the Mount for rest and meditation, and during one of his visits there the Archangel Saint Michael, the Prince of the Armies of the Lord, appeared to him and told him to build on the top of the Mount a sanctuary in his honour. From which it will be seen that even the angels in those days were not above self-advertisement. But Aubert, though a bishop, was "even as you and I," and when he awoke in the morning he had some doubt as to whether he had been dreaming or had really entertained the Archangel; so he prolonged his stay in the hope of receiving another visit, nor was he disappointed. A few days later Saint Michael appeared to him once more, and rather sharply repeated his command. But even now Aubert was not convinced, and he determined to give Saint Michael a third chance, which the Saint was nothing loth to accept, repeating his instructions in a most peremptory manner. He also touched the bishop's head, leaving a hole in the skull "for a sign." We have heard of a surgical operation to introduce a joke, but this is the only case on record where a saint has found it necessary to perform a surgical operation for the introduction of a command into the head of a bishop, and Aubert, like a sensible man, concluding that one hole in his skull was sufficient, immediately set about the building of "the Palace of the Angels." Aubert's skull is still preserved in the Church of Saint Gervais at Avranches, and the startling effect of Saint Michael's touch may be seen to this day!

That is only one of the innumerable legends which surround the origin of the

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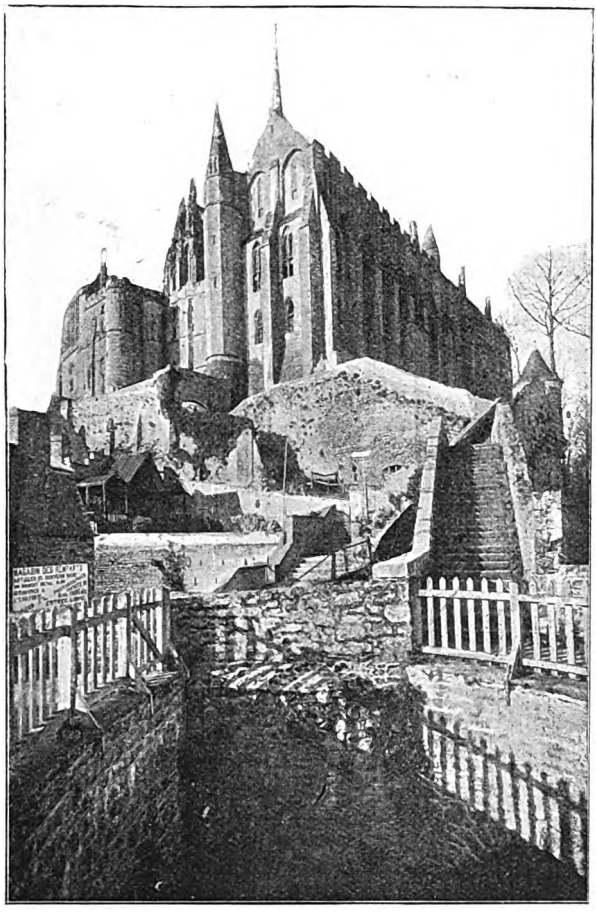
Abbey. Another is worthy of mention, illustrating, as it does, the advantages of co-operation with an angel when one is performing so difficult a task as Aubert took up. On the top of the Mount were two large rocks which interfered seriously with building, and could be moved by no human efforts. Saint Michael, therefore, appeared to a devout peasant who lived on the coast and bore the familiar name of Bain, telling him to take his sons to the Mount and move the rocks. Despite the Caledonian flavour of his name, Bain did not wait to have his skull perforated by the Archangel, but went forthwith together with eleven of his children and tried to move the rocks. They could not stir them one hair's-breadth however; whereupon Aubert asked Bain if he had brought all his children, and the good man explained that they were all there except the baby, which was with its mother. The Bishop then instructed him to go at once and fetch the infant, "for God often chooses the weak to confound the strong." The child was brought and at a touch of his little foot the rocks went tumbling down the Mount, in proof of which one may be seen to this day with a little chapel to Saint Aubert built on the top of it.



THE MERVEILLE.

One more of the many miracles associated with the beginning of the great work should not be left unmentioned. Saint Aubert was naturally much exercised as to where he should rear his sanctuary, the pinnacle of a lonely rock being an unusual place to build on even in those unusual days, but here again the Archangel, who had manifested so much personal interest in the work, came to his rescue and caused a heavy dew to fall on the Mount, leaving a dry space on the top. Upon this dry space was the church to be built.

In 709 Saint Aubert had practically completed the structure, and the church was dedicated to Saint Michael after two precious relics (namely, a piece of a scarlet veil, which the Archangel had left on the occasion of his famous appearance at Monte Gargano in Naples, together with a piece of the marble on which he had stood) were placed in a casket on the altar. Not a vestige of the oratory built by Saint Aubert, nor of the church erected in 963 by Richard, remains. The oldest part of the buildings now existing represents a church founded in 1020 by Richard, second Duke of Normandy, and constructed under the direction of the Abbot Hildebert II. The transepts, the greater part of the nave, and the crypts date back to this period.

The whole scheme of the wonderful memorial which fascinates the eye of the latter-day tourist owed its conception to this eleventh century abbot, and surely no saintly architect ever conceived a more audacious plan. His project was not merely to occupy the limited space on the summit of the Mount with his religious

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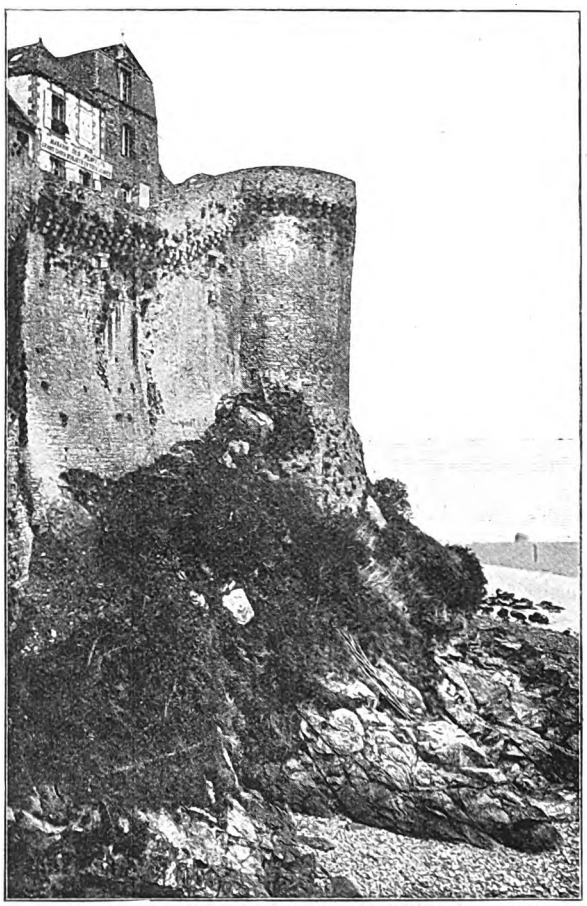
buildings, but to start far down the sides of the rock, and, by utilising the Mount just as the sculptor makes use of a skeleton frame whereon to place the clay in which he models his statue, so to rear upward gigantic walls and buttresses which at the top would carry a huge platform to hold the superstructures, thus creating a collection of vast buildings with the live rock thrust up in the centre for foundation. It is to the glory of St. Michael that for no less than five centuries this colossal scheme of Hildebert's was carried out with absolute unity of purpose by his successors; an achievement only possible amongst religious workers. The result was that this lonely Mount gradually became clothed with a series of most beautiful buildings, which to the eye of the beholder seem to have grown by some natural process out of the rock itself.



THE RAMPARTS (XV. CENTURY) TOUR DU NORD.

To the student of architecture it would be impossible to mention any monument more worthy of study than this. Not only do we find within its innumerable cloisters, crypts, and halls, specimens of the purest Gothic that exists, but at every corner we are presented with structures which conform to the very highest ideals of art, in being at once useful and beautiful. There is not a single buttress, not a window, not an arch, not a pillar, which does not discharge some duty and the removal of which would not weaken in some degree a part of the scheme.

The best way to secure an intelligible idea of the work of these monkish builders is to walk round the Mount at low tide and study the buildings from the outside. The feature which will most impress one in following this course is the wonderful north side of the Mount, known as the Merveille, which rears its massive walls sheer from the rock face, supported along its entire length by enormous buttresses that spring with a fine suggestion of strength and permanency from their rocky base. The principal buildings, apart from the church, are contained within these massive walls. To the west we have in three stories, the Cellar, the Salle des Chevaliers, and above the latter the open Cloister, the most perfect example of its kind in the world. The eastern part commences with the Almonry, above which is the Salle des Hôtes, and on the top of that the Refectory.

The whole effect of the Merveille is superb, yet what is it more that a great wall held up by mighty buttresses, pierced in different ways to light the chambers within and make each suitable for its particular office? The most perfect economy has been observed throughout, the buttresses are terminated the moment their services are not required, and the Refectory, which carries a light wooden roof,

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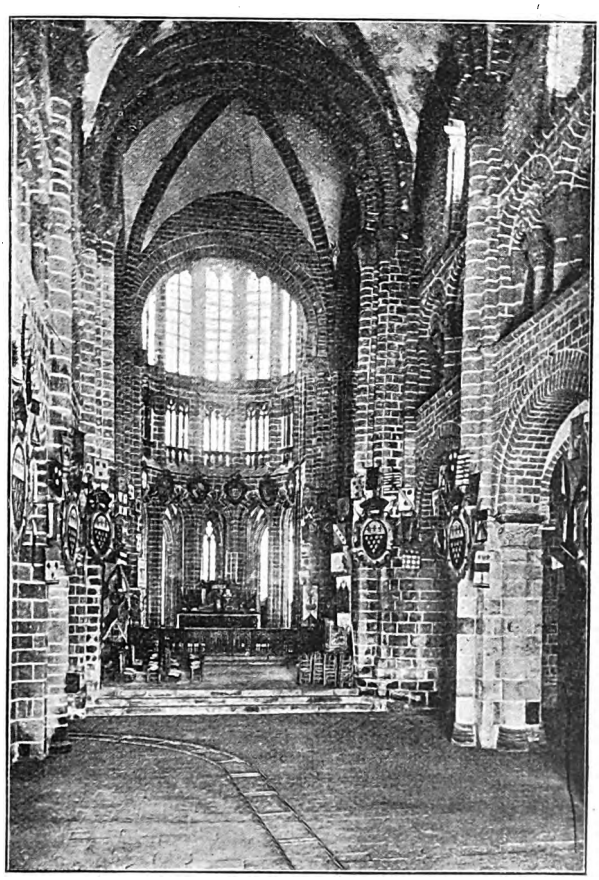
is lighted by means of long narrow lancets which give to the wall, now supported by buttresses, far more strength than would have been possible had it been pierced by wide windows; still the lighting within is perfect. In brief, the Merveille, apart from the numerous other buildings which went to form the monastic and military establishment, is enough to send an architect into raptures, and might if he knew not the dangers of the incoming tide, which has to cover nine miles of land at the rate of a race horse, induce him to tarry over long in feasting his eyes on this marvellous achievement. It is beautiful beyond description, and yet we may be certain that its builders never thought of mere beauty in its construction, but built purely to meet the exigencies of the situation and to provide the best possible accommodation for the inhabitants of the monastery and their dependants. As one writer has put it, "the beauty just happened." It is only when we find builders striving after effect that we are face to face with decadent art.

Continuing our walk round the Mount on those sands which have been the scene of many a bitter battle, we pass under the ramparts of the Mount, commencing with the Tour du Nord at the eastern end of the Merveille. Here, again, the beautiful union of art and nature is observed, this magnicent tower seeming to be but the natural growth of the shelving rocks at its base. It is no surprise to know that through the ages which knew not the Maxim or the 100-ton gun the splendid fortifications successfully resisted every attack of the envious English, the Bretons, and the Huguenots. The modern town is huddled picturesquely between the ramparts and the Abbey along the east and south of the Mount.

Having completed the tour around the Mount, the visitor should next proceed along the ramparts, and reach the entrance to the Abbey by the staircase known as the Grand Degré, which leads into the Barbican, and through the massive and beautiful Châtelet into the more ancient entrance of the Abbey, known as Belle-Chaise, where are situated the Guard Room and the Government Room. Here the guide will take us in hand, and march us from point to point of interest in the interior. But it is impossible in the space of a magazine article to attempt a description of this, which would follow in any detail the stipulated round of the apartments that at present are shown to the public.

Suffice it to say that you will first be taken to the Church, which is now, and likely to be for many years, in the hands of the restorers. Only four bays of the seven which went to the making of the great Norman nave remain, and these have had to be much restored, but here it is a pleasure to record that the restoration is being carried out with perfect taste, so that when the Government has discharged its self-imposed task, the latter-day visitor



INTERIOR OF ABBEY CHURCH.

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THE STREET, MONT ST. MICHEL.

will have an excellent idea of the Abbey and its dependent buildings as these were in the hey day of Mont St. Michel's prosperity. From the Church we shall enter the Cloister, already mentioned as being the topmost of the three western stories of the Merveille. Here was the recreation ground of the monks, and nothing could be more exquisite than the elegant proportions of the slender pillars which support the vaulted roofs of the double arcade. From the Cloister we visit the Refectory, where many a strange gathering of monks has taken place in days of old: for it is one of the interesting things in the history of Mont St. Michel that, while in its earlier ages it was a centre of learning and genuine religion, it became corrupt and scandalous under the commendatory abbots, who were men neither of morals nor religion and who allowed all sorts of abuses within these sacred walls. At one time, indeed, the Abbot of Mont St. Michel was the five-year-old son of Louis the Just. In the south-west corner of the Refectory is the pit which formerly contained a lift whereby provisions could be hauled up from the bottom story, and the leavings of the monks sent down to the Almonry for distribution amongst the poor.

The Salle des Chevaliers, which will next be visited, is described by a learned writer as "perhaps the finest Gothic chamber in the world," and is believed to have been built as a great workroom for the monks, but received its present name either from the fact that the first investitures of the order of St. Michael were made herein, or that it was the lodging of the 190 knights who came to the Mount to defend it against the English. In this beautiful apartment, lighted and ventilated in a way that is a model to present day builders, the monks wrote and illuminated the manuscripts which gave to the abbey the title of "The City of Books." Reached from this room is the Salle des Hôtes, wherein the grand visitors were entertained by the Abbot in a style befitting their rank, as under the rule of St. Benedict it was forbidden for laymen to enter the apartments reserved for the monks. Like all the other buildings, however, it has served many another purpose than that for which it was originally designed, and at one time was actually used as a *Plomberie* where the lead was worked for roofing and other purposes connected with the Abbey.

The Cellar is, in its way, as beautiful as any of the other apartments, although nothing was attempted by its builders but to provide a capacious store room for the inhabitants of the Mount, and to secure in its strong pillars strength to support the buildings rising above it. The provisions were hauled up from the sands by means of a great wheel and a rope, the latter being carried out on a little drawbridge to enable it to drop clear of the rocks. This arrangement, by the way, is associated with one of the most audacious attempts to secure the Abbey during the wars of

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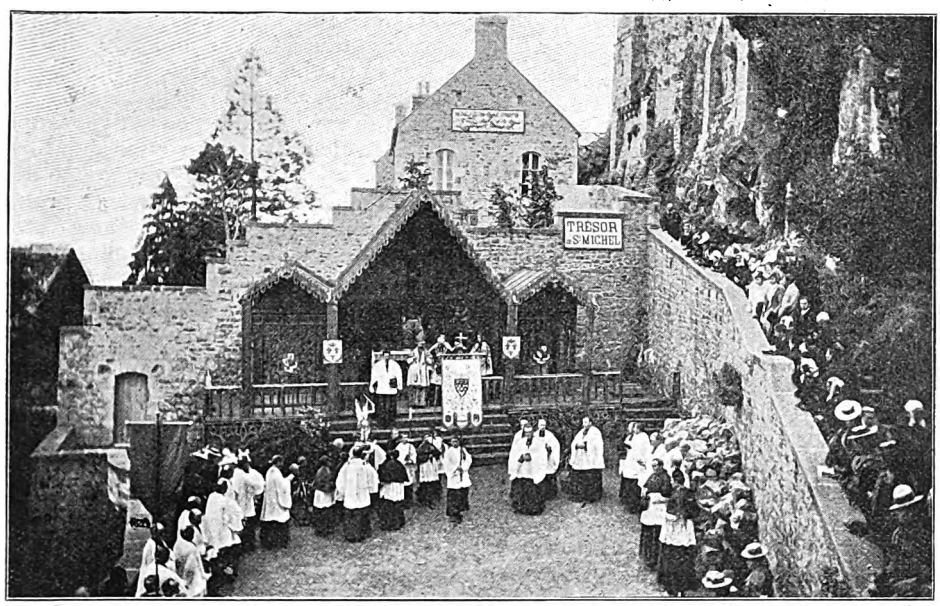
the Huguenots. A traitor within arranged with two Huguenot leaders that on the day of St. Michael, in September, at eight o'clock in the evening, in the year 1591, he would haul up their men by means of this rope and introduce them to the Cellar, while the monks were engaged in devotions, so placing the Mount at their mercy. But he proved a double traitor, for after seventy-eight men had been so hauled up and, with one exception, quietly killed by the soldiers of the garrison as they arrived, the leaders below became suspicious of a trap, and asked that a monk should be thrown down as evidence that the plot was successful. The Governor immediately had one of the murdered Huguenots dressed in the gown of a monk and thrown down, but the Sieur Montgomery was not satisfied with this, and he called up that one of his men should come out on the drawbridge and assure them below that all was well. So the Governor sent the one man he had spared and instructed him to answer down that the Huguenots were masters of the Abbey. He was faithful to death, however, and called down that they were betrayed. Instead of being immediately killed, the Governor was so impressed with his courage, that he spared him, and the Huguenots hastily rode away.

The Almonry is the last of the great apartments which are contained in the Merveille, and it is from this that visitors make their exit into the courtyard of the Abbey; but many other interesting chambers are shown to visitors, such as the Crypte de l'Aquilon, the Charnier, the Promenoir or ancient cloister, and the famous Crypte des Gros-Piliers, which is also known as l'Eglise Basse, or the Lower Church, its pillars of enormous girth being designed to support the heavy masonry of the Abbey above. The Cachots, or prisons, are also an important item of the sights described by the guide, and many harrowing tales are told of famous prisoners who went mad during their incarceration in these awful dungeons. But it is really a pity that this part is shown at all, as the recollection of these hideous holes is likely to confuse many visitors' impressions of the place.



THE PROCESSION OF ST. MICHEL.

Here, then, is a very brief and a sadly-imperfect sketch of this rare gift which the Middle Ages have left to lucky France. It need only be added that not one visit, nor two, is necessary to an adequate appreciation of the beauties of Mont St. Michel; several days, instead of several hours, as is too often the custom of the breathless tourist, should be spent on the Mount. There is accommodation in plenty, for the three hotels, all kept by members

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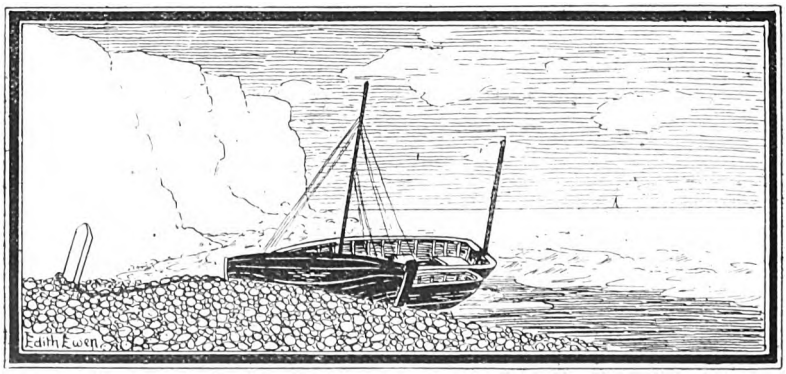
of the same family (and each at daggers drawn with the others), give splendid entertainment at moderate rates; and practically all the houses are annexes to one or other of these establishments, so that, except during August and September, accommodation is never difficult to obtain. Nor are the buildings of the Abbey and the Merveille the only things of interest on the Mount to-day, for though it is a strangely-different scene from that in the olden days of pilgrimage, it is, perhaps, as interesting if we choose to regard as pilgrims the countless tourists who swarm here from all the ends of the earth, and we shall find amongst them even more material for study than was afforded to the monks in ages past. Then if rain should keep us prisoner for an hour or two at times, we need not weary sitting at our window, watching the carriages and bicycles arriving at the entrance to the Cour de l'Avancée, where they are immediately besieged by representatives of each of the hotels, and probably a simple Briton, innocent of French or the ways of this curious community, will find himself divided into three, his luggage being captured by the representative of Poulard *aîné*, his bicycle being taken by the tout for Poulard *jeune*, and he himself being led captive by the buxom female who canvasses for *veuve* Poulard.

We remember one occasion when, at a high tide, which necessitated the use of a boat for debarking visitors, a lonely English female, of the type so properly satirised by French caricaturists, arrived by the diligence, and was rowed in lonely state through the entrance to the outer court. As the boat grounded she stood up, an angular vision in drab, with dark-blue spectacles and a straw hat. In answer to the enquiring shouts of the hotel representatives, she innocently replied in the one word she knew, "Poulard," and there was a rush for her, in which the elder Poulard, thanks to exceptional height and strength, was able to dispose of his rivals and lift this representative of British womanhood bodily into the kitchen of his hotel. She would probably be as much surprised as most of us were on visiting the place for the first time, to discover that after leaving this kitchen and ascending two stairs in the hope of arriving immediately at your bedroom, the maid calmly opens a door, and you find yourself in another street, which rises step after step for 100 yards or so, and brings you to one of the dependencies of the hotel, where probably you may have two or three stories to climb. You have a feeling all the time you are on the Mount that somehow you are living on the top of slates, as the houses look down upon each other, and in many cases you can walk from the top flat out on to a street at the back.

In a word, Mont St. Michel is unique. A stay here is an experience unlike any to be had elsewhere in Europe.



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By MRS. D. A. FLETCHER.

TIME was when the lady farmer was an unknown quantity in the land.

Farming, so far as the fair sex was concerned, was restricted to the wives, daughters, or widows of the ordinary agriculturist, the lady at the hall or at the rectory possibly interesting herself in a few favourite chickens or ducks, but never entering the public agricultural arena.

To-day the "farmeress" is a recognised feature of country life. Some are to be found amongst the great châtelaines of the land, whose names are as familiar as household words. Others are merely quiet home-keeping gentlewomen, who have taken up the work either for pleasure or for profit.

Every branch of agriculture has now its lady exponent—stock-breeding, dairy farming, poultry-rearing, honey farms, and egg farms, are all included in the female curriculum, and success frequently crowns their efforts with every possible laurel from the world of shows. It has been said of the initiation of lady fanciers into the poultry world that many erstwhile corrupt practices have almost ceased with their advent. Possibly there are corrupt practices also in farming generally which their interest may help to slay. Anyhow they are fast becoming a very formidable set of rivals to their male colleagues, and I think one very probable reason for this is that it is the nature of women to attend more to details, to be saving of expenditure over little things which men, taking, or being credited with taking, the larger issues of life, are scarcely prone to do.

Before mentioning any others it must not be forgotten that Her Majesty and the Princess of Wales are both proficient "farmeresses." They take the deepest interest in all matters agricultural. The Queen frequently wins honours with her Shorthorns and Herefords. The Princess is equally famous for her poultry at Sandringham. Perhaps some day it may be our good fortune to be more familiar with these Royal farmyards.

As a rule ladies seem to find the most profitable and pleasurable delight from Guernseys, Jerseys, and the dainty Dexter Kerries, but there are exceptions to this as to every laid-down precept.

Miss Alice de Rothschild, who may truly be said to be one of our foremost lady farmers, goes in, like our Sovereign, for such cattle as Herefords, Shorthorns and Polled Angus, and there are few ladies, with the exception of Her Majesty, who have done better in this way. The Jerseys are also very notable at this beautiful Buckinghamshire estate, where the sister of the late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild is maintaining all the best traditions of Waddesdon Manor.

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Everything is so perfect here that it would be indeed difficult to conceive a greater paradise for the animal inhabitants. Not only does the utmost cleanliness, orderliness, and absolutely wonderful supervision prevail, but there is blended with the farm life of Waddesdon such an element of beauty that it is a pleasure to be able to spend a day within its precincts. Roses, wisteria, laburnum, creepers, and ferns of all sorts clothe every building and run riot down every wall. Besides the cattle already mentioned, Miss Rothschild breeds Oxford Downs sheep and Shire horses. In the poultry pens there are Andalusians, Wyandottes, and Dorkings, and many strange birds and beasts have found a home at this most exquisite of English estates. Miss de Rothschild's triumphs in the show yards are so numerous that it would be useless to attempt to describe them.

ON THE WAY TO THE MILKING.

From Bucks to coal-seamed county Durham seems a far cry; nevertheless, in the interests of farming, we have to transplant ourselves that distance, for at Wynyard Park we find Lady Londonderry going in extensively both for horse and cattle breeding. She has really three special herds under her management, or at least under her direction, for, both in matters of farm and stud, Lady Londonderry is a very noted connoisseur. She has for dairy purposes some crossed Angus and Shorthorn cows, and her Aberdeen Angus are equally well known for stock purposes, the pure Shorthorns being also a noted feature at Wynyard. The brood mares are a great matter in the farming life of this Londonderry estate.

Unlike many other lady farmers, Lady Londonderry is not at all keen on entering the show yard; she is content from year to year with a thoroughly good home account, only very rarely making an exception in favour of a more public tribunal The home farm at Wynyard is known as Salter House, but contrary to many canons of farming the Orpingtons and the Dorkings have their pens at some distance from it. The dairy is built in exact imitation of the house itself, the front having the same graceful Corinthian pillars and the walls clad with the flowers of the successive seasons. The interior of course reflects, from shining white and turquoise blue walls, the latest of dairy improvements and the best of modern implements effectual in the making of butter and cream.

The Hon. Mrs. Cecil Howard, of Dutchlands, Great Missenden, is a very famous Buckinghamshire lady farmer, with a herd of prime Jerseys. Everyone interested in these charming beasties attends the summer sale at Dutchlands, and the milking qualities of the herd are well known. Berkshire pigs also interest this lady, and in 1899 she carried off the champion prize for them at Aylesbury. Ponies she also goes in for, and, in fact, for general farming. Mrs. Howard is by no means a dilettante farmer, taking it up at one season and dropping it at another. She is thoroughly wrapped up in the work, and she even denies herself the pleasures and many allurements of society in order to devote herself entirely to the work she has in hand.

Mrs. McIntosh, of Havering Park, Essex, has quite a show herd of Jerseys on her lovely farm, which consists of 730 acres in one of the prettiest quarters of the country. This lady, adopting the

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MRS. PRESCOTT-WESTCAR.

principle of the real island owners of these cattle tethers them out all during the summer months, but their winter haunts are as dry and comfortable as forethought and ingenuity can make them. Besides her Jerseys Mrs. McIntosh keeps about two hundred sheep and some Highland cattle. A great Guernsey cattle owner is Mrs. Montefiore of Worth Park, Crawley, Sussex; Lady Tichborne, at her Hampshire home near Alresford, keeps the same; whilst Lady de la Warr's tastes run to the Kerry Dexters, dear little creatures, whose Swiss bells make music on the slopes above Bexhill-on-sea, where the old Manor House belonging to Lord de la Warr stands. Lady de la Warr has very practical notions as regards her cattle, and she is quite competent to judge of them and understand all their points. Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, the Hon. Mrs. Murray Smith (of Gumley Hall, Market Harborough), the Countess of Abingdon, Mrs. Walter Barron, Miss Emily Moore (of Leatherhead), and Lady de Rothschild (of Aston Clinton, Tring), are all Jersey cattle owners, those at Tring being very well-known favourites. There are about ninety young heifers kept, and all the original stock were bought in England and not in the Channel Islands.

Aston Clinton is an ideal spot for farming, or indeed for any branch of outdoor life, for it is one of the most beautifully wooded parts of Hertfordshire. All the farm books are kept in the most methodical way, the Sandringham record sheet for testing the milking qualities of each cow being always in use. The yards and buildings are very large, and the Jerseys have a dining-room all to themselves. Quite a novelty here is the calf house, with accommodation for fifteen baby Jerseys. The late Sir Anthony took a great deal of interest and pride in his farm and all that appertained to it, and Lady de Rothschild is very particular to keep it up in a similarly perfect way. Pigs and poultry, chiefly the Sussex table birds, Cambridge bronze turkeys, and some Minorcas are allowed the freedom of the leafy venues of Aston Clinton, and a small number of Shire mares are kept. The dairy, which somehow one always expects to find a prominent feature in feminine farmland, is situated near the old manor house, where Lady de Rothschild's agent makes his home. Mention should also be

LADY G. VERNON.

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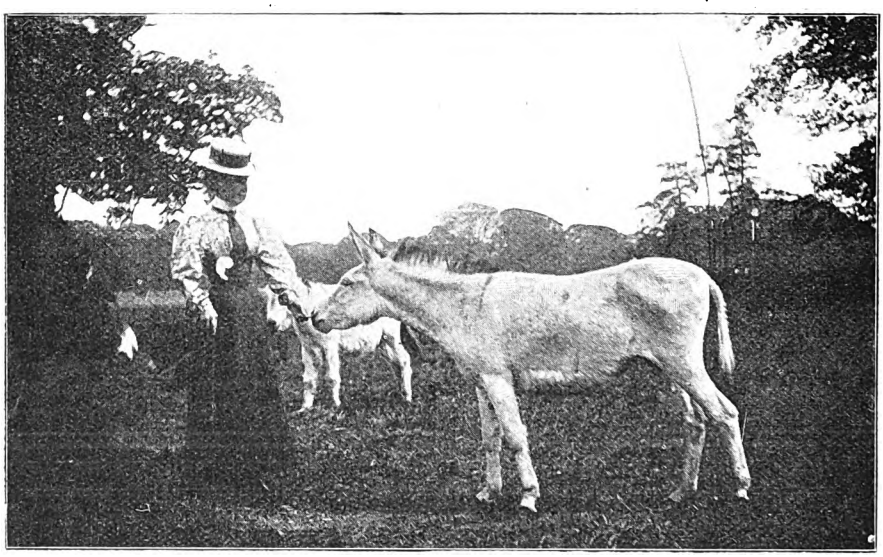

LADY TICHBORNE AND HER EGYPTIAN DONKEYS.

made of the Shropshire sheep, which graze in the meadow-land round the house, and which often figure prominently at the Smithfield and other shows.

Mrs. Prescott-Westcar, of Strode Park, Herne Bay, is a very successful dairy farmer, managing four farms herself. At one time she ran a tea-room and dairy in Herne Bay, and she now provides much of the milk for the numerous visitors to the seaside resort. At present Mrs. Westcar keeps about one hundred milking cows, chiefly Suffolk Red Polls. She is quite famous for her butter, which is said to be absolutely pure, but in spite of this qualification, she does not think that butter-making is a profitable branch of farming, as the British dairy farmer has so much to contend with in foreign competition. The poultry include some of the pretty Houdans and Buff Orpingtons.

A capital all round lady farmer is Miss Courtauld, of Knight's Farm, Colne Engaine, Essex. Her farm consists of 243 acres, and she manages it entirely by herself. She buys and sells her own stock, personally sees to the disposal of her fattened beasts, engages, pays and superintends all the hands, and is in fact her own general factotum. The house is a charming one, the orchard of eleven acres lies near the house, and both in blossom and fruit season the view is a delightful one. Black Galloways, Jerseys, Suffolk sheep, Berkshire, Tamworth and Essex pigs, crossed Indian game and Dorkings, besides Toulouse geese, are amongst the successes at Knight's Farm, whilst the work in the fruit orchard in the summer is no inconsiderable portion of the farming programme. Like many ladies who are interested in agricultural matters, Miss Courtauld is a member of the local Parish Council.

Lady Georgina Vernon is a famous cheese-farmer, and in her dairy at Hanbury Hall, Droitwich, she makes all kinds of cheeses of a fancy nature. She studied this art in the various farmhouses in Normandy, and she thoroughly understands their preparation, Brie, Port de Salut, Pont Evéque, and many others finding ready purchasers all over the country. Several ladies are making quite comfortable incomes with bee-keeping, which may safely be included in farming generally, and others again find it profitable to keep sufficient poultry and a few good milking cows to stock a stall on Saturdays in the local market.

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Part of the Problem

By Oswald Chambers

WHAT a prelude! The evening was perfectly alert, but still, as if consciously wrapt in the worship of God. It was January too. Bare-barked trees had thrown into the grey twilight wonderful traceries of fantastic trunks and branches and twigs—but all was still, still and defined as if you saw it all through a stereoscope. The hills loomed up in the distance, a bank of darker gloom in grey twilight.

In the soul of the man who stood there in the night, amid one of those rare silences, which the whole creation seems to have after one of her spells of groaning and travailing in pain for some divine event, was a spell, not of stillness but of growing tumult and distress and pain.

He knew not where he was.

How soft were those hands—that sweet presence, it lingered round him drawing forth his nature as if in inspiration—to kiss those lips, to fling the strong arms of his manhood around that woman whom he loved far far more than life—something held him back from doing it for a while—a thrill ran through him, he bent forward, he whispered "Darling!"—then, Oh the soft radiance of those eyes, the yield of that whole woman to him was wonderful, wonderful; in silence they stood with just that lingering kiss and that unspeakable bliss of love returned full and deep and complete. But to-night he was alone; those hands, that figure, that kiss, that whole woman were only in his brain; he was alone.

Feebly he clutched at the old rustic paling, then grasping it in a grip of iron bowed his soul to the agony.

Passion stormed its way through his nature; he would have given his soul, all the spiritual inheritance gained for him by Jesus Christ, if he could but have had her, the woman he loved—Oh those brute teeth how they gnashed on his poor soul—no woman's softness came to him.

The soul struggle calmed from him and in a dull stupor he bowed there—how long? a whole turn of evolution?

When he moved cold and stiff, the moon was shining and a breeze weirdly sighed over the loch and died in the trees. He had fought with the beast alone, and now angels came and strengthened him. Jesus Christ spoke to him, by that glorious communion known only to those who know it—he knew this time was but a stage, the consciousness of another world grew in him and his heart burned within him, the spirit of Jesus kissed his spirit and a cool strength entered all his life.

* * *

In his tiredness another memory seized him in unutterable sadness, on his homeward way.

He had said he must go, and when he had hat and coat ready and they stood in the brilliantly lighted doorway, he wanted to take her to himself and kiss her—but he just went out with a cold good-night. Yet he saw the impulse of pain that passed in a spasm over her face. It went out into the night with him, and dazed his brain and he staggered as if he were drunk, he was half insane with the pain and the sorrow of it.

All this he told again for the hundredth time to his ever listening Saviour. Then he remembered a talk—he and she alone.

A rare calmness was with them both that evening, their spirits seemed inspired to speak strong words of wisdom. Yes, she knew there was consumption in his

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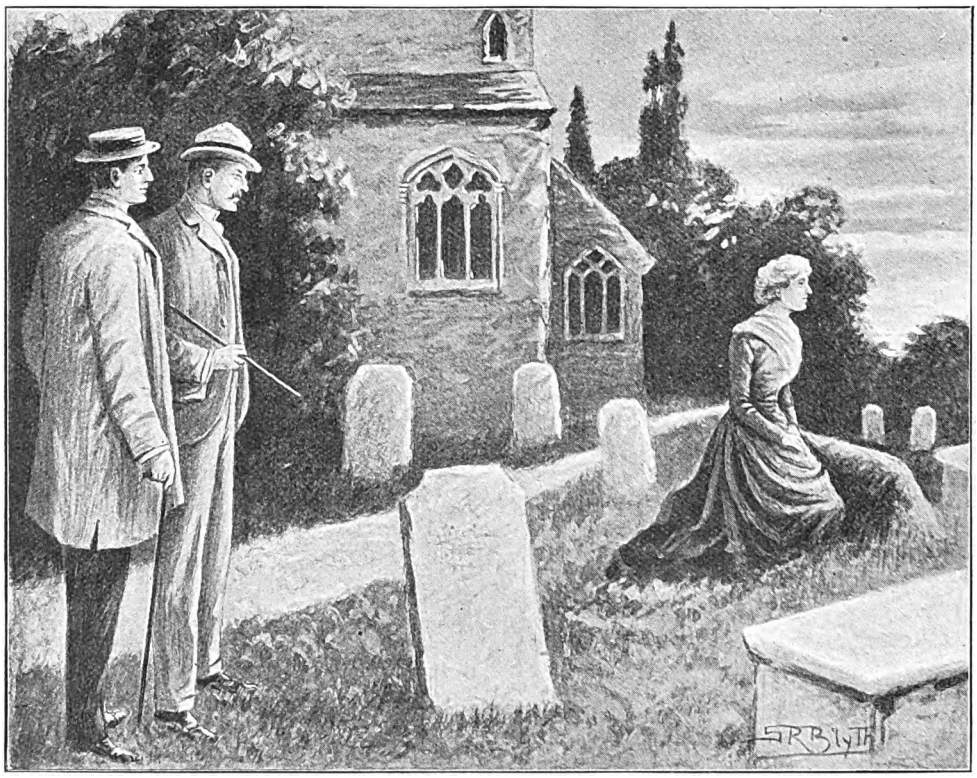
hereditary line and perhaps something worse was discoverable further back in those mysterious deaths of his aunt and sister—he remembered that when the talk was almost done, how she stood up before him and smoothed his hair from his forehead and said steadily and clearly with the love light in her eyes :—

"You know how I love you—Hector! there is the highest for you and for me, and if we refuse to obey the heavenly vision—but we cannot—there—is another life in God's time—it will be closer there

holidays, and there was a good deal of chaffing and laughing at Hector's expense. But I knew we all thought differently when we smoked alone in our "digs," for Hector McLeod had got many a chap out of a hole and comforted many another who was out of the running. We were all Art students together.

Any way at the awards at the Academy that year my statue took the "cake," and I got a medal. There was a good deal of criticism about it in art circles and among our set; most of them thought it was an



A WOMAN ON HECTOR MCLEOD'S GRAVE.

than—marriage here—Oh!" Then she faltered and those glorious eyes filled with tears—"I wish"!——

And in one of the sacredest moments passed by mortals on this earth these two parted until the day dawn and the shadows flee away.

* * *

I KNOW, in thinking it over, that this is what the man passed through. But of course I just told the fellows that Ross and I had seen Hector's home during the attempt to express in clay what should have been done in painting. But Ross knew that I didn't care whether I got the award. He was with me that night after we landed from a row on the river, and had seen that figure in white vanish up the avenue, in the dusk, to McLeod's cottage. We both heard the old psalm sung at worship, the two feeble quavering voices and the clear sad one leading. Ross was with me during the greater part of that night in old Malcolm's house while the old chap snored and we rummaged

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over Hector's drawings and sketches, which were in copious supply in the fisherman's hut. And then we went out just before dawn into the little winding path that leads to the churchyard on the hill—there we both had stirred within us what you must endeavour to imagine, for I can only tell you of the occasion.

I was wandering in the dark aimlessly enough, when Ross suddenly clutched my arm; and I saw a figure crouched on a grave, but the face was thrown up and out and the hands clasped all loosely on her lap. Ross forgot me (he told me afterwards) and I forgot him. I wanted to pray first, then I was seized with an almost painful desire to lie on the cold earth and expire.

Well, we watched there until the dawn broke in the East—and between us and the dawn was that figure of a woman on Hector McLeod's grave. That was the model for my Academy statue.

You will see it erected as a tombstone on the spot where the girl sat. There is something on the tombstone about how Hector met his death. I forget, although I gave the tombstone and all that sort of thing. But for your satisfaction Hector McLeod in trying to release a tree that had fallen across the Lynn and was hindering the salmon nets, slipped and the swift water sucked him under its glassy smoothness and he was delivered from the deep treacherous river many yards below quite dead.

SUNSET SOLITUDE.

Alone upon the cloud-swept hill;
Whence the slender moon glides placidly
Down world-long avenues of evening glow,
Like an echoless fall, or the soundless roar
Of countless waves on an endless shore;
Here sunset's solemn symphony
In silent tones of blue and gold pipes low.

Alone upon the cloud-swept hill;
Where the river's murmur, lone and dread,
In its onward sweep holds the song of the sphere,
While faint and small to the fading skies,
Like bells of peace, far voices rise,
And the call of the nightbird overhead
Cuts the brooding air like a cry of fear.

Alone upon the cloud-swept hill;
With the night's vast breathings over my brow,
Day's parting steps ring endlessly,
While one lonely star drops a slender beam
From the heart of the sky to the soul of the stream—
Like a memory thread 'twixt the Past and Now;
Like a ray of hope to Eternity.

Clarence M. Case.

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

THE woman of society has, within very recent years, entirely established her right to be taken seriously; as something more in the scheme of things than just the pretty butterfly that custom had, heretofore, accepted her to be. Amongst many notable and charming women of society, who have abundantly proved themselves to be possessed of high intelligence and an aptitude for hard work, we may mention the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker. This lady, the daughter of the first Baron Houghton and wife of Mr. Arthur Henniker, is well-known as a novelist of individuality; and her energy, in the midst of social engagements, has made her responsible for a number of clever novels that have appeared since her early success with "Sir George" in 1891. "In Scarlet and Grey" and "Sowing the Sand" are two of her more recent works that have added much to the reputation she has already established. Mrs. Henniker is greatly interested in the widening field of woman's work, and kindly undertook the duties of President of the Society of Women Journalists in the year 1896, some exceptionally useful lectures being given for the benefit of the members during her term of office. The Hon. Mrs. Henniker is delightfully modest about herself, and it is only with difficulty that she can be persuaded to talk about the work that she has done or is doing.

MRS. ARTHUR HENNIKER.
Photograph by Army and Navy Auxilliary

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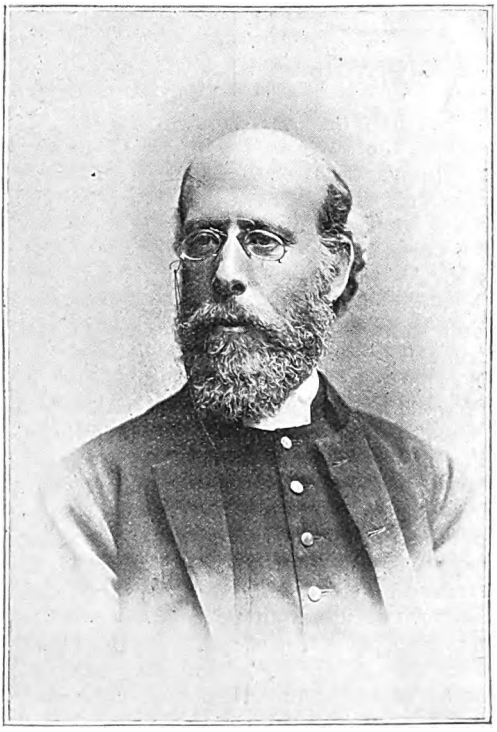
MRS. W. CARTER.

MRS. WILLIAM CARTER is one of those people who shrink from publicity in connection with their work. Therefore very little is known about her. In Dorsetshire, however, she is known and beloved by all who come in contact with her. Her life is almost given up to working for others. Her first attention is given to the workmen and their families belonging to the pottery works, which are not far away from their residence. Near by is a room set apart for all kinds of meetings. There Mrs. Carter arranges teas, mothers' meetings, concerts, entertainments and other recreations both for old and young, and the room contains a piano, an organ, and all kinds of arrangements for the purpose of giving pleasure. Her own tennis-court was turned into a football ground for the use of the young employés. Mrs. Carter's work amongst her own people convinces her of the need there is for scientific temperance instruction, and she is working hard for that subject to take its place in the schools in which she is interested. Being a member of one large district School Board she has partially succeeded in the accomplishment of her aim in some of the schools. The Temperance movement as a whole has her keen and earnest sympathy, and she represents Dorsetshire on the Executive of the B.W.T.A. Mrs. Carter's work is not confined merely to these objects. All religious, social, and philanthropic work in her neighbourhood is helped. She is a woman of wide sympathy and generous nature, and never refuses help to any good cause if that help is needed.

THE "cry of the children" is heard nowadays and its piteous note often gains help. All kinds of organisations are at work to relieve the sorrows of the little ones, and amongst them is that of the "Waifs and Strays." This is a Church of England society, engineered by a pleasant-voiced man who sits in an office not far from the river Thames. The Rev. E. de M. Rudolf has his hands full with the multifarious duties of his post. There are cottage homes, invalid homes, and diocesan homes scattered about England. Their sheltering portals receive the little desolate waifs of humanity who otherwise



REV. E. DE M. RUDOLF.

Photograph by Brown, Barnes & Bell.

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would be left to the tender mercy of promiscuous charity. Fatherless children are also taken in. A good education is given to them and they are taught some trade. The invalid children are carefully nursed and in many cases their last hours are rendered easier and happier by the attention they receive. The work is often carried on through many difficult circumstances and the constant necessity of keeping in touch with all the different branches makes it exceedingly arduous. The society refuses to accept any child who could be more properly dealt with by the existing machinery provided by legislation. The preference is always given to children who are absolutely homeless and friendless. Nearly 600 boys and girls—the waifs and strays of our towns—were taken into the homes last year.

AMONG those who are helping to make the world brighter and better none rank higher than the women who bring thought and devotion to the development and application of domestic science in the homes of the working classes. To this great end Miss Fanny L. Calder, of Liverpool, has dedicated a quarter of a century of her life. After a long experience in various religious and philanthropic efforts on behalf of the people, Miss Calder was especially distressed by the deterioration in the ideals and the realisation of home-life among working people, arising more from ignorance of the simple elementary duties of home management than from poverty or want of time. Hence this practical lady concluded that the best way to ameliorate some of the frightful resulting conditions—intemperance and degradation—would be to educate women and girls in the housewifely occupations that naturally belong to the "maker of the home," a branch of instruction that had up to that period been almost entirely overlooked in the modern scheme of national education. Miss Calder set herself to the development of all branches of domestic work in the best lines of education, and, as the "domestic sciences," worked to obtain their acceptance by the Board of Education at Whitehall and by the Technical Education Committees of County and City Councils all over the United Kingdom. As Hon. Secretary of the Liverpool Technical College of Domestic Science, now in its twenty-fifth year, Miss Calder has had exceptional opportunities of gradually carrying out these ideas. Now the Committee has the satisfaction of seeing the scheme of domestic science education, including cookery, laundry work, household sewing, home dressmaking, domestic millinery, and housewifery accepted everywhere as essential elementary or technical education. Four years ago a day school was opened as a branch work of the College, the first of the kind in her Majesty's dominions, where a six months' course is provided of nothing but domestic science at a cost within the reach of the daughters of the poorest working man. A great feature of the work has been the issue of simple, but accurate and efficient, penny manuals to aid each learner in carrying her newly-acquired skill into daily operation. Miss Calder was also instrumental in founding the "Home Arts Association," chiefly to give lads and young men some interesting

MISS FANNY L. CALDER.
Photograph by Mowll & Morrison, Liverpool.

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home occupation in the making of articles that would be useful and decorative in their own dwellings.

WHAT will become of the disabled soldiers on their return from active service in the Transvaal is the problem that is troubling the minds of some of the philanthropists of to-day. The Rev. Dr. Paton, whose name is a household word in Evangelical circles, is trying to find some way in which to solve the question. He and others associated with him suggest that similar colonies to the Industrial Farm at Lingfield should be established in order to provide suitable work for invalid and crippled men. The colony at Lingfield has been an almost unqualified success, and at Dr. Paton's earnest appeal men of high character are now being trained there in order that they may be able to fill such posts as those of prison warders and attendants in asylums. Dr. Paton has been known to the public for years as the founder and Hon. Secretary of the National Home Reading Union, which seeks to instil into its members the desire for reading good books. The Union takes in all classes, ages, and conditions of people. Elementary school children, high school girls and boys, young and old, men and women are admitted into its ranks, and some of the great educationalists of the day have testified to its efficient help. Dr. Paton is also keenly interested in the establishment of recreative evening schools and in social institutes. Of the latter Union he is the hon. secretary, and associated with him in the work are several bishops, the Archdeacon of London, and many well-known men and women. This Union was formed in order to utilise Board Schools and similar buildings during evening hours as centres of pleasant social life and popular education for working people. This Union has made rapid strides owing to its practical working by the hon. secretary. At the present moment Dr. Paton is using all his influence in trying to gather together the whole of the Evangelical Church ministers of the English-speaking world in a union of special prayer as they enter on the new century. With this in mind he addressed the ministers of the Free Church of Scotland a month or two ago, when they were assembled in Edinburgh, with most cheering results. All who know anything of Dr. Paton and his many good works must wish him "God speed."

Photograph by *J. Dennis & Co.*

REV. DR. PATON.

A MONTH or two ago the work of the Travellers' Aid Society was described in the columns of this magazine. This month the portrait of its energetic and devoted secretary is reproduced. Miss Jessie Gordon is responsible for the work carried on, both in town and country. She has occupied her position for over six years, and is thoroughly interested in the work. She considers that the Society has been of much benefit to all classes of working girls, and was overjoyed to hear the testimony of the station-master at one of the big London termini a short time ago. He told Miss Gordon that since the Society was started and its workers were to be found constantly on the platforms, he had noticed a

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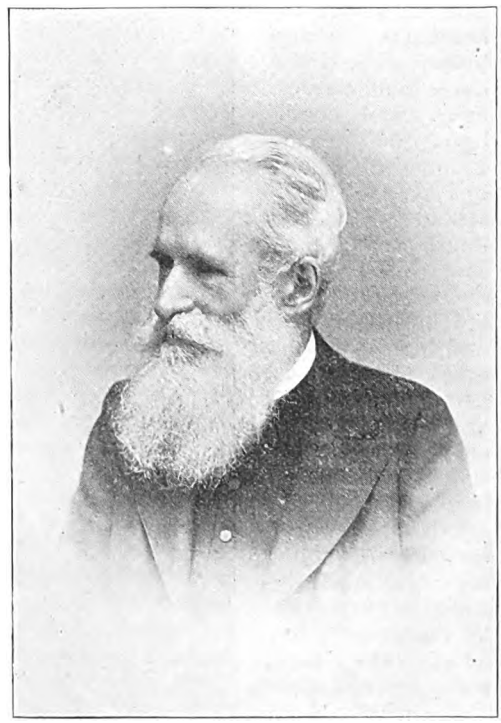
MISS JESSIE GORDON.
Photograph by G. Ridsdale Clare.

marked difference. Before that time he often used to see people hanging about and speaking to girls to whom they were evidently unknown, but that now such a thing rarely occurs. The railway officials have great confidence in the Society, and they often send girls to the office in Baker-street to be taken care of until their friends can be communicated with. Miss Gordon is well fitted for her work—kind, courteous, friendly, and considerate, with a bright smile and pleasing manner ; she inspires all who come into contact with her and gains their confidence. All kinds of girls are sent to her—bad as well as good. The secret of her success is in the fact that she believes in them, and shows that she trusts them. She considers that often when they are perverse, it is from distrust and want of sympathy on the part of those who are over them. Miss Gordon is deeply interested in girls, and before she took up this work used to teach ; and, therefore, has come into contact with numbers of girls of all ages.

ONE of the busiest men in Liverpool at the present time is, undoubtedly, the Rev. Charles Garrett, the untiring Superintendent of the Wesleyan Mission at that important shipping centre. The Mission had its beginning there in the year 1873, when Mr. Moody, commenced a Revival Mission which stirred the whole city to an extraordinary degree. The Rev. Charles Garrett tells that during an all-day meeting, towards the end of this Mission, he was required to speak upon the subject, "How to reach the masses," and seized the opportunity to impress his hearers with the necessity for establishing "public houses" at which no intoxicants should be on sale. The suggestion attracted much popular support, and the needful capital for the building and upkeep of such houses was rapidly subscribed. Very shortly the scheme was in full working order, and the directors of the company—rightly believing that the man who suggested it would be the best man to carry it onward towards success – prevailed upon the Rev. Charles Garrett to abandon other plans, and accept the superintendentship of the Mission, which



REV. CHAS. GARRETT
Photograph by J. W. Thomas, Colwyn Bay.

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was established in the lower neighbourhoods of Liverpool. In Liverpool he has, therefore, lived for twenty-five years, during which lengthy period he has had the pleasure of seeing the Mission increase in popularity and importance. It now maintains eight halls in the city, four ministers, fourteen lay missionaries, four homes for boys, three for girls, and one for working men. With regard to the British Workman Company, which was inaugurated at the Wesleyan Mission in 1873, it is interesting to note that it has proved a financial as well as a social success, so that it has already established over sixty houses, which take nearly £100,000 per annum; the shareholders receiving a comfortable eight per cent. interest in return for their early enterprise in endeavouring to do battle with the peculiar "demon" of the people. The Rev. Charles Garrett can look back upon a splendid record of hard work since he began his ministerial life in 1847; one of the busiest seasons being that of 1860, a year made memorable by the terrible cotton famine that resulted from the Civil War in America. He was then in Preston, and, together, with the late Mr. Joseph Livesey, whose name is prominently associated with the teetotal movement, he spent himself in efforts to relieve the sufferings of the unemployed. Sad though that time was there were many gleams of brightness to lighten the blackness of distress; the unselfishness even of the sufferers themselves; and Mr. Garret relates that he found a workingman had given himself, heart and soul, to the task of raising a fund to supply clogs for the many orphan children in the distressed district. At that time Mr. Garrett initiated a fund from which has risen the magnificent orphanage in which Preston now rejoices. From Preston the Rev. Charles Garrett was removed to Hull, and from thence to Manchester, where he was instrumental in starting the Manchester and Salford Mission, which now has a splendid headquarters in the well-known Central Hall. Always a staunch upholder of the virtues of teetotalism, Mr. Garrett has employed spare moments in writing some useful papers on the subject near his heart.

MRS. G. P. FULLER.
Photograph by Friese, Greene & Co.

VARIOUS are the ways in which men and women are trying to work for the betterment of humanity. Although some of these methods are not in connection with any phase of religious thought they are none the less accomplishing good work. Education is one of the things that uplift people. It gives them a better chance in life, and Mrs. G. P. Fuller is one of those keen educationalists who believe that proper teaching results in skilled labour. She devotes a great deal of her time to the cause of technical education in Wiltshire, and is one of the very few women who have a position on County Council Educational Committees. She occupies the post of chairman of the Committee of the Wiltshire School of Cookery and Domestic Economy, and takes a great interest in its work. A training home for friendless girls also claims her attention, as does the elementary school at Neston, Mrs. Fuller being chairman of its managers. Not content with all this, Mrs. Fuller takes a prominent part in the scheme for boarding-out London pauper children in the country. She is the President of the Corsham Committee, which has received eighty orphans from the East of London and secured their bringing-up in respectable cottage families in the neighbourhood.

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MR. H. BURDETT-COUTTS, M.P.
Photograph by Cardinali, Ajaccio.

MR. BURDETT-COUTTS, who has lately, for the second time in his life, been the most-talked-of man in England, has done a great deal that the world knows little about to make the world better and brighter. It has fallen to his lot to see the naked horrors of famine and war, to move about distributing relief in the wards of military hospitals and of famine-stricken peasants; and he has won the gratitude of the poor of London by a great effort on their behalf which is not commonly known. Hidden away in the obscurity of the mean streets of East London is Columbia Market Hall, one of the finest halls of commerce in the whole world. It is a monument to the philanthropy of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who has spent three-quarters of a million of money on this magnificent hall, more like a cathedral than a market-place. But the tyranny of the Billingsgate ring crushed this effort to give the poor cheap food, and to-day Columbia Hall stands idle, an architectural waste. Mr. Burdett-Coutts has made a gallant effort to reopen the hall, which he purchased for the purpose. He bought a large fishing fleet in the North Sea, and did all that one mortal man could do against a great monopoly. But it was in vain, and the hall is closed to-day. It is largely due to the persistent efforts of Mr. Burdett-Coutts and the baroness, however, that great markets have been opened at all the principal railway termini in the metropolis.

AMONG the pioneers of market gardening as an industry for women is Miss Magdalen Mitchell, born in Shropshire, and daughter of the Rev. J. Mitchell, of Newbury, Berks. Long before Swanley Horticultural College for Women was started, Miss Mitchell turned to profitable use a private garden by growing and selling lettuces, peas, etc. About six years ago she thoroughly studied and learnt the art, and then began her market gardening on an extended scale. She speaks enthusiastically of her occupation. She says: "It is most delightful work. To grow large quantities of everything and to cater for the public taste have fascinations for me."

Market gardening under glass Miss Mitchell considers peculiarly suited to women, though there is no work, except the very heaviest, for which a man can always be kept, which cannot be done by a woman of average health, strength, and

MISS M. MITCHELL.
Photograph by Owen, Salisbury.

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intelligence. To start on a large scale capital is necessary, but much can be done in a small way if a local market is sure, or a good sale to a shop secured. The scene of Miss Mitchell's worthy enterprise is "Glencune," St. Mary Church, Torquay, where, besides cultivating largely, she takes pupils, teaching them the theory and practice of gardening. Her ambition is to found a co-operative settlement of women gardeners, each with her separate house and plot of ground. This scheme she hopes to achieve ere long. Miss Mitchell grants that patience is certainly required to combat bad weather, insects, and other pests, but in her enthusiasm exclaims: "How one is repaid by the growth and beauty of flowers, fruits, and vegetables! How lovely they look! One's own rearing and bringing up! One's children!"

MISS DOROTHEA ROBERTS.
Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

MISS ALICE AUGUSTA GORE has recently become the pastor of a mission church at Stockton-on-Tees. She has been chosen for the office by the congregation, who have had experience of feminine leadership under the late Mrs. Goddard, by whom the church was founded and successfully carried on for nearly twenty years. So that, although to outsiders the appointment has the aspect of a novel experiment, it is not without precedent on the spot. Neither is Miss Gore without qualifications which promise well for the work she has undertaken. She is the daughter of Dr. George Gore, F.R.S., whose electrical researches have brought him a larger share of honorary distinctions than of wealth, and has been for some years an active worker in religious and philanthropic movements—chiefly in connection with the Congregational body—in Birmingham. She has had a good deal of experience as a preacher and public speaker, and her capacity as a leader and organiser has been well tested as secretary of one of the largest and most successful Christian Endeavour societies in the Midlands. Miss Gore was one of three ladies elected to the first Council of the Young People's Union in connection with the Congregational Union of England and Wales. Temperance work and Dr. Barnardo's Homes have also benefited by her advocacy. In going to new work in the north of England Miss Gore modestly says: "I cannot expect to fill Mrs. Goddard's place. . . . I do, however, hope to

MISS A. A. GORE.
Photograph by E. B. Mowll, Birmingham.

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maintain the spiritual power and extend the aggressive work of the mission church she founded."

IN the Rosses, County Donegal, knitting is one of the chief industries among the women. To the fostering and expansion of this living occupation Miss Dorothea Roberts has for many years devoted her time and energy. At one period—very hard times they were on that wild sea-board of Ireland—the market price for knitting a pair of socks was one penny. Things have much improved since those days, better prices are given for better work. Through the good offices of Mr. Balfour, who visited the coast in 1890, orders were obtained from the War Office, and since then each year has brought a contract for from 13,000 to 14,000 pairs of Army socks. The work is prized, for it is easy work, and it can be counted on, so long as there is someone to finance the business for these poor people. "But after all these years," says Miss Roberts, "we aspire to also knit garments more elaborate than our socks. We begin to be proud of our patterned vests for both men and women, our jerseys, our children's suits, our gloves, and our women *do* knit uncommonly well. They only ask for work and fair payment for it. We are proud to have never begged in the big, bare parish of the Rosses." Since Miss Roberts first gave out a few hanks of wool in 1882, a light railway to Glenties has been laid, which lessens the carriage of bales from forty to sixteen Irish miles; but what is most wanted is better sea carriage, but up to the present, though asked for, no small subsidy towards freight of Government goods has been forthcoming.

MISS C. S. BREMNER.
Photograph by G. Alvino & Co., Firenze, Via Nazionale.

TEACHING being woman's great profession, the outlet for almost all middle-class feminine energy until quite recently, it is safe to conclude that three out of every four educated women have, at some time in their career, been teachers. Miss Bremner is no exception to this rule. She now devotes herself to writing. In 1897 appeared her "Education of Girls and Women," a work which has been most favourably noticed, and is stated to be the only reliable and extended treatise on the education of girls and women in any country. She is at present engaged in a work on education in Ireland. Miss Bremner complains that there is little general interest in education. The mass of parents have no standard by which to judge education, and think their duty to their children in this respect duly performed if they can put them in the way of some money-getting occupation. Miss Bremner contends that the foundations of an Empire rest far less on the pillars of Hercules or the gates of Ind than on the right education of all classes and on the proper housing of the working-classes. The commercial pre-eminence of Britain in the world is dependent, in her opinion, on securing the best possible education for all classes, and not a whit behind education she places the decent housing of the workers.

THE portrait which appeared in the "Public Eye" of our September issue purporting to be that of Mr. George Tangye was that of Sir Richard Tangye, whose philanthropic work is well-known to readers of this Magazine.

THE ONLOOKER.

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For THE BAIRNS.

Conducted by
THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE.

This is true the poet sings—"Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long." When we come to the essence of things a very small matter may give us more real enjoyment than we have been able to extract from bulkier affairs. Who of us all has not felt a touch of summer-happiness cling to him for days by coming into possession of a pen, say, which *is* a pen, and not a Sputtering, Metallic Irritation?—a pen which woos you to your desk, and softly beguiles you to scribble and scribble away for hours together, as a joy and not a mere cold duty? What artist has not carried his head an inch higher for quite a week by chancing on a pencil of a like friendly and docile spirit? These be small things, perhaps, but the boons and blessings bound up with them are not to be measured by the size of the small body in which they are enshrined. They are among the little we want and how much we have!—or the little we haven't, and how much is away! A youngster of mine put the whole philosophy into the nutshell of a thing "better left unsaid." A friend had given him some hours in her garden, along with a few other selected joys. When sending him home with flowers and fruit, she expressed the hope that he had enjoyed himself. "Oh, I have, he said enthusiastically, his eyes dancing with delight. Then—fearing possibly that he might be thought to have eaten too much, or gathered too big a bunch—he added apologetically, "But, you know, *it doesn't take much to make me happy!*"

The point and immediate moral of all this is—if we grown-ups can sometimes find so much real pleasure in things as small as a kindly pen or a friendly pencil, how much more must children find in scores of things *we* might be tempted to reckon as trifles? The world and all that in it is, is new to them still: they know nothing of the illusions we have left discarded on our track. A toy, a picture-card, a pencil with a score of sheets to scribble on *ad lib.*; a visit from the postman with a letter all to their very own selves, and in all the earth no king may be happier than they! And when the children are cripples, debarred the runs and romps of the healthy and the strong, made acquainted with suffering more than with glee—what funds of hope and interest and joyous excitement lie in the smallest surprise of pleasure anyone can give them! And how much more yet is this the case when the children are poor, to be left for hours alone in an all but bare room while mother is out to work for bread, with little or no butter for it. Yet this is the condition o thousands of poor wee cripples in London. There alone there are six thousand such cases of afflicted poor children under the care of the Ragged School Union, and the League of Crutch-and-Kindness has for its object the sending of little glimpses of light and cheer to these maimed and lonely ones. It is done in this way: the name and particulars of some child is given to each member, who then writes to his or her protégé once a month at least, or if happening to be too busy to write, sends a toy, or picture magazine, or anything else which will be for a little fillip to the frail

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one, making him or her a bit heartier for many days, as such tokens of kindness can do for children, aye, and for their wearied mothers too. This is the gist of the League's work, and who, young or old, rich or poor, far off or near, strong or weak, bedridden or free in bounding health, cannot do so much for pity's sake? A glance at the habitats of the new members whose names are given below will show that space is no hindrance to this merciful work; the members of the League are now in every part of the world, and their ages vary from six to eighty. There is, in fact, no one who has a desire to do some good in his or her day but may find the means through the Crutch-and-Kindness League. All further particulars, together with a beautiful card for framing, may be had for a stamp, *not from me*, but from *Mr. John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John-street, Bedford-row, London, W.C.*

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH.

Miss Chapman, Windermere; Miss Ethel Mitchell, Newport; Miss A. Weaver, Bristol; Miss C. Rowlend, Hammersmith; Miss Mary G. Dixon, Huddersfield; Miss Dorothy Thompson, Penarth; Miss May Wadsworth, Miss Elsie Wadsworth, Leicester; Miss Alice Keens, care of Miss Underwood, Luton; Miss F. Tompkins, Southgate; Miss Sarah Ferguson, St. Andrews, N.B.; The Sunshine Co. of C. E., care of Miss Lucas, Sunderland; Mrs. Matthews, Caerwyn; Miss Mabel Schuty, Demerara; Miss Lizzie Young, Altrincham; Miss E. M. Stevens, S.S. Class, Huddersfield; Miss Amy A. Martyn, Miss Constance Martyn, Hoylake; Mrs. Lincoln Mills, Chippenham; Mrs. Morton, Wickwar; Miss Appleton, Liverpool; Miss G. H. Parker, Tunstall; Miss Ella Sharpe, Nottingham; Miss Bertha Barford, Luton; Mrs. Stavely, Ulverston; Miss Marie Larbalestier, Jersey; Miss Nellie Hines, Stoke-on-Trent; Miss Forbes, Beckley; Margaret Richards, Angus Richards, Croydon; Mrs. Pizzala, Tonbridge; The members of the Bethel M. N. C., Junior C. E., care of Miss Gibson, Hull; Miss Forman, Lough; Miss Mabel Flatt, Miss Ethel McCouchie, Miss Janet Johnston, Miss Alice Chapman, Miss Janet Easdale, care of Rev. J. Mackenzie, New Zealand; Master Cecil Palmer, Portsmouth; Mrs. Garrs, Bradford; Mr. Henry F. Caldwell, Pershore; Mr. Edwin H. Hillier, Bath; Miss N. Hope, Stroud; Miss Eleanor Lillie, Hampstead; Miss C. Wade, Manchester; Miss Olive Ogle, London; Mr. Joy, Bromley; Miss Burchill, Mr. W. Taffs, Miss Bodger, Miss D. May, Miss E. Shilston, Miss D. Shilston, Miss Waller, Mr. A. Sumner, care of Miss Amy Shilston, Ilford; Miss Emily Nathan, care of Miss Medway, Hendon; Miss K. M. Deane, Parkstone; Miss Barrett, Calne; Miss Olive Campbell, Argyll; Mr. T. Pearson, Hornsey.

"A SUMMER DAY'S RAMBLE."

(Prize Competition.)

I find I must compress even more than I have done the letters which have been received on this topic; otherwise, being so many, they would run on and on for some months, and these months being in winter the tales of the fine outings in the balmy summer would only fill the readers with sorrow over happy days that have drifted into the past to return no more!

There is a fine "caller" ring about the description Zillah Shields gives of a day in the west of Cheshire. "We started early in the morning, while the dew-drops were still on the grass. No sound could we hear save the sweet tittering of the early birds, or the merry whistle of the cowboy. On we went through the lovely green fields where dear little lambs were frisking about their mothers, and cows were lying on the soft grass quietly chewing the cud. Thus we went on till we came to a lovely, broad oak-tree, under which we rested. As we wandered homeward at last, laden with flowers, the thought came to my mind, 'Truly God made the country, though man made the town.'"

Constance Clarke, with sixteen others, had a day in small boats on a canal. "I had never been in a small boat before; there were six in ours, and the boys took it in turn to tow us along. After lunch we wandered about gathering flowers." How the kitten comes out in this closing remark—"The coming home was not quite so lively, because, you see, we were then with the elders!"

Ida Hony writes well, as this extract from a description of the Rocky Valley shows. "On the sides of the valley, rocks of grey granite with ivy creeping over their smooth surface showed out amongst the green. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and the air was heavy with the scent of the bracken. Owing to the heat of the sun we both began to feel very thirsty, so, making cups of our hands, we stooped down and drank from the stream. Oh, it was so delightfully fresh and cool; I do not think I have ever tasted more delicious water. When we had quenched our thirst we sat down to rest, the tall, purple loosestrife and bracken almost hiding us from view. We should both have fallen asleep, I think, if a moor-hen, flying noisily up from among the reeds, had not startled us, and we continued our journey. The valley had begun to change now; instead of the green banks were great black rocks, and in front of us lay the sea. The waves came rushing up the channel of the stream, rolling it backwards. I and my companion climbed on to a rock and watched the rising tide. The water was of that brilliant emerald hue which one so often sees on the north coast of Cornwall. Down beneath us we could hear the sea roaring in and out among the caves, and now and then a big

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wave dashed itself against the rocks, sending the white spray leaping high into the air. On a promontory near a number of puffins with their red, parrot-shaped bills were sitting, and round us the seagulls were wheeling, uttering their piercing shrieks. Everywhere on the rocks grew samphire, with here and there a clump of the beautiful sea-lavender."

Mary Ellen Abott had a good day down Torquay-way. "We climbed the rocks, and I picked a bunch of sea-pinks, which grew in abundance. Sometimes you had to jump over a large hole, and, on looking down, there was the deep sea beneath. On our way back such queer cottages were passed, all whitewashed, with thatched roofs, some of them tumbling down. I think the chief charm of Devonshire is the beautiful red earth which makes such attractive background to the mass of greenery on the cliffs."

Harriet Day, with four of her schoolmates, had a pleasant outing among the woods near Ipswich, including Wolverstone Park, gathering flowers and instruction too, for they kept a look-out for botanical specimens.

Edith Mary Littlewood, with her companion in the neighborhood of Sunderland, "jumped about just as if we were wild rabbits,"—which led to her tumbling down a bank, but without being hurt. Trying next to catch some small fishes in a stream, they both fell in and had to make for home to have their clothes dried, but another disaster awaited them there, for, as they were picnicking in the garden a hen flew on the table to get at the cake, so making havoc with the cups and saucers. It was a splendid day!

Florence Wild went to Elemore Wood, where she would have liked to pluck ferns, but "trespassers are prosecuted!" "When we came to a gate we stopped to have a ride, but were very careful to watch the little ones' fingers." While resting they told fairy tales, Florence's being "The Two Brothers: or How the Sea Became Salt." "We sang lots of songs, and went home quite tired."

Blanche Bertram rambled in the neighbourhood of Durham. "Such a change from the quiet lane to the bustle of the city! I quite longed for the peaceful lane again, and the sweet, pure air, but it was pleasant to see the different things in the shop windows. I saw the Castle and the Cathedral, grand old buildings: they were built in Norman times, so are very old." Then she had rather an exciting adventure. She thought they were to return by train, whereas it was to be by the trap, with the result that when night drew on, with tears and fears she had to walk the whole six miles along a lonely road home. It was a brave thing, well done.

Letters from the following were received a month too late for the competition: Ida Baker, Madge Baker and Fred. Hurnard Smith.

The following letter has been reckoned the best received in those alluded to this month; to the writer, therefore, a prize volume has been sent, and for the letters referred to last month (which were from the younger ones, who must have marks given them so as to balance ages and give 'em a chance) a similar volume has been sent to Olive Clara Eldridge, aged 8, Ivydene, Gilbert Road, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.

St. James' Vicarage, Bury St. Edmunds.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—Have you never been for a ramble down some country lane, or over some sunny heath or woodland glen, on a bright summer's day? I am sure you have, or you would never have set us so delightful a subject upon which to write. Let us go out upon some wide-stretching common, fragrant with the scent of heather and wild thyme, the sun blazing down, adding beauty and warmth to the surroundings. Here is a clearance in the ferns and grasses in which is a seat formed by the encircling roots of an aged oak. Let us seize this opportunity of indulging in the delights of Nature's innermost bowers, and seat ourselves at the foot of this venerable plant. How beautiful everything seems; how it raises and elevates our thoughts. There is an indescribable something, an intensified fascination which we do not find in the crowded streets daily trodden by the foot of men. We are away from everything! We are free! We seem alone in the world. We have no companion but that of Nature itself. It is only in a situation such as this that we can hear the music, admire the art, and see the poetry of Nature. We hear the cries of the plover and the gentle singing of the lark overhead; we hear the bubbling and hissing of the stream as it lazily trickles over its tiny boulders. We hear the hum of the bees, truly symbolical of the human race, all intent upon laying in their golden store, little knowing that ere long their treasuries will be broken into by the still more grasping hand of man. We hear, too, perchance, the tinkle of the sheep bells, or the lowing of oxen far away on the distant hills. All this is music, yet who would compare these gentle strains, all in sweet harmony and sympathy one to the other, with the rasping notes manufactured by the weak and lowly hand of man? No Beethoven or Mozart has yet reached the grandeur of these melodies, showered upon the earth from the heavenly music of the Deity. We look o'er the open heath. For miles on this side we see nothing but the waving bracken broken here and there by clumps of fir and pine trees. In parts it is cultivated, and we see cattle grazing contentedly on the grassy slopes. On that side we see the village, a mass of quaint tumble-down cottages, the picturesque

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little steeple rising up from their midst. Is not this art? Is not this artistic? It is a picture that no Leader or Macwhirter has yet been able to depict upon the canvas. It is fresh from the brush of the Almighty Creator himself. Let us continue our walk. We see the shepherd lad looking after his sheep and the lambs frisking in the sun. Now we see possibly the curlew or the French partridge carrying food to their young, now a rabbit starts up from under our very feet and flies as though from some evil beast of prey. They, too, have learnt that man is a brute, but forget, or have never discovered, that he is also a benefactor. Perchance we are startled by a dragon fly, as with its outstretched pinions of gorgeous network it flutters by, and we watch him as we would the knight of old, admiring his plumage, but fearing his weapon. Now we come upon a group of rustic children, playing and tumbling about on the grassy downs, just like the tiny rabbits which are but a few yards ahead. Is not this poetry? Is not this poetic? It is more sublime, it is more magnificent than ever a Milton or Swinburne was able to describe. It is a glimpse of the blissful repose and tranquil rest of paradise. The vegetation has now become more fruitful, for we have drifted into a lane, affording a peculiar attraction for the botanist or the lover of nature. Upon the two banks, divided by the deeply rutted road, we can distinguish the scabius, heartsease, and the blue forget-me-not. Here the sweet scent of the briar is borne to us upon the refreshing breeze. There we see bright patches of toadflax and red poppies. The insects, too, have a particular charm for us, being, we take it, created for our admiration. We see the gilded flies, the moths in their garbs of sombre hue, the butterflies in their coats of many colours, the beetles and the caterpillars. And so we might go on enumerating them, but already the sun is sinking. How quickly the day has sped! We seem only a few minutes ago to have been setting out, and yet as many hours have fled. But why does all this affect us thus? Why does Nature, untrained by any hand, uncultivated by the plough, unreaped by the sickle, Nature, proud and dauntless, touch a chord so lofty? Why do the notes of the birds sound divine? Why does the brook inspire us with a feeling akin to awe and the breath of the flowers seem to enter our very souls? Is not this the way in which God reveals himself to man? Is not this the still small voice of the Creator speaking in Nature? What a lot we learn, and yet how few comparatively care to take this glance into the innermost recesses of Nature's workshops! I am afraid that I have been rather a long time in describing my "Summer day's ramble," but, as you said lately, a good prize is not to be won on a postcard.—Yours sincerely,

CHAS. HODGES. (*Age* 15).

THE NEXT COMPETITION.

Is there anything of the poet in you? Did you ever try to write poetry? *I* have—most people have—and very proud we have been of what we did, till the thing, having been put away and forgotten, turned up again; then, why, then, we haven't been always just so proud! Never mind, it's a good thing to try. So send me specimens of what *you* have done, whether grave or gay, long or short; and for the best poem—whether it is only four lines or forty—I shall give a handsome volume like those which have brought out the hearty thanks of so many competitors. All poems must be received by the 20th of this month, written on one side of the paper only, with name, address, and age of the writer (under 16), and be sent to Rev. J. Reid Howatt, The Crescent, Camberwell Grove, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.

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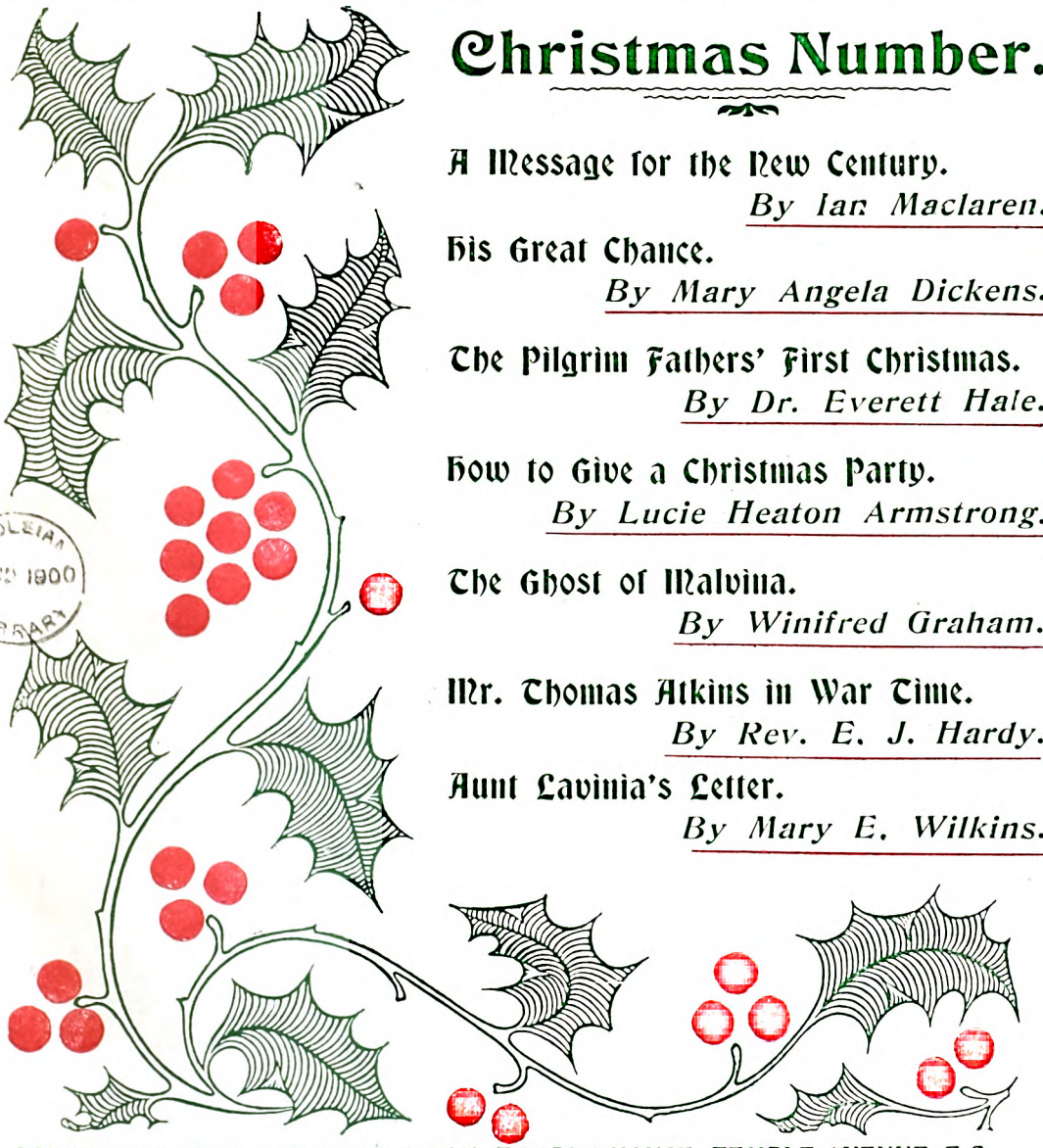
VOL. V. DECEMBER, 1899. No. 5.

THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE



Christmas Number.

A Message for the New Century.
By Ian Maclaren.

His Great Chance.
By Mary Angela Dickens.

The Pilgrim Fathers' First Christmas.
By Dr. Everett Hale.

How to Give a Christmas Party.
By Lucie Heaton Armstrong.

The Ghost of Malvina.
By Winifred Graham.

Mr. Thomas Atkins in War Time.
By Rev. E. J. Hardy.

Aunt Lavinia's Letter.
By Mary E. Wilkins.

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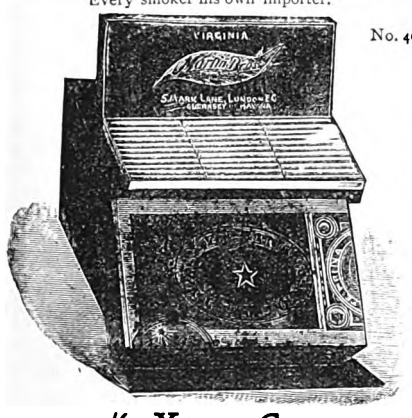

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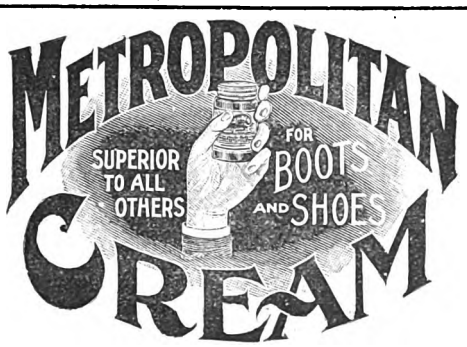

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FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

QUEEN MARGHERITA'S HOME.

The decision of Queen Margherita to make Rome her future home has put the Royal family in a quandary, says a Rome correspondent, for they hardly know where to turn to find a suitable residence for her. The King wished her to take up her quarters at the Quirinal Palace, but, out of consideration for her daughter-in-law, she refused, and it is just as well, as no little difficulty would have been experienced in finding her accommodation there. According to a tradition of the House of Savoy the apartments of a defunct Sovereign are always kept closed and uninhabited for two generations, so that the quarters of Victor Emmanuel II., Humbert I., and Victor Emmanuel III. (the present King) take up all the available space. The Royal House for some time has been negotiating for the Villa Malta, which the King wishes to present to his mother. This is a charming place, embedded in roses and flooded with sunlight, but the noble owner asks 1,000,000 lire more than the valuation of the agents of the Royal House. There the matter stands at present. An item in the owner's bill is the rose trees, for which over £2,000 is said to be asked. This is, perhaps, not an exaggeration, for they are the loveliest in a city that boasts roses without rivals in the world.

Quite different from philosophic reflection, which employs the mediation of reasoning and the instruments of analysis, and arrives at its conclusions by methods of which it can render no logical account, that purity of heart which sees God, discerns Him by the immediate glance of sympathy.—*James Martineau.*

PAINTING A LITTLE PRINCESS.

Mrs. E. M. Ward, the well-known artist, has probably been more patronised by royalty than any other lady artist of our time. Mrs. Ward had a picture hung in the Academy when she was barely fifteen years of age, and for thirty consecutive years her pictures were so honoured. She has now passed her sixtieth birthday, but she is as wedded to her art as when she painted little Princess Beatrice, who has since then grown to womanhood and suffered the sorrow of widowhood. The Queen had been pleased by some portraits she had seen of the artist's own children, and asked Mrs. Ward to paint the little Princess. While she was at work one day her Majesty came in and "tickled Beatrice's toes," as Mrs. Ward puts it. Beatrice became unmanageable; not even her reverence for the monarchy was strong enough to prevent her revolting under such circumstances As gently as she could, but as earnestly as she dared, the artist pleaded for her little sitter, whereupon the Queen, turning to Mrs. Ward with a smile, exclaimed: "Oh! but I will do what I like with my own baby!"

AUTUMN CLOTHS.

West-end tailors are making up many lovely costumes of pale blue and rose-coloured frieze for the autumn. The sudden on-coming of the cold has made us fly to these warmer stuffs, and so capricious is fashion that we do not care in the least for satin-faced cloths, which were our delight last winter, but must have rough texture and hairy surface. The weather prophets are saying we shall have a severe winter, but in these cosy frieze costumes the most delicate woman can defy the frost.

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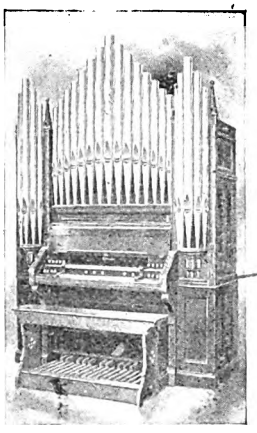

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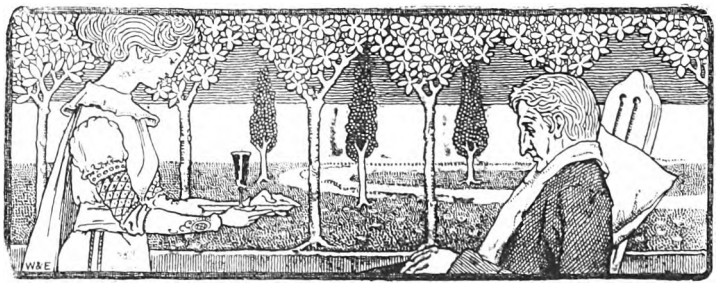

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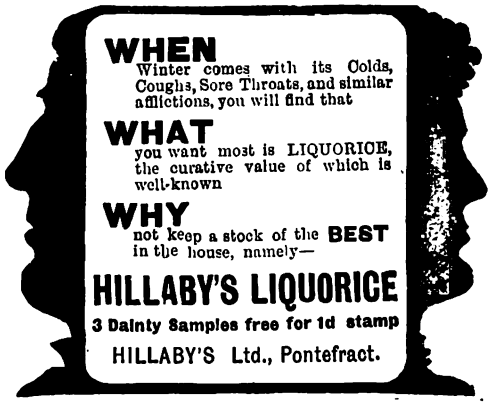

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is inspired by self-love, they would for ever after choose their headgear in better proportion to their own dimensions. The toques shown in the sketch show three gradations of size, the middle one being the largest. The uppermost is made of tucked cloth, and is trimmed with velvet, lace, black wings, and an ornamental buckle. The second is a large velvet hat lined with folded chiffon, and slightly raised at the left side by a band placed under the brim, with a bow of bright-coloured panne and a paste buckle. Mouse-grey is the colour of the model from which this hat is sketched. This quiet tint is extremely fashionable, and has a charm all its own when seen among bright red toques, pink, green, or blue. It is not so trying as any of these, and the necessary touch of colour can be introduced under the brim. The undulating shape is pretty. Black feathers and a folded drapery of black chiffon form the trimmings. The third toque is of a stiff and formal shape, often preferred by those whose organ of neatness is well developed, and who carry their liking for system and regularity into every item of their personal belongings. The hat itself is of glossy heliotrope felt, resembling beaver. It is edged with a band of velvet, matching the felt in tone, and has a band of velvet round the crown, with a large silver buckle in the centre. The two clusters of flowers are violets.

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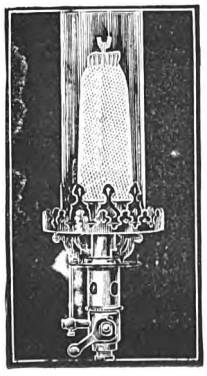

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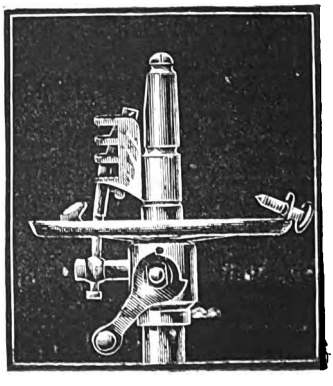

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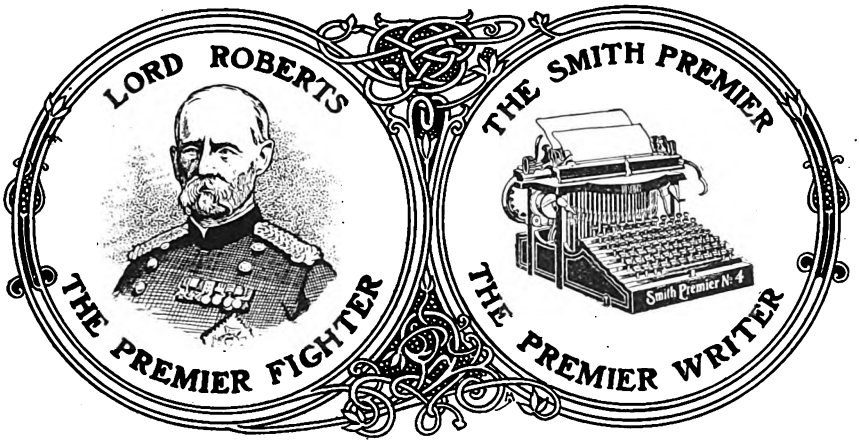
TWO GREAT LEADERS



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AN AUTOGRAPH FAN.

In days to come, the world will crowd to see Madam Patti's autograph fan. Though comparatively plain, it is one of those few objects that gather value as time rolls on. Even now, many of the signatures written across this dainty piece of chicken-skin could not again be repeated. The late Empress of Austria, Alexander II. of Russia, the old German Emperor, William I.—to these three signatures now attaches a pathetic interest, the more so when it is remembered that the first two died by the hand of an assassin. Madame Patti was even fortunate enough to obtain not only the signature but a long sentence in our own Sovereign's beautiful flowing handwriting: "If King Lear spoke the truth when he said that a sweet voice was the most precious gift a woman can possess, you, my dear Adelina, must be the richest woman in the world."

TIPPET AND MUFF.

The sketch shows a brown velvet tippet, pointed back and front, trimmed with rounded revers of Irish lace edged with

mink, and lined with Parma violet satin. Muff to match, with deep frills of velvet, and large bunch of violets.

TRUE APPROVAL.

What is this smile of the world, to win which we are bidden to sacrifice our moral manhood; this frown of the world, whose terrors are more awful than the withering up of truth and the slow going out of light within the souls of us? Consider the triviality of life and conversation and purpose in the bulk of those whose approval is held out for our prize and the mark of our high calling. . . . Ponder the share which selfishness and love of ease have in the vitality and maintenance of the opinions which we are forbidden to dispute. Then how pitiful a thing seems the approval or disapproval of these creatures of the conventions of an hour, as one figures the merciless vastness of the universe of matter sweeping us headlong through viewless space; as one hears the wail of misery, that is for ever ascending to the deaf gods; as one counts the little tale of the years that separate us from eternal silence. In the light of these things a man should surely dare to live his life with little heed of the common speech upon him or his life, only caring that his days may be full of reality, and his conversation of truth-speaking and wholeness.—JOHN MORLEY.

GOLD IN COSTUMES.

Whatever we may think of the note of gold introduced into the costume of the season, everyone seems to adopt it, says a fashion writer. As a rule it is becoming and effective, but to be successful it requires extremely careful handling. It is just one of those touches of fashion that are foreordained to a short life, because imitation and exaggeration are bound before long to make people of taste and refinement determined to have no more of it. What is charming is just a line or two of little gilded buttons. A touch of gold centre to a black flower on an evening dress. A swathed and fitted deep waistband fastened apparently with about nine tabs of velvet drawn through little gold buckles. The gold ought to have to be looked for. As with riches, if it is ostentatious, so is it vulgar! We saw the other day a dark velvet toque, the whole crown of which was covered with black and gold poppies. It looked exactly as if its owner had been busy with some liquid gilding, and had not succeeded in improving the aspect of affairs.

Never does a man pourtray his own character more vividly than in his manner of pourtraying another.—RICHTER.

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THE POWER OF PERSONALITY.

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CHILDHOOD.

Love childhood; encourage its sports, its pleasures, its loveable instincts. Who among us has not at times looked back with regret to the age when a smile was continually on our lips, when the soul was always at peace? Why should we rob these little innocent creatures of the enjoyment of a time so brief, so transient, of a boon so precious, which they cannot misuse?—ROUSSEAU.

BRACELETS AND CHAINS.

Flexible bracelets are surely, if slowly, gaining a hold upon those who like wearing baubles upon their wrists. There is also quite a demand for "dearest" and "name" bracelets, in which stones take the place of letters. Slender chains with small lockets are still very fashionable, in company with a long chain or even without one. Pavé jewellery is much sold for hearts and lockets. As the name indicates, the stones are set close and flat, as if they paved the background.

BERLIN LADIES AND HOCKEY.

Berlin can now boast of two hockey clubs, and the ladies of that city are becoming converts to the game. At present they are but beginners, and have hitherto regarded hockey as another form of croquet. But they are disillusioned when they begin, at the invitation of their English cousins, to take part in the game, for it is the English ladies in Berlin who are encouraging hockey. Golf has not proved very attractive to the women of Germany yet, but tennis is in great favour among them. Only two ladies entered their names for the recent golf tournament of Germany.

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DAIRY FARMING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Countess of Warwick is indefatigable in seeking out fresh fields for the skilled agricultural woman. She is now making close inquiry as to the prospects of women dairy farmers in South Africa. Already the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil has given it as her opinion that fruit-farming in England's lately-acquired colony will afford profitable employment to trained women, and suitable also, because Kaffir labour can be utilised. There is no doubt that what to do with our daughters is a more difficult question than what to do with our sons, since there are so many more of the former than the latter, and so many branches of remunerative work are closed to women. Lady Warwick has already been instrumental in turning out women and girls who are happy and earning good salaries as gardeners and dairy managers.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

There is nothing very new in the make of children's dresses. A pretty cut has a flounce round the hem, and waved gimp or braid in a triple row above; the bodice is trimmed as though it were low and filled into the neck, the V-shaped front bordered on either side with a straight band of ribbon gathered into the waist, a new and very becoming style. There are rosettes on the shoulders and a sash at the back; the yoke may be either plain or diagonally tucked. Double-breasted coats in all the new winter stuffs have square collars and revers in one, but sometimes they are triple, and piqué is inserted between the two layers of cloth.

LADIES' WATCHES.

It is believed that a new era will soon set in for ladies' watches. Of late years the wristlet and the corsage, or order, watch have been largely sold, but there has been rather a slump in ordinary timekeepers since the dressmakers refused to give their customers watch-pockets. Now, however, fashion is trending round to the tightly-fitting bodice, which will admit of a pocket either placed outside it or in the skirt waist-belt, where it used formerly to be found. Ladies will then take the trouble to care for their watches, and finding that they keep good time, will treasure them accordingly. The jewellers declare that wristlet and corsage ones cannot be expected to go as well as those that are worn in a pocket, particularly since women, who are fond of wearing watches simply as ornaments, only take the trouble to wind them up now and then, with fatal consequences to the machinery of the little baubles.

WIFE OF THE FOREIGN SECRETARY.

A daughter of the late Duke and Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, Lady Lansdowne was one of the group of sisters immortalised by Lord Beaconsfield in "Lothair." Her wedding took place jointly with that of her sister, Lady Blandford, in '69, and caused quite a sensation, the beauty of the brides and the high position of the bridegrooms exciting general interest. Lady Lansdowne was popular in Canada and India. Her receptions at Government House, Calcutta, were brilliant functions, and though she succeeded the fascinating Lady Dufferin, her popularity was immediately assured. She presided over Anglo-Indian society—in many ways the most *difficile* in the world—with unerring tact, besides doing all in her power to further philanthropic work. Tall and slight, Lady Lansdowne has perfectly formed features, and an eminently aristocratic air. She dresses well, though never extravagantly. She has some valuable pearls, and occasionally wears the long earrings seldom seen nowadays.

THE QUEEN'S READING.

Of the making of books, copies of which—one learns from duplicated paragraphs—"her Majesty the Queen has most graciously been pleased to accept," there is no end. As to whether the Queen reads them or no, no man knoweth, least of all the authors. But "John Oliver Hobbes" is in happier case. She has learnt from Miss Janotha, who has it in writing from Princess Beatrice, that one of the latest books the Queen has been reading is "Robert Orange." Moreover, Miss Janotha has been told by the Princess that the Queen was much pleased with the novel. By the way, Miss Janotha, the favoured intermediary for this scrap of literary news, is a musician whose career has been most interesting. She is a Court pianist to the German Emperor, and is a kinswoman of the last King of Poland.

MEN'S OCCUPATIONS.

No occupation is low if it be consistent with what is just and honest. We are all—everyone of us—living by ministering, in some way or other, to each other's necessities and comforts. The whole world is but a great shop in which all are sellers and buyers in turn, and in which each is expected to do something useful for the general well-being of the concern. Honour and shame, as Pope has observed, arise from no particular condition in life; true merit consists in the correct performance of our part, whatever that may chance to be.

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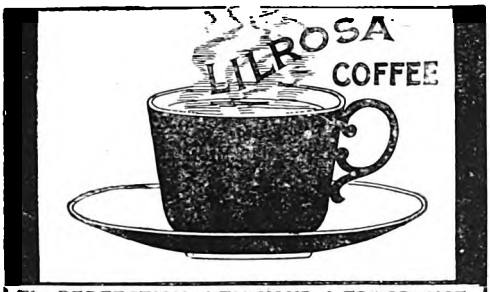

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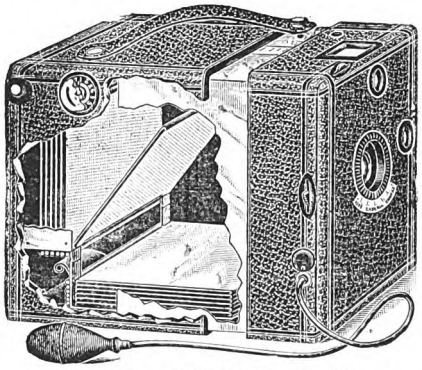

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panne black spots on dark green. The lace tie is one of those that fold three times round the neck, falling in ends without any loops or bows. The hat is black chiffon with folds of white laid over it, and a long feather at the side.

A MODERN AMAZON.

That her Majesty the Queen and the German Empress hold honorary positions in the army the world knows, but the fact that a woman has been given the title of "General" by reason or her own individual deserts and her personal leading of an army into the field will be news even to the advance guard of women. She is General Ageja, and during the Filipino rebellion she won a commission in the revolutionary army, and organised a force of 2,000 men, whom she frequently led against the Spaniards.

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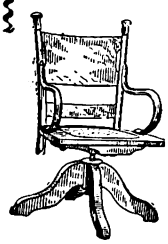

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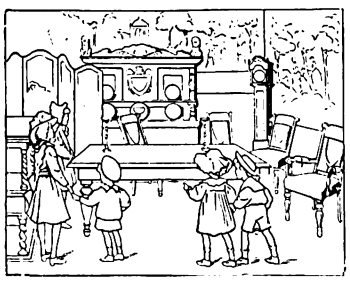

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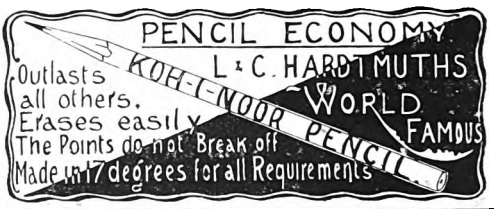

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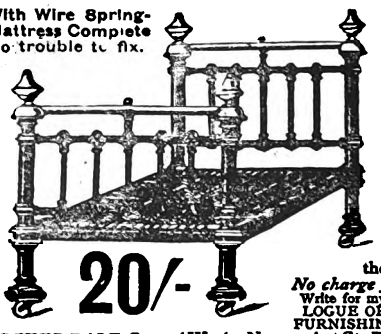

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THE GHOST OF MALVINA

BY WINIFRED GRAHAM.

Illustrated by JAS. DURDEN.

I.

"GOT it, mother!" cried a big, burly man with a fine open countenance as he burst noisily into the room.

An elderly lady looked up over her spectacles.

"Got what?" she asked, her good-natured face breaking into smiles.

"Why, Cavendish Hall, to be sure. One of the grandest old mansions in Warwickshire. I have taken it furnished from the De Crespignys for Christmas."

"The De Crespignys are very great people," said Mrs. Smilie, awed by the name. "Is it possible they are willing to give up their house to us?"

"Rather," laughed Bill, slapping his overcoat pocket in which some loose coins jingled. "Even the De Crespignys' door can be opened by a golden key. Lady De Crespigny is losing huge sums daily at Monte Carlo. All the family are gamblers. Cavendish Hall does them no good standing empty."

Bill Smilie, the rough, unpolished colonial millionaire, sat down and stretched his legs with a satisfied chuckle.

His wealth had been lately accumulated by daring speculations, and he was only just beginning to enjoy the fruits of success.

He looked affectionately across at the queer figure opposite. Though elaborately gowned, his mother could not disguise her plebeian origin. Following Dame Fashion she had adopted auburn hair, and appeared to be balancing her up-to-date coiffure with considerable discomfort. Her fingers were thickly ringed, diamonds gleamed amongst her laces, yet onlookers instinctively felt she had scrubbed floors since her girlhood, and half-expected to see her kneel down and clean out the grate from sheer force of habit.

"I suppose you have twigged my little game," Bill said. "I'm on the look-out for a wife, and I thought a house-party at Christmas would be a capital idea. We must ask a lot of nice girls down, and then I can take my pick; that is, if any one is willing to throw in her lot with an untutored fellow like myself. I know I am not a lady's man, but if I got hold of the right sort of girl I believe I could make her happy. I have already invited some men, the most ineligible lot I could find, so they won't cut me out as far as prospects are concerned, though they're good chaps enough. You must write to the girls. Here is a list for your approval."

He handed her a crumpled sheet of hotel writing paper.

"Bella Wilson!" exclaimed Mrs. Smilie. "Why, Bill, she's only a chorus girl!"

"But very good company for all that. I am not in with the swells yet, so can't pick and choose. But read on, mater, read on."

"Ruth De Crespigny! Good gracious, who's that?"

"A relation of the Cavendish Hall people," he replied, triumphantly; "the

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same family, the same blue blood, and she has promised to come, she and her sister Cynthia. I only know Ruth, for the sister is abroad and won't be able to get to us till Christmas Eve. Ruth De Crespigny is one of the nicest girls you could meet on a day's march. We were introduced at a dog show; she was reporting for a newspaper. You see, dear, Miss Ruth De Crespigny is a poor relation. The girls have to make their own living, and for that reason the stuck-up set at Cavendish Hall won't have anything to do with them; so I thought it was just splendid to take the place and ask her down. She first told me it was on the market. The name will look so well in the society papers, for I have paid highly to be well chronicled."

"A De Crespigny!" murmured Mrs. Smilie, under her breath. "How proud I should be if my boy——" But she broke off shortly and turned her attention again to the house-party list.

II.

"He makes an excellent host," said Bella Wilson, enthusiastically. "I call him quite a dear, don't you, Miss De Crespigny?"

Ruth was arranging a wreath of holly on the head of a statue at the foot of the fine white marble staircase, with balustrade of alabaster.

She did not answer for a moment, then replied: "Oh, yes," in vague, abstracted accents.

"It's such a joke," Bella continued. "Stupid old Mrs. Smilie let out to me the other night that her son Bill is wife-hunting! He has asked us all down to see if we suit, like horses on trial."

"You should not take any notice of what Mrs. Smilie says," replied Ruth. "She talks such a lot of nonsense. Now, I don't believe for a moment Mr. Smilie has any thought of the kind. I hope you won't mention it to Cynthia when she arrives, it would make her mad. Cynthia takes after the De Crespigny side of the family, and is awfully proud and high-spirited. She hopes to be a singer, and has been studying abroad. She is as good as she is pretty."

"Oh, a perfect model, no doubt." laughed Bella. "But, do you know, I should not mind this place myself, and I believe they would sell the whole estate. It would suit me down to the ground, ghosts and all. I rather fancy having a try for Mr. Bill Smilie."

A slight curl of the lip only showed that Ruth had heard.

"I suppose," continued Bella, "you are aware the house is haunted?"

Ruth gave a little shudder, and her eyes travelled round the great hall, growing dusk as the day faded. Outside the ground lay white with snow, inside huge log fires made patterns on the tapestried walls.

"No," she said. "Who told you?"

"I heard it from old Mrs. Pottle, the housekeeper. She is horrified at all of us, calls us 'the furnished let,' and speaks under her breath of 'desecration.' She considers we contaminate these ancestral halls, though your presence is some consolation to her shattered spirit. 'It is enough to raise the ghosts,' she says, 'strangers making free and easy with the place.' None but De Crespignys have been in possession here for years, and it is the beautiful Malvina De Crespigny who haunts Cavendish Hall."

Ruth turned a shade paler. "There is something uncanny about the house," she owned. "But what does Malvina do?"

"Oh, she glides about with a tiny King Charles spaniel in her arms. It was the cause of her death. She loved the dog dearly, and her horrid little husband grew jealous! One day he killed the dog, telling Malvina what he had done on her return from a ride. So great was her anger and despair that she struck him a blow on the forehead with the knob of her weighted riding-whip. He fell with a groan at her feet, never to rise again. Realising the worst, hot-headed Malvina took poison, and the dog was buried with her in a suicide's grave."

"What a gruesome story," said Ruth.

"Of course it all happened a very long time ago," Bella continued. "On Christmas Eve, oddly enough, so we shall be here for the anniversary. Mrs. Pottle declares that is why the De Crespignys are never at home for Christmas. This time of year the ghosts are always more restless. I am not superstitious, and I believe the old woman said it just to try and drive us out of the place For my part I should like to see Malvina, she is so wonderfully good-looking."

"How do you know?"

"By her portrait in the picture gallery. If you look you will find her between a

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painting of Queen Elizabeth and one of Napoleon."

Ruth felt sufficiently interested in Malvina and tired of Bella's society to stroll away in the direction of the gallery. She passed through the new corridor, walled by hundreds of prints, every one an artist's proof. Then, ascending some steps, she found herself in the great gallery of art, where hung the last picture painted by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. But she did not pause to look at this, for, far ahead, she espied the huge ruffle of Queen Elizabeth, near which was Malvina's portrait.

Ruth glanced neither to the right nor to the left, but remained in a kind of dream, staring fascinatedly at the striking picture. The name "Malvina" stood out in large gold letters under the frame.

Certainly Malvina was beautiful. A wealth of rich gold hair, large startled blue eyes, fringed by long brown lashes, and a proud little mouth parted as if to speak protestingly. In her delicate white hands she held a cringing King Charles spaniel, which appeared to be pressing itself against her, as if terrified of someone. She was dressed in an old-fashioned riding suit, with lace at the neck, and braided capes. It seemed to Ruth that the figure was strangely lifelike, and merely needed an encouraging word to step forward into the silent gallery. Perhaps the gathering shadows helped the illusion, for surely the rebellious lips trembled, and tears glistened in those magnetic blue eyes.

"Oh, how like! How weirdly like!" Ruth said, aloud, in answer to her own thoughts.

Somebody in the window-seat opposite the picture moved, coming quickly forward with an eager question:

"Have you seen her? Have you seen that woman here in the house?"

Ruth turned to find herself facing Bill Smilie. He was paler than usual, and the customary merriment had vanished from his eyes.

"Oh, no!" gasped Ruth. "What do you mean?"

He looked confused.

"Are you nervous?" he asked.

"I—I don't think so."

He drew her to the window recess, bidding her sit down.

"It's this way," he said. "I've seen that young woman, right enough!"

A chill sensation crept over Ruth; she nodded her head, but her lips moved without sound. She was not looking at her host, for instinctively she stared at Malvina's portrait, now half hidden by the growing gloom.

"Seen her just as she looks there—so frightened and beautiful, holding the dog fast. She's a daisy of a girl—a real daisy!"

Bill spoke in a whisper; his honest face shone with suppressed excitement.

"That's why I'm always hanging about this gallery. I can't get the look of her out of my head. I dream of that picture o' nights; it regularly seems to have got inside me, if you know what I mean. See those eyes! Stunning, aren't they?

"I HAVE TAKEN CRESPIGNY HALL FOR CHRISTMAS."

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No, no—in the picture, I mean," as Ruth glanced nervously round. "She won't appear now; don't scare yourself. I always know beforehand. The air gets sort of cold, and there comes a sound, like a dog panting. The mater has found me once or twice staring in an absent-minded way at the picture, and now and again she jokes me about 'Malvina.' Poor old soul, she little guesses how it jars! But there! I don't know why I'm telling you; it just popped out—and I know you won't give the show away."

Ruth promised to keep his secret, and was glad when the chance came to escape from the haunted gallery back to the lights and the music of the Swan Drawing-room, so called because the design on the red carpet consisted of two huge swans, fighting with outstretched wings.

Bella had just started singing: "I'm a Little Feather," at the top of her voice, while tea was being brought in.

A tremulous sigh of relief from Ruth, and a forced appearance of joviality in Bill, were the only signs which might have betrayed their hidden emotion.

III.

That same evening, when the ladies were cosily chatting after dinner, the subject turned on winter amusements.

"I think you girls ought to get up some *tableaux vivids*," Mrs. Smilie declared, as she smoothed out the folds of her gorgeous red satin skirt, wrought with silver and black. "Only for home amusement, you know—some little diversion for Christmas Eve."

"*Tableaux vivants*, you mean," corrected Bella. "Why not represent some of the pictures in the gallery as a surprise for Mr. Smilie?"

The idea was taken up at once, and Bella flung herself into the scheme with all the energy of her theatrical training.

"I have got a quite too delicious notion," she declared; "one that will set old Pottle's hair standing on end, and scandalise every servant in the place. You know, Christmas Eve is the anniversary of the Malvina murder and suicide. Why not portray it in three scenes: the husband's jealousy, the wife killing him in her rage, and, finally, her self-destruction? What! You have heard nothing of the story?" as Mrs. Smilie confessed her ignorance. "Oh, it is quickly told."

Bella rattled off the narrative in a few brief words.

Mrs. Smilie loved anything creepy, and listened open-mouthed.

"The best of it is," Bella concluded, "old Pottle showed me hidden upstairs the very costume worn by Malvina De Crespigny in the picture. I know where to find it at the bottom of an oak trunk. It will be tremendous fun to steal it for the occasion, and keep up our bad reputation with Pottle. She calls us all 'a set of barbarians,' and I must get my knife into her for that, though personally she rather fancies me!"

In the midst of the general discussion which followed, Ruth raised a feeble protest.

"Perhaps Mr. Smilie might not like them to act Malvina's tragedy. Would it not be better taste to keep to other subjects?"

"Oh, Bill would revel in it;" Mrs. Smilie declared. "He is quite cracked over the portrait of that minx."

"Who shall we cast for the *rôle* of Malvina?" asked Bella.

"Why, Cynthia, of course, if it must be done. Cynthia, and no one else," cried Ruth, forgetting her prejudice in the excitement of the moment. "Did I not tell you, that picture of Malvina is the very image of my sister Cynthia? I saw the likeness directly; it quite startled me. Cynthia has the De Crespigny features, colouring, expression, and build. In Malvina's dress she will be Malvina—her ancestress to the life!"

"Good!" cried Bella. "And I can play the jealous husband, in high boots, with a long tail coat. I will get my costume from London, and a King Charles spaniel, too, for the matter of that. My aunt breeds them for sale. I mean to make a success of this; and I think you will see we shall startle the household on Christmas Eve!"

. . . . . .

For the next few days secret preparations for the *tableaux* were in full swing. Mrs. Smilie was almost too engrossed to notice her son's pre-occupation, and the fits of unaccountable abstraction which frequently enthralled him now, though once or twice she did remark: "Bill didn't seem quite himself."

One day, when the thought recurred to her, she made her way to his room before dressing for dinner.

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"May I come in, Bill? It's early yet," she said.

Bill was sitting over his fire, staring at the glowing coals. He pulled a chair forward courteously.

"I don't take three-quarters of an hour to shift," he said, "like those other chaps. But what is the matter, mater?" Anything gone wrong?"

"Oh, no; but I am a bit uneasy about you, Bill. You don't seem to be having much of a time, or making the running with the ladies. Can't you seem to take to any of them?"

"No."

Bill shook his head despondently.

"Well, all I can say is, you are a hard fellow to please. Should you want fine looks, there's Bella, ready to jump down your throat; for blue blood, Miss Ruth, with a pedigree as long as your arm. If you care for more riches, try one of the Miss Snookers, not forgetting the further advantage of their dear pa being made Mayor of his town, and knighted by her Majesty the Queen!"

"Oh, stop, mater! I know well enough there are scores of good women, pretty women, rich women, poor women, only waiting for some man to come along and make them happy; but they are all alike to me now. I can't seem to cotton on to one of them since I came to this place. I only care for that blooming picture of the lass Malvina, with her bit of a dog in her arms! They say she walks of a night; but don't believe that, mother—don't believe that! Still, the face haunts me. I can't get it out of my brain. You may throw the whole boiling of marriageable girls clean at my head, and I shan't look at one of them, for I've gone and fallen in love with a darned ghost!"

Mrs. Smilie gave a little scream. "O Lor!" she said, wiping tears from her eyes, yet laughing at the same time. "Did anyone ever hear the like? And you the last, as a rule, to be taken with romantic notions. Several of the girls have passed remarks on your stand-offish manner since I told them you were looking out for a wife this Christmas."

"You told them that?" gasped Bill.

"Why not? Bless your heart, it did not bind you in any way! I merely said: 'My boy is wanting to get married, so now's the time to make the running!'"

"Oh, horrible!"

Bill literally groaned at the thought of his mother's *gauchery*; but the good soul, unconscious of offence, went calmly on:

"And then I said——"

"Mother, I would rather not hear," guiding her to the door, and thrusting her into the passage with firm though kindly hands. "It is time you trimmed up for dinner," he added by way of explanation, and turned the key.

THE RIDING SUIT AND HAT FITTED HER SLIM FIGURE EXACTLY.

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At heart Bill Smilie was a gentleman. He hated being made to look a fool. The knowledge that he was no longer "on the marrying tack," as he called it, made him feel somewhat of an impostor.

But the blue eyes of the pictured Malvina, and the shadowy wraith of a beautiful woman, who had materialised before him one moonlight night when the snow lay thick on the ground, bound him to his lady of dreams.

"It's no good. She's got hold of me and I can't get rid of her," he muttered, kicking the fender and shaking himself like a great Newfoundland dog. "What is the use of trying when she looks at me with those great blue eyes?" He banged the coal angrily with the poker. "A darned ghost!" he added, sulkily. "A darned ghost!"

IV.

Ruth drove in a closed carriage to the station to meet her sister. She was more than ever struck with the likeness between Cynthia and the picture of Malvina, as the pale, tall girl sprang from the train.

"How tired you look, dear!" Ruth exclaimed. "I suppose you have had a dreadful journey. The Christmas traffic has made the trains so late."

"Yes, I do feel rather worn out," Cynthia confessed. "You see, I was travelling all last night and had a rough passage. I only rested for an hour or so in town before coming on here. It is so kind of your friends to ask me, but are you sure I shall not be in the way?"

"Oh, no! You are most particularly wanted," Ruth declared; and then she explained about the tableaux. Poor Cynthia stifled a yawn at the thought of the evening's dissipations.

"I guessed you would be tired," said Ruth. "The others have gone out to try the ice, so when we get in I am going to put you straight to bed. Mrs. Smilie says that you need not even get up for dinner, and we think it will be all the more effective if you don't appear until the tableaux of Malvina."

Cynthia gladly caught at any excuse to sleep off the effects of the long journey, and slipped straight up to her room unperceived.

She was still sleeping when the gong sounded for dinner, and woke with a start to find a maid standing by her bed carrying a tray.

Flushed from refreshing slumber, and hungry, too, she enjoyed her quiet meal, rising with renewned energy.

"I am so glad you are feeling all right," cried Ruth, bursting into the room with a wonderful old-fashioned riding-coat in her arms. "The scene has been set and it looks lovely. Bella Wilson arranged the footlights—a row of decorative lanterns. She got hold of this dress. I don't believe we have any right to use it, but Pottle forgot to lock the oak chest upstairs."

Cynthia now entered heartily into the spirit of the game. She was delighted to hear she resembled the picture.

The riding-suit and hat fitted her slim figure exactly. Malvina seemed to have come to life, as Cynthia made her way through the vast corridors to the quaint tapestried chamber—the theatre of the moment. At the door she encountered Mrs. Pottle, a buxom woman gowned in rustling silk, who flung up her arms with a cry of horror and staggered against the oak wainscotting.

"Don't be alarmed," said Ruth, supporting the shivering figure, which shook from head to foot with indignation or fear. "This is my sister, and she is playing the part of Malvina in the tableaux this evening. We are going to act the story in three scenes. It will be most realistic.

Mrs. Pottle's jaw fell; she rolled her eyes, and with quivering fingers loosened her collar, gasping for breath.

"You'd do this—you'd do this thing?" she asked, in accents of strangled amazement. "You, a De Crespigny, too!" turning her startled eyes upon Cynthia.

"Why not?" asked the girl. "It is only for a joke."

"A joke! Heaven forgive the word! Don't you know this is Christmas Eve—the night of the whole year when the ghosts walk, making the house uninhabitable by their restless wandering ways? It is also, allow me to remind you, the anniversary of the murder! Was that a joke, I should like to ask? And pray, Miss De Crespigny, how did you obtain that old, valued family relic I see you flaunting thus boldly? Do you realise your ancestress died in that very costume—killed herself with her own fair hand? Are you not afraid a curse will fall on your head, and the spirits of the outraged dead

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NEARER THE FOOTLIGHTS, FONDLING THE SWEETEST LITTLE SPANIEL, SAT A LOVELY WOMAN.

rise to haunt you at your masquerade? You and Miss Ruth are the only members of the De Crespigny family who have spent a Christmas Eve under this roof since the tragedy occurred; the others know better! It is ignorance has brought you here, and the ghosts will be busy to-night!"

Bella Wilson, hearing Mrs. Pottle's voice, joined the three figures, flashing angry eyes at the housekeeper as she listened to her tirade.

"How dare you try and frighten these young ladies with your bogey tales?" she cried. "You are a wicked old woman! We are doing no harm, and if you want to know how we got the costume, why, I took it, because you were foolish enough to show me the contents of the chest which you did not lock. We are allowed to use everything left in the house, and Mr. Smilie pays enough, I should think, to entitle him to a sight of Malvina's old clothes, which were only fit for a pawnshop till I brushed and cleaned them up."

Bella's words literally tumbled out of her mouth as she stood before Mrs. Pottle, booted and spurred, dressed as Malvina's

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husband, with a King Charles spaniel under her arm.

"I expect," she continued, hotly, "you would like to pretend the dog has a ghost too! But I am managing this show, and I can't let the stage wait, so come on, girls."

Cynthia's eyes had taken a startled look, which made her more than ever like the picture. Her colour faded while she listened, and more than once she glanced nervously round as if feeling a presence at her elbow.

"I wonder if it is wrong," she whispered to Ruth. "I did not realise the murder really happened, and on this same night. I thought of it only as a story."

Ruth looked uncomfortable.

"I don't know," she replied. "We are in for it now and can't draw back without mortally offending the others. I am half inclined to think Mrs. Pottle is right—that we, as De Crespignys, should not mock our own flesh and blood."

Mrs. Pottle's parting words, spoken as Bella went humming away, re-echoed down the corridor.

"Those who laugh last, laugh most!"

There was an ominous ring in them which struck a chill to Cynthia's heart.

A moment later she found herself the centre of an admiring group.

Everyone exclaimed with delight at the beautiful impersonation of Malvina.

They speedily rehearsed her in the positions previously planned; and the little dog, who seemed to take to Cynthia at once, gave good promise of fulfilling his part decorously.

"I don't know what is going on," said Bill to his men friends. "The girls seem to have got a bit of play-acting up their sleeve for a Christmas Eve jollity; but it's all been kept dark."

Presently Mrs. Smilie, with mystery in her manner and smiles on her lips, informed her son "that the show was ready."

Expectantly the audience made their way to the low-ceilinged room draped with tapestry, seating themselves in the old-fashioned chairs of oak and embroidery.

To the weird tinkling of a zither the heavy red curtains were drawn aside, and a remarkable picture revealed itself.

In the background stood a frowning man's figure watching the central objects with covetous eyes. Nearer the footlights, fondling the sweetest little spaniel to her breast, sat a lovely woman, with the startled blue eyes, mutinous mouth, cream-white skin, and rich gold hair of Malvina De Crespigny.

For a moment Bill Smilie gazed upon the living picture paralysed. What trick had his brain played upon his sight? Or was this verily and indeed the spirit he had seen creeping through the moonbeams in the haunted gallery?

With an exclamation of surprise he leaped to his feet, just as the curtain was about to fall, and made a frantic rush forward. Even as he did so a howl of agony broke from the little dog, and every light in the room went out, save for the flickering fire throwing shadows on the ceiling.

"Hold hard!" cried Bill in the general confusion. "Keep quiet and I'll strike a light."

He took out his matches and suited the action to the word. As he did so an unseen agency blew against the flame, which instantly died.

Bill tried again. This time his hand trembled violently; the same result ensued.

A deathly current of cold air gripped the room; the atmosphere seemed alive with influences.

Involuntarily every human creature stood rooted, their hearts failing them for fear. No soul dared move or utter, as something willowy and transparent shaped itself behind Cynthia. It was the shade or emblem of herself, but with a look of fury in the eyes, shining like blazing stars from out a wealth of rich gold hair. Only Cynthia saw nothing, though she felt the cold breath, and clung to the shivering dog, which trembled and gradually stiffened between her hands.

Hark! On the silence came the faint sound of little claws scratching at the outer door, the plaintive yelping of a dog in pain, followed by a gentle panting in the room, which recalled Bill Smilie's words to Ruth, who broke the tension with a piercing scream.

The wraith of Malvina dissolved into vapour, or was it merely the smoke from the wicks of extinguished footlights where Cynthia stood? No one ever quite knew, for weeping hysterical women and scared men made helter-skelter for the passage.

As if pursued by demons they fled towards the great hall door and out into the drive—on, on, like a herd of

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frightened cattle before a prairie fire, through the falling snowflakes.

"To the lodge!" a voice cried, shrilly.

The order came from Mrs. Smilie, who ran even faster than the girls. Bill was inclined to call his guests back, but Cynthia seized him by the hand, urging him forward, while she still held against her heart the dead body of a King Charles spaniel.

. . . . . .

Well, the end of it was that no power on earth would induce Bill Smilie's house party to finish their Christmas at Cavendish Hall. So leaving the place in the hands of Mrs. Pottle and the outraged phantoms, the wealthy Colonial made Yuletide merry for his friends at the Punch Bowl, a local hostelry.

One favour only he asked in return, that a night of horrible mystery might never be mentioned in his presence.

"You can talk of it all over the country when you go away," he said, with his good-natured smile; "but I've done with those darned ghosts. I want to try and forget."

Yet eventually he broke through his own rule, and spoke of it to Cynthia. They were walking back from an evening skating party some yards behind the others. The moon made night as bright as day.

"Why are you suddenly so silent?" she asked, conscious that his eyes were fixed intently upon her.

"I was noticing how like you were to 'Malvina,'" he replied.

"Ah you still think of that episode. And I don't wonder. It will haunt me to my dying day."

She spoke in low, strained accents as the joy bells pealed for the new year.

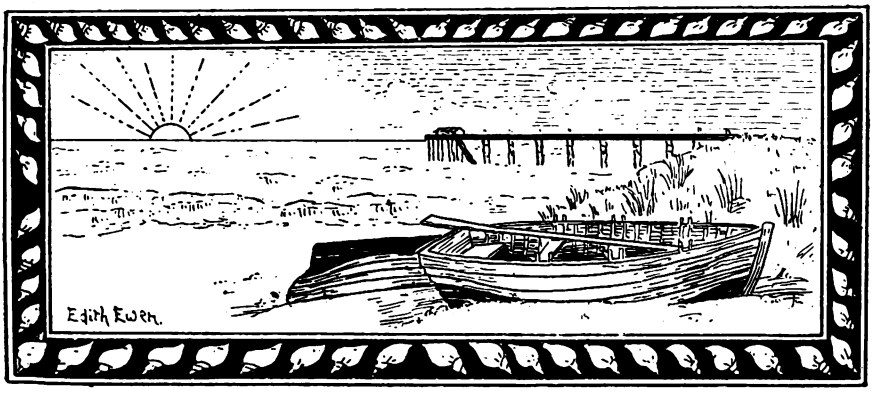
"You see," he said, clumsily, "I was in love with Malvina; that is to say, with the picture, I mean. I never dreamt anyone living could be like her till I met you, Miss De Crespigny. When the curtains divided and I saw you sitting in that tableau my heart seemed to jump into my mouth. I thought I should have gone crazy. So now you know what's the matter, and if you won't have anything to do with me, I'll just go back to the ghosts at Cavendish Hall!"

Cynthia paled at this terrible threat. "Oh, no," she cried. "No, no, I could not let you do that."

He seized her hand and drew her closer to him under cover of the night.

"It's only for you to say," he panted, breathlessly.

She answered in a whisper, and Bill Smilie did not go.



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A MESSAGE FOR THE NEW CENTURY.

By IAN MACLAREN.

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," &c.

THE arrangement of time into weeks, and years, and centuries is not only a practical convenience, it is also a means of grace. With each crisis, great or small, we are reminded that time is passing, and that time is a piece cut out of Eternity. The unseen world comes near, and for a time blots out the seen; the veil falls from before our eyes, and we pilgrims and strangers on the earth find ourselves in the presence of the Eternal. Life assumes its just proportions, and the exaggerations of this brief existence are reduced. Harassing cares and vain ambitions of to-day are shamed into silence. Vain regret and haunting sorrows are laid to rest. We look out upon the greater life, with its untold possibilities and its fearful responsibilities, and this life is cast into insignificance. We hear the sound of the ages, and the voices of this world grow faint.

As a man wakes on Sunday morning he desires to have the mistakes and sins of the past week buried out of sight. He intends to live on a higher level through the new week, and so he opens a new chapter with humility and resolution. When the Old Year dies away every serious person hopes that it may carry with it everything he has said or done of evil, and when the bells ring in the New Year there is no man who does not lift his heart to God praying that it may be to him a year of honest work, and holy living, and kindly feeling, and gracious service. There is no time when the conscience is so tender and the heart is so open as when another year is taken from our hands and placed among the books of judgment, as when we look down the long road on which we have not yet gone and whose circumstances are hidden from our eyes.

Very soon there will be given to us an experience which none of our generation have had, and which none of us can have again: we shall pass into a new century. It is wise and well that this event should receive just prominence and be invested with solemnity, so that our nation may be reinforced in the springs of moral feeling and may enter on the new age with high intentions and in the fear of God. It cannot be said that the spiritual life of the people is strong, or that the flame of hope is burning high, or that this present century is dying, as some centuries have died, its eye not dim and its natural strength not abated. There is no reason why the end of an age should be afflicted with feebleness and despair, but there can be no question that our age is dying with all the signs of decay, except that the valour of our people is quite unshaken and has astonished the world. The age is weary and is ready to fall asleep.

With the beginning of this century the democracy had broken its bonds in Egypt and crossed the Red Sea—very red indeed and troubled were its waters in France; the democracy had set out upon its journey across the desert to reach its land of promise. It was a brave ambition, to win political freedom and to obtain a share in the government of the nation. It was a long struggle, fought upon the whole with patience and moderation, and at last the people of every Western nation have come into their possession. The people are now the rulers, aud they hold the land from Dan to Beersheba, and they will never again be enslaved, nor cast out from their heritage. Whether in securing their Canaan they have obtained all they expected is another question, and he would be a very bold man who would say they had. The people have votes and can elect their rulers: do they know how to use their votes, and are they proof against the wiles of demagogues? They have better wages and more decent homes; but

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have they learnt to be frugal and temperate? They have ample means of education, and the very universities are thrown open to them; but are the people reading the great books, are they thinking on the great questions? Is there no reason to fear that the people have grown careless and frivolous with freedom and prosperity, and that their gods are pleasure and comfort?

The Victorian period witnessed a noble outburst and spring of letters, and it has been an honour as well as an inspiration to live in the age of Dickens, and Thackeray, and George Eliot, and Charlotte Brönte among novelists; and Macaulay, and Freeman, and Froude, and Grote among historians; and Tennyson and Browning, and Clough, and Swinburne among poets; and Carlyle, and Arnold, and Ruskin among critics of life and manners; and Russell, and Bright, and Disraeli, and Gladstone among statesmen. If the century opened with names of the grand order, it did not fail to supply their place when Scott and Wordsworth and Byron had passed away. There are few names now in any department of letters or statesmanship to stir the blood. There is no novelist for whose works we hunger and thirst every month as for another part of Dickens; there is no critic whose word is anything more than a passing opinion; Lord Salisbury is the only statesman of the old school who is left. We have no essayist with the charm of Lamb, with the virility of Hazlitt; no young Keats arises to provoke the war of criticism and amaze us by his fresh genius. Good work is being done with taste and labour, and clever, cheap work is also being done still more abundantly; but there are no giants in these days.

One fears that the blight of the commonplace is settling upon the Church, which ought to be the overflowing fountain of enthusiasm and the home of spiritual romance. The sublime enterprise of foreign missions has lost the fascination of earlier days; it is less of an adventure, more of an organisation. Its leaders yield to none of their predecessors in devotion and usefulness, but they are no longer pioneers and discoverers. There are not revivals of religion now, such as in the time of our fathers and the days before them, when quiet people cried aloud for mercy and hardy sinners were openly turned unto righteousness, and thousands were added unto the Church. Nor have we preachers of the grand order in such numbers as in the former days—men who could move multitudes at their will either to smiles or tears, and who reigned from the pulpit as kings from their thrones. A few remain—the last of their kind—to remind us what the pulpit once was and to assure us of the power of human speech. Possibly there never were so many well-educated and intelligent men in the pulpit before, and the standard of average discourse was never so high, but the outstanding men of genius and eloquence are few and are not likely to have successors. Preaching also is being reduced to uniformity, and the average man is coming into his kingdom.

One notices the same levelling up in the department of commerce and finance. Once there were great houses whose names were known to the ends of the earth; and there were also private banks which had the confidence of a nation. With those powerful firms no man without name or capital could compete, and they had, therefore, a monopoly of affairs; they were the aristocracy of business and the Doges of a larger State than that of Venice in her glory. The telegraph wire has reduced to an equality the great house and the small, and banks are now joint-stock enterprises in which there are a multitude of shareholders. Competition has grown keener every day, and a number of little men are dividing among them the profits of a few great men. It is a grave question whether there will be a place in future for the man of original and commanding commercial ability wherein he can carry out his own plans and reap his own profits, or whether he may not be simply the manager, under the charge of a board and looking after the interests of an innumerable multitude of people. If so, one of the great ambitions of the past will disappear, and the beginner in commerce will not have the honourable incentive which moved his father.

There has been a great change in the constitution of society, and it means, so far as one can see, that there is not going to be in the future such a distinction as existed in the past between great and small, but there is going to be a far nearer approach to equality. The capitalist will not be so well off, but the workman will be better off; fewer men will be able to live without working, and

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more men will get a reward for their work. The people will depend less upon rulers and will have more share in government. Genius will be very rare, but capacity will be widely diffused; there will be less state and more comfort, less submission and more brotherhood. No doubt there may be a loss in the distinction of life, and a certain commonplaceness of action and of talent; but a larger number of people will have their part in the affairs of the State, and a bigger share of the riches of life.

The new century will open with a strong appeal to the ordinary man, and will offer to him his opportunity; upon him, although he live in a small house and have only limited ability, although he be only one out of a vast multitude, will fall the burden of government, both in Church and State. With others like him he will direct the policy of the country and control its agitation, as well as arrange its local affairs. Within religion he must advance the kingdom of Christ by his personal conduct and by the fulfilment of Christ's law in his active work. The layman is going to count much more than he did, and the minister is going to count less. Great fortunes will grow fewer, respectable poverty will be more and more alleviated; although, of course, the man who invents a useful article in general demand will become a millionaire beyond the dreams of nobles, and the drunkard and idle person will always be poor, and deserve to suffer.

Absolute equality will ever be impossible till you can reduce every man's brains to the same value, and absolute equality would reduce life to a state of dreary commonplace; but a more general distribution of property and ability will have many advantages for the commonwealth. It will check the extremes of inordinate wealth and abject poverty; it will lessen the insolence of the rich and assuage the bitterness of the poor; it will increase the self-respect of the multitude by giving them the sense of power; and it will tend to abate the insolence of priests by investing the people with many of their powers. It is in such circumstances that the principle of brotherhood will have a wider range and an easier application; for it will not have to fight against the irresistible distinctions between genius and stupidity, between wealth and misery, between rank and low degree. Many of Christ's commandments which seem impossible now will then be within the reach of obedience; and many of the glaring violations of Christ's spirit, both in Church and State, will die a natural death. Before the new age has come to its majority, one may hope that every man who is sober and industrious will have a decent home to live in, and that the vicious will not be allowed to go at large; that temptations to vice will be restrained with a firmer hand when the people are the rulers; that every kind of education, from the highest to the lowest, will be open to the sons of the people; and that the work of the Christian Church will be carried on not by a few, but by all her members, and that once again the fair green land will be settled and possessed by the people. The people, made up of a multitude of unknown and undistinguished persons, are coming into their heritage; and whether they take twenty-one years or fifty years to assume the throne, the new century is going to be their opportunity and their crowning.

About one thing only ought we to be anxious—and that is the relation between the people and Christ. If they should cease to believe in Christ, then homes, and gardens, and schools, and plenty would avail them little; for the kingdom of the people would only end in a secular paradise, and the soul of the nation would die. It were better for a nation to be ill-fed and ill-clothed, better to have no share in government and only the poorest means of education, than to lose the inspiration of faith and the hope of the world to come. What lends glory to this earth is the arch of heaven above us, and the sun, which gives its colour to the tiniest flower; and what lends dignity to life is the sense of Eternity and the fellowship of man with God. As Christ lived in the humblest of homes, and did the plainest of work, and made His house and carpenter's bench of Nazareth for ever beautiful, so His Spirit alone can make the life of the people spiritual and sacred. The centuries come and go, but He remaineth Whose Spirit through all the centuries has been the guide of the people, and Who Himself has been their most loyal and powerful Friend.

JOHN WATSON.

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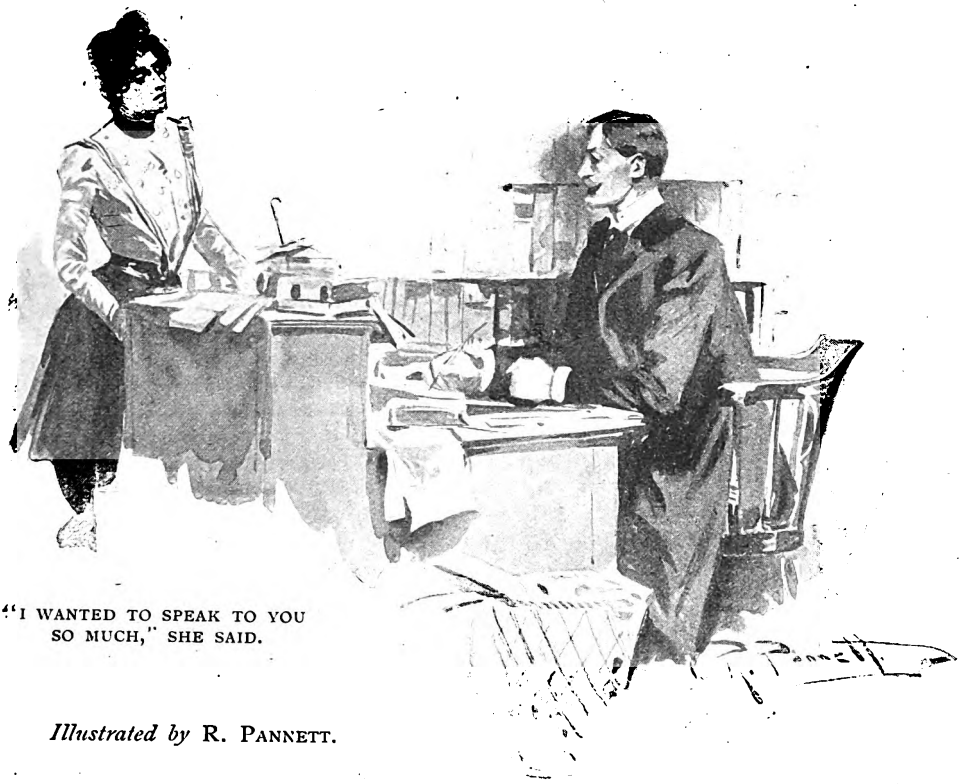

"I WANTED TO SPEAK TO YOU SO MUCH," SHE SAID.

Illustrated by R. PANNETT.

HIS GREAT CHANCE.

BY MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

JOHN LANCASTER hardly knew when he first became aware of her existence. The editor of a daily paper has not, as a rule, either time or inclination to take heed of the clerks and typewriters who are the underlings of his underlings. The first thing he noticed was that she always lifted her face as he passed through the outer office. The next thing was her face itself. There was nothing particularly conspicuous in its outline; the features were small and delicate. It was very nearly colourless, and just a little pinched. But this is by no means an uncommon characteristic among girls who work a typewriter for their daily bread. Its pallor was enhanced by the dark hair which rippled about her forehead and by dark eyebrows and eyelashes. Her eyes themselves were large, and dark grey in colour—beautiful eyes they were in truth. But before John Lancaster arrived at this conclusion he found himself considerably perplexed by the fact that there was something in their expression, as their owner fixed them on him as he passed down the room—something in the expression of the whole face—which he could never immediately forget.

"What does she want?" he said to himself, half irritably. By this time he had realised, vaguely, that the expression was one of intense and wistful longing. "What the dickens can she want?"

At this stage in the proceedings he did not even know her name. He had no idea that he had the slightest wish to know it

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until he found himself one morning saying abruptly to his "sub.": "What's the name of the typewriter girl who sits in the left-hand corner as you go out? Pale girl, with dark hair."

"The new girl?" returned the sub. "Oh, her name's Ansted. Hard-working sort, she seems. Gets through twice as much as some of the others we have had—at present, at any rate."

"Oh!" was Lancaster's comment. And he applied himself to his work.

Two or three days more passed, and Christmas was near. "The new girl's" glance at him as he went in and out—for, as he assured himself, it was really nothing more—began to haunt John Lancaster like a cry of distress, to which he persistently turned a deaf ear. He was a sensitive man, and he possessed an imagination, and it began, in the phrase of the day, to "get on his nerves."

"It's such a good little face," he found himself thinking absently one night—he had been under the impression that he was writing a leader—"its such—such a patient little face. I wonder whether there's anything she wants me to do?"

It was on the day following this, while a good many people were thinking and also saying that the leaders in the *Daily Messenger* were not what they used to be, that John Lancaster suddenly rang his bell.

"Send me a typewriter," he said, brusquely. "No, not Miss Martin"—Miss Martin was the clerk who usually wrestled with the editorial correspondence. "Miss Ansted will do."

The editor of the *Daily Messenger* was writing rapidly when Miss Ansted made an unobtrusive entrance a few seconds later. He did not look up, and yet he was perfectly well aware that there was an unusual flush on the little pale face, and that the grey eyes were shining. So well aware was he of this, that he was almost surprised that Miss Ansted should seat herself before the typewriter and await his instructions in silence. He forgot that his appearance when he was apparently absorbed in business was not calculated to encourage interruption, and he could not possibly know that the girl only a few yards from him was saying to herself over and over again, as if the assurance would check the too rapid beating of her heart:

"By-and-bye! When he's finished, I'll try. By-and-bye!"

Five minutes passed. John Lancaster, with his head bent over his paper, was waiting for he did not know what, and when nothing whatever came, he suddenly grew unreasonably angry. He lifted his head, and his face was cold and hard. He drew a pile of letters from a pigeon-hole, and spoke in his abruptest and most business-like manner.

"Kindly take down some letters at my dictation," he said.

The instantaneous click and rattle which told that the typist had slipped a sheet of paper into her machine should have pleased Lancaster in its promptitude; but, instead of that, it only served to increase his irritation. He was an excellent man of business; and it was well known to those of his staff who had been longest with him that he never worked better than when he was out of temper. He dictated now for about twenty minutes exceedingly rapidly and lucidly, passing from one letter to another with only such a pause as was absolutely necessary to allow Miss Ansted to change the sheet of paper. Then he said, abruptly:

"Thank you; that will do," and applied himself instantly to the work on his table.

Miss Ansted was dismissed. There was nothing for her to do but to go. John Lancaster felt rather than saw that she hesitated for a fraction of a second. He knew that the colour had died out of her face. Then he heard her cross the room. At the door she faltered again, and turned her face towards him. He could see it so clearly, as he sat with his eyes fixed upon his paper, that it never occurred to him to raise his head. The next moment the door opened and closed softly. John Lancaster leant back in his chair suddenly and swore quietly.

"Now, why couldn't she say what she wanted to say?" he demanded of the empty room.

He asked himself the question so often in the course of the day, and it interfered so seriously with his sleep at night, that he finally assured himself that it was quite time he put the matter out of his mind. When he sent for a typewriter on the following day, he did not specify which clerk he would have; but he watched the door breathlessly until it opened to admit Miss Ansted. Then he drew a quick breath, and began to dictate as though the fate of nations depended upon his not losing a moment.

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But it is natural to glance occasionally in the direction of a person to whom you are dictating, and Lancaster grew less and less fluent. The haunting little face seemed even paler than usual this morning as it bent over the machine; and there was something in the droop at the corner of the lips, seen thus in profile, which seemed to make the editor less clear-headed than usual. He broke off at last and spoke the words which dismissed the clerk almost mechanically:

"Thank you; that will do."

She had reached the door. In another moment she would be gone. Prompted by a sudden, overwhelming impulse John Lancaster looked up, and, as she turned, evidently almost involuntarily, he met her lingering, wistful look, for the first time, eye to eye. There was an odd little pause. The girl flushed crimson to the roots of her pretty dark hair, and he saw the thin little hands clench themselves as though their owner were nerving herself for a desperate effort.

"Is there anything you would like to say to me?" said Lancaster. It seemed to him that his voice hardly seemed like his own.

"May I? Oh, may I?"

She had come two or three paces towards him, her face quivering in every line, and as Lancaster pointed without speaking to a chair that faced his own, she came rapidly up to it, and stood clasping the back rail convulsively.

"I wanted to speak to you so much," she said. Her words came in a feverish stream as though she almost feared that the longed-for opportunity might escape her even now. "I thought, when I first came here, if you could only know—if I could only tell you—perhaps—perhaps—you would do something. But I was afraid!"

"Afraid of me?" said John Lancaster. It did not occur to him to wonder why it should cut him to the quick that this girl should be afraid of him; but she responded to his tone instantly, and evidently unconsciously.

"Not afraid of you exactly," she said, quickly. "I didn't think—but you are so very busy you see, and I was afraid of interrupting, and choosing a bad time."

"Won't you sit down?" said Lancaster. She shook her head, and her voice grew eager and beseeching again.

HE TOOK UP THE LETTER QUICKLY WITH AN UNERRING INSTINCT.

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"No, thank you. I don't want to hinder you. I won't be one moment. I only wanted to say—it's about my brother—he is so very, very clever, and somehow he can't get a chance."

"Your brother?" repeated Lancaster. He was watching her face intently, and he thought he had never seen anything so pitiful as its earnestness. "Does he write, then?"

"Yes, yes," she answered. "He writes so well, oh, so very well! But you know how it is—it's so difficult to get a hearing. He has tried so hard, and he's been disappointed over and over again. Every paper has its own people, and won't listen to anything new. But you—oh, if you only would!"

The editor in John Lancaster was not entirely dormant, though the man was very much in evidence. He knew his world too well not to be sceptical as to talent that could not make itself known. He hesitated. The girl saw it, and a little despairing cry came into her voice.

"Oh, if I could only make you understand!" she said. "It's only just a hearing he wants—he could do better work than anybody if he only had the chance. And it's so bad for a man to feel that! It's so—so demoralising to know that the world isn't treating you justly. How can a man be quite—quite steady when he's always sore at heart and disappointed? But if he had work—regular work—ah, then it would be all right!"

Lancaster looked up quickly. He suddenly understood what made the little figure before him so thin and fragile.

"What is he doing now?" he asked.

She opened her hands with a little eloquent gesture. "He can get nothing to do," she said. "Nothing worthy of him, that is," she added, proudly.

"So he does nothing at all. Young scoundrel! Is it possible that he lives on her?" said Lancaster to himself. Aloud, he said: "Do you live together?"

She nodded.

"There are only the two of us left," she said, simply.

There was a pause. Lancaster was taking in the situation in all its bearings. What he should do was so entirely a foregone conclusion in his mind that he was almost startled as he read the agonised suspense in the girlish face opposite him. He rose abruptly.

"Of course your brother shall have a chance," he said, trying to speak lightly. "The best thing will be for him to come and see me. Let me see—to-morrow afternoon at three, shall it be? No, no; don't thank me."

Miss Ansted did not try to thank him.

"I can't," she murmured. "If you only knew——" She broke off, and fairly ran out of the room.

It seemed to Lancaster, when he opened the door of the outer office on the following morning, that the place was entirely empty. Then he realised that it was only one little face that was absent, the face which had been lifted to him as he went out on the previous evening, glowing with boundless gratitude and admiration. His brows contracted sharply, and he strode on to his own room. There was so much work to do in clearing up for the Christmas holiday. On the top of the pile of letters on his desk was one which he took up quickly with an odd, unerring instinct.

"21, Vere-street,
"Camden Town.

"Dear Sir,—I am so very sorry that I am not able to come to the office this morning. I do hope it may not be very inconvenient; indeed, I would not stay away if I could help it. And I am very sorry to say that my brother will not be able to keep the appointment which you were so kind as to make for him. He is very ill, and I cannot leave him. He is not at all strong, and I am afraid the excitement was too much for him. When he is better, if you will let him come and see you, it will be most kind.

"Faithfully yours,
"LETTICE ANSTED."

Over this formal little note John Lancaster's brows wrinkled themselves portentously.

"The excitement?" he said to himself. "Odd! And that poor little thing all alone with him. Confound it!"

It was about six o'clock in the evening when Lancaster, having attended somewhat perfunctorily to a certain amount of business, suddenly walked out of the office and hailed a hansom.

"21, Vere-street, Camden Town," he said to the man.

It was a cold foggy evening—Christmas Eve—and the fact that some of the street lamps were lighted and some were

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SHE WAS HOLDING UP IN HER ARMS THE GAUNT FIGURE OF A MAN, WHOSE BREATH CAME IN STRUGGLING GASPS.

not did not help the cabman in his search for a *locality* which seemed to be of the humblest and most retiring nature. A great deal of questioning and wrangling and swearing took place before Lancaster found himself standing on the steps of a shabby little house in a shabby little street. In a street close by an open air market was in full swing, trade being very much quickened by the near approach of Christmas; and a clamour of voices of buyers and sellers made a background for

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Lancaster's speech as he demanded of a dirty and untidy woman whether Miss Ansted lived there.

"Yes, she lives here," was the answer; "but you can't see her—not unless you are a relation, that is. Mr. Ansted, he's going fast."

"Going?" repeated Lancaster. Then a flash of horrified comprehension came to him. "You don't mean—he's dying," he asked. "Who is here? Who has Miss Ansted with her? She is not alone?"

The woman nodded. "Yes, she is, pore little thing!" was the answer. "There, she'll be better off without him, idlin' and grumblin' and drinkin' all the time, and her working for the two on 'em. But she won't know her luck, that she won't. She'll break her 'eart for 'im, if you arsk me. No one never was so set on her brother, not in this world!" She eyed Miss Ansted's visitor curiously, and then added: "Perhaps you'd like to see her, sir? It's very sad to 'appen on Christmas Eve."

She led the way up the stairs, and Lancaster followed her mechanically. Not till she had opened the door and announced him in a hoarse whisper as "a gentleman," did he realise where she was taking him. And as the truth dawned upon him, all the conventionalities which would have made John Lancaster hesitate, had the opportunity to do so been given him, fell away from him, and he walked into the room as one who had a right there. It was a little room, very poor and very bare. Facing the door was a narrow bed, and at the head of the bed, half-sitting, half-kneeling, was Lettice Ansted. She was holding up in her arms the gaunt figure of a man whose breath came in struggling gasps. A flickering candle lighted up the two faces, and as his eyes rested on them, John Lancaster's heart gave a great leap, and then seemed to stand absolutely still for a moment with pure pity. He expected to see a boy a year or so older or younger than Lettice Ansted; a boy with tendencies easily argued from his sister's vague reference to "steadiness," but one whose very youth suggested hope for the future. Not for one moment had the actual facts of the case suggested themselves to him.

Between the brother and sister before him there were twenty years. The head that lay against Lettice Ansted's shoulder was that of a middle-aged man prematurely aged until it looked like that of a man of sixty. The haggard features were lined and worn, not with work, not even with care, but with discontent and dissipation. The story of a life wasted beyond all hope of redemption was written on that face for every eye to read.

For every eye except those dark grey ones which met John Lancaster's as he looked from the brother to the sister in whose arms he lay. To Lettice Ansted the worn-out man was still the brilliant young brother, in whose genius her very childhood had put devout and loving faith. A quivering little smile touched her lips.

"It's too late," she said. "After all, it's too late."

John Lancaster did not speak. He came across the room, and, with a deft gentleness for which no one would have given him credit, he transferred the unconscious figure from her arms to his own.

Perhaps it was the movement that roused the dying man, perhaps the moment had arrived for that last look at the earth and things earthly which is so often infinitely clearer than any that precedes it. The eyes opened suddenly, and Lettice slipped on to her knees and laid her cheek against her brother's hand.

"O Dick dear!" she cried. "Dick dear, stay! Your chance has come at last. Don't let it be too late!"

But Richard Ansted was not looking at her. He was looking full into the eyes of the man who held him, and Lancaster, meeting that strange clear gaze, saw for a moment the man who might have been. Richard Ansted moved his hand feebly, and laid it on his sister's head.

"She always believed in me," he said, still looking into Lancaster's face. "She doesn't understand. But, you see—it would have been too late—anyhow. This is—best. Perhaps—somewhere else."

And while the cheery noise of the Christmas market rent the air outside, he went to look for his chance—somewhere else.

. . . . . .

Lettice never did understand. John Lancaster, when his wife talked softly to him, as she often did in after years, of her brother's great gifts and the hard measure Fate had dealt out to him, agreed tenderly with all she had to say.

"Poor chap," he said to himself. "I hope he's got his chance. I owe him—Lettice."

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Christmas in the Home.

By HELEN MERRIMAN.

Again at Christmas did we weave,
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
The silent snows possessed the earth,
And calmly fell our Christmas Eve.

"WE have not the heart to do anything this Christmas—let us get it over as quietly as possible," was a speech one heard on all sides last year, and who could blame the speakers? For truly it was one of the saddest times this generation has known, both individually and nationally.

Many a home had been darkened by the Angel of Death, and the fortunate few whose friends were still with them were appalled and stricken by the news placarded forth so blatantly at every street corner!

Christmas shopping was hurried through with weary absent-mindedness, and as for decorating the house—it was out of the question!

All this was very justifiable, very excusable last year, but, although anxious hearts are still amongst us, and the din of battle yet sounds in our ears from afar, it is not right to give up the custom of Christmas rejoicing, for, although our own lives may be darkened, though the nation's outlook *may* be depressing, the cause for gladness is the same and as real as it was 1900 years ago. Surely we ought to mark in some way with evidences of rejoicing and gratitude the greatest birthday mankind has ever known, when the Light and the Joy and the Peace of the world was born, Who still gives to us and to all who ask it that "peace and goodwill from God to man" which no outward circumstances, be they never so sad, can destroy.

To those then who still hold Christmas as a festival—

Romantic women and simple men,
Whose hearts at the sound of Christmas still
With a thousand memories melt and thrill—

and who wish their homes to look smiling and gay, though their own hearts may still be aching, some suggestions of easily carried out decorations may commend themselves to their taste as preferable to the piece of holly stuck over a picture frame or trail of ivy round the clock, which to so many housewives seems sufficient to mark the festive season. Not that the ivy trail is at all a bad idea; but it needs something more elaborate to back it up.

Little cardboard frames, painted green, with ivy or holly leaves sewn on to them, make pretty surrounds for picture frames, whether square or round. For the former the cardboard is cut into strips about 1 in. wide, matching in length the size of the frame, and fixed together at the corners with paper fasteners or a stitch. All this should be done first, then the separate leaves sewn on with a holly berry between them.

The same idea might be carried out, with a difference, for the larger pictures, especially oil paintings, when the green wreath should go *inside* the frame, not outside, and should cover the flat mount surrounding the canvas. Holly wreaths take so much time and greenstuff that they prove both troublesome and expensive to make, and busy people find it better to substitute long trails of ivy twisted round wire, or tied on to fine string to keep them wreath-like, and they will festoon much more gracefully and lightly than the more self-assertive holly and yew. A pretty over-door can be made out of a sheet of brown paper or cardboard. Big greyhound mounting boards, 7½d. a sheet, are very strong and stiff, and may be had of most artist's colormen. Two strips about a foot deep should be cut, and a third piece, double that depth, and about 1½ ft. wide, to form the centre part; the length of the two sides is, of course, determined by

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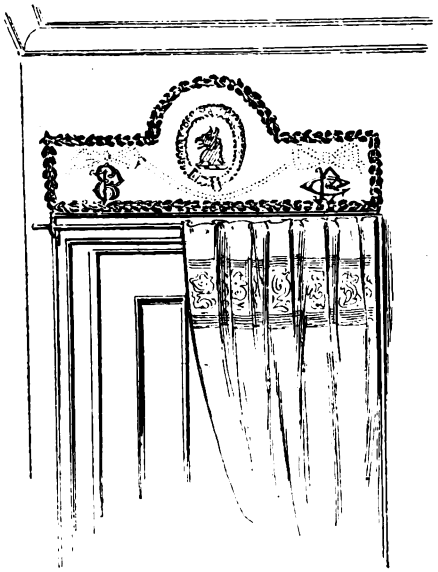
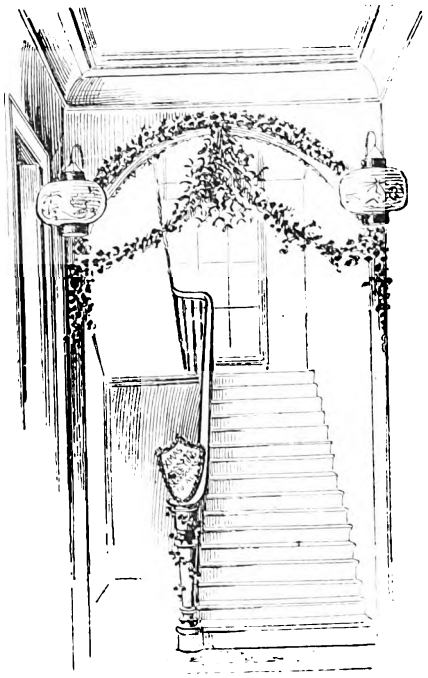
the width of the door. As the cardboard is thick, a pricker, or a hatpin, must be used to punch holes through which fine string can be passed, and the



side pieces laid over the centre, and firmly sewn together. Then cover lightly with white cotton-wool or serge, or even common nun's veiling would do; or, if the colouring of the room admits of it, red flannel may be used (then the other colours must be in keeping). Have some brown paper strips ready painted green (the children love to do *that* work, it is such easy painting! and the bigger ones may be kept quiet and happy for a whole morning sewing the leaves on when the painting is dry). The centre round must be shaped, and where artistic methods are not possible, an ordinary round plate or Japanese tray, the right size, may be laid down, and a pencil run round the top from edge to edge. The paper strips for the leaves must be cut the same way, and when the edge is complete fastened on. The centre adornment may be according to personal taste, either the words "Happy Christmas," in scarlet paper letters edged with holly or rowan berries, or, what looks much better, the family crest in the middle, and the monograms of the heads of the household at each side. A Sheraton bow of real inch-wide ribbon, laid flat and twisting through and round the crest, looks very well, but if ribbon is objected to as tawdry the same device can be carried out in outline, with red berries, either gummed or sewn on. Each door of the various reception rooms may have a similar device above it, but they should be carried out in different colours and different ways, the crest on one, and words of welcome on another, while a third might simply have a wreath festooned across it.

Halls are troublesome to decorate, yet they require something, and as most of them have an archway of some sort, the chief decorations might be confined to that shown in our second illustration. Make a pretty thick wreath of greenstuff, with which to outline the arch, but the festoons must be of the slender, supple ivy trails. These, however, must not be left as nature made them, but should be twisted round pliant green cord or string and tied every here and there. A long trail is thus obtained, one end of which must be fastened to a hook screwed into the centre of the archway, and the other looped back to the brackets at the side, from which a trail of two feet or more should hang down the wall. The hook which holds the ivy also supports the indispensable mistletoe, and allows it to



hang in a place where it will not be aggressively visible, yet sufficiently *en evidence* for those who wish to take advantage of it. The next thing to be done is to

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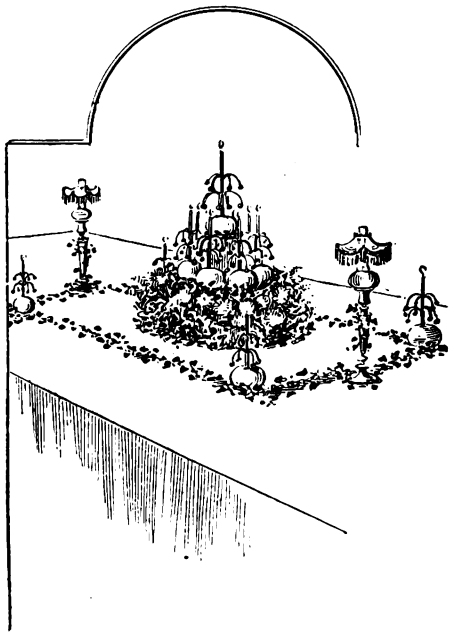
make a loop of strong two-inch-wide ribbon and nail it firmly on to the wall above the brackets, with a pliant bamboo cane slipped into each one. The end of the cane must rest firmly against the wall, and to allow of this the ribbon loops should slope a little outwards, *i.e.*, be wider at one end than the other. To make the rods more secure a ribbon socket might be made by twisting some inch-wide ribbon round the end of the cane and nailing it to the wood of the archway with tacks set close to each side of the rod. From the other end of the bamboos a Chinese lantern must be suspended. The canes ought to be so slight that the weight of the lantern bends them over, and if possible these should constitute, for the one occasion, the sole means of lighting that part of the hall.

The decoration of the Christmas dinner-table is always an important item in the housekeeper's mind. How to get something new, and at the same time something pretty—flowers are at ruination prices and holly wreaths are done to death. An idea we have borrowed from the German "Christingles" may appeal to some, and suggest variations upon it to others. The Christingle itself is a good large orange into which a quill is set. This quill is split half-way down into four arms, which have properly a raisin at each end, but a crystallised cherry or plum would look better. A second quill, similarly cut and loaded, is set inside the first and acts as holder to a little coloured taper, which is of course lighted. The angels are supposed to watch the tapers burning, and bring joy and gladness to the possessor of each Christingle according to the steadiness with which it burns.

Now, by using these Christingles as a table decoration, a very pretty and seasonable effect may be obtained. A yellow silk centre should be laid down, about one yard long and three-quarters of a yard wide—or in that proportion to the table—and a high-standing dessert dish set in the middle of this; close round the dish, make a complete circle of those glass troughs in which Japanese leads are set to uphold the yellow and white and red chrysanthemums, which should rise on their long stalks as if growing out of the moss and ivy with which the troughs are finally covered. But take care your moss is *within* the trough and the ivy around it, otherwise the water will syphon on to the tablecloth and spoil everything. The flowers should be as tall as the dish, which, in its turn, has a glass jam-jar set in the middle of it. Taste and appropriateness must regulate the size and height of this, but it must have moss surrounding it, and on the moss the Christingles are set as close as the oranges will go. Another stands on top



of the glass jar, the junction of which must be hidden by a tiny wreath of ivy close round the rim. Any other sort of jar or pedestal may be used. We are only suggesting what is within the power of all households, not what would require a vast expenditure to procure. This forms a pyramid of lights, and four more Christingles may be set at the corners of the silk; and, if it seems fitting, a Christingle set in a little ivy and moss filled plate before each guest would serve to support the *menu*, and at the same time be a graceful way of wishing each individual friend present

A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

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Aunt Lavinia's Letter.

By MARY E. WILKINS.

Illustrated by FRANCES EWAN.

AUNT LAVINIA, or Miss Lavinia May, for she remained in her maiden estate until the time of her death, was famous in her day and generation for her skill in letter-writing, or, as they expressed it in those days, when everything had its full meed of syllables and adjectives, her "Epistolary Art."

Miss Lavinia had an elegant little desk, which still stands intact upon the shores of time. It is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, it has a lock which never was secure even in its palmiest days, and the key with a faded blue ribbon attached, always kept in a corner of the drawer, will not fit it. When the desk is opened, a fragrance, so very faint and delicate that it is scarcely more than a suggestion of one, steals forth as impalpably as a memory. This fragrance is made up of rose-leaves and sweet herbs, and musk and other things impossible to identify. The same fragrance is evident when the drawers of the old mahogany bureau upstairs, which belonged to Miss Lavinia, are opened. It is the material evidence of her presence in the house.

At this desk Miss Lavinia used to sit to copy her famous and notable letters. All the labour of composition was performed upon a slate which no longer survives.

Miss Lavinia's nephew, Thomas, who was born after her death and inherited the slate, let it fall one day from his desk in the district school, to the destruction of the slate and the ignominy of its owner, who was obliged to stand a half-hour on the floor in consequence.

Miss Lavinia came of a prosperous family, and lived in a fine old mansion house in one of the seaport villages of Massachusetts. After her parents died, and her two sisters and her brothers had married and gone away, Miss Lavinia was the head of the family at home. There lived with her two younger unmarried sisters, Salome and Lucy, and an orphan niece, Susan Becket.

All the family held Lavinia's epistolary talents in great veneration; while she was the nominal head and mistress of the household, everybody conspired to relieve her as much as might be from the duties, while not infringing upon the glories of her position that she might have ample strength and leisure to devote to her pen.

"Your Aunt Lavinia is gifted," Miss Salome used to say often to young Susan Becket. "We must relieve her of as many as possible of the ordinary burdens of life that she may be enabled to improve her talent."

Young Susan, who was sixteen, and had a sweet wondering baby face, assented and Miss Lucy (who was very industrious and never seen without needles of some kind in her hands, and who at that moment was making a dress for her talented sister) said, with an expression which altered her good but rather dull face as with a reflection of another's glory, that Lavinia was gifted as women seldom were, and ought to have none of the ordinary feminine duties to distract her mind.

Though the Mays were prosperous, even rich, and had always kept servants, the daughters had been instructed in all housewifely wisdom by their mother, Lavinia with the others. But Lucy had oftener than not, even in their younger days, performed her sister's tasks as well as her own.

When Susan Becket came to live in the old house, she watched every opportunity to wait upon her Aunt Lavinia. Often, when she saw her composing letters upon

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the slate, she would drop her own knitting, or patchwork, and stare at her in a very rapture of wonder and admiration. Sometimes Miss Lavinia sat for hours over the slate before she filled it, sometimes she sat for days, then she seated herself at her little work-table desk and trimmed her quill pen, spread her paper carefully, having adjusted her lines beneath and placed the sand ready at hand, and began to copy what she had composed in the finest chirography of which she was capable.

Every downward and upward loop was carefully and beautifully shaded, and she placed all the dots as conscientiously as she paid her debts, and rendered unto Cæsar the things which belonged to him, and all the letters moved from left to right as regularly and evenly slanted as a file of soldiers on a run of advance.

As for the subject matter, everybody admitted that was not to be excelled. Miss Lavinia held that a letter should have its own fine finish like any good work, its elegant figures of speech, its ornaments of quotations, its embellishments of style, and she carried out her theory as earnestly as she kept the commandments.

Miss Lavinia considered that no item of village or family news should be imparted without its corollaries of elegant sentiments and moral reflections for the improvement of the soul and mind of the recipient.

Young Susan Becket could not have an attack of influenza without affording her Aunt Lavinia an opportunity for pages of wholesome descantation upon the transitoriness of all earthly joys and sorrows, and the importance of improving every moment wisely in the cultivation of the powers of the mind and the graces of the soul.

Miss Salome could not have a toothache and pass a sleepless night without furnishing her sister with useful material for reflection, and Miss Lucy never finished a patchwork quilt or a piece of embroidery that it was not in a manner immortalised by Miss Lavinia for the enfolding of precious precepts and quotations from Scripture and the poets.

Never a wedding or a death occurred in the village but Miss Lavinia seized upon it like an industrious spider upon a cocoon, and spun therefrom wondrous webs of sentiment and fancy upon her pages of foolscap. One enthusiastic female friend of Miss Lavinia, who was the recipient of frequent communications from her, was reported to have remarked once that it seemed to her that it was almost worth while going through with a wedding or a funeral for the sake of having such beautiful letters written about it.

When Lavinia had copied all which she had written upon the slate, down she sat again to her labour of composition. It was Susan's work, eagerly performed and accounted as a privilege, to sponge the slate clean for the new instalment and see that the pencil was finely sharpened.

An evening or an afternoon was not nearly long enough for Miss Lavinia to complete a letter to her satisfaction. Often she spent her leisure hours for a week, then sent the epistle away with an artless hypocrisy in the opening sentence, artless because her correspondent, having experienced similar throes and labours of composition, understood it for only what it was worth, as a graceful conventionality intended to relieve her from a sense of obligation and free the writer from the imputation of lack of ease in literary matters.

The opening sentence ran somewhat in this wise: "Having now a leisure moment, I take my pen in hand for the purpose of inditing a few hasty lines." The gentle and ladylike lie was in the very face of the characters in which it was expressed as fine as miniature painting, to say nothing of the manifest impossibility of *inditing* a few hasty lines.

The recipient had always mental visions of the slate, and after the slate the desk—perhaps with the midnight candle burning thereon and Lavinia seated before it, bending with graceful patience over her task, her long side-curls concealing her delicate cheeks and making dancing shadows on the paper, her slender fingers grasping the pen daintily and fashioning every letter as carefully as if she were painting a flower.

Miss Lavinia was quite a local celebrity by virtue of her letter-writing. She was considered almost as worthy of fame as an author of books, and by some to be more so, inasmuch as they deemed, holding the prejudices of the day, that book-writing was somewhat beyond the sphere of women while letter-writing was virtuously and elegantly within it. One faithful friend and admirer said openly that for her part

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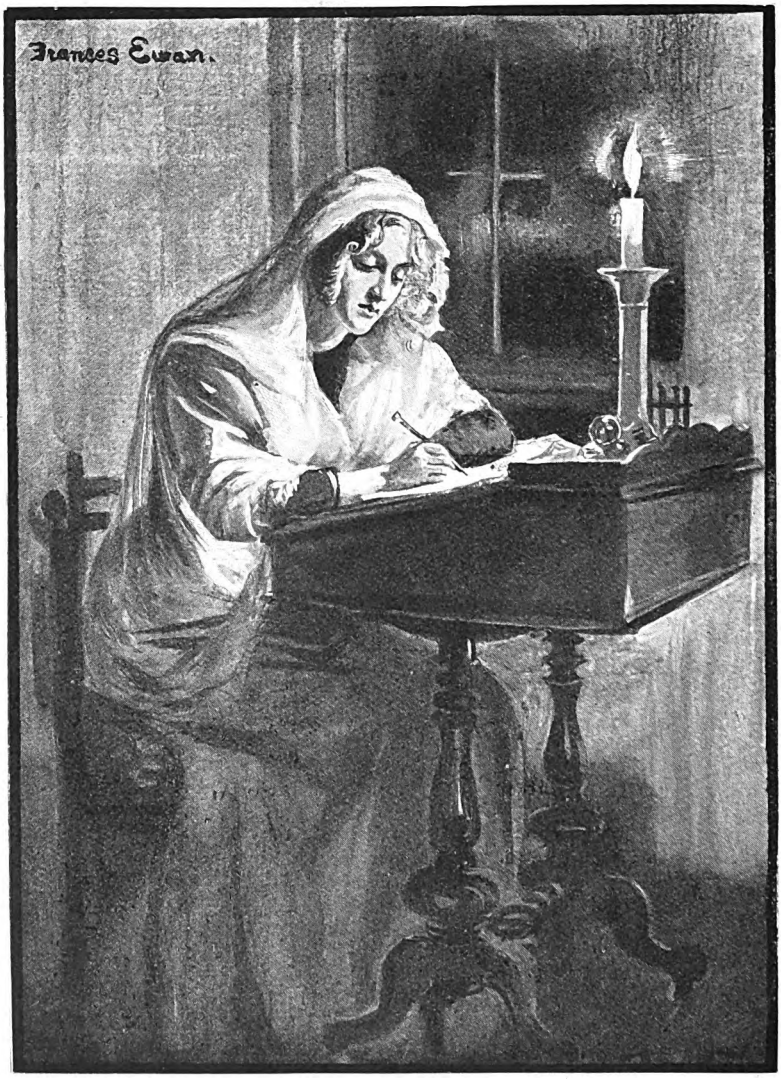

AUNT LAVINIA WAS BENDING WITH GRACEFUL PATIENCE OVER HER TASK.

she had much rather write Lavinia May's letters than write Mrs. Sigourney's poems.

It was agreed that if Miss Lavinia had chosen to do so, she could have written books; indeed she often transcribed an original poem in an album, and she wrote beautiful sentiments in gracefully halting lines upon the deaths of friends, which were treasured in family Bibles. However, these were regarded by her as only digressions from her given line of epistolary excellence and she was never very proud of them.

Lavinia's letters were all considered notable, but she was quite an old lady when she wrote the one which has become a family story, a folk-lore tale as it were; for families as well as nations have their folk-lore tales. Susan Becket was a grown-up young lady, and had an admirer coming regularly on Wednesday and Sunday nights, and Miss Lavinia's little work-table desk had been moved upstairs to the south chamber, because she was disturbed in her writing by the young man's visits, and it was such a very cold winter, it was impossible for Susan to entertain him in the east parlour. It was hard enough to make the west room comfortable with the largest logs which

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the fireplace would hold. The south chamber was very warm and sunny with its two south and two west windows, and Lavinia's desk stood between the windows overlooking the road.

Susan's admirer, Mr. Ephraim Brewster, used often, when he had parted from his sweetheart and was going home late in the evening, to look back at Miss Lavinia's window and see between the tasselled sweeps of dimity curtains her gentle old face shaded by long grey curls, bending over her desk. He, too, had the popular admiration for Miss Lavinia's letters. Susan had often entertained him by reading over some which her aunt had sent her from time to time when she had been away on a visit.

"I ought to be thankful for such precepts as these to guide me," Susan would remark, fervently, when she repeated Miss Lavinia's admonitions concerning vanity and lack of diligence, the proper estimation of the duties of life and the constant remembrance of that which comes after.

A very saint little Susan would have been, had she fulfilled all the injunctions of her Aunt Lavinia's letters. It seemed doubtful if even Lavinia herself was capable, while in the flesh, of carrying out fully the precepts which she enjoined upon her niece. Still by her letters Miss Lavinia herself, allowing for a little overgloss of expression, a few high-lights, so to speak, was revealed as the patient, womanly, pious soul that she was, full of sentiment which was noble though trite, and whose moral reflections discovering the further side of her thoughts and observations of daily life were not to be despised.

When Susan had been betrothed to Ephraim Brewster nearly two years, Miss Lavinia died very suddenly, and after the funeral began the famous search for her last letter. When Miss Salome and Miss Lucy and Susan began the loving and painful task of caring for, and packing away, after sundry little legacies had been given, Miss Lavinia's small possessions and little treasures of this world's goods, almost the first thing to be thought of was the letter.

Miss Lavinia had been known to be busied upon a letter for weeks before her death, sitting up late at night and even neglecting her usual tasks of knitting and reading to write.

"Where do you suppose that last letter of hers is?" Miss Salome said, tearfully, when the three loving, lonely women were engaged in sorting the contents of the little work-table desk with reverent fingers.

"I don't see it anywhere,' said Miss Lucy, quite pale with perplexity.

"I am sure I never posted it for her," said Susan.

"It is a pity if we cannot find it—the last letter she ever wrote," Miss Salome said.

"I cannot be reconciled to it," Miss Lucy sighed.

"It must be somewhere," Susan said, stoutly, "for we all know she wrote it, and if it wasn't posted it must be somewhere in the house. I am going to hunt till I find it if it takes me a year. Dear Aunt Lavinia's last beautiful letter shall not be lost."

"It was sure to be just as beautiful as ever," Miss Lucy said. "She never failed in her mind as she gained in years."

"She had a gifted mind," rejoined Miss Salome.

"I am never going to rest until I find that letter," declared Susan.

The three searched for that last letter from Miss Lavinia's gently gifted pen as they might have searched for the last MS. of some famous author or musician. They ransacked chests and boxes and bureau-drawers. They even mounted to the garret, where it was almost inconceivable that Miss Lavinia could have climbed, for her limbs had been feeble in her latter days. They looked through the old hair trunks, and unearthed files of letters written by hands long since dust, but Miss Lavinia's was not among them.

At last they gave up the search. "As far as I am concerned I would give every line that was ever written by any author, even Shakspere and John Milton, if I could find dear sister Lavinia's last letter," said Miss Lucy. She said it standing in the south doorway one morning in May, and Miss Salome and Susan were with her; they had just come down from the garret.

"I don't believe that letter is in the house," said Miss Salome, knitting her forehead.

"I don't see how it ever got out of the house," Susan remarked, perplexedly. "Aunt Lavinia never stepped outdoors for months before she died, and old Mr. Pearson says she had not given him any letters to mail for a week, and she was at

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work on that last one only three days before she died."

Old Mr. Pearson was the man who did errands and odd jobs about the house for the May sisters. He was quite aged, but had a remarkable memory and was to be relied upon.

"If Mr. Pearson says so, she didn't, but it is very strange how that letter got out of the house," said Miss Salome.

Just then a boy raced past with a wild whoop, which made them all start. He jostled the bush of flowering almond at the gate, too, and shook off a rain of pink blossoms.

"Tommy Pellet is a very careless boy," said Miss Salome, quite severely.

"He is a very noisy boy," rejoined Miss Lucy, with even more severity. "I fear he has not very good home-training."

"If dear Aunt Lavinia sent that letter to anyone," said Susan, keeping to the subject of the lost letter, since her young nerves were not as easily disturbed by noisy boys as her aunts', "we should have heard of it by this time. It is almost a year since she died."

"That is true," returned Miss Lucy. "It is very strange."

"Well, it is not in the house," said

MISS SALOME HELD THE LETTER TENDERLY, LOOKING AT IT WITH TEARFUL EYES.

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Miss Salome, "not even the fragments of it, and she could not have burnt it, for it was summer-time and no fire in her room, and she had not been down in the kitchen for a week."

Miss Lavinia's last letter remained a mystery for many years. Susan married Ephraim Brewster, and went to Grover to live. The two sisters, Salome and Lucy, were left alone in the May homestead, with their old servant woman. They never ceased regretting the loss of their sister Lavinia's last letter. Every now or then one or the other would start up suddenly, drop her work, and hasten to search in some new place which she had just thought of; but the letter was never there.

"It would not surprise me at all if that had been the most beautiful letter she ever wrote," Lucy would often say, and Salome would nod in sorrowful acquiescence.

On Christmas Day, when Susan had been married about ten years, she came over unexpectedly with her little daughter Lavinia, driving herself. Ephraim Brewster owned a white horse and chaise, but he expected to be forced to sell it before long. He had met with heavy reverses; there was a mortgage on his house in Grover, which was to be foreclosed shortly. Poor Susan had been depressed for a long time; but that day she looked radiant, as she lifted little Lavinia out of the chaise, and turned to greet her aunts.

"Yes, it is a beautiful day; and we are both well," said she, hurriedly. "Come into the house quick, both of you, and don't let's stop a minute. I have something to tell you."

The two old aunts followed her wonderingly, for she was evidently agitated, though the look of joy never left her face.

"I don't suppose anything dreadful has happened; you look so pleased," Miss Salome said, tremblingly.

"No, and nothing dreadful is going to happen, thanks to dear Aunt Lavinia, and this," returned Susan, half-laughing and half-crying as she pulled an ancient and yellow letter from her pocket. "O Aunt Salome, O Aunt Lucy, here is the last letter!"

"Lavinia's last letter?" gasped Miss Salome.

"That letter we have always searched for?" Miss Lucy, said, faintly.

"Yes, her last letter, dear Aunt Lavinia's last letter. O Aunt Lucy, sit down in the rocking-chair—quick; don't faint away!"

"I am not going to faint," Miss Lucy affirmed, stoutly, though she sank into the rocking-chair with a very pale face. "No, dear, I don't want the camphor," said she, when little Lavinia had brought it from the chimney cupboard, at her mother's direction. "Tell me how you came to find it—quick, Susan!"

Miss Salome held the letter tenderly, looking at it with tearful eyes.

"Dear Lavinia, it is her handwriting after all these years," she said; but how came it to be mailed now, with a Lincoln, Nebraska, postmark on it; and here is a New York postmark, too, and a Grover, and it is directed to Sister Dorcas. I don't understand this, Susan."

"Well, it was this way," said Susan. "I will tell it as quick as I can. It is like a story. Nobody would believe it had happened, if it had *not* happened. We wouldn't believe it if it had happened to anybody else. You see, Aunt Lavinia wrote this letter over ten years ago, just before she died, to Aunt Dorcas in New York; and she opened her window one day when Tommy Pellet was racing by—you remember how he used to race by—and she asked him to post it for her. She was a little secret about that letter, because of something she wrote in it; and she didn't want to give it to old Mr. Pearson to post, and she didn't want us to know anything about it. So she hailed Tommy, and asked him if he was going to the post-office, and gave it to him.

"Well, Tommy Pearson didn't post it; he put it in his pocket; and when he got to the post-office, it wasn't there. He was frightened when he discovered it was gone; and went back and searched for it along the road; but he couldn't find it. He had a struggle between his conscience, which ordered him to go at once to Aunt Lavinia and tell her all about it, and his fear, which instructed him to keep quiet about it and not be blamed, and his fear got the better of him. He never said anything about the letter; and I guess he raced faster than ever when he passed our house after that.

"Well, you remember the Pellets moved to Lincoln, Nebraska, a year or so after Aunt Lavinia died, and Tommy with them. He is grown up now, and a clerk

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in a drug store, and is going to be married this fall. Two weeks ago his mother and the young lady he is going to marry found this letter in the lining of his old jacket, which they were cutting up to make a braided rug for the new home. It had slipped through a hole in the pocket, between the jacket and the lining, and there it remained all these years. Tommy stopped wearing the jacket soon afterwards, because it had grown so tight for him, and his mother kept it to make a rug, and never got round to it till now."

"Mrs. Pellet was always a slow-moving woman," remarked Miss Lucy, quiveringly.

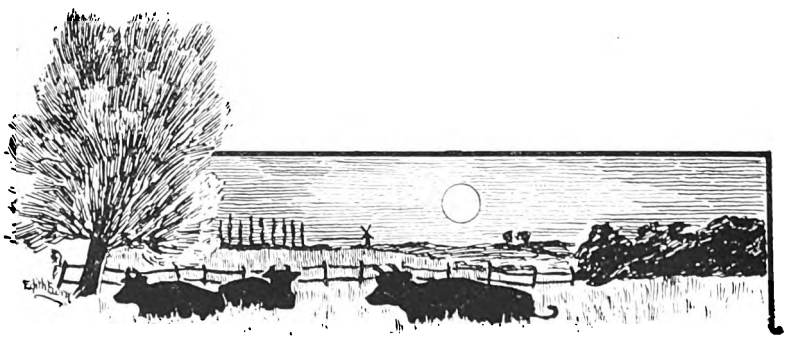
"When she found the letter," continued Susan, "she asked Tommy about it, and he remembered at once. I think it had troubled him some at the time. He wrote a very nice letter about it in which he says that one reason why he was glad to move to Nebraska was that he would not be taken to task for losing that letter. It is quite ridiculous that he should have been so scared."

"Especially of dear Lavinia, who was so mild," said Miss Salome. "Go on, Susan."

"Well, Tommy had the letter forwarded at once, just as it was—old seal, and folded paper, and all. Luckily, it was not injured, through his giving up wearing the jacket so soon after losing it. And luckily, Aunt Dorcas had not moved from her New York address in all these years, and she was coming to visit me, you know; and she came right on last night, and she brought the letter because it is about me, it is about me, you know. O dear Aunt Lavinia! O dear Aunt Lavinia!"

Susan could scarcely speak for her happy tears, but she went on to tell the rest. "It was all about some money that she had saved up from her little income for years, and hidden away in a secret place at the back of her desk," she said; "and—she—wanted me to have it for my wedding present; and she was afraid if anything happened to her suddenly—and it seems the doctor had told her there might—that no one would ever find it. So she wrote to Aunt Dorcas, because she thought it would not hurt her so much to know the truth about her illness, as it would us who were right here with her, and she wanted to be sure I had it. She didn't want to make her will—she never liked the idea of making a will; and she wanted the money to be a surprise, and so she took this way."

"And—and," went on Susan, "you know I had dear Aunt Lavinia's desk, and—I—looked—and there was the money—a little over five hundred dollars; and it is enough to pay the back taxes and interest, and we can keep the house; and—and I am so thankful that dear Aunt Lavinia's last letter was lost until now!"



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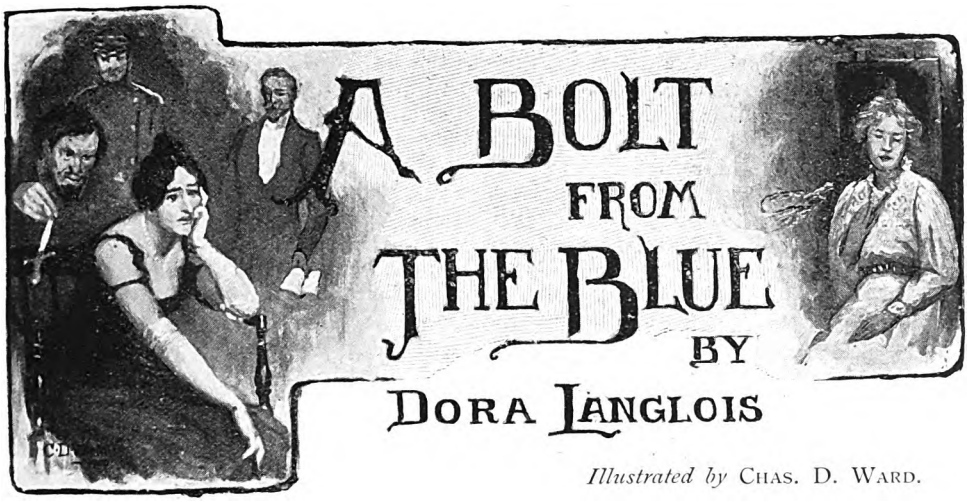

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE

BY

DORA LANGLOIS

Illustrated by CHAS. D. WARD.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Frank Osborne, a rich man with socialistic ideas, has become entangled with a certain Helga Katiskoff, who passes for a widow. His sister Maria and his cousin Eva are in Paris with him at the time. Eva is in love with Frank herself, but stifles her feelings, and endeavours to help him with Helga, who is avoided by persons in good society. Though Frank does not know it, Helga's husband is still alive, in an inebriates' home. She herself is a member of a formidable secret society, and has in the past plotted against Russia for the liberation of Poland.

The members of the society look upon her entanglement with Frank Osborne with dislike, as in case of marriage she would be lost to them. Osborne has already gone through a form of marriage with her, when anonymous communications are made to him concerning her past, which lead him to leave her. Helga drifts into further conspiracies with the secret society. Frank, while in England, hears she is in St. Petersburg, and, guessing that she must be in imminent personal danger there, all his love returns, and he desires to rescue her. Arriving at St. Petersburg, he finds his fears partly realised.

CHAPTER IX.

THE strains of a waltz were floating through the Duchess Maya's *salon* and her brother, General Ivan Bazaroff, danced with one of the most distinguished women in the room. But his countenance was dull; he moved mechanically. There was no light in his small deep-set eyes under the heavy Muscovite brow. Suddenly a very graceful couple passed him—a young Livonian officer in a white uniform and a fair woman in a flame-coloured gown. And as they glided by General Bazaroff ceased to keep step with the music.

"*La belle Anglaise encore!*" murmured his partner to herself. "Nevertheless, to lose the beat is almost a crime," and she signed to her partner to desist.

The music ceased presently, and the young Livonian was preparing to make himself agreeable to his beautiful partner when he suddenly found his superior officer at his elbow.

"Permit me, Lieutenant. Lady Emilia, the next is ours, I believe."

The youthful officer gave way at once. He was too thoroughly Russian to oppose the desires of a superior, and the latter, as he bore the fair dancer away on his arm, whispered:

"You are late. I thought you intended to break your promise."

"I never break a promise," was the languid reply. "I never need to, for I do not promise those things which are likely to incommode me. I told you that if I came I would dance with you. I am here. You have my programme; I am, therefore, better than my word."

"Your promise was to dance with me, but you gave the first dance to that youth Vasaleich."

"Yes, I gave him the first dance, to you I give the second, and when I have

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danced with you as I promised I shall return home. *Venez dansons!*" and as she spoke she raised her left hand to his shoulder.

The contact of that shapely hand seemed to soothe his irritation. He placed his arm about her and together they glided out among the other dancers.

To dance badly with Lady Emilia as a partner was almost impossible. With his arm about her supple form he could have waltzed into the Mohammedans' seventh heaven of delight; but she who had come there ostensibly to dance was soon tired, drew her right hand from his, and fell back upon his arm.

"I have fatigued you very quickly," he said. "You finished your dance with Vasaleich."

"I always dance a dance out when I do not wish my partner to talk to me," she answered.

There was something masterful in the calm insolence of the woman. She could irritate or soothe, humiliate or flatter her victims at will. Her partner's subjugation was complete. He would have preferred to dance, but he complied with her will as though she had conceded him some special favour.

"You will let me talk to you, then? You will not assume that cold mien which inflicts tortures? You will not listen with your eyes far away and your lips half-curled?"

"No; I will listen attentively. Tell me, is it true that Tourganoff is dead?"

She spoke placidly, as though discussing some trivial piece of gossip, but the man beside her turned an ugly, chalky white.

"In your own house," he said, in a low voice, "I will tell you anything; but here——"

"In my own house? Ah, yes, I have heard many things already *in my own house.* I dreamt of a man with courage and devotion enough to tell me here."

"Courage and devotion! I have already placed my life in your hands."

"No woman was ever loved whose lover would not do that."

There was a slight pause, then she raised her eyes to his and said—

"No, no, it does not matter. You have not the nerve. The other will tell me all I wish to know."

Perhaps the mention of a rival fired him and piqued his vanity; perhaps the thought that another had been more imprudent than himself inspired him with confidence, for in the Russian bureaucracy faults which are general are never inquired into, and the man who has a brother in iniquity has an ally.

"I will tell you myself," he answered, half-defiantly. "What you have heard is true."

"How did he die?"

"Acute indigestion," he answered, looking straight into her eyes. "The soup he ate disagreed with him."

"That was on the recent journey to Moscow, was it not?"

"Yes, it happened in the Imperial car."

"And the cooks?"

"Oh, some of them have gone to study cookery in another part of his Majesty's realm. The four who were on the spot—the cook, his assistant, and two waiters—will not need to study or practice their calling any more."

"The poll-tax does not affect them then, I suppose?" she said, with a low laugh that covered a slight shudder.

"It does not affect them."

"Was there a woman among the number?"

"There was no woman upon the spot, but I hear that a woman has been arrested."

"Do you think she knew before her arrest that the plan had failed, and why it failed?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "All who knew that there had been an attempt must have known that it failed, but only the four conspirators who were on the spot knew why."

"Are you absolutely certain of that?" she demanded, regarding him under half-veiled lids and swaying her fan slowly to and fro. It wafted subtle perfumes from her bosom which intoxicated him, and feverishly eager to please her, he responded:

"I am absolutely certain. You have in your language a proverb which explains why those men told no tales on the arrival at Moscow."

In spite of herself a slight exclamation of horror escaped her.

"What!" she said. "Was it—would it have been *so soon?*"

"The thing was imperative," he answered, unconscious that he had shocked her. "There were, by good fortune, only those four present, and one other, a young officer, who were not already in the secret. Unfortunately, one of the attachés (an

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impulsive man) cried out in a loud voice when he saw the unfortunate victim fall back: 'Alas! Tourganoff is dead!' It was therefore necessary to deal with them at once."

"But these men, though they were on the spot, may have been innocent."

"Appearances were against them. At any rate, they had heard that terrible cry. They *knew too much.* Therefore the four responsible for that meal——"

"Were shot down, you say?"

"No; there was no noise. They were held, their hands behind them, and he who was highest in rank *did what was necessary.*"

"Good Heavens! But the arrival at Moscow, the Imperial car a slaughter-house?"

"It was no such thing. The large wicker baskets which contained the provisions were emptied, their contents thrown on the line, where they would quickly disappear; and that which had been done was in that way concealed for removal at the end of the journey. Tourganoff's uniform, his decorations and everything else were removed, and he was re-dressed in plain clothes. He for whom the catastrophe was planned had journeyed in the preliminary train to Moscow. He was waiting as usual in the ante-room at the terminus set apart for him. He was sent for quietly, and came wearing Tourganoff's cloak, accompanied by the Court physician, who knew all. There was a little delay, and then he appeared in uniform, followed by the bearers who carried poor Tourganoff's dead body, and the doctor, who told the populace that the valet had just died of heart disease on presenting himself to his master."

"You spoke of a young officer. What of him?"

"He was thought to be above suspicion; he was of high rank, and opinions on the necessity of the case were divided. Eventually it was agreed that he should pass the rest of the journey with a dagger at his breast. On the arrival of the Czar he was removed in a closed carriage to the Kremlin. So far the world has seen and heard nothing further of him."

"Nor ever will, I suppose?"

"I cannot tell. It is a matter for the Czar's clemency. In a few years, when he has had time to reflect on the joys of freedom and favour, and the bitterness of an early death or life-long imprisonment, he may reappear. Some high and lucrative post may possibly be found for him."

"But this woman, who interests me more than all the others, what is her fate to be?"

"I do not know what has been decided. I only know that a woman has been arrested."

"What was this woman like? Was she dark?"

"Yes."

"About my height and build?"

"I do not know; she may have been at your age."

Now Lady Emilia knew well that she was looking for a person younger than herself; under such circumstances a man would have mentally decided that he was off the scent; she, however, figured the thing out—allowed something for the Muscovite's gallantry, something for his imagination; and a great deal to her maid's abilities, and, coming to the conclusion that there was no need to think herself on the wrong track as yet, demanded—

"Was this woman beautiful?"

"I tell you that she was dark. I know one type only of beauty, and one only perfect specimen of that type."

Lady Emilia was in no mood for trifling. "Did other men consider her beautiful?" she asked.

"I believe so. She ranked as a Court beauty in her time; but her husband was not enthusiastic."

"He was a Russian, was he not?"

"Yes, of Kassan, the Tartar blood; and she was a Pole."

It seemed to Lady Emilia that she was hot on the scent now. "Among those who were devoted to her there was one who was specially favoured, was there not?" she asked.

The Muscovite General started. "Yes," he answered, "there was certainly one. Have you by chance heard *that* story?"

She did not answer his question, but continued: "As she did not know the secret, would she meet with the same fate as the four you have mentioned?"

Her eyes had set into a hard, almost cruel, line, and her companion, regarding her, asked himself: "Does she wish to have it so?"

"Must I repeat my question?" she demanded, irritably.

"No, no," he answered. "I was only wondering if you took an interest in the

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husband; but of course not. That is ridiculous. It was too long ago—before you came to Russia in fact."

"What was long ago?"

"The trouble between her and her husband. He loved madly a very beautiful woman, they say, and forgive me—I find it hard to believe that there are really other beautiful women—for the moment I was in an agony though he is dead."

Lady Emilia favoured him with one of her haughtiest glances. "I don't understand you, General Bazaroff," she said, "but since you cannot tell me anything about this woman's fate——"

The unfortunate soldier caught her hand with a gesture of despair.

"I assure you, I swear to you by all the saints, that what I do not know I am willing to risk life itself to learn for you," he exclaimed.

"Then you think you could find out what has become of this woman?"

"Yes, yes; it would be difficult, dangerous, but I would do it. I would do it if——"

"If what?"

"If I might come to your drawing-room and tell you there."

"Can you doubt that one who served me thus would be welcome?" She met his eyes with one of those flashing glances which implied so much, and meant so very little; a shaft from the armoury of a beautiful woman no longer young; the kind of weapon which only a woman who has left her youth behind her knows how to use.

"Come," she said, "the music has changed. I have kept this dance for you as a reward. We will dance it out together; and then you shall take me to my carriage."

CHAPTER X.

The small hours that Lady Emilia spent in the crowded ballroom were passed in a sort of aimless fever by Osborne. He could not rest in his hotel. He was oppressed, stifled, and as a relief wandered out into the night. There was nothing in this great, gloomy city with its straight, wide prospects, its treeless wastes of open streets to remind him of Paris, with its music, its twinkling lights, its gaiety, and flower-perfumed air. Yet it did remind him with a bitter pang of that time when, having put the object of his master passion from him, he had walked the Boulevards till the dawn came and snuffed the candles of the night.

Only a little time, such a little time, since her white arms lay about his neck, and now—she had followed along that path down which she had sent her lover. He shuddered and tried to turn his attention to the objects around him.

It was a useless effort. Everything he noted brought him back to her, or to the mighty discontent of the huge misgoverned Empire. The Winter Palace frowning down on him recalled the sufferings of the hordes of workmen whose lives were sacrificed that an Emperor might flatter his vanity by rebuilding his fire-demolished palace in a year.

The night to him seemed full of horrors. Its sights and sounds were worse company than his own loneliness, and he fled from them back to his hotel, to spend the hours that followed in feverish, unrefreshing sleep.

It was late when he woke, and his servant, entering in answer to his summons, said—

"There is a young person waiting, sir, with a letter for you, but she would not leave it, she preferred to give it to you herself."

"Has she been waiting long?" he asked, as he commenced to dress hurriedly.

"No, not more than twenty minutes, sir," was the reply.

As soon as his valet had finished his offices, Osborne entered the other apartment, to find a neat young Englishwoman sitting at the window.

"My mistress sent you this, sir," she said, holding out an elegant little envelope. "She said I was to see you got it, so I took the liberty of waiting. There is no answer, but my mistress told me to say she would be glad to see you this evening at her usual hour."

Osborne took the apple-green envelope, and, as the girl left the room, tore it, and extracted another envelope, across which was written, in the same bold hand as the address, four words only:

"A present from Herodias."

"Herodias!" he muttered in bewilderment. "Herodias? Ah, it is from Lady Emilia, the answer to my questions. She implies that what she sends me is worth a man's head."

A strong disinclination to open the letter had seized him, together with a sense of oppressive guilt, as though, in his

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extremity he had been the accomplice of a breach of faith.

"No, no," he said at last, "I must not hesitate now. God knows that, not even for Helga's sake, would I have had hand or part in seducing an honest man from his duty. But this fellow, whoever he may be, was dishonest already. In his amorous desires he had already babbled State secrets. Such men deserve to be used as the unclean tools they are, though they soil the hand that touches them." His fingers trembled so that he could hardly open the second cover; but when he had mastered himself sufficiently to do so he found it to contain a thin sheet of unstamped paper, bearing what appeared to be a type-written copy of some official document, translated into the French language. This was what he read:

"Alexis Helga Petrona Lavinski, aged thirty-five.

"Native of Warsaw, Poland.

"Widow of Count Joseph Lavinski, of Kassan.

"Height—5ft. 5in.

"Complexion dark, skin pale, eyes large and dark; hair abundant, turning grey; hands and feet small; bearing imperious.

"Accused of disseminating Nihilistic literature, and suspected of complicity in *l'affaire Tourganoff*.

"Arrested on August 14th, 1892.

"Condemned on the first charge to perpetual banishment.

"Departed on the 15th for Vitinsk, Siberia.

"Route—Totma, Tcherdin, and Troitsk.

"Destined occupation—Labour at the mines.

"Note.—The prisoner Lavinski, sentenced to administrative exile, is not to be deported to the penal settlement at Moscow, nor allowed intercourse with others not concerned in this particular affair. She, together with suspects mentioned in schedule 961, will travel by special route. Coaches will be used till the frontier is passed, from which point the march will commence. The journey to the frontier is to be accomplished as quickly as possible."

Osborne sat with the paper before him gazing almost stupidly into space; every detail seemed to suggest that Helga and the convict Countess Lavinski were one and the same person. The age alone did not tally with his preconceived idea that she should not be more than thirty-three; but, after all, a woman's age is always doubtful, and she had never definitely told him hers.

She was living then! She had started on that desolate journey which she herself had once described to him so graphically. There seemed to him no possible doubt as to his duty. He must follow her into exile—follow her and guard her from some, at least, of the horrors and dangers of the way, for, before God and his own conscience, was she not his wife?

He had left her that he might put far from him the snare of a debasing passion; but she was his—his, and he must guard her from the brutalised directors of the weary march.

She was more guilty now than when he put her away from him. Yes, but from this guilt he himself might have saved her. He could no longer bring her into safety, and then place a barrier between them. No, if he followed her into exile, it would be with the full knowledge that she would regain that supremacy, rather than submit to which he had made the last twelve months of his life one hideous nightmare of unsatisfied longing.

But yesterday he had told Lady Emilia that there was no personal element in the affair, and, blind fool! had spoken in good faith; to meet to-day such a revelation of himself as this! If it was so, indeed, if all this outcry of responsibility meant only the gratification, at all costs, of a passion for one who had lost his respect, then *he would not go*.

The paper he had cast down with a curse on his own weakness, he had lifted again mechanically, and the date caught his eye.

Departed for Vitinsk. August 15th! Oh, God! She had been arrested on the very day on which he left St. Petersburg, satisfied that all was well; she had been condemned, and had started the following day. His journey home had not been a hurried one, it had occupied a full week—one day at home, four in returning, another passed since his arrival. She had, therefore, been on the road already almost two weeks, and, as the first part of the journey was to be accomplished in coaches, and with all speed, she must now be well across the frontier.

He sprang up with an impulse to follow her at once, only to sink back with a groan at his own helplessness. Siberia is not

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North Britain; to take even the few first versts of the journey he must have a passport; to hope to accomplish the whole of it, not only that, but strong letters of recommendation also. Where and how were they to be procured?

"From Lady Emilia?" No, for some reason, which he did not dare to examine too closely, he felt that she would not raise a finger to make this voluntary exile possible.

Tears—tears of impatience and hopelessness—rose to his eyes; he scorned himself that he sat there idly weeping when his duty lay in action.

"I beg your pardon, sir. If you propose to go out this evening, had you not better dine? It is getting late."

"Late?" Osborne turned a dull, blank countenance on his man-servant. Was it possible that hours had passed while he sat there with the papers before him. "Yes, yes," he added, "I will do what you like; it does not matter."

After the services she had rendered him, a request from Lady Emilia was virtually a command. He must go to her, though she was the last person on earth he wished to encounter. There was on him a great desire to be alone with Eva; he had always valued her sympathy and affection, but he had never known what it was to miss both till this hour.

With a sigh, he resigned himself to his valet's offices, and at nine o'clock he was on his way to Lady Emilia's hotel.

Arrived there, he found himself among a crowd of other guests, while her apparent unconsciousness of his presence was sufficient rebuke for his presumption in having supposed himself singled out for a private interview.

He had begun to think that he might slip away unnoticed, and convey her his thanks by letter, when she suddenly turned towards him.

"What a pity," she said, speaking sufficiently loud to be heard by all about them, "that my friend, Count Kapotski, is not here to-night. I wanted to make you known to each other. You would have been delighted, he is such an excellent sportsman."

Osborne bowed, and murmured his thanks, though he was unconscious of any desire to meet the Count, and profoundly ignorant of any reason why he should desire such a thing.

"He has hunted and shot in all parts of the world," Lady Emilia continued, "but he still has a high opinion of Siberian sport."

Again Osborne bowed; courtesy restrained him from making the comment that the Count's opinions were of no interest to him. Her next remark, however, startled him, and seemed to make the Count's views of greater value.

"He says that to an English sportsman ready to rough it a little, the experiences of a Siberian tour should be delightful and unique. If you go to his hotel, near the Gostinnoi Dvor, to-morrow, Mr. Osborne, he will give you advice as to the outfit you require."

"As to my outfit?" Osborne echoed, faintly, his eyes seeking an explanation from her in vague bewilderment.

"Yes, as to your outfit. I know no one better able to advise you."

Then she turned to some of the men who stood round her, and said: "Mr. Osborne is one of the keenest of our national sportsmen"—which, by the way, was entirely a flight of her imagination—"and he is going to see how you do things in the land of the wolf and the bear. I expect him to bring me back some marvellous skins; and, at the same time, he is to visit, on this pleasure trip of his, some of your Siberian marvels—the mines near Vitinsk, for instance. When he returns he ought to have a budget of adventures to give us. Perhaps—who knows?—he may meet a convict train, or be chased across the plains by a pack of wolves. There is ample scope for all sorts of excitement in this proposed journey."

Her long speech had given Osborne time to recover his self-command; and he said meaningly:—

"I have not my passport yet, Lady Emilia."

"Oh, that is all arranged," she answered. "I obtained the necessary papers for you to-day. You will find them on the escritoire in the little *salon*. You have only to present them in person at the nearest bureau of police, and get them countersigned. Go and take them, Mr. Osborne, for yourself."

She raised her little jewelled hand, and pointed to the inner room; then immediately turned away, and tapped the arm of one of her admirers, to attract his attention to something she had to say.

As though in a dream, Osborne passed through the curtains, and took up an

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official envelope, open, but addressed to himself. It contained a paper, signed by a high official, recommending him, Francis Osborne, to the good offices of the Governors of Totma, Tcherdin, Troitsh, and Vitinsk, as also to those of the heads of all Government stations *en route*. With this invaluable paper were two others—one calling upon the Director of the Mines at Vitinsk to permit him to visit them, should he so desire; the other a brief note to the Chief of Police in the district in which his hotel was situated, desiring that official to make out bearer's passport without undue delay.

He stood with the papers in his hand like a man transformed; his gladness, his immense relief at having the way smoothed for him, and the first step taken and over, only marred by an inward shame at the recollection that he had imputed some sort of unnamed motive to Lady Emilia, which would lead her to hinder and restrain him.

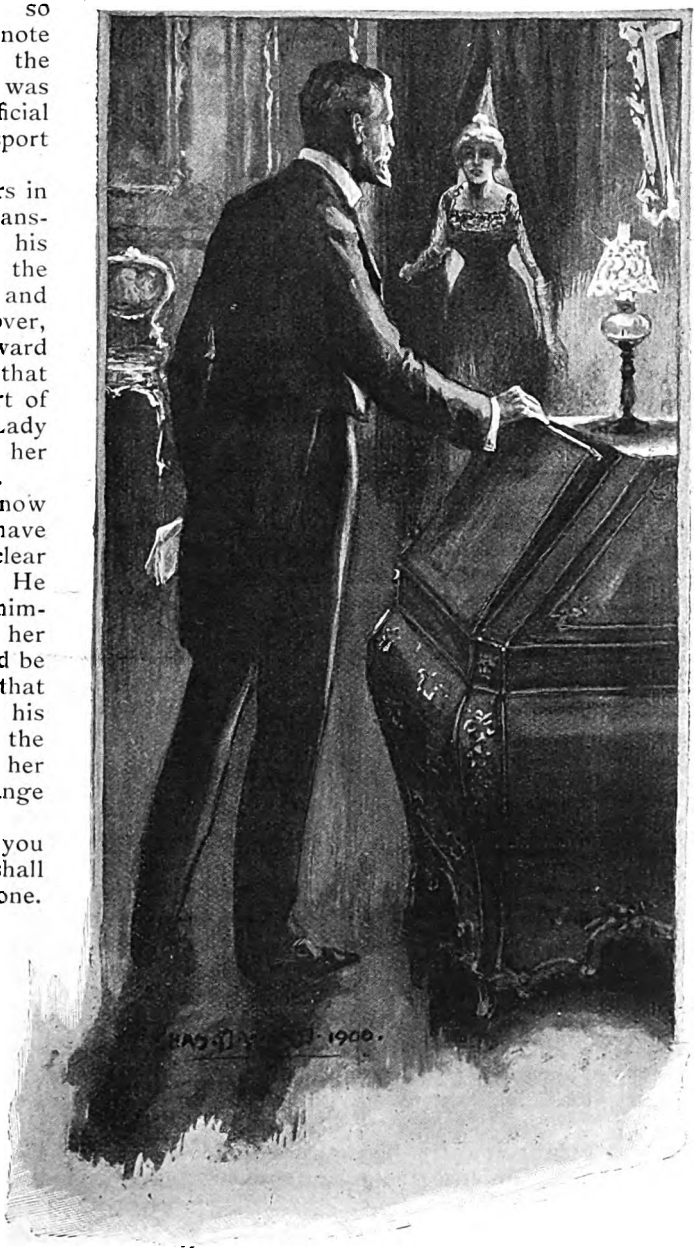
He did not wish to know what that motive might have seemed; it was quite clear that it had never existed. He felt an impulse to throw himself at her feet and crave her pardon; but to do so would be to insult her; and, with that impulse on him, he raised his eyes to see her standing in the curtains, her eyes humid, her face aglow with a strange light.

"I have come to bid you good-bye," she said. "I shall see you again, but never alone. It is good-bye now."

"I can say nothing," he answered, "but that I thank you from my heart for what you have done for me."

"And I you," she answered. "I am only returning a service. I shall go on in the same way to the end of the chapter, and the world will know no difference; but there will be one. I have at last seen one human creature who is not self-centred. I have learnt to believe in the possibility of that which I have wholly doubted—an eternal principle of good springing somewhere in our nature."

"No, no!" he cried, in acute self-abasement. "If you think you have seen that in me, God only knows how much you are mistaken!"



HE RAISED HIS EYES TO SEE HER STANDING IN THE CURTAINS.

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"Hush! Let me think so still," she said. "It is the only thing I gain by that which has cost me something. And now, good-bye."

She gave him her hand. For a moment he could not answer her, and so they parted.

———

CHAPTER XI.

Six weary weeks had passed, and Osborne was in Northern Siberia, having left the last city of any note, Tcherdin, behind him.

Count Kapotski had been as good as his word, and had helped him to buy a hunting outfit (which he did not require), had advised him to travel as far as the frontier in the ordinary boat-shaped and hooded carriages to be hired at the posting houses; had recommended him to a jobber in Totma who would furnish him with a couple of horses and a sleigh for the snow-covered northern roads; and, best of all, had found for him a dvornik, or porter, who knew something of the localities to be visited, and who spoke a peculiar polyglot language composed of English, French, and German.

This man, Nichol Ivanovitch, was very servile, very dirty, very, very ragged; but he had a good-humoured smile, and could not only make himself intelligible to Osborne, but act as interpreter for him; so he concluded to take him at his own figure (probably about twice as much as he had expected to get), and, after fitting him out in brand new garments, started with him.

When they left St. Petersburg, though it was still August, there was a suggestion of October in the air; but for the past three weeks they had been surrounded always by the snow. Osborne so far had had no adventures, but innumerable annoyances. He was forced to delay himself to shoot with parties of young officials who insisted on showing him some sport. He was never able to go direct to the subject, but lost much time in making casual inquiries as to the convicts ahead of him. As far as he could gather he was steadily gaining on them; but the shooting excursions necessary to give colour to his journey constantly made him lose the advantages he seemed to gain.

Then at Tcherdin Nichol's clothing mysteriously vanished, and he again appeared in the motley rags and the awful boots tied on with string and stuffed at the cracked toes with straw, which his employer had meant him to discard. Osborne, of course, felt confident that the man had sold them, though he swore by all the saints that he had "only sent the good things back to his wife that the journey might not spoil them." So for the rest of the way the unhappy Englishman had to stand the smell of the filthy rags blown into his nostrils with the cold wind that beat on their faces.

His sense of smell was a very curse to him, for now they had to put up at night either at some little police depôt or in some peasant's hovel *en route*, and lying at night wrapped in rugs on the top of the stoves (bed-places in the wall over the hot iron plates), the black beetles put him into a very agony, crawling over his uncovered face and hands, and poisoning the air with their atrocious odour.

Still he pushed on, now thinking of the woman who was enduring all this and more, now dreaming vaguely for hours of home and Eva.

At last he heard by chance that the convicts were but four days' march ahead of him, that they had made a certain detour in order to leave those who were not destined for Vitinsk, and he found that, by taking another and more direct route, he might, as it were, head them off.

He decided to try it, drove like mad all the day, struck the main route at a little village, heard that the convicts had passed through an hour ago, and were certain to put up at a police settlement some five miles further on; pushed forward again with his tired horses, and at last drove into a little compound just as certain officers were dismounting and giving orders relative to the disposal of four weary, wretched human creatures chained together by their ankles. Osborne turned sick at the sight, and hardly dared to look at them, but the first direct glance he threw in their direction showed him that they were all men.

He could not ask any questions, but produced his papers automatically, responded to the officers' compliments and offers of hospitality as best he could, and then caught his breath with a gasp that almost betrayed him when one of them remarked:

"We must be grateful for the delay, sir, which gives us the pleasure of having

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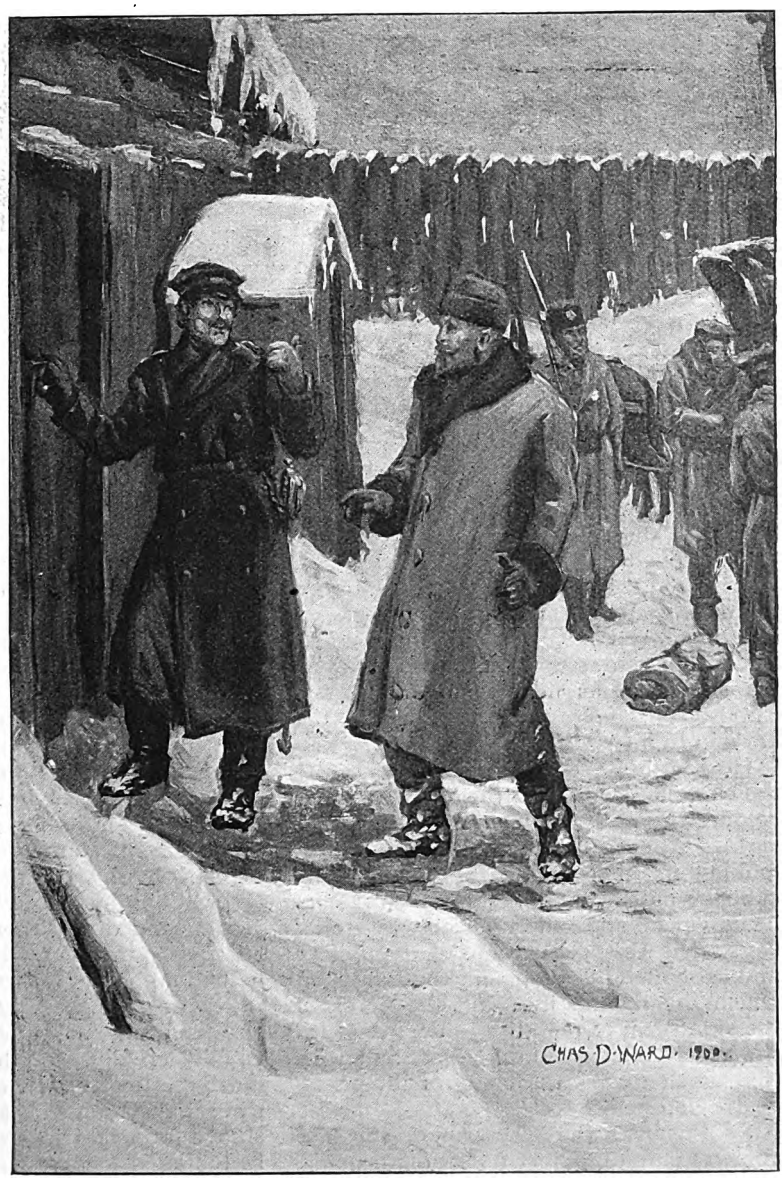
been overtaken by you. A woman, one of the gang, fell sick three days ago. We waited a little for her, but she could not go on, and we left her behind."

"Left her! Where?"

"At the third settlement from here on the high road. You must have passed it. These convicts are annoying beasts. If she is alive when we return we shall be forced to make all the journey again on her account. But come in. Come to the stove. You look frozen."

No man may follow the impulses of his nature in Russia. Therefore, Osborne, who would have given pounds to turn his horses' heads at once, was forced to remain, to play cards, to drink with these Muscovites, to listen to their heartless references to their "gang," and it was not till the following morning, when he had waved a last farewell to the cheerful officers, and taken one last shuddering glance at the poor chained wretches whom they surrounded, that he felt himself a free agent once more.



HE CAUGHT HIS BREATH WITH A GASP THAT ALMOST BETRAYED HIM . . . "LEFT HER! WHERE?"

"Where to, Excellency?" asked his moujik. "Do you shoot to-day?"

"No, no," Osborne retorted. "Back along the high road, Nichol. I hear that by changing our route I have missed something I wanted to see. Get me to the third settlement from here by to-night, and I will give you five roubles for yourself."

With a slight shrug of the shoulders Nichol commenced to prepare for a start, and in half an hour they were again *en route* over the snow, with the sleigh-bells jangling in their ears. Those bells, so

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merry and mirthful as he had heard them at home, carrying suggestions of expeditions begun in hope, and ended in fireside comfort, seemed to Osborne utterly weary and discordant, jangling out for mile on mile, and dying away echoless over the unbroken plains of snow. To think was impossible, except to the pad of the horses' hoofs and the clash of the bells on the arch above their necks. They seemed to him to beat upon his brain till his very heart strove to amalgamate with them, and throb his pulses to their tune.

"Your high nobility."

Osborne started and looked down at the man sitting below him with his feet dangling over the edge of the sleigh, and those wonderful boots, at once a mystery and a torment to him, very near the ground.

"Yes, what is it?"

"There is smoke over the edge. Away there to your high nobility's right."

"The third police settlement, do you think?"

"What else? Is this not the high road? And where there is smoke on the high road there is always the police."

Osborne drew his breath hard. The snow made his eyes burn and ache, more than they had ever ached for the brightest sunshine at home, but he could dimly discern something that was not as white as the snow, nor as heavy and dun as the clouds, curling upwards against the horizon to his right.

He kept his eye upon it, and presently the chimneys, and then the roof of a slate-coloured grit-stone dwelling came in sight. About it clustered some mean-looking hovels, each with its inevitable cabbage-patch; and the plain, from its being cut up and rudely fenced with stone, suggested the cultivation of rye. Rye and cabbage and hemp oil, the things on which the moujik lives, till the pores of the skin seem to reek to the nostrils with the smell of their rankness; and with that smell always the clang of the peace-destroying bell.

So this was the place where she had come to end a life once full of the promise of all good things. Well, God knows best. Perhaps it was better so, than to drag on the weary burden of the flesh further along the road.

At the unexpected sound of their bell, a heavy-looking fellow, in shabby military attire, supplemented with articles of his own contriving, opened the door and frowned on them. The moujik was already bowing and gesticulating to him, greeting him as "little father," and informing him that "the great nobleman" who occupied the sleigh desired to be accommodated for the night by him.

So much Osborne gathered, because the formula, with its concomitant bows and shrugs, was already familiar to him.

"Papers!" The man advanced on him with a forbidding scowl, with which also he was familiar, for there is nothing in all the world to match the servility of the moujik but the arrogance of his equally low-born and ignorant brother the official.

"They are here."

Osborne handed them over, and waited while the man read them slowly and with difficulty.

"Put the horse in the shed, you," he said, "and tell his Excellency that he is welcome."

The man's hand was already on the door, but a terrible reaction, a spasm of cowardice, had seized on Osborne; he dreaded to follow him into the house. He had hardly mastered the feeling when the man turned round with a movement of suspicion, caught him roughly by the shoulder, dragged him to the track of his sleigh, indicated the plain across which it lay, tapped his papers excitedly, and then pointed to the other horizon.

Francis Osborne understood this rough pantomime at once, and such colour as the journey had left in his haggard cheeks fled from them in his consternation. The man's brain was the organ of a Muscovite official—he saw the absolute letter of his instructions and nothing more. He was recommended in those pages to give succour to the bearer *en route* to Vitinsk; he had no orders to harbour or assist him *if returning*. Would the man arrest him and send him back under escort, or almost equally cruelly send him on to the next large settlement there to wait two or three days to get his passport countersigned for a return—a return which might be too late?

He stood there dumb while the Muscovite poured on him a flood of suspicious questions and abuse; then suddenly he found his own moujik at his elbow.

"St. Nicholas and the holy stone! Was the little father angry with his Excellency?"

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So much he understood, and then after a wild war of words, a torrent of salaams and shrugs, the official joined another who had just appeared, and the moujik smiled up at his superior with a smile of peculiar low cunning, and said :

"Your Excellency has been faithfully served. Your Excellency's servant shall drink many glasses of vodka to the success with which the beast of a policeman is fooled."

"What have you told him, then?"

"That we lost the road three hours ago in coming through the forest (that one over there, the tops of the trees of which make themselves seen); that we met a peasant who sent us back after pulling our sleigh out of a drift; that not two versts from here he may see the place where we came again to the high road."

"But if he should ride out to see?"

"Bah! It is too late; he will not leave the *samovar* to-night. Besides, I told him that your Excellency was generous and gave good gifts."

The official and his companion now rejoined them, and the latter spoke: "His Excellency is recommended, he can come in. There is a convict woman in there lying on the stove; but when his Excellency is anxious to sleep, we will turn her off on to the floor. She need not incommode him much."

This speech being translated to Osborne made him shudder, but he could not answer it or let the men know what he thought of the proposal; and it even struck him that to have no speech in this land was just as well for the safety of his body.

He had no time for further speculation, the door was open and they had entered an interior in no way unlike those to which he had become accustomed. The same stone floor and rough wooden furniture; the little window high up and dirty; the same foul hot air beating on his face as he entered; the same stove in the centre of the wall; the caps, craftans and accoutrements hanging from nails; nothing to give the place an individuality, and yet how different, how very different, for on the stove lying with her back towards them was a woman.

Her body was covered with sheepskins, her head with a coarse red kerchief of wool; from under it her long hair streamed. Turning grey, the official description said. Good Heavens! It *was* grey. His heart was beating against his ribs heavily; his voice was choked within his throat. He dared not go to her side to touch her, nor dare he even address her; but he kept his eye upon that heap crouched under the grey-looking sheepskins, convinced that the sound of his voice as he spoke to the men, and showed them some paper money, would rouse her. It did not; she never even stirred.

"Ask him if the woman sleeps?" Osborne said to his moujik, possessed with the awful fear that this lethargy, this utter lack of interest, must be death itself.

The Muscovite official shrugged his shoulders on understanding that the stranger took interest in such an unimportant matter; but, having seen the paper money, and no doubt wishing to oblige, walked to the stove and pulled the sheepskin from the woman's shoulder.

Osborne saw her draw it back again with a peevish gesture, but without turning or uttering a word.

She had forgotten his voice then? Well, no wonder; it sounded strangely even to himself—or was she half delirious?

It seemed to him that the dreary business of preparing the evening meal would never end. He looked round in an agony, wondering where these two men would sleep, and how he should get a few minutes' privacy to speak to her.

He noticed that they took her no food, and asked at length if she might not have a cup of broth?

"She sulks," was the reply. "She will not eat. His Excellency should not trouble himself, it was best to let her be."

"Offer it to her, nevertheless," he said.

Again the official, with an eye to the paper money, rose, and again he was repulsed with a peevish gesture.

A heavy hour passed after the meal, during which Osborne sat by, watching the men empty their little mugs of vodka and listening to their disjointed conversation; and at last one rose, stretched himself, turned for a moment to the ikon in the corner, and crossed himself.

"He goes out; is it not?" he demanded of the moujik.

"Yes, Excellency; his wife and he live in the next building."

"And the other, what does he say?"

"That we have eaten well and drunk well, and that the stove is the best

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place for men who have done their duty."

Osborne turned and watched the man. He had arranged the skins on the only other bed-place above the stove, and was now removing his outer garments (the only portion of a Muscovite's wardrobe which ever appears to come off his back until it drops off); Ivanovitch, the moujik, had arranged a spare rug for himself before the stove on the floor, and simultaneously the two advanced on the woman as though to lift her down.

Osborne sprang up. "For God's sake let her be!" he cried, in a voice so full of protest that it needed no translation.

The moujik fell back; the official muttered something to the effect that his Excellency must please himself, but that for his part he had slept on the stove all his life and could not change his habits now; and the woman, with an effort, roused herself and turned her face towards Osborne.

CHAPTER XII.

The light of the smoking-lamp fell on it, and Osborne saw a ghastly countenance, lighted by fever-brightened eyes, large and dark; the face of a woman who might have been fifty, a woman he had never seen before.

He dropped back into his chair, and covered his eyes with his hand; she had turned again to the wall, and all was silent until the heavy breathing of the two men told that they slept a vodka-sodden sleep.

Then he uncovered his eyes, to find that the woman was leaning on her elbow and regarding him intently.

"You came here to follow me?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. I do not know why, but I thought so. Yet you do not know my face?"

"I do not know it."

"From your face, I see," she continued, speaking in French, "that you have made a mistake. You are English; you have not come for the sake of the cause; you have no wrongs to revenge; it follows, then, that you seek some woman other than myself."

"You are the Countess Alexis Lavinski?"

"I was so called."

"I have been following the Countess Lavinski. I was deceived by the description of her personality, by her second name, Helga, and by the report of that which she had attempted."

"The deception has cost you a futile effort and much pains; yet you may thank God that it was but a deception—if you still believe in Him."

Osborne made no direct reply. He slipped his heavy boots from his feet, and advanced softly to her side.

"You would take nothing from those men," he said; "take something from me," and he handed her his wine-flask.

"Why build up my body for the mines?" she answered. "My life is finished; and yet no, I will have my strength again for a few hours. Give me what you have brought."

Looking closer into her face, and at the emaciated hand which took the flask from him, Osborne saw that there was no specific disease upon her, but that she was dying of starvation.

"My God!" he whispered. "Have they not given you food?"

"I have not taken it," was the simple reply.

He bent over her with a great horror and a great pity in his breast.

"You are tender to me," she said, "but your heart is naturally with that other. You would ask a hundred questions did not compassion make you silent."

"I would ask but one," he replied. "You told me just now to thank the God in Whom my faith is placed. I find it hard to do so before such a spectacle as this; besides, I know nothing, I have proved nothing, beyond the fact that she is not here."

"And you wish to know——?"

"If you were the only woman arrested for the recent attempt on the Czar's life?"

"Yes, the only one."

"Thank you," he said, gravely, and was moving softly away.

"My friend." He started; it was the first time that title of endearment had been given to him since he had heard it from Helga's lips. "My friend, your face speaks for you. You are still unsatisfied. What is it you would ask me?"

"No," he said. "My God! No. I cannot ask that other question! It would be too cruel."

"Ask it! Give me the happiness of serving you."

He hesitated a moment; but at last, unable to resist, he replied in a whisper as hoarse as her own: "You have told

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THEN HE UNCOVERED HIS EYES TO FIND THAT THE WOMAN WAS . . . REGARDING HIM INTENTLY.

me that no other woman was arrested; if you could tell me that no other was—was——"

"Guilty?"

"That no other was *concerned*, then I should thank God indeed!"

For a moment she did not speak, he thought that a spasm of anger contracted her features. If so it passed in a moment and was gone. "Be of good cheer," she answered, "the guilt was mine. No other woman knew of it. Sleep to-night in peace, my friend. Sleep in peace—and since you pray—pray for me."

Osborne sank back into his chair by the table and spread his arms upon it. It seemed to him that this knowledge of Helga's innocence lifted a load so heavy from his heart that in its rebound it carried all before it. He could not shout his thanksgiving, but, weak as a woman, sobbed it out upon his folded arms into the stillness of the night.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the cool drawing-room of a pretty villa at Ventnor, Miss Osborne sat regarding an open letter, much as though it were some extraordinary geological or zoological specimen which had suddenly been presented to her notice.

It was from St. Petersburg, and had been posted by Osborne before his departure.

"My dear Maria," it ran. "Don't be alarmed at the budget of papers I enclose, they are merely instructions for my lawyer. I am contemplating a journey north, to

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visit the mines of Siberia; I may possibly return in three or four months, but as there are so many chances on the road, I am settling my affairs definitely in a way to meet every possible contingency. I have given directions to have a sum of two thousand pounds placed at once to my credit with Rega and Co., of St. Petersburg; and until you hear from me to the contrary I wish to have two hundred pounds paid over to them for me every quarter. Your pin money and the sum I have always handed you for housekeeping expenses will be paid over regularly as usual, on the distinct stipulation that the establishment is kept up in the same style and on the same lines as at present. The remainder of my income will be paid yearly to Eva, who will know what to do with it. If at the end of five years I have not returned (or earlier should you learn that the sums in Rega and Co.'s hands have begun to accumulate) I wish you to apply in Chancery to presume my death. You will then be able to act on my will, which in sum and substance is merely a definite disposal of my property much on these lines. I have nothing further to add except good-bye and God bless you. We have held different views on many subjects, and the difference has sometimes seemed to embitter our intercourse a little. I wish I could let you know how much I regret that bitterness now I am bidding you good-bye. Think as well of me as you can, Maria, and believe that there will always be a warm affection for you in the heart of your affectionate brother, F. OSBORNE."

"P.S.—Be kind to Eva. I have an unpleasant presentiment as regards her. Fancy, no doubt; yet it seems to me that there is some kind of trouble in store for her.—F. O."

"Well, of all the mad, ridiculous letters!" exclaimed Miss Osborne. "Pray, what does yours contain? Are you aware that Frank has broken out in a new vein? Forsooth, he is going to be a traveller now. He—— Upon my word, if the girl isn't crying."

Crying! That was a poor word for the passion of grief and despair which presented itself to Maria's astonished gaze. Well might Francis Osborne have that presentiment of which he spoke, the cause of which was hidden from him.

"What's the matter, my dear? What *is* the matter? Frank isn't going to die, because he sees fit to start on a journey and make his will."

"No, no, Maria; but what difference will that make to us if we never see him again? Oh! How shall we ever live without him?"

Miss Maria paused; it floated across her mind that she had managed to live some fourteen years very comfortably without him, and that the advent of her stepmother's "wretched baby" had not improved things for her, so she looked across at the weeping girl, and said: "Don't be ridiculous, Eva! You'll make yourself positively hideous for the garden party this afternoon," which was her way of being sympathetic, and a very common way to.

Eva sprang up and fled from the room, and Miss Osborne settled her cuffs and said: "Dear me! How provoking!" Though whether she meant her brother's letter, her cousin, or herself, she did not explain.

Poor Eva! In the room above she sat alone face to face with the problem she had just propounded, "How shall we ever live without him?" From the day when she first came to their home, a little black-robed orphan, with Maria's dreary platitudes on the duty of resignation ringing in her ears, and he, though ten years her senior, had entered into her feelings and surrounded her with a new sunshine of love, he had become all in all to her.

Gradually and naturally to himself, as the years passed by, he had changed his protective tenderness for the child into the affectionate friendship of comradeship, and it was not his fault that with her the change did not come about in the same way. A man whose nature is strong does not readily merge the love he can give a child into the sort of love he has to give to a wife; but with the opposite sex the reverence, the reliance, the hero-worship of childhood, insensibly drift into what might be, were it sought, the perfect love of wifehood.

She loved him, she loved him, and she could not live without him. Had he been happy, contented, married to Helga, or even to Lady Emilia, she could have accepted her fate. But how accept it now with his letter lying before her?

In the opening it told her only what Maria knew, but then in the full assurance of her ready sympathy, in utter ignorance

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of the source from which that sympathy sprang, it added the whole truth.

"I have written to Maria already and given her all these business details, but my last act before I set out is to write to you. Maria knows that I am about to travel and where I am going. You will know (when you hear that my destination is the Siberian mines) what I am doing and why I do it. I believe that I have found Helga, and I am about to follow her. If I find her, it will no longer be possible for me to bring her back to England and safety; therefore, in order to have some chance of protecting her where she is going, I shall, on finding her, apply to the Czar for permission to make her my wife. I wonder if you can understand the position, so that you do not regard me on the one hand as sacrificed, nor on the other hand fall into the belief that I did not know my own mind when I spoke to you? I might say that the legal obstacle to our marriage (uncertainty as to her husband's fate) has been removed. But that would be to make truth lie, for her husband's existence would only have postponed our union, it could never have separated us.

"There was a time when I could say, with the unhappy Moor: 'If Heaven had made me such another world, of one entire and perfect chrysolite, I'd not have given her for it.' That time, with all its glorious illusions, has passed, and yet in a way I love her quite as much as ever I did.

"I don't know why I tell you all this. I set out to write myself down perfectly happy and content, that your friendship might answer mine with the sentry's salute, 'All's well!' But even this well-meant deception is impossible. All is *not* well. The world has gone bitterly wrong with me. I would like to come home to peace and to you—to the calm life of our comradeship, of mutual endeavour, and to be done for ever with these feverish dreams.

"I have taken up one duty and left all the rest. For Heaven's sake, Eva, do not let my little vineyard go to ruin because I am not there to till it. You will always have enough for yourself. I give you my purse. Use it to buy me moral exemption, as it were. Never think of saving, though I know you will get many a lesson on extravagance. I seem to have but half a mind in anything I am doing just now; but that phase will pass as soon as action takes the place of inertia. I know that once on the road I shall spur forward eagerly. It is only here, at the parting of the ways, that I stand looking backward. Good-night! Good-bye! To-morrow I shall be on the road, but to-night is dedicated to my regrets; it is the requiem of the past. Good-bye once more. God bless and keep you! I wish I could see you. If there is anything in this to give you pain on my account, remember that it is not the sadness of a lifetime, but that of a very heavy hour which I have flown to you to lighten.—Yours as always, FRANK."

"*I wish I could see you!*" Would he have written that could he have seen the girl's face and heard her sobs? Would he have eased his burden ever so little at her expense could he have known how cruelly she would suffer, on the one hand, because his love for Helga was so full; on the other, because it was not full enough to make her stand aside and say, "He has chosen that which is best?"

"Eva! The way you are going on is simply absurd. It's atrocious! It's—it's unwomanly!"

"Unwomanly, Maria?"

"Yes, unwomanly. At least, I'm quite sure it's unmaidenly to make such a fuss over any man."

Poor Eva! Attacked thus in what, through centuries, has been woman's weakest spot, she made one desperate effort to reclutch the maidenly dignity which her mentor said was slipping away. It was too late. She looked into Maria's small, hard eyes and saw comprehension there; and too proud of her grief to waste time "in patching fig leaves for the naked truth," she answered, fiercely:

"Yes. I *am* unmaidenly! I wish I had *your* right to break my heart for him; but since I have not, let me be. Your crying shame on me won't alter it."

Lady Grove's garden-party at Bonchurch that afternoon was a very bright affair; but Maria, who had hoped that her young cousin would make an impression, both by her beauty and her budding fame, looked with chagrin at the girl's swollen eyelids, and whispered to their kind hostess:

"No, my dear Lady Grove, positively no. Don't make much of her, and don't introduce her to anybody. First impressions go such a long way, you know, and she is not in the mood. These artistic

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temperaments, you see, are so easily unstrung; and she has been upsetting herself about some trifle. Do let me beg of you to hand her over to some quiet nobody, who won't mind her being a little *distrait*."

"My dear Miss Osborne, there are no nobodies here except my relatives," her ladyship replied, with a smile. "I am quite grieved, though, about Miss Rayne, and I'll do my best. Ah, Bertie!" she added, turning sharply to a very callow youth who stood at her elbow, caressing the place where he hoped some day to raise a moustache. "Are you there? Where's Diana?"

"Here, aunt. Here I am," cried a frank-looking girl, who bore a strong resemblance to the youth, and was his junior by a year, though she looked older.

"Yes, here we are," said the boy, as though he had not discovered the fact till his sister mentioned it. "We're both here, Di and I."

"Well, I want you to take Miss Rayne under the trees and amuse her. Mind, you are not to let anyone bother her; she has a headache."

"Oh! Poor dear!" exclaimed Diana. "We won't let anyone bother her, will we, Bertie?"

"Certainly not, Di," the youth responded.

"Be off at once, then," said Lady Grove, and the couple departed.

But half-way across the sward Bertie Trevor pulled up with a jerk.

"Oh, I say, Di——" he remarked, turning suddenly red.

"Well, what *do* you say when you say nothing?" his sister inquired.

"About that time, you know, when I met them coming from the Academy and she was crying?"

"Well?"

"Well, if people go and cry when you haven't said anything. Hang it all, you know——"

"Don't be silly, Bertie, it wasn't *you*. She was just crying for joy, of course."

"Sure?"

"Certain."

"Oh, well, it's all right if you say so."

"Of course it is. What a fellow you are, old man. You haven't half enough confidence in yourself." And so "the mfutual aid society," as brother and sister were called, drifted away, "to form a hollow square" round Miss Rayne.

"And so Mr. Osborne has gone to St. Petersburg," Di was remarking, a few minutes later, as she sat on the grass at Eva's feet. "How awfully nice! We went there with Uncle Jonas—Professor Jonas, you know. He's awfully clever and knows all about Russia, and he's here this afternoon. I'm sure he'd like to know you, but as your head is so bad it wouldn't do——"

"I should like to see him very much," Eva interrupted, her face suddenly flushing with interest. "Oh Mr. Trevor, if your uncle would come and talk to me!"

Bertie cast an anxious and doubtful glance at his sister, but receiving an affirmative nod, departed.

"I don't know whether we've done right," Di said, apologetically, "only I'm sure our small talk must tease you quite as much as uncle would. I must tell you, though, that Uncle Jonas has to be wound up when you want him to talk, and then the worst of it is you can't stop him till he runs down. You see, he reads such a lot of papers to the Royal Geographical and other societies that he gets used to talking right away for an hour. But if he bores you just ask me for my smelling salts—I haven't got any, but that doesn't matter—and Bertie and I will shut him up, if we have to do it by main force."

The professor arrived and he did talk. He prosed away till Di and Bertie began to fidget. But still Miss Rayne sat and listened and never asked for that smelling bottle which was *non est*.

"The fact is, Miss Rayne," he said, "the eyes of the civilised world will be on Russia this winter. In this year of grace, 1892, we are going to see an unparalleled famine desolating a country which has, if it chose to use them, all the resources of science ready to its hand. The harvest was bad last year, but the tax-gatherers insisted on seizing the grain set aside for seed in payment of taxes in arrear. That was killing the goose with a vengeance. Look at the situation—no machinery, no science, no fertilisers, and no seed, except what they snatch from the bin which has been filled for the mill—and ask yourself if famine is not a foregone conclusion. It's all very well to call the Muscovite peasant improvident when he grinds corn that ought to go for sowing; but when we have it, as I have had it, on the personal authority of a man like Tolstoi, that in normal times the said

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peasant only consumes 70 per cent. of the nourishment required to bring his body up to the standard, can we wonder that he says, when the officials of the Czar have seized his seed-grain: 'Let the next year look after itself. I'll eat to-day while I'm alive to do so'?

"Does the Czar know? No, most probably he doesn't. I've no doubt that he would have remitted the taxes and made a sacrifice to bind the people to the soil; but the officials always want to gather them, because they live, not on their salaries, but on the filtration of public moneys through their hands, and their rapacity is one of the prime factors in the peasant's growing distaste for the agricultural life. *Of course* the peasant hates the soil, chiefly because his immediate progenitor was counted as part of it."

"Oh, uncle!" Di broke in; "Miss Rayne isn't very well, and I'm sure such gloomy talk——"

"No, no," Eva interposed, "I am deeply interested. My head is not so very bad, Miss Trevor. Pray let me beg your uncle to continue. You would imply, professor, that this sort of trouble has occurred before, and is likely to be intensified this winter?"

The professor's weak eyes looked through his glasses over the heads of his audience to a point on the lawn, at about the same distance from him as the back benches of a fair-sized lecture-hall from the platform. He fixed his eyes on that spot and kept them there.

THE PROFESSOR . . . PROSED AWAY UNTIL DI AND BERTIE BEGAN TO FIDGET.

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Bertie nudged his sister and gave vent to a suppressed chuckle. "You've done it, Di, interrupting him. He thinks it's the rowdy students up to their larks again."

Miss Rayne repeated her query: "You think that there will be overcrowding in the cities of Russia this winter, and grave danger of infection to the residents, or—or travellers passing through?"

"Eh? Oh! Ah! Yes, certainly; very grave danger."

The professor's eyes left the back of that imaginary hall and settled on the face of his interlocutor.

"You spoke of infection?"

"Eh? Oh, yes, of course, infection. Hunger, typhoid, scurvy, and the like."

"He's quite deflated. Got a puncture in his tyre," whispered Bertie, in a soft aside.

The professor, however, expanded his chest, slipped his left hand under his coat tails, waved the right, and began again:

"The cities of Russia will see this winter a tremendous influx of pauperism. The thing has happened before. This is no mere prophecy, it is as certain as the deductions of the meteorologist. Hordes of the peasants in the frontier provinces where the harvest has failed, will make for the great high road to Siberia, tempted by the glowing accounts of the plenty in some of the semi-penal wheat-growing settlements there."

Eva's face suddenly became very pale, and Diana, pressing her fingers meaningly, said:

"Do let me get you some *smelling salts*. Do now!"

"No, thank you," Eva responded, faintly. "Not for a moment or two, Miss Trevor. I want to hear more of this."

The fact was that Francis Osborne had omitted to mention the route he was about to take, and Eva, knowing well that all exiles, no matter from what province, are supposed to start from the great penal settlement at Moscow *viâ* Kassan and Tobolsk, was picturing him on this very route. No doubt, in setting forth, he would be ahead of this great army of disease and misery; but should he for any reason return—return as he himself had hinted he possibly might—in some three or four months, then, according to the professor's gloomy prognostication, he must pass through the very thick of the trouble.

"Is nothing being done?" she asked, faintly. "Are there no preparations? Surely the Czar——"

"The Czar's father was murdered in the street in '81—after two fruitless attempts, Miss Rayne, remember that—and his present Imperial Majesty, though an excellent family man, cares very little for the seething millions who call him the Great White Father. His son (Nicholas II. of the future) might do better and care more, but —"

"Then you say that no preparations are being made?"

The professor did not get along quite so easily in the conversational style because interruption threw him out.

"There are the Red Cross Sisters," he said.

"All Russian ladies, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, English a great many of them. Necessary qualification, two months in a fever hospital; for full particulars apply to—apply to—— Dear—dear me! Now I had that circular, I am confident I had it."

"Do come to the tent now and let us get you some tea, Miss Rayne," Diana insisted.

"Yes, I will come, Miss Trevor. Thank you, Professor Jonas," and as Eva moved away she carefully deposited in her pocket a printed slip which the professor had unearthed from his letter-case.

"What did she want that for?" Bertie asked his sister, *sotto voce*.

"We've done a nice thing between us," answered Di; adding immediately: "But it wasn't your fault, Bertie; you're not to blame."

CHAPTER XIV.

The morning following his stolen interview with Alexis Lavinski, while the official and Ivanovitch were preparing the morning meal, Osborne, cramped and aching in every joint as though bruised by a bludgeon, commenced to make the nearest possible approach to a morning toilet. Some snow-water in a horse-bucket, and his own handkerchief used as a towel, were the luxurious accessories of the function. Moreover, not having acquired the Tartar insensibility to the presence of a woman, he elected to perform his ablutions in the enclosure outside the house.

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It was a dangerous experiment, as he very quickly learnt, for, not having heated his body first to that pitch which permits the Russian to rush naked from the hot-air bath and plunge into an icy stream, the water into which he put his arms seemed first to scald and then to paralyse him, and drawing himself up with a gasp he stood there, his bare flesh dripping, unable even to stagger back to the shelter of the dwelling.

"Holy Saints! Has the little father lost his reason?"

It was Ivanovitch who fortunately appeared upon the scene, and threw himself upon his master as though intent on assault and battery.

"Come in, come in!" he cried, when after having struck and beaten his helpless employer with his open palms as vigorously as the French *blanchisseuse* beats linen with her bat, he commenced to drag him forward. "And if, Excellency, you *must* wash, in the name of the saints and martyrs wash by the stove!"

"No," Osborne managed to articulate, "no; the woman——"

"Ah! Bah! Such a fuss. To the stable then. The horses' breath makes it warm there, and it is against the stove wall. But be quick, you were nearly gone with frost-bite, Excellency, that time."

In the stable, as suggested, Osborne completed his toilet, and returned to the house more dead than alive, to find Alexis Lavinski leaning on her elbow, her great mournful eyes fixed upon the door. It seemed to him that her face brightened at his entrance. The torturing night-sweats of extreme weakness had damped her thick hair, and still stood in beads on her brow. She had removed the red wool kerchief, and her thin hand was restlessly pushing away the matted, heavy locks.

"You are uneasy," he said, as he advanced to the stove. "Do you wish for anything?"

"I was only thinking," she answered, gently, "that when we accept exile we do not reckon on meeting those who shame us by their cleanliness."

Blushing like a schoolboy Osborne turned round and possessed himself of a large-sized mug, designed to hold quass; then, filling it without permission from the already heating samovar, he took off his large white silk scarf, dipped one corner in the warm water, and offered it to her.

With a pathetic smile of thanks she tried to raise herself into a sitting position. He put his disengaged arm about her and lifted her up, and as she moved a shudder went through him to hear the clank of a chain. Merciful God! This creature, already too weak to perform the simplest offices for herself, was still wearing the convict's chain.

"Does his Excellency propose to set out to-day?"

Osborne, with a start, looked round. What was there to hinder him? He was a free man now. He must push on, of course, to the next large settlement, and there get his passport countersigned on some excuse for a return. But, in spite of that necessity, on retaking the road he would be virtually starting for home.

What was there to stay him? Nothing but the haunting look in the woman's eyes as she opened them at the sound of the question and fixed them on his face. "No," he said, with an effort. "Tell them I am fatigued. There will be heavy snow. I will pay well to be allowed to remain."

It was fully an hour before the meal was over, and the proprietor of the establishment had for some purpose left the house; but, as though she had heard nothing since his answer, Alexis Lavinski opened her eyes again and said:

"Is it that you give me the privilege of starting first?"

"I do not think they will attempt to move you," he answered, trying to ignore her meaning.

"My friend," she said, "your face speaks. Have I not told you so? I understand; and, believe me, I shall not delay you long."

He pressed her hand gently and answered: "I shall remain as long as I may."

A few moments later she said, faintly: "One thing has oppressed me. You thanked God with the fervour of your heart last night, not so much that the woman you sought was safe from my fate, but that she was not as I am. You think, then, that nothing which we suffer can excuse our acts?"

"Do not let us talk of it," he urged.

"I *must*," she retorted, feverishly. "Cannot you see that your gentleness, your pity—strange and wonderful as it is

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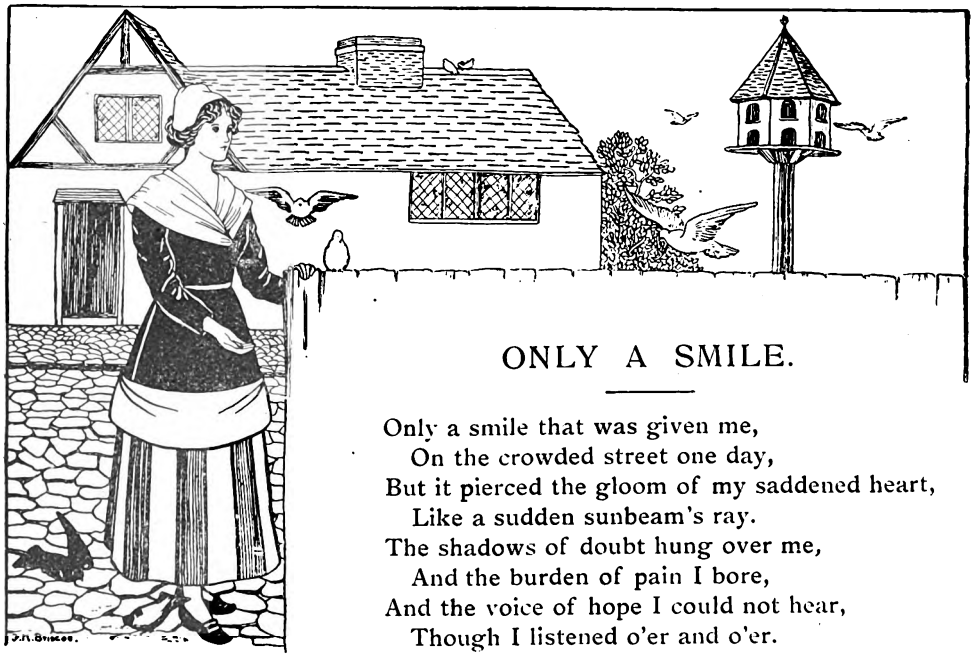
to find such things upon the Siberian plains—have humiliated me? I tell myself 'He would act thus to the lost, the abandoned, the vicious, provided only they were weak.' I am weak, God knows. But for that I seek no pity. I ask for *justice*, and if *you* cannot be just, who shall be? Look at me, I am but thirty-five, and I have already endured fifteen years of exile, though until August 13th last I had never committed any crime. Picture it to yourself, fifteen years of exile, and such sufferings as the death I would have inflicted could never have imposed."

"What?" Osborne cried. "You have been in exile almost half your life? You escaped, then, you returned to revenge your sufferings?"

"No," she answered, her eyes blazing, her voice trembling in her passionate resentment. "I forgave the wrong inflicted on me, I never thought or dreamt of revenge; it was for an act of mercy, the cruel mercy of the Romanoff, that I took my life into my hands and said: 'These things shall be no longer. The very name in which they do them shall perish from the land.' Listen, friend, I will tell you a story, not of Florence in the middle ages, not of France and the *lettre de cachet*, but a story of Russia to-day, and then—then you shall tell me if you dare condemn."

(*To be continued.*)



ONLY A SMILE.

Only a smile that was given me,
On the crowded street one day,
But it pierced the gloom of my saddened heart,
Like a sudden sunbeam's ray.
The shadows of doubt hung over me,
And the burden of pain I bore,
And the voice of hope I could not hear,
Though I listened o'er and o'er.

But there came a rift in the crowd about,
And a face that I knew passed by,
And the smile I caught was brighter to me,
Than the blue of a summer sky;
For it gave me back the sunshine,
And it scattered each sombre thought,
And my heart rejoiced in the kindly warmth
Which that kindly smile had wrought.

Only a smile from a kindly face,
On the busy street that day!
Forgotten as soon as given, perhaps,
As the donor went her way.
But straight to my heart it went speeding,
To gild the clouds that were there,
And I found that of sunshine and life's blue skies,
I also might take my share.

George MacDonald.

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THE TOY SHOP OF THE WORLD.

By J. A. HAMMERTON and E. C. MIDDLETON.

IT is strange how words lose their original and proper meaning and from terms of accuracy, or even compliment, become expressive only of contempt. When a man refers to "Brummagem" it is with a sneer in his voice and a curl of the nose. The word is popularly supposed to be synonymous with trashiness, tawdriness—shams in general. Yet, it is only one of the hundred and fifty ways of spelling the name of the Midland Metropolis, and time was when it was officially recognised, for the different modes of spelling Birmingham are like the nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays—

"Every-single—one—of—them—is—right."

As for Edmund Burke's famous phrase, "the toy-shop of Europe," nothing could be more incorrect than the popular interpretation of that. Birmingham is by no means a centre of the toy industry, in the sense that dolls and mechanical contrivances for the amusement of young folks are made there. The word toy in this connection is a local trade term for describing all kinds of small wares—watch chains, bangles, trinkets, small steel tools, hooks and eyes, hair curlers, and so on. Thus "the steel toy trade," which is still a considerable business in Birmingham, has absolutely no connection with the nursery, but is concerned with the manufacture of most useful, if not indispensable, tools for workmen and amateurs of all kinds.

If Birmingham were suddenly to refuse to sell any more of its "toys" countless trades throughout the world would be immediately placed at a disadvantage. Consequently, people familiar with the wondrous ramifications of Birmingham's industries, and knowing the real meaning behind the words which head this article are only inclined to smile at the ignorance of those who use "Brummagem" as a term of reproach or contempt.

Unlike Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, or Belfast, Birmingham has no great commanding industry which stands typical of the town. Its products are mainly the small things of life, but it is the small things that are oftenest most remarkable. And assuredly some of Birmingham's small things are of more importance than other cities' great ones.

A local poet has recently sung of it as "The City of the Rifle, Sword, and Pen"—three small yet mighty things.

The gun trade is one of Birmingham's staple industries—one of its oldest. Yet it may surprise many people to know that the absurd prejudice against Brummagem goods forces the local gun makers to subterfuges which speak loudly of the strength of ignorant misconception. No less than five-sixths of the guns sold as "made in London" are manufactured in Birmingham. They are sent to London to be "proved," and many sportsmen who proudly boast that their particular gun is by this or that famous London "maker," point triumphantly to its London "proof" mark as evidence. The odds are five to one that it is "Brummagem."

The prosperity of the gun trade varies. During the American civil war such was the boom that many fables still circulate about the eating of £5 notes between sandwiches by the Bromicham "gunnifins." But some of these yarns are doubtless true, as, for instance, the tale that at that time if one entered a tailor's shop and asked for a coat or suit from a certain piece of cloth, the tailor would first enquire as to your business, and if you were not in the gun trade, he would apologise and explain, "you can't have that sir, *it's a gunmaker's pattern!*" It was a time of feasting, drinking, cock-fighting, and general revelry in the gunmaker's light. Then set in the reaction. The humble but savory bloater

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came to be known, and has ever since been locally called, the "gunmaker's goose." Now more money is spent in guns than ever, but there are more people in the trade, more competition and less profit for the makers.

But Birmingham guns—avowedly so—are well to the fore. Dr. Calver, the famous American shot, despite the cleverness of Yankee gunmakers, uses a Brummagem gun. He did so when he defeated the Hon. Tom Marshall in the world's championship, and so impressed was the Hon. Tom that he immediately secured a Brummagem gun and defeated the doctor. Not only this, but the second and third positions were all taken with Birmingham's guns.

One sees less in Birmingham now of those long flint-lock guns whose barrels were some five or six feet in length, with the stocks painted rather a bright red, their prices ranging from six shillings to about seven shillings and sixpence. The maker of a decent gun always repudiated such weapons—as guns—and told you that the barrels were made of gas piping. But the men who made them considered themselves public benefactors. They supported the "survival of the fittest" theory, and looking upon the natives of West Africa, to whom the trash was sold, as the unfit, proudly boasted that one of their weapons, when fired, would kill the man who held it and probably the one next to him.

Perhaps this trade may have had something to do with the contempt implied by "Brummagem," since those worthless weapons for beguiling the untutored savage were always known as Birmingham made.

"VIRGIL" SHIELD MADE IN BIRMINGHAM. VALUE, £1,500.

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The real gun trade is still largely a handicraft, and it may interest readers to know that the barrel is made straight by no mechanical process, but simply through the unerring eye of the worker glancing along it after he strikes it with a mallet until he is satisfied of its absolute trueness.

Swords have been made in Birmingham since the earliest times; but we believe in modern times Sheffield has done more in this trade than Birmingham.

If it be true, however, that "the pen is mightier than the sword," then Brummagem is assuredly the centre of a mighty industry; for who does not couple the name of Birmingham with steel pens? The maker of the first steel pen is believed to have been a Sheffield artisan, but it is in the great Midland city that the manufacture has been developed to its present high stage of efficiency. And a very interesting trade it is—worthy, indeed, of an article to itself.

"Neatness and order" is the motto of the penmaker. Long strips of steel, like so much ribbon, pass through the press, and "blanks" or flat pieces of steel are cut out with a rapidity and noise almost appalling. Then follow a number of operations that look as if they might be simplified. We are not sure we remember the order correctly, but one press cuts out the slot, another puts in the side cuts, a third adds the name of the maker and number. Then the pen is raised, or rounded, from the flat and the point slit. They are next ground round the points, hardened, annealed, and browned, counted and boxed, the wholesale price being, for average pens, twopence per gross; though they have been made as cheap as a penny per gross. The cheapest pens go to Italy, the dearest to Russia.

After all these processes, the production of the penholder seems simplicity itself. Strips of wood follow each other in rapid succession through a machine, and issue the next moment from the other side, straight, taper, twisted, or any pattern the setting of the machine determines. Fancy pencil-cases are mainly made by master-workers in their own houses and small workshops. Those flashy white metal pencil-cases, with copying-lead in them, and probably a precious stone at the other end, are turned out by the makers for one shilling or one-and-six a dozen: they sell at fourpence or sixpence each. The difference goes in profit to the various middlemen who handle the article before it reaches the public.

The employees in the pen trade are mainly women and girls, and the number of pens produced each week would be something fabulous if it were possible to ascertain. Thirty-five years ago, when the trade was comparatively young, 50,000 gross of pens were turned out in Birmingham every week. Now the production must be many hundred thousand gross every week—figures before which the mind of the ordinary man who is not a Fellow of the Statistical Society must reel. The girl-workers make about seven shillings a week, which is a good wage for most girls' labour in Birmingham.

But perhaps Brummagem's jewellery is as characteristic as any of the city's products. In the jewellery trade the word Brummagem has certainly a most sinister meaning, the impression being that the jewels made in Birmingham are of the sincerest flattery order—imitation. Nothing could be more unfair to the jewellery trade of the city. There is only one "imitation" jeweller's shop in Birmingham, and it is a branch of a London establishment.

Yet it cannot be denied that the imitative capacity of the Birmingham jeweller is noteworthy. Forty years ago it was boasted that Birmingham workers in "metal gilt" could produce for one penny a locket that looked as good as a gold one which cost thirty shillings, and about that time the imitative faculty was so far developed that an article "made with hinges and clasp, in the form of a volume, and with good likenesses of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was sold wholesale for about one halfpenny each."

Talking of imitation, an enterprising Birmingham manufacturer recently was seized with the happy idea of issuing counterfeit sovereigns to be sold as counters for card games, and the great demand which ensued led to the police prohibiting their sale, for racing "sharps" were buying them in dozens and passing them off as the real articles. They were sold for about 4½d. the dozen. The trash that is given away in lucky bags is not made in Birmingham, and a maker of jewelled rings which sell for a penny apiece was greatly shocked to think we imagined Birmingham made such cheap stuff as lucky-bag rings!

There is still a good deal of imitation jewellery made in Birmingham, but the

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real article is manufactured even more largely, though the unfortunate town gets the odious reputation of producing nothing

JOSEPH MOORE'S MEDAL AFTER SCHEFFER'S "CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR."

but the imitation stuff, and most of the genuine goods are sent out after being stamped at the London Assay Office to masquerade as London manufactures. We have known a Birmingham man who bought a beautiful watch in Paris thinking it was made there, while it had actually been produced in his native city and within a few hundred yards of his own office!

Here is a true incident coming within our own experience which will illustrate this point. At the time of the marriage of the Duke of York we found a photographer bemoaning his fate. A handsome gold casket, to contain the freedom of a northern city, and a pair of candelabra were to be presented to the Royal couple. The casket was indeed a triumph of the goldsmith's art, therefore had the Birmingham manufacturer sent the centre piece and *one* candlestick to the photographer with instructions to produce a photograph showing the *pair* of candelabra. The photographer appealed for the second candlestick. "Can't have it," replied the manufacturer, "it's gone to be Hall-marked." "Well," urged the photographer, "it won't be many hours, can't I wait for it?" Then the trouble was cleared up. The northern city could not present a Birmingham-marked casket and candelabra to Royalty, so the articles had each been sent, when ready, to London to be Hall-marked, in order that the Royal recipients might not be insulted with Brummagem ware! This fraud is perpetually being perpetrated to the glorification of London because of a stupid prejudice against Birmingham goods.

Why one sees so little of the jewellery trade in Birmingham is because it is confined to a very limited and dingy area—say, roughly, a hundred acres lying between Great Hampden-street, Vyse-street, and St. Paul's-square. Walk round here, and the only sign one sees of jewellery or its kindred businesses are small and unobtrusive plates in private houses; of display there is none. The streets seem deserted. Here and there an errand boy may be noticed, or, perhaps, a group of them; possibly they bear on their arms rolls of dirty looking metal, and from the way they place them on the ground to indulge in marbles, games, or gossip, none but the initiated would believe that those same rolls were silver or gold, which, having been sent in ingot form to the mill, is being returned rolled, and one of these small urchins may be possessed of, say, 300 oz. of silver, or an equally valuable load of gold. Surely this is the familiarity that breeds contempt!

Though at five minutes to one o'clock the streets of the jewellers' quarter may be deserted, another five minutes bring into them hundreds, thousands, of workers in the jewellery trade; each entry and house will yield its scores, all

OBVERSE WITH THE "SALVATOR MUNDI" OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

producing, day in, day out, Brummagem jewellery, from the very finest, set with diamonds, down to the quality where

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price demands that the stones shall not be "set," but affixed to the brass backing with "fish glue." The finger-ring so made loses most of its "jewels" if the hands be washed in warm water. Should the visitor look inside a workshop, he will not be impressed. The dirty-looking metal, bound together with thin wire, upon which the workman directs a blast from a blow-pipe and a gas jet, will not be recognised as gold, and yet the partially-formed object that rests upon his "wig," and to which he makes constant additions by means of a small camel-hair brush and flux of borax, will eventually be, perhaps, the centre of attraction in a Bond-street shop. The observant will notice that each workman has in front of him a pan or skin into which falls his filings, and it may be a surprise to be told that such trifles, "lemmel" and "sweep," constitute the sole source of profit to the high-class Birmingham jeweller.

Plated goods have been largely made in Birmingham since 1764, and though Sheffield was before Birmingham in the manufacture of silver plate, "electro" plating was originated in the Midland town. Less enduring than plate proper, it is accepted by the great mass as cheaper, "therefore better," and if the public will demand a cheap particle the manufacturer must supply it. Cutting of price has reduced the deposit until it is alleged that, so attenuated is the deposit of silver, orders for abroad are not plated until the last moment, and are forthwith placed in air-tight cases lest the precious metal evaporate before the articles arrive at their destination. Common report has it that in such cases the articles are no longer dipped into the solution of silver but are merely allowed to see it. Whatever the price the buyer will pay, Brummagem will give him his money's worth. If the purchaser will cut prices down, on him the blame must rest.

If one could only get admission to all the interesting workshops in Birmingham what a delightful and instructive holiday one could spend, going from one manufactory to another watching the artisans at work. It would only take about a month.

A very interesting process is the making of glass, and it is produced in an endless variety of conditions in Birmingham, from the massive prisms that are used in lighthouses to the gossamer-like fairy balls for decking Christmas trees—the one so thick and tough that a sledge hammer would be required to break it, and the other so thin that the slightest pressure of the finger will reduce it to the nothingness of a spider's web. Foreign, and even home, competition has robbed Birmingham of much of its glory in the glass trade; Belgium, on the Continent, and St. Helens, in the north, now dividing the honours.

One rather curious anecdote may be related of the former production of "crown" glass. When hot the glass was blown out into a cylinder, then cut at the ends, slit down the side, flattened out, smoothed and cooled into a sheet of transparent glass. French workmen were introduced, and for long it was a mystery how an undersized Frenchman with a 30-inch chest could blow a globe so very much greater in size than a burly Englishman with his 42-inch chest. No importance was attached to the Frenchman's habit of rinsing his mouth with water before he performed, but at last the secret leaked out. Retaining a slight quantity of water in his mouth before blowing the glass, he ejected that as he blew through the tube, the water turned into steam, and, steam being much more expansive than air, he was thus able to produce a wider cylinder with less lung power than his lusty English competitors, who had never thought of such artifice.

Were some magician to strip from our lady reader all she wears of Birmingham manufacture, we should be extremely apprehensive of the consequence. For, if the truth must be told, from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet she is Brummagem in very essential features. The hat-pin with which her triumph of millinery is attached to her head would immediately be withdrawn—whether it be the simple steel pin with its glass knob, produced in Birmingham workshops by girls who turn them out at a few pence the gross, or a silver and gold one, even set with diamonds, all alike are Brummagem. The hair that has its beautifying "wave" would have remained lank and straight but for those "wavers" or "curlers" made in the Hardware City. The hair-pins, too, would all be withdrawn, and our lady's head would thus begin to look dishevelled. The brooch, the necklet, the watch or muff-chain, all would have to go. So, too, the bracelets, rings, and trinkets, even though they bear

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"JUBILEE" VASE MADE IN BIRMINGHAM. VALUE, £3,000.

the London Hall-mark. Of course all her safety pins would go, and it is interesting, by the way, to know that girls are paid just twopence for "carding" nine gross of safety pins: that is fixing nine pins in a row on a gross of cards. They have to be very smart at it to earn the merest pittance.

Having evanished her jewellery, our magician would next claim the buckle from her waist-belt, and further alterations in the figure might be observed as those supple steel supports that frequently add so much charm to the female form divine were withdrawn from her corsets. We greatly fear a collapse would here ensue. The patent fastenings removed from her gloves would militate against appearances, and the withdrawal of her umbrella-frame would be a small matter compared with the removal of such trifling but important details as all hooks, eyes, pins, and fastenings of all sorts. The claim for buttons would have called up those from the boots

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—if they were eyelets it would be all the same—and with the removal of rivets or sprigs of any kind from the soles, Brummagem would have claimed its debtor from head to foot.

Fashion is indeed fickle, and accounts for strange doings in Birmingham as elsewhere. Take our lady's buttons, for instance. Buttons of pearly whiteness are demanded, and the demand is met. Then there ensues an accumulation of the dark or smoke pearl, considered worthless. Whether the manufacturer winks one eye at Fashion, or how it comes about, we know not, but the wand of Wizard Fashion is waved, and smoke pearl is "the thing." The manufacturer so orders prices that his fortune is made.

Some years ago such a change produced remarkable results. Mother-of-pearl was cheap, flat buttons were in vogue, and the thick portion where the two shells are hinged was useless, all such parts being looked upon as waste. Tons upon tons were carted to waste land; here and there an old well was filled up with them. Time passed on; these thick pieces of pearl were covered with layer upon layer of other refuse. Fashion then demanded round pearl buttons like bullets, each shell would only afford three or four. No doubt Fashion was in league with some man who had hoarded up his waste joints; those who had not done so thought ruefully of what they had cast away. Prices rose, and then there set out prospecting parties, such as one might see on a newly discovered alluvial goldfield; the piece of waste land was visited, shafts were sunk, and, like all other mining, there were successes and failures. Whole cart-loads of the precious treasure would be met with, and sums up to £50 or £60 would be offered for the opportunity of emptying a well, known to have been used as a "tip." A vast fortune even now awaits the scientist who can remove the unpleasant yellow colour found in pearl shell, and said to arise from the iodine.

If our magician were now to turn his attention to the husband of the lady we left in such pitiable plight, we think he might come out of the ordeal better. But the removal of his studs, his links, his buttons, his buckles, his boot-fastenings, umbrella fittings, glove clasps, and the ferrule from his walking-stick, not to mention his key-ring, would at least produce an untidy appearance. The loss of his Brummagem money would perhaps be more serious than he might expect. For, although only coppers have been completely minted there, there was one Government order that consisted of sixty tons of pennies, thirty tons of half-pence, and ten tons of farthings—by the way, who ever sees a farthing now? Of silver coins for this country Birmingham has done no more than prepare the silver blanks for our National Mint, but the coining presses of the Royal Mint are Brummagem; so, too, the notable die-sinkers, the Wyons.

So far our gentleman-friend has not suffered much, but at his office we should find him deprived of his steel pens, his metal inkstands, his gas brackets, his desk bell, his table lamp, his iron safe, his copying press, and the wire that brings his telephonic messages. If he has a telegram from America by the first cable the Great Eastern ever laid, thanks are due to Brummagem, at one of whose numerous wire-mills it was made. Should he ride home on his bicycle, the chances are two to one Brummagem made it entirely. Twenty to one it made the chain, and about a hundred to one it made the tubes, and, if a higher-grade machine, fully fifty to one the fittings are Brum's.

Tube-making is indeed a great Birmingham industry; whether the tubes be skelp, butt-welded, lap-welded, or solid-drawn there is but one home for their production—Brummagem. Unless the gentleman be a teetotaller the glass of ale he takes by way of refreshment has found its way over the brewery through copper tubes wrought in these same tube mills. The "beer engine" with which it is drawn from the vaults, the tap of the private barrel, the corkscrew that reveals the contents of the bottle, all hail from the same place.

Perhaps one of Birmingham's most unlovely productions is the enamelled sign with which "largest circulations," pills, syrups, and other things (not Brummagem's) are announced. Their manufacture is rapid and interesting. Over a sheet of iron is peppered from a dredger the powdered ground colour; the sheet so covered is transferred to a wheeled carriage, a huge oven door opens, the sheet is run into the oven; in a few moments it is withdrawn, and on cooling presents its white or blue shining surface. This is covered with a second coating of enamel powder, with a slight admixture

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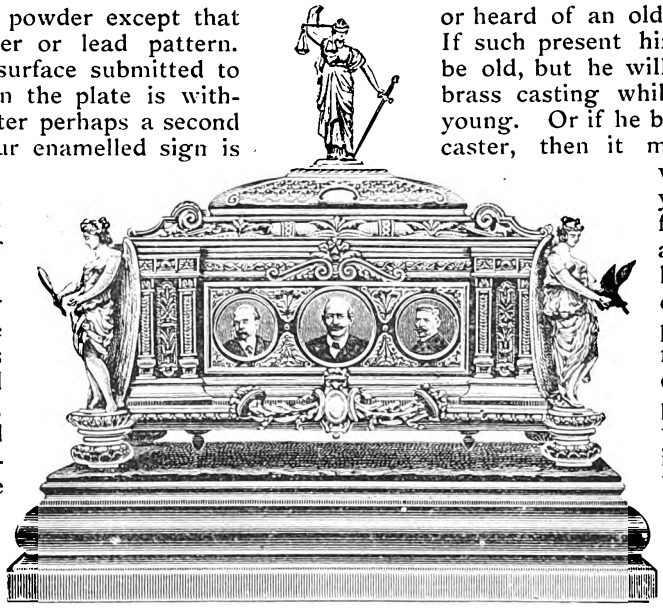
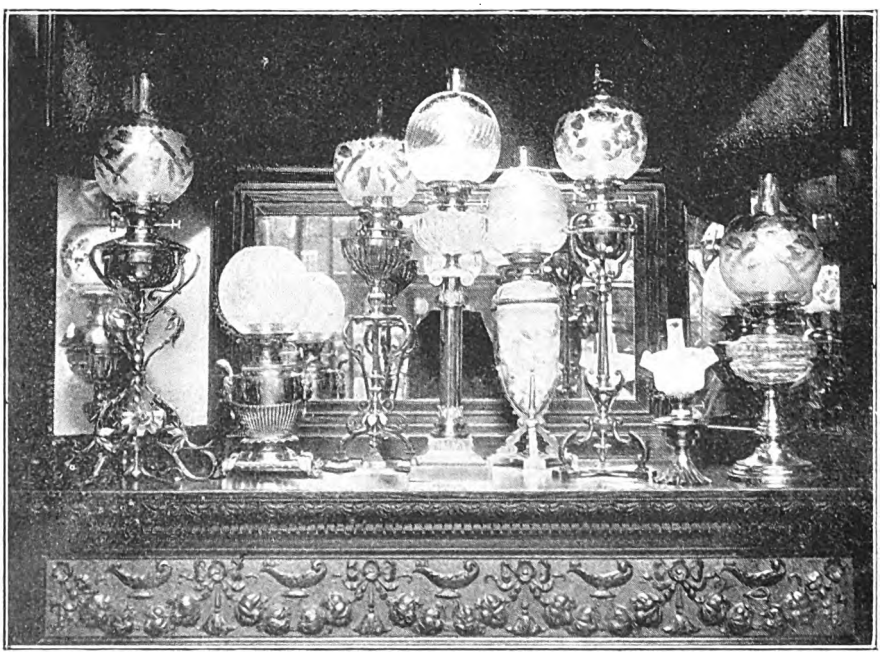
of gum; then dry letters of lead foil, or even paper, are placed on the surface, and the application of a brush removes all the colour powder except that under the paper or lead pattern. Again is the surface submitted to the oven, again the plate is withdrawn, and after perhaps a second application your enamelled sign is complete. Many have died in the production of these goods. The lead, for which there are make-shifts but no real substitute, slowly and surely permeates the system. The girls will not use the respirators that would save their lives. Why? Well, the Brummagem work-girl considers they mar her type of beauty, and too often she sacrifices her life to her vanity. Another deadly trade is that of the brass caster. No one ever knew or heard of an old brass caster. If such present himself he may be old, but he will have ceased brass casting while he was yet young. Or if he be an old brass caster, then it means that he would yet be young had he followed another calling. The Act of Parliament provides milk for him, so do his employers, but he will not take it; he prefers beer, and dies young. The strip caster, who deals with large bodies of metal, suffers most. One day he has the "stifles," recovers, returns to work, suffers again, and perhaps again,



SILVER CASKET, MADE IN BIRMINGHAM, PRESENTED TO MADAME DREYFUS.



GROUP OF DUPLEX LAMPS.

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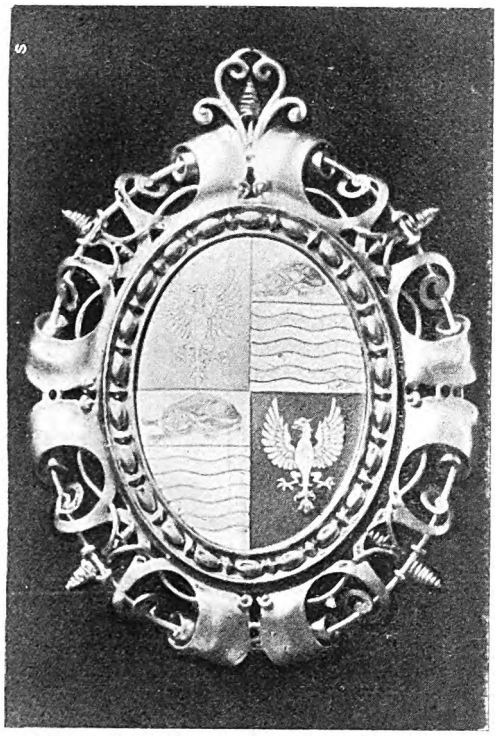
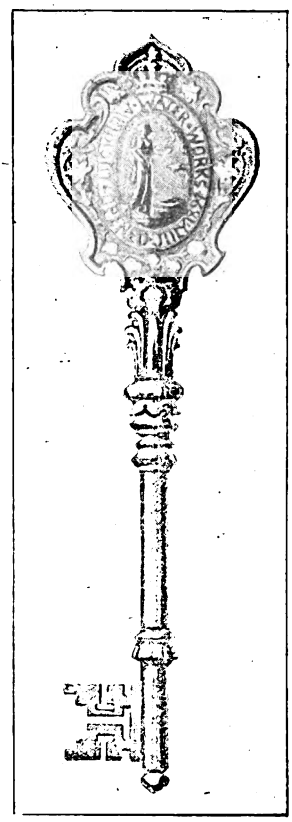


PENDANT TO MAYOR'S CHAIN.
(MADE IN BIRMINGHAM.)

at shorter intervals. Then he dies, and is succeeded by his mate. These men draw heavy wages, but all die young. It is the mixture of spelter with the copper that is fatal. The caster muffles up his face when pouring, but to no purpose. The casters in copper, bronze and iron suffer no such risks—and draw no such money.

Here and there around Birmingham are cartridge manufacturers, and interesting it is to see the metallic cartridges made. Starting with a flat disc or "blank" about the size of a halfpenny, step by step it is drawn into a short tube, headed, capped, charged and closed. Girls do the work, and little ones, too. When the pressure of the Franco-Prussian War was at its height hurry and recklessness brought about so many explosions that the General Hospital erected a special building for "explosives" victims. Explosions occurred weekly; five, ten and fifteen victims were killed on occasions. Modern improvements have changed all that, and now it is said, thanks to the elaborate precautions, an explosive factory is one of the safest of places. Not only are military and sporting cartridges made in millions, but blasting cartridges, too, and we have seen little girls, in their blue serge aprons and carpet slippers, busily employed closing blasting cartridges, any one of which would wreck a house. Birmingham played its part in the South African War. Most of the Boer guns, and many of the Lyddite shells, were Brummagem, and, as there must be a grumble at everything with such an origin, the Boer here does it.

We suppose that the Piccadilly lounger would feel hurt at the suggestion that his existence is dependent upon Birmingham. But his most distinctive features—his cuffs and collars—would be impossible without the laundress's iron, and be it charcoal-box, sad, or polishing, it comes from Brummagem. Without these the "Johnnie's" life would be a blank indeed.



KEY OF LUCKNOW WATERWORKS.
(MADE IN BIRMINGHAM.)

If we visit church, the metallic altar fittings, the eagle lectern, be it of the conventional pattern or "natural," and

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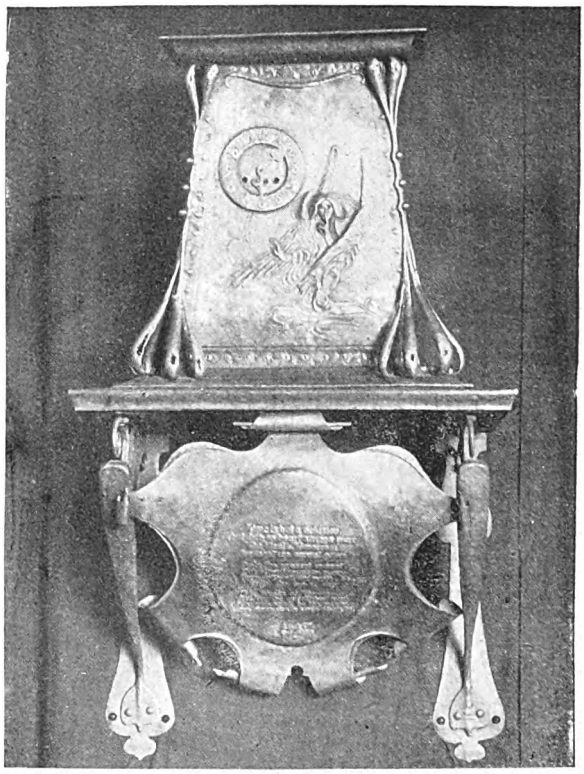
two out of the three stained glass windows are from the same source—Brum'! And when the reviler has passed from this world the fittings of his coffin, be they plain or ornamental, brass, iron, or silver, will be invoiced from Brummagem, as probably also the rope that lowers it. Manufacturers in the same town, who supply both the picks and the shovels that dig his grave, will even thoughtfully send the ornamental railing to mark the interesting spot. Thus in life and death thou art with us—Brummagem!



A BIRMINGHAM CLOCK ON BRACKET.

J. A. HAMMERTON,
E. C. MIDDLETON.

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"JOAN," SAID CURLIE, "I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU SERIOUSLY."

PENTHONY'S SWEETHEART.

By E. BURROWS.

With Illustrations by J. Barnard Davis.

I.

HER *real* name, as she was always careful to explain, was Christina Margaret, but somehow she was always called Curlie. To say that she was one of the most important members of society in the Indian station in which the Denisons were quartered—he was second in command of the ——th—conveys but a poor idea of Miss Denison's popularity. As for Denison's regiment, every man in it was Curlie's slave, and chief amongst them was one Ronald Penthony, who literally adored Miss Denison, and constituted himself her cavalier on every possible occasion. He was a good-looking young fellow, straight and lithe of figure, with a pair of the bluest of blue eyes. Once he had obtained the reputation of being the greatest flirt in the station, but that somehow had all passed; and of late there had been a distinct change in him, since Curlie had come into his life, and been known as Penthony's sweetheart.

The breeze was just stirring the acacia trees in the cool early morning when Penthony flung his reins to a syce, and ran up the steps of the Denisons' verandah.

There was a rush and flutter of a dainty white dress, and a small figure, with a

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mass of curling auburn hair flying in the breeze, was caught in his arms.

"Hullo, my sweetheart, I've come to take you for a ride this glorious morning. Is Punch fit for a gallop?"

"I think so—he's very lazy, Pippin, and I'm not heavy, so he has no 'scuse, has he?"

"None," said the Pippin addressed, Long ago Curlie had christened him Pippin, when her baby lips had been unable to make more than that out of Penthony, and Pippin he remained to the end of the story.

"May she go, Mrs. Denison?" he asked, as a nice-looking woman came into the verandah.

"Of course she may; run away, Curlie, and get on your habit. Pippin will see about Punch, I am sure."

"All right," said Pippin, cheerfully. "I'll bring her back in time, Mrs. Denison."

"Oh, I can trust you with Curlie," she said with a smile, and as he swung away towards the stables she watched him with the smile still lingering in her lovely eyes. She stood there till he reappeared, leading the graceful little Arab, which was Curlie's own especial property. She appeared at that moment, a dainty little figure in her blue habit, with a velvet cap on her sunny hair. There was much arranging of skirts, stirrups, and girths as she settled herself in her saddle, and with a little nod to her mother, and a kiss waved to Major Denison, who appeared as they started, they trotted out of the compound to the sandy road.

"A quaint couple," said Major Denison with a laugh, as they disappeared from sight; and Mrs. Denison smiled.

"A very devoted one, at any rate," she said; and the couple in question trotted gaily along the sandy road.

Curlie was very silent, and Pippin—as he may be known—glanced at her serious little face with a twinkle in his blue eyes. He was used to Curlie's fits of deep and anxious thought.

"A penny," he said presently; and the child laughed. It was an old joke, but none the less appreciated.

"They are worth much more," she said, subsiding into gravity again. "I was thinking about—Joan."

Pippin's pony plunged suddenly, as a spur touched him.

"And who," said he lightly, is Joan"?

"Joan is—well, Joan," said Curlie, not very lucidly. "You'll see her to-day, Pippin, and she's come all the way from England. She is—Oh! sweet."

Pippin laughed.

"Anything else?" he enquired. "Then she's a great pal of yours, sweetheart?"

Curlie nodded.

"*Nearly* my greatest," she said, "and I heard mother say once that to know her was to love her. *You'll* love her, Pippin?"

"Not I!" said Pippin gaily, "anyway, not while I've got you."

There *had* been someone once, whom to know was to love, and a shadow darkened his eyes for a moment as the memory came back to him. He had known her so well—that other Joan.

Curlie's sweet voice roused him from his reflections.

"Of course, you would not love her as you do *me*, Pippin, I know that. But wait till you see my Joan. I'm quite wrapped up in her."

The deliciously quaint air with which Curlie delivered herself of this speech brought back the ready smile to Pippin's lips, and their ride ended in much laughter and gaiety.

"You'll come to tea, Pippin, won't you?" said Curlie, as he lifted her down from the saddle.

"H'm," demurred Pippin, discontentedly, "don't you think you'd better come and have tea with *me*, Curlie? There will be such a crowd this afternoon."

"I couldn't leave Joan," said Miss Denison, decidedly. "You might come, and then you'll see her."

"Oh, very well, but look here, don't let your Joan interfere with our morning rides, you know. That'll never do."

"Joan," said Curlie, with her superb little air, "is much too nice to interfere with other people. Good-bye, Pippin."

The little figure vanished, and Pippin, as he led Punch round to the stable, swore softly at himself.

"What an ass I am," he muttered, "to think the very mention of her name—which is common enough——"

Punch duly stabled, he mounted his own pony, and trotted away to his quarters. That same afternoon found him entering the pretty room, where a murmur of voices and the cheerful clatter of teacups announced that Mrs. Denison

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was dispensing the cup that cheers to a small crowd of people. As he entered, Curlie in a soft white frock, with her wonderful hair curling over her shoulders and framing her sweet flower-like face with an aureole of ruddy gold, greeted him with, "Here's my Pippin. Mother, he has come after all. I told him he must see Joan."

Mrs. Denison laughed.

"Then you must be properly introduced," she said, "Joan dear."

A girl who had been standing in the shadow came towards them.

"Joan dear, Mr. Penthony—Miss Stafford."

And Pippin, as he bowed, set his teeth hard.

"We have met before, I think," he said with a laudable indifference in his tone, and the very least colour rose to Miss Stafford's cheeks. Curlie looked from one to the other with perplexity dawning in her forget-me-not blue eyes.

"Then you *know* Pippin," she said, "and you never told me, Joan."

Miss Stafford looked down at the child in momentary confusion, and Pippin caught himself watching the colour which rose to her soft cheeks, and then died away.

"You see, dear," she was saying, in that familiar voice which he had once—ah! *once* loved—"I had no idea that your Pippin was . . . the Mr. Penthony I used to know . . . long ago. I daresay he is as much surprised at this meeting as I am."

"Were you surprised?" said Curlie, slipping her hand into Pippin's. "Why, you are cross!"

"Not cross, sweetheart, only surprised," said he with a smile at her anxious little face. "You had a pleasant journey, I hope?" he continued, addressing himself with deadly civility to Miss Stafford.

"Very, thanks," said she, coolly, all her embarrassment flown. After a little desultory conversation the group drifted apart, and Curlie took Pippin to admire a certain very small and fluffy kitten. After a minute or so she looked up. "You don't like my Joan," she said severely, and Pippin started.

"Oh, I like her," he said, feebly. But Curlie shook her head, unconvinced.

"You weren't a bit glad to see her, Pippin, and she must be quite an old friend."

"Don't bother your sweet self about Miss Stafford," he said, vehemently. "She—I—we didn't—er get on very well once, and I daresay she doesn't want to see much of me now."

"That means you quarrelled," said Curlie, "and with my Joan. Oh, Pippin, dear, couldn't you make it up?"

Pippin shook his head.

"I don't think so, Curlie."

"I had a quarrel once, and I made it up quite nicely."

"You quarrelled? With whom, sweetheart?"

"Well, you see," said Curlie, in an explanatory tone, "it began very small, and it grew so big, you know, Pippin."

He nodded. Oh! he knew.

"And then—it was Tommy Jameson—he was very rude, and I wouldn't play with him, and then next day we made it up."

"How?" asked Pippin with interest.

"Well, Tommy said he was sorry, and apologised, and I said it was all right, and then he kissed me, and I kissed him, and we never quarrelled again. So you see, Pippin, how *easy* it is; couldn't you *really* make it up with Joan?"

Pippin shook his head with a sad little laugh.

"Not that way, Curlie."

"Mother always says, 'Kiss and be friends,' she said, "and I'm sure Joan would; she'd do anything for me, and she's so nice. Oh, Pippin, you make me so unhappy."

"I'll do anything for you, sweetheart but *that*. Don't let's talk about Miss Stafford any more. Are you coming for a ride to-morrow."

"Yes, and Joan too."

"Oh, of course, if Miss Stafford *likes*," said he stiffly.

And yet as he tramped back to his quarters he was haunted by Curlie's words, "Kiss and be friends." Ah! if he only could.

The memory of it all came back to him so vividly. It had happened three years ago; only a very usual story after all. Three weeks together in a country house with Joan Stafford had been quite enough, after that there had been a summer of unclouded happiness; then the little rift within the lute, which had begun in so little, and—alas! the pity of it!—had grown and widened, till a great gulf lay between

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them; and after that came a coldness—estrangement—and silence.

That was all.

II.

"Joan," said Curlie, "I want to speak to you *seriously*."

They were sitting in the verandah. Joan lying back in a deck chair, gazed absently at the delicate green of the trees in the compound. An open book lay on her lap, which she was not attempting to read. Curlie, who had been engaged in the manufacture of a minute frock for an equally minute doll, had suspended operations, and was regarding Joan with grave scrutiny.

"Well, dear?"

"I want to know why you quarrelled with Pippin?"

Miss Stafford sat up, and the book fell to the ground. No doubt stooping to pick it up brought that quick colour to her cheeks.

"I quarrel with Mr. Penthony? My dear child, what put such an idea into your head?"

"Pippin."

"Mr. Penthony said," began Miss Stafford incredulously, and Curlie nodded.

"Yes, I'm sorry, Joan, but he did say you quarrelled, and I said it was a great pity. You see, Joan, I am so fond of you and Pippin, and he looked unhappy."

"What!" said Miss Stafford, sharply.

"Yes, he was," repeated Curlie, "and he sighed—I heard him, Joan. Couldn't you make it up this once?"

"No, no, Curlie—and you are quite mistaken, dear, Mr. Penthony isn't unhappy about *that*," said Miss Stafford, with suspicious haste, "it's nothing, Curlie, but I couldn't make it up—now."

"I don't see why," said Curlie, mournfully. "It's so easy; I told Pippin so."

"Oh! darling, don't talk about it to Mr. Penthony any more," said Miss Stafford; "please don't, Curlie. It doesn't matter, you know, but I would much rather you didn't."

"Well, I won't," said Curlie, "but, oh, I'm so sorry, and I was sure you'd love Pippin."

Miss Stafford laughed a queer little laugh.

"We can't all think alike, you know, Curlie," she said. "You don't——" She broke off abruptly as Pippin suddenly appeared coming round the corner of the verandah.

"Lovely day, Miss Stafford," said he cheerfully. "Curlie, I am awfully sorry I couldn't come for you this morning, but I had to do duty for a fellow who's gone sick. May I stay to tea?"

"Of course you may. Mother, Pippin's come to tea."

"That's right," said Mrs. Denison. She had just joined the little group in the verandah, where a servant was placing the tea-table. "I hear that young Cardew is ill," she said. "Nothing serious, I hope."

"A chill, I think; he was seedy all yesterday, and went on the sick list this morning. I was detailed for duty, otherwise I should have been here early to take Curlie out."

He glanced at Joan as he spoke, and thought how happy she looked, with her cheeks pink as an English rose, and a smile dancing in her pretty eyes as she talked to Curlie. But as he watched her the smile and brightness died away suddenly, and he could have sworn that she sighed; a very small sigh.

"So you and Joan are old friends," said Mrs. Denison, as she gave him a second cup of tea. "She used to stay with us at my old home, and this is a long-talked-of visit."

"It is a long time since I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Stafford," he said, briefly.

"But not long enough to forget her, Pippin," said Curlie's little voice, and Pippin laughed uneasily.

"No, Curlie, not long enough for that"—and Mrs. Denison glanced at Joan as she caught the significance in his tone. She had a very shrewd suspicion of the real state of affairs, though Joan had never said anything upon the subject.

Curlie went to the gate with Pippin that night, and her small face was very wistful as she said good-night to him.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" he said as he held her up on the top of the gate. "You're very quiet. Not—Miss Joan again?"

"Yes, it is," said Curlie mournfully, looking down at him from her exalted position, "but I promised I wouldn't talk about it any more, so I can't, Pippin."

"You promised Miss Joan that, did you?"

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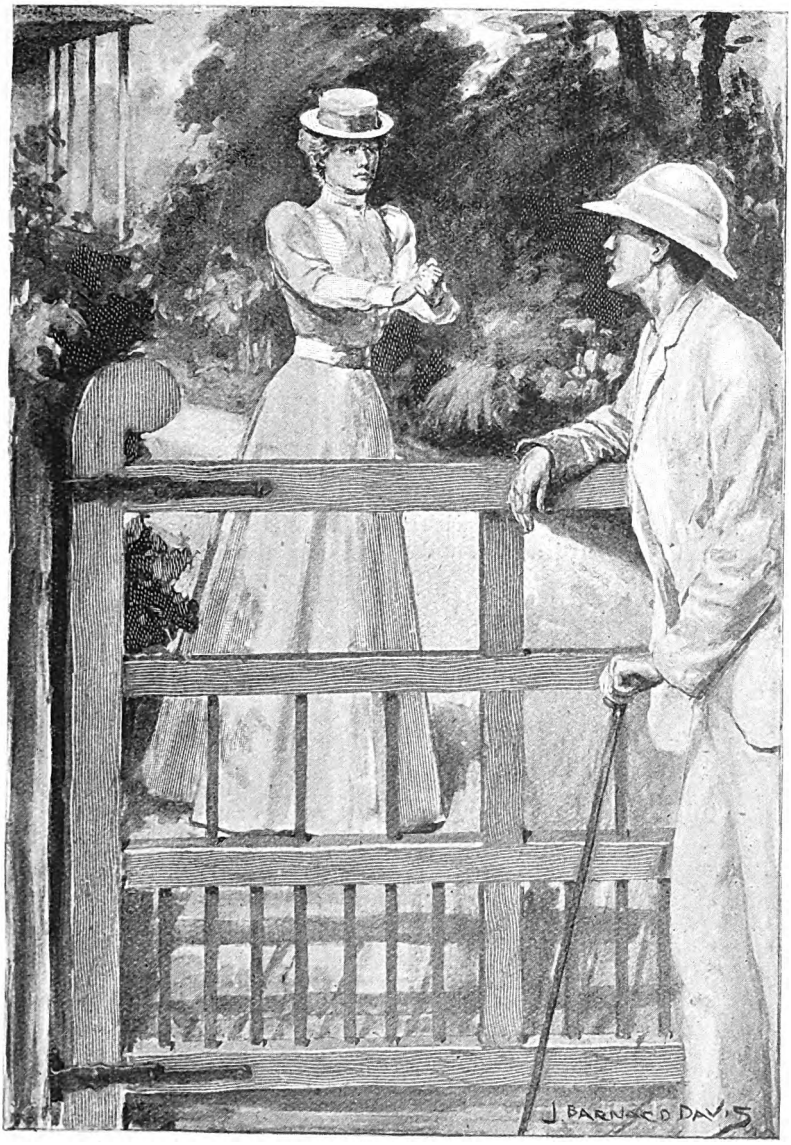

"NO, NO," SHE CRIED, "DON'T COME NEAR ME."

"Yes—faithful. But I do wish you liked her a *little*, Pippin; can't you?"

A small soft arm stole round his neck, and Pippin stifled a groan.

"Don't, Curlie! Perhaps I am sorry now, but you don't understand, dear, yet. You will some day—when you're quite grown up and no longer seven year old Curlie. You'll forget your Pippin then."

"No, never—never," she said in her tender little voice. "I think Joan is a tiny bit sorry now—but I mustn't talk about it. Let me get down, dear Pippin."

"Wait a minute—don't you think you might give me a kiss, Curlie? You never have, you know, and I'm sure I deserve it."

"I'm not that sort of person," said Curlie, with an air of virtuous dignity, "but as I'm very *fond* of you, Pippin——"

"Well, you kissed Tommy Jameson, you know you did."

"Oh! that," said Curlie, with a little wave of her hand, "is quite different. You see it was to make up a quarrel."

"Well, perhaps it'll help to make up

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mine," said Pippin, deceitfully; "mightn't it, Curlie?"

"I don't know," she murmured disconsolately, laying a soft little cheek against his. "I wish it could. Good-night, dear, dear Pippin."

"Good-night, sweetheart, run along in—you'll catch cold."

He swung her down from the gate, and watched the small white figure disappear into the verandah; then he turned away and tramped along the dusty road all unconscious of the fact that Miss Stafford was watching his retreating form with a guilty air, and a suspicion of tears in her pretty eyes.

* * * * *

"Penthony's on the sick list," said Major Denison, unbuckling his sword belt. Joan looked up from her work with a start, and Mrs. Denison turned round from her writing-table.

"Ill!" she said; "he was here yesterday. What is it, George?"

"Well," said the Major cautiously, "the doctor's not quite sure, but he is afraid it is—diphtheria."

"Diphtheria!" gasped Mrs. Denison; and Joan's work slipped from her fingers.

Mrs. Denison had an unspeakable dread of diphtheria; it had once been a scourge in her own family, and the very name filled her with horror.

"They are not sure," said Major Denison, "but I'm afraid it must be, poor chap. There are three unmistakable cases I hear. Young Cardew is one of them."

"Anything but *diphtheria*," murmured Mrs. Denison, and Joan, who was gazing out of the window, said in an odd sort of voice, "It is a horrible thing, Helen——but—Mr. Penthony will recover."

"He may," said Mrs. Denison, with a sigh, and she thought of Curlie with a sudden pang. The child came into the room at that moment.

"Mother, do you know Pippin's ill?"

"Yes, dear. Father has just told us. How did you hear it?"

"Father's orderly told me, and he said, mother, that Pippin is *mortal* bad. Mayn't I go to him?"

"No, no! darling," cried Mrs. Denison, filled with terror at the very thought. "Not till he's nearly well. He has to be kept quiet you know, Curlie, and we shall hear every day how he is."

"Dear Pippin," said Curlie, with a little sigh, "I wish I might go to him." And then she looked across at Joan, whose head was bent low over her work.

"I do believe," murmured Curlie to herself, "that Joan is sorry after all."

Days passed quickly, and each day Penthony grew worse, and drifted towards that mysterious borderland from which all that skill and care could do were striving to draw him back. And each day Curlie begged to see him, and the answer was always "Not yet." She was still puzzling out in her little head the trouble which existed between Pippin and Miss Stafford, and it was not till one sultry day, when the news came that Pippin was sinking fast, that a sudden idea came to the child. She went in search of Joan, and found her in her own room, with suspiciously flushed cheeks and a general appearance of depression about her which did not escape Curlie's vigilance.

"Joan," she said, solemnly, "you've been crying. Pippin is worse. Tell me, Joan." She gave Miss Stafford's arm a little shake.

"Yes, dear, he is," said Joan, in a choked voice, and Curlie looked at her for a moment.

"He might die," she murmured, with a touch of awe in her blue eyes; then she threw her arms round Miss Stafford's neck.

"But you are sorry, Joan—say you are sorry.

"Sorry!" echoed Miss Stafford. "Oh! Curlie, darling——" and the child holding her tightly felt that Joan was crying as if her heart would break.

"Don't, dear Joan," she said in her soft little voice, "I knew you were sorry, but oh! if you could only tell Pippin."

"Ah! if I could," sighed Joan, and the idea in Curlie's head developed into a sudden resolution.

"Would it be all right then?" she asked, and Joan nodded.

"But it's too late, Curlie," she said, and the child repeated:

"Too late?"

Was it?

The news that Pippin was worse was only too true. He was sinking fast. He had come to that fatal stage when it seemed a happy thing to die; he was so tired. Long and bravely had the doctor fought death, and kept him at bay, and Pippin had unconsciously fought too;

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but now—well he didn't care, and only begged to be left alone.

"He's giving up," groaned the doctor, "and that's pretty well fatal. Poor chap!"

He lay in a state of semi-stupor, turning his head away impatiently when they brought him nourishment. The doctor watched him in despair, and yet he had had such a good chance—with his youth and strength—against even that terrible disease which had clutched him by the throat and almost suffocated the life out of him. Now it was exhaustion which had laid such a deadly hold on him, and he was drifting very fast towards that distant border over which no man may return when once he has crossed it.

The morning had dawned cool and beautiful, and the patient lay motionless and silent, save for a murmur which broke now and again from his parched lips. The young doctor had been up all night, and now he was able to snatch a couple of hours' rest in an adjoining room.

Everything was very silent.

No one heard a little footstep, and the cautious turning of the door handle. No one saw, alas! the dainty little figure which stole across the matting-covered floor to the bedside, and Curlie stood, a little alarmed at her own daring, beside her Pippin.

She watched him for a moment with bewilderment in her forget-me-not blue eyes, then laid a small cool hand on his hot one. How thin he was! and so hot. Poor, poor Pippin!

She touched his cheek with her hand, and he stirred a little and opened his eyes.

"Pippin," she said in her eager little voice, "Pippin, dear."

Somehow the cloud which had rested on him melted away, and consciousness returned to him for a moment.

"My sweetheart," he said, hoarsely, in a voice so faint and husky, "Curlie . . . why . . . are you . . . here?"

"I wanted to see you so much," she said, breathlessly, "and, oh! Pippin, I'm so sorry you've been ill. But you'll be better soon."

He did not speak, and Curlie added softly:

"Joan is sorry, Pippin."

"Joan!" There was such pitiful eagerness in the tired blue eyes. Somehow, he *did* want to live after all. Life was very beautiful, and he was young.

"Yes, she cried so, Pippin. Oh! you can make it up now, and she said if she could only tell you it would be all right, so I came, Pippin, and no one knows I'm here, but I wanted to tell you myself."

"Darling," he muttered hoarsely, and Curlie laughed.

"It's all right, Pippin dear. I mustn't stay now. Get better soon."

She touched his poor thin cheek with her soft warm lips, and turning as she went out into the verandah, waved her hand. Then the vision vanished. Surely it *must* be a vision.

The doctor coming in later found his patient semi-conscious.

"I made a poor fight," he muttered weakly, "but I'll do better now."

And he did; while the doctor marvelled at the sudden change in his patient's condition, and little did he guess the cause.

Curlie went home in a gleeful state of mind. No one knew of her visit. She had managed it *beautifully*, she told herself. And how glad Joan would be! Dear Joan, who was so sad, with dark circles round her eyes, telling of miserable, sleepless nights. It never occurred to the child that she had done any harm, and that night when her mother came to see her in bed, she told her of her visit, and the reason for it. But Mrs. Denison's heart stood still with a terrible, unspeakable fear, and later in the night when Curlie woke with a cry, "I'm so thirsty, mother, and my throat hurts," the dread grew.

"Was it to be diphtheria *again?*"

III.

The news that Major Denison's Curlie had diphtheria flew through the station like wildfire, and there was hardly a heart in the place that did not ache for the mother, who watched untiringly beside her darling as she lay flushed and restless, her blue eyes brilliant with fever, and her little hoarse, choked voice crying for a drink—always a drink. Sometimes she wandered a little, and then her cry was always for Pippin and Joan, and tears flew to Miss Stafford's eyes as she listened to the husky little voice. She too had her fair share of the nursing; she had insisted on it, and to satisfy her the Denisons gave way. Her soft voice and

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tender hands always pacified Curlie when everything else failed.

The terrible weeks dragged by slowly, and every day the child grew weaker, and an awful fear clutched Mrs. Denison's heart. Every day news came that Pippin was fighting his way back to life; that he was stronger, better, until one day he was pronounced convalescent, and out of the doctor's hands.

The very first use he made of his liberty was to crawl round to the Denisons' quarters; the news about Curlie had been carefully kept from him, and all unconscious of the danger which threatend his little sweetheart, he managed to reach the gate, when coming slowly down the path, under the acacia trees, he saw—Joan. A glad light flew to his tired, blue eyes, as he caught sight of her. She did not see him at first, as he stood outside the gate.

"Joan!" he said, and she looked up with a little cry.

"You!" she said, breathlessly. "You" —— and at the look in her dear face Penthony made a movement to open the gate, but Miss Stafford threw out her hands appealingly.

"No, no," she cried, "don't come near me."

"But I'm all right," he said, eagerly, "there's no danger of infection now."

"Ah! not *you*," she said, "but don't you know there may be infection from me? Is it possible that you have not heard that Curlie—Curlie is—ill?"

"My God! Curlie—and they never told me. Joan—is it—diphtheria?"

Miss Stafford nodded, and murmured something; tears choked her voice. "We can do *nothing*," she said presently, "it is terrible to see her, and all the time she talks of—you. Oh! Ronny—" (the old familiar name slipped from her unawares) "it will break her mother's heart."

There was a miserable silence, somehow there was a big lump in Penthony's throat. "And I can do nothing," he said at last, "not even see her. But, Joan—how did she catch it?"

"She went unknown to us to see you when you were ill—and that night—she first complained."

Then it came back to Penthony that what he had thought a dream must have been reality; the dream in which a dainty little figure had stood beside him, and laid cool hands on his, and murmured that "Joan was sorry." And then the child had kissed him. Dear Heaven!

"I must go back," said Miss Stafford's tired voice, "Curlie will want me. Goodbye."

"Tell her I shall come every day to hear about her, Joan. She will always be in my thoughts."

He watched her disappear into the house, and then turned away slowly, with something like a mist in his eyes. To think that Curlie, his little sweetheart, was lying ill with that horrible demon clutching at her throat and choking out her life, and he could do nothing—*nothing* to save her. The thought that she had caught the disease from him only added to his pain, and that night Ronald Penthony prayed as he had never prayed before that his sweetheart might be spared to the mother, to whom the child was dearer than life, and who was even now hoping against hope.

It was the next day that he went round to the Denison's bungalow. Everything was very still, and as he reached the door he could hear the ponies stamping in the stable. A groom appeared at that moment, followed by a little fox terrier, who crept up to Penthony's side and looked up at him with pitiful entreaty.

"Miss Curlie——?" began Penthony, and something in the man's face choked the words back.

"Missie died—early this morning, sir," and a sudden, awful faintness swept over him. He staggered.

"Hold up, sir—there—it's orful—and the dog frets its life out."

"Thanks, White—was it—sudden?"

"Quite peaceful, sir, so I heard."

He turned away. So—it was all over. As he got back to his quarters he noticed that the dog—Curlie's dog—had followed him.

"Poor Jess," he said, and the dog whined and licked his hand. He was still weak after his terrible illness, and now—this! A rush of tears blinded him and he knew no more.

* * * * *

It was a week before Penthony was able to crawl out again. The shock and weakness had laid him low, and even now he was but a wreck of his former self.

He was walking slowly along the sandy road which led to the Denisons' quarters. At the gate he caught sight of a slender

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figure in black, and hastening on he overtook Miss Stafford.

"Joan," he said, "Joan, dear."

Speech was beyond her, and there were tears in her eyes as she looked at him; but somehow, the next moment his arms were round her, and she was hiding her sorrow on his shoulder.

There was no need for speech after all. No need for explanations, or anything else.

Curlie's tender little hands had brought them together once more, after the years of coldness which had rolled away. Curlie's little voice it was that came to them out of the sad past.

"Kiss and be friends."

Then the story was told of the reason for the child's visit to him, and Penthony's eyes grew very tender as he listened.

"It was for us," said Joan, huskily, "Oh! Ronny—to think of the terrible price which was paid for our happiness—a mother's heart broken, and—our Curlie gone. To the very end she thought of you. "Give my love to Pippin—and—and—be good to him, Joan," were her last words."

There was a long, long silence.

* * * * *

Mrs. Denison went home with Joan, who promised not to leave her till Penthony came to fetch her; and during the years of happiness which are before them, Pippin and Joan will never forget her to whom they owe all—whose tender little hands had gathered up the broken threads and bound them together once again.

There is a picture now in Mrs. Penthony's room of a sweet face with glorious hair, and forget-me-not blue eyes; a face which lingers long in your memory when you have seen it, and underneath is inscribed:

"*Curlie, Pippin's Sweetheart.*"

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How to Give a Christmas Party.

By LUCIE HEATON ARMSTRONG.

CHRISTMAS is the children's carnival, so perhaps we had better begin our account of the festivities of the season with the all-important juveniles, never so important as at this particular time of year. All manner of amusements are prepared for the children home for the holidays, but nothing pleases better than a party given at home—their very own party, to which they can invite their little friends, and take an active part in all the preparations. The names of the tiny hosts and hostesses figure on the invitation-cards, and it is considered in better taste to have the name shorn of the prefix, thus: "Katie and Jacky," or even "The little Browns," "at home" on such a day. Here is another form which has lately gained acceptance: "We are giving a little party on January 6th, from 4 to 8. Can you come?" A quaint little picture, representing some children carrying all the paraphernalia of the tea-table, comes next, and lower down on the card is inscribed "To Aunt Jane (or whoever it may be). From Mollie and Jack." If there is any special attraction, such as "dancing" "conjuring," or "Punch and Judy" (most welcome words of all!), this can be written at the right-hand lower corner. The little guests set to work to reply, and we know how lengthy a business is the answering of an invitation when it has to be done in a large round hand on a small sheet of paper. However, after many exciting episodes, the little composition is finished, and Johnnie and Jacky are duly informed that Mary and Fanny Greenaway are most happy to accept their kind invitation for January 6th. Happy is, indeed, scarcely the word, for the party haunts the children by night and day, and they would arrive a good hour before the time if only they were allowed. Punctuality is correct at a children's party, however, and though the little ones must not arrive an hour before the time, they may arrive within a quarter of an hour of the invitation, not an hour or so late, as is the custom of their elders. The children of the house should be trained to behave nicely at their own party, they should be taught to bear their part in the responsibility of receiving, as this is a thing which can scarcely be learnt too early in life. The children should stand at the door of the drawing room, shaking hands with the little guests as they arrive; the father and mother should stand a little further in, and greet the children next. Tea is announced within half an hour of the time mentioned in the invitation, and the children adjourn to the dining-room, where they find a pretty tea-table prepared for them, with urns of tea and coffee at either end. The governess and the eldest daughter of the house usually pour out the tea and coffee, the servants handing the dishes of cakes, etc., to the children. Tea for the "grown-ups" is generally served at the same time in an adjoining apartment, the servants standing behind the buffet and pouring out. The guests now adjourn to the drawing-room, and the revelry begins. The amusements should be varied, as children quickly tire of any game if it is carried on too long. The constant changes in the figures of the cotillion make it eminently suitable to a children's party, only providing that it is led by two people who are thoroughly conversant with the figures. They should not take part in it themselves, but devote their whole energies to the direction of the juveniles.

At the end of the cotillion comes a distribution of presents, and this should be done by the children of the house. Two of the children come in wheeling a large cart or wicker wheelbarrow full of presents which they give to the little guests. Sometimes these presents are quite simple—little sets of red note-books, pocket-books, work-cases, pencil cases, or paint-boxes—almost any little thing is a pleasure

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to a child ; sometimes sprays of flowers are given instead—sprays for the little girls and buttonholes for the boys. Whilst the cotillion is in progress the dining-room can be cleared, and the children adjourn there to find some entertainment prepared for them—a conjurer, some amateur "niggers," Punch and Judy, or a little play. A party of this kind is more effective when fancy dress is added to its charms—the period or style desired should be stated on the cards, such as "Greenaway," "Directoire," or even "Bal blanc." In the latter case any style may be worn, as long as the dress is carried out in white. A *bal blanc* is greatly improved by the employment of the kind services of the limelight man, who throws different coloured lights on the dancing figures. Whether the children wear fancy dress or evening dress, it is etiquette for grown-up people to wear ordinary visiting dress on these occasions, merely discarding their heavy wraps, and retaining their bonnets and gloves. It is purely a children's party and the adult visitors are simply invited to look on. It will be seen that rather a grown-up entertainment is in favour for juvenile parties, whereas grown-up people indulge in rather infantile pleasures at this season of the year. It is no good to go out to Christmas parties if you don't know how to play games.

All sorts of eccentric amusements are proposed, and it is the part of the guest to enter into them with apparent pleasure. All manner of nondescript parties are given between Christmas Eve and Twelfth Night, at which the greatest good-temper must prevail, and the Lord of Misrule is king. People of every age are invited, and the old join for the time being in the amusements of the young. The little girl of fifteen "not out" may enjoy the pleasure of appearing at a party of this nature, the old friend of the family comes in to watch the dancing, and the children sit up till unheard-of hours on the plea that it is only once a year. The house has been made to present a thoroughly festal appearance through the medium of many devices in holly and evergreens, the great bunch of mistletoe hangs in the hall, and a "Welcome" in holly berries greets the visitor on entering ; mirrors and doorways are wreathed with the Empire festoons, which form the one and only way of rendering Christmas decorations artistic. The holly-leaves must be taken off their stalks and threaded singly on to a long piece of green thread ; you now have a flexible rope of greenery, which can be adapted into all kinds of pretty shapes. Allow it to fall in two festoons (like the "swags" you see on old china), tying up the centre with a bow of pale-blue ribbon. The festoon must never stop at the exact point where it is fastened, but a couple of feet of greenery must fall at either side. Little swags of holly leaves may edge the chandelier, and the room should resemble a green bower. Coffee is served to the visitors on first arrival, and the time between this and supper is generally filled up with games, in which all can join. Musical chairs, dumb crambo, twenty questions, and other time-honoured institutions are indulged in by all the party, for everyone must be a child for this occasion, and all should play their part with spirit, and try to get rid of the English characteristic of *mauvaise honte*. "Twenty questions" is always much more successful if played in the form of clubs ; two people should go out, and the rest of the party should be divided into two, each section joining a separate circle. The same word should be chosen by both sets. The two outsiders are then called in, and one goes into the centre of each circle, and eagerly asks questions in an undertone. "Is it this? Is it that? Animal? Is it anything to wear? Is it white? Is it black? Is it worn by somebody who is well known to the public? Does she dance? Does she sing at the opera?—at the theatre?—at a music-hall?" Here there is a moment's pause for inspiration, and the questioner (who has been only fed by "yes" and "no" all this time) bursts out triumphantly with the solution to the problem, "Is it one of Yvette Guilbert's long black gloves?" Having guessed aright, he takes his place in the other circle, taking with him the person by whom the secret was betrayed. The game commences anew, and the club which betrays its secrets gets gradually smaller, and is finally swallowed up in the opposing faction.

Another amusing game is the following : Three coins—two florins and a shilling—are placed on the floor at the upper end of the room ; a member of the party is blindfolded and provided with a long stick, and told to walk in a straight line from the bottom of the room to the top, and to pause and place the end of the

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stick on one of the coins. This is done by each member of the party in turn, the one who touches the coin being allowed to take it away. It is not so easy a performance as it sounds, for very few people are able to calculate the distance or the direction when once they are deprived of their sight. Supper is generally served about eleven, and this may be "sit down" or "stand up," according to the taste of the hostess. The latter plan is perhaps the most common, the large table being covered with dainties, the ladies sitting round the room, and the gentlemen waiting on them. The refreshments take the form of sandwiches of various descriptions, oyster patties, aspic jellies, sweets of various kinds, and plenty of *bonbons* for the young people. The table should be decorated with scarlet flowers, with a table centre of scarlet silk. After supper a dance will be most acceptable to the young people, and the evening should terminate with "Sir Roger," in which all the company can join. A party of this description is often given on New Year's Eve, and in this case the amusement must be carried on till the mystic hour of twelve. The party should adjourn to the hall a few minutes before the time to welcome the New Year in with an open door. One of the company (a son of the house, if possible) should be sent outside to be what the Scotch call "the first foot." He should come in with a bottle in one hand and some bread in the other, and wish all the company a Happy New Year. "Auld Lang Syne" is then sung with all the company holding hands, and the party then breaks up, and the merry evening is over.

LUCIE HEATON ARMSTRONG.

INTO A FAR COUNTRY.

A house of death—and yet no gloom
Has met me at the door;
A pleasant place I find it still,
As it has been of yore.
The hands that set the rooms aright,
The feet that tread the floor,
Are no less swift to serve her now
Then they have been before,

The chamber of her soul she swept,
And garnished it within;
A place of sweet propriety
And fragrance it has been,
To which a holy visitor
Most gladly entered in,
For to the inmate of the room
This guest was near of kin.

And now both host and guest have gone
Beyond the utmost star;
The darkened chamber they have left
To dwell in lands afar.
A fair estate they two have won,
Which hath nor hedge nor bar,
In the sweet light of God Himself,
Where many mansions are.

The little house upon the hill
Has never looked more fair;
The fragrance of a hundred blooms
Is stealing up the stair.
The thrill of that long pilgrimage
Is on the quiet air;
Oh, blessed hour, than bliss itself
More wonderfully rare!

Florence E. Dunn.

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MR. THOMAS ATKINS IN WAR TIME.

By The REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A., Chaplain to Her Majesty's Forces,
Author of "Mr. Thomas Atkins," "How to be Happy Though Married," etc.

A FRENCH soldier once quaintly said that it was his business to kill and be killed to earn his living. Certainly the British Thomas Atkins has not only given a good return for his rations of treck ox-beef in South Africa, but he has gained golden opinions for himself.

An officer of the Royal Army Medical Corps thus wrote from the front: "I thought that the British 'Tommy' was a degenerate sort of being, and that is certainly the impression he gives you at home; but out here it is quite different. He is a brick."

A friend of mine wrote when he was serving as a chaplain at the front: "The British soldier out here is another man. There is little of the familiar 'grousing' and bad language."

In time of peace Mr. Thomas Atkins takes his share of grousing or grumbling, for he is an Englishman. He detests route-marching, for instance, and is not above falling out of the ranks and going to hospital when there is only a very small blister on his foot. This is because he does not see the use of route-marching, and thinks that it has been invented only for his annoyance. In time of war, however, as we saw in South Africa, he will march thirty miles continuously on an empty stomach and bleeding feet. In a letter home General Buller wrote that he was "filled with admiration for British soldiers"; and then described how they had fought every day and nearly every night from February 14th to the 27th "broiled by the sun during the day, drenched by rain at night, lying but three hundred yards off an enemy who shoots you if you show as much as a finger. They could hardly eat or drink, and they got little sleep, and through all they were as cheery as could be."

Speaking of the same fortnight of fighting, a private soldier, in a letter which I saw, made light of all he had gone through; but added pathetically at the end: "Dear Sister,—I have had to cut the bottoms off my trousers to mend the other parts with."

It is when the excitement of battle is over that the strain is most felt. It then gets on the nerves and mind of some of the fighters, causing them to start up in their sleep and dream of the hidden foe. You will see strong men jump at the breaking of a stick or the slightest sharp noise.

Mr. Thomas Atkins takes war, and all that it brings with it, quite coolly as being in the day's work, and does in it very much what he does in the time of peace. If, for instance, he is fond of pets when things are peaceful, he sees no reason why he should not play with them when shells are flying about. Speaking of a long cannonade from the Boer works, a war correspondent wrote: "I sat on the rocks and watched. At my side the Gordons on picket duty were playing with two little white kids." The same writer tells us that not far from this place he met an ostrich, and that a soldier remarked: "He came up here some days ago, and he always stays here now we feed him and fool with him, and he seems very happy."

Nor does Tommy leave his love of sport at home when he goes to fight abroad. In South Africa the men had pet scorpions, and used to back their favourites. After one battle, in which several horses were taken from the Boers, there were races with the animals. After the races one horse, and not a bad one either, was sold for three cigarettes.

A dandy officer of the British Life Guards being asked how he felt during the battle ot Waterloo, said that he felt

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"awfully bored!" This was an exceptional man, for as a rule British officers and men enjoy the wild pulsation of strife. They are like the Irishman who, seeing a crowd, sent his little daughter to find out what caused it, and to say that if there was a row daddy would like to be in it.

Speaking of Waterloo, Wellington said: "As to the way in which some of our ensigns and lieutenants braved danger—the boys just come from school—it exceeds all belief. They ran as at cricket." So, too, a soldier writing to his mother about a battle in South Africa said: "You can't believe how happy I was fighting against the Boers. I felt as if I were in a football match." Another soldier wrote to his mother: "I shall never forget the day (of the battle of Colenso) as long as I live. The first few minutes of the action makes you queer, I can tell you. Then you don't take any notice of it. I was laughing and joking just the same as if I was sitting down in that dear old corner at No. 14, Alexander-road" (his home).

The campaign in South Africa showed many things, but two especially—first that our short-service soldiers could fight; and, secondly, that they would face the fire of up-to-date weapons, which some had thought would be beyond the endurance of human nerves. Those who have not seen active service at all, or who have seen it only on the old conditions, do not know what a battle is like when smokeless powder and long-range weapons are used. Tommy Atkins up-to-date and "our brother the Boer" have introduced us to that knowledge.

War is horrible, but it brings to the surface the good that is in Thomas Atkins. Mr. Frederick Treves, one of the eminent civilian consulting surgeons who went to the war, wrote thus about our soldiers: "Their unselfishness was many times very marked. An orderly was bringing some water to a wounded man lying on the ground near me. He was shot through the abdomen and he could hardly speak owing to the dryness of his mouth, but he said: 'Take it to my pal first. He is worse hit than me.'" A private of the 2nd East Surrey Regiment thus wrote after the battle of Colenso: "A sergeant of the Irish Fusiliers and a gunner of the Artillery showed an instance of true grit. One was shot in the head and the other in three places about the legs and body, and when the doctor saw them he asked what was the matter. The sergeant said: 'Sure I'm only shot in the head and the other fellow in three places.' They were helping one another along."

Speaking of the individual gallantry shown by men at Ladysmith, General Sir George White gave the following instance: "During an artillery duel there was a sergeant, Boseley by name, in command of one of the guns, sitting rather doubled up on the trail of his gun. A shell took off one of his legs high up on one side and took an arm out of the socket, and he fell across the trail of the gun, as they thought, an inanimate speechless mass; but to the astonishment of every man amongst them a voice came from the mass inciting them on to their duty, and saying, 'Here, you men, roll me out of the way and go on working the gun.'"

A colour-sergeant of the Gordon Highlanders who knew this artillery sergeant, and who himself had got seven wounds in the same engagement, told me that the day before he behaved thus bravely the sergeant had fainted when he saw another man's leg taken off by a shell.

Before the Boer war came to correct the softness and luxuriousness which were beginning to enervate us, I heard a naval officer say that we needed a big war to teach us how much we could suffer. Soldiers on active service learn how much they can dare and endure, and they learn to respect courage, patience and a simple mode of life in others. Writing to his parents from South Africa, a private said: "To see our smart officers, God bless them! roughing it like navvies, makes you respect them and no mistake."

We are so accustomed to read of officers saying, when mortally wounded, to their men: "Do your duty, my lads, and never mind me," that their self-forgetfulness almost ceases to surprise. What is it like to be in a first battle and to be wounded? Perhaps Lord Wolseley was right when he said that no pleasure equals the excitement of fighting, but it is an acquired taste, and the first field of battle in which a man finds himself is, for some time at least, a disagreeable place. The man who says that he was not afraid, and did not wish himself well out of a first battle, is a liar. The bravest soldiers are often most afraid when they first face an enemy, just as the grandest orators are most nervous when they begin to speak.

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As a rule, soldiers are so much excited that they hardly know what they do in battle. I have now in my charge as chaplain the 21st Lancers who won fame at Omdurman. I often ask the men what were their feelings during the famous charge they made. They say that they do not remember anything about it in the day-time, but that it occasionally comes to them at night like a fevered dream.

How do soldiers feel when wounded? Judging from what many of them say, it would seem that when a man is hit by a bullet, even if it be in a vital part, he is numbed, and scarcely feels any pain at first. A nurse at Wynberg Hospital wrote home that she was amazed at the way some of the men, though "positively riddled" with bullets, got well. "One man had been shot five times, but was quite lively. I asked if he felt much pain. He replied: 'No; only one shot that went through my left lung caught my breath the first few days and hurt a bit.'" A Rifle Brigade man who was in the fighting at Colenso, wrote: "One poor fellow was wounded no less than three times—in each arm and in the right thigh—and yet he was walking without assistance. He passed near me, and said, with a laugh: "It's a bit warm up there; they have hit me three times, but have not rung the bell yet." Another man, though wounded in three places, said that the only thing he was sorry for was that he had left his smokes and his matches behind in his pistol holsters. From Bloemfontein a soldier thus wrote after the battle of Paardeberg: "The only grievance I have is that during the battle I lost thirty-two shillings, but I can't grumble, for when I lost only thirty-two shillings, many a poor fellow lost his life; so, instead of grumbling, I thanked God." So, too, my friend, the chaplain already quoted, says that after the battle of Belmont the men bore their wounds, "not only without complaint, but with an unaffected gratefulness for not being worse, and for having escaped at all."

And when they are in hospital, our Tommies are so grateful and obedient that the sisters say they make splendid patients. "How can I thank you enough, sister, for what you have done for me?" said an Irish soldier. "There's no use praying for you, for there is a place in Heaven reserved for the likes of you." And the implicit trust which the soldier puts in those who have the care of him when he is sick, is quite touching.

Writing of the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, George Napier said: "I was a field-officer of the trenches when a thirteen-inch shell from the town fell in the midst of us. I called to the men to lie down flat, and they instantly obeyed orders, except one of them, an Irishman, and an old marine, but the most worthless drunken dog, who trotted up to the shell the fuse of which was still burning, and, striking it with his spade, knocked the fuse out; then, taking the immense shell in his hands, brought it to me, saying, 'There she is for you now, yer 'anner. I've knocked the life out of the crater.'"

Coolness in the presence of shells, which are to most men's nerves very trying, was found in the soldiers engaged in South Africa as well as in the veterans of the Peninsula campaign. A soldier, also an Irishman, in the late Boer war, was stooping down unloading forage. A Boer shell entered the ground five yards from him. He did not look up, but said to himself: "Ach, go to blazes with ye!" At the battle of Busaco the firing was so fierce that Wellington, with his whole staff, dismounted. One of them, however, Napier by name (one of the famous fighting trio of the name) fiercely refused to dismount, or even to cover his red uniform with a cloak. "This is the uniform of my regiment," he said, "and in it I will show, or fall this day." He had scarcely uttered the words when a bullet smashed through his face and shattered his jaw to pieces. As he was carried past Wellington he waved his hand and whispered through his torn mouth: "I could not die at a better moment." This was brave but stupid, and there was too much of the same sort of stupid bravery at the beginning of the Boer war. Officers got themselves and their men killed quite unnecessarily. Probably some of them were polite enough to regret that they were dressed in khaki instead of scarlet, as this gave the Boers more trouble to hit them.

Still, the South African campaign has proved, literally up to the hilt, that our present soldiers are of the same stuff as the men who fought under Wellington in the Peninsula, and that "there is no beating them, in spite of their generals."

E. J. HARDY.

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The Pilgrim Fathers' First Christmas.

By EVERETT E. HALE, D.D.

THE first Christmas on record is that which passed a few days after the Pilgrim Fathers and Mothers landed. There is, naturally enough, a certain confusion about the landing of the Fathers at Plymouth, and the dates for our celebrations. I say "naturally enough," because there are two landings to be celebrated; because the change from Old to New Style affects the days of commemoration; because there was one mistake made in the calculations by changing Old Style to New; and, fourthly, because this mistake has generally, but not always, been corrected. Let me, then, put in order the essential points.

After the Mayflower, with her hundred and one settlers on board, was safe in the harbour at the end of Cape Cod, some of the leaders started in their "shallop" to find a place for their colony. These people rested in Plymouth harbour, on Sunday, December 11th. Monday, December 12th (Old Style), they sounded the harbour, and "marched into the land." This was the memorable landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, which, with the addition of nine days to change the style, is celebrated on December 21st. By a mistake, for fifty years or more ten days were added, and where this is done the celebration is on the 22nd. It is interesting to observe that the real landing was on the shortest day of the year. They had no time to lose. They returned across the bay to their ship, brought her back to Plymouth harbour, and came there safely on December 10th (Old Style); on the 18th they "went a-land," on the 20th they called on God for direction, and went ashore again, made a rendezvous, left twenty people ashore, and went back to the ship, "resolving in the morning to come all ashore and to build houses." But the next day was snowy and wet, so that they could not go ashore. At night it was so tempestuous that the shallop could not land their food as soon as they wanted it. The Mayflower had to anchor and ride with three anchors ahead. In the midst of this poor Richard Britteridge died. Perhaps we ought to remember Richard Britteridge in our celebrations. He is what the Roman poets would have called the Protesilaus of this epic. And they could not all land on the 23rd. Some of the men did, and felled and carried timber.

Sunday they rested. The people on shore thought they heard savages, but all was quiet. Now comes the first Christmas. For the careful reader must observe that Christmas is on December 25th, whether the style be old or new. "Monday, the 25th day, we went on shore." And if, as seems probable, the women went on shore for the first time, there is the place and time for Sargent's picture of the landing, where you see Mary Chitton and Mrs. Winslow and the dog. That was not a bad celebration of Christmas. And I think some of them—Mrs. Winslow perhaps — remembered the Christmas of their childhood. But that little girl with her hood bound on her head had perhaps never heard of Christmas at all. Now it was on this day that the men went to work. I think that William Brewster and William Bradford recollected very well what they were doing. I think they were glad to make the others work on that day. The reader can judge, however, when he reads the entry in Bradford's journal:—

"Monday, the 25th day, we went on shore, some to fell timber, some to saw, and some to rive, and some to carry. *So no man rested all that day.*"

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This seems to me grim, and to have been put in on purpose. "But towards night some, as they were at work, heard a noise of some Indians, which caused us all to go to our muskets. But we heard no further; so we came on board again, and left some twenty to keep court of guard. That night we had a sore storm of wind and rain."

"Monday, the 25th, being Christmas Day, we began to drink water aboard."

I think this also is rather grim, that they began their enforced temperance on this day. But he goes on: "But at night the master caused us to have some beer, and so on board we had divers times some beer, but on shore none at all." Please to observe, then, that, as has been said already, and as cannot be said too often, on Christmas Day "no man rested" while they laid these foundations of an empire. "Forty or fifty Englishmen, in hats and doublets and hose, of the fashion which you may see in your fable illustrations in Æsop, with those odd English axes that men used then, and with their double-handled saws, with a few beetles and stores of wedges, will make your tableau." I have once and again seen the opera of "I Puritani," and have heard them sing the magnificant chorus, "Suoni la tromba." I saw once in Italy, in the eagerness of the Italian revolution which united Italy again, the enthusiasm of the Florentine audience. The Puritans of the play came forward and waved the Italian flag and the Red Cross of England together, as they sang the chorus. The enthusiasm reached its very crisis when, in the midst of the scene, which was set for an English guard-house, the chorus sang "Gridando Libertà." For those words had been forbidden by the Austrian rulers of Italy since the opera was first produced. The poor Italians who represented English Puritans had been compelled to wave their flags and to sing "Gridando Lealtà." "Crying loyalty!" was the phrase put upon the lips of people who were represented as engaged in rebellion against their King! I have seen the same opera, when the American Stars and Stripes, with the English Red Cross, were waved together and where the people sang together "proclaiming liberty!"

Mrs. Hemans tells us that the Pilgrims sang "hymns of lofty cheer" while they were at work on the shore there that winter. They had not the same libretto as we, but I think these were the words they sang:

O take us, Lord, unto thy grace,
Convert our minds to Thee;
Show forth to us Thy joyful Face,
And we full safe shall be.
From Egypt, where it grew not well,
Thou brought'st a vine full dear;
The heathen folk thou didst expel,
And then didst plant it here.
Thou didst prepare for it a place,
And set her roots full fast,
That it did grow and spring apace,
And fill the land at last.
The hills were covered round about
With shade that from it came.
And eke the cedars high and stout,
With branches of the same.

And I like to set the scene of my opera on the shore of the brook there, as they finished the hard-tack and salt-junk which they had for their dinner, with perhaps a roast pigeon or two which John Billington might have shot with his snapchance. Another fancy of mine is that the girls and the women, after they had attended to the fire, perhaps after they had roasted those very pigeons, strayed up the stream, with perhaps a stout boy to take care of them, or perhaps some romantic man who could not handle a cross-cut saw. And then I feel quite sure that they must have picked their hands full, and then their aprons full, of cranberries, and that they brought them down to the fire, and that some mother of the party recollected the Lincolnshire cranberries, and how much better these were than those. Then, is it going too far to suppose that in one of the logs the men cut down there was honey, and that they boiled the cranberries and the honey together, and that after the jelly was cold the women, at least, had it for their dinner? I have overhauled a good many of the Cotton Manuscripts looking for a letter that might tell this, and though I have never found it I still have hopes that some such letter may turn up. A good thing to add to the bill of fare of that day would be a roast turkey, if John Billington had only seen one and brought it down with his fowling-piece. The turkeys were larger then than they are now; they could not have flown very high when they weighed sixty pounds, as undoubtedly some of them did: and as they had never been persecuted by anything but a flint arrow

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in its short flight, I think they might have come near enough for Billington to kill one.

If only this same letter should reveal the fact that he did kill one, and did roast it, we should feel that William Bradford and William Brewster had been circumvented in their wish that there might be no feasting that day. But, fortunately or unfortunately, the discovery of Bradford's manuscript, which has just now been returned in such state to Massachusetts, shows that they had turkeys for their Thanksgiving feast of the next year; and the language used seems to imply that they had no turkeys the year before. Another of the letters which I have not found in the British Museum would have described this experience of John Billington: "Having become weary with cutting down a small fir-tree which had been allotted to him, he took his snapchance and shot with him, and, calling a dogge he had, to whom in the Low Countries the name Crab had been given, went after fowle. Crossing the open brook and climbing up the banke to an open place which was there, he found what had been left by the savages of one of their gardens, and on the ground, picking at the stalkes of the corne, a flock of large blacke birds, such as hee had never seen before. His dogge ran at them and frightened them, and they all took winge heavily, but not so quicke but that Billington let fly at them and brought two of them down—one quite dead, and one hurt so badly that he could not fly. Billington killed this, and tyed the two together; and following after the flocke had another shot at them, and by a goode Providence hurt three more. He tyed two of these together, and brought the smallest back to us, not knowing what he brought, being but a poor man and ignorant. Hee is but a lazy fellowe, and was sore tired with the weight of his burden, which was nigh fortie pounds. Soe soon as he sawe it, the Governour and the reste knew that it was a wild Turkie, and, albeit he chid Billington sharply, he sent four men with him, as it were Calebs and Joshuas, to bring in the firstlings of the lande. They found the two first, and brought them to us; but after a long search they could not find the others, and soe gave them up, saying the wolves must have eaten them. There were some that thought that John Billington had never seen them either, but hadde shot them with a long bowe."

Here is a scanty account of all that we know of the Christmas of these poor men and poor women, half of whom were to die before four months were over. It is pathetic indeed, in contrast to this, to read the statement in the forgotten annals of England of the same Christmas as it was celebrated here. While the Pilgrim Fathers were preparing the new empire which England lost by the folly of her King a hundred and fifty years afterwards, King James the Fool was celebrating Christmas in his own foolish fashion at home. He was coquetting at that time with the King of France, greatly to the annoyance of the braver Englishmen of his time. Just as the Christmas holidays came on, the King of France sent a well-equipped party of diplomatists to flatter or seduce James into just that alliance which the more independent Englishmen hated. The annals of such things are apt to be better preserved than those of woodcutters who are founding empires; and so we know that on this very Monday, the twenty-fifth day of December, the Ambassador of the French King started from Dover to go to London. "The Master of Ceremonies had sent him twenty carriages and three hundred horses for his suite (how poor Bradford would have exulted if he had had the meanest of those horses to haul logs for him!); there were elegant addresses made to him whenever he came through any village. At Gravesend he and his suite entered into twenty-five barges painted and hung with tapestry, and well adorned, and so in four days they arrived in London (the last time I went over the same distance it took us two hours). The palace of the late Queen had been magnificently and superbly arranged for him."

Then came visits of the King and of the Prince of Wales and of all the Ambassadors. The day of his reception he dined with fifty guests, and the Duke of Lennox, the Grand Master of England, served him. Then there were audiences, and receptions, and banquets and hunting parties. So the Sovereign of John Carver and Edward Winslow and William Brewster and William Bradford held wassail at Court, while they were blowing their fingers in the cold, and building their twenty-foot store-house.

EVERETT EDWARD HALE.

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A Chat about Christmas Cards.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

"ARE cards 'going out'?" one often hears asked, and we can but refer questioners to the shop windows for a reply, where every small stationer and linendraper is making a fascinating and seductive show of cards, to the exclusion of their proper wares.

"We sell cards by the million," the manager of one of the oldest fine art publishing houses tells me. "Our output increases every year side by side with the demand, which this season is greater than ever."

Perhaps the strongest proof that the custom of sending cards still grows in public favour is the fact that most important firms have within the last year or two all migrated to larger and more imposing premises, while more and more new ones spring up and prosper annually. This should be good hearing, for each of the large firms employs many hundreds of hands of both sexes, from artists and authors down to the army of young girls who earn a livelihood as finishers, sorters, packers, etc. It would, therefore, mean ruin to thousands of people should the custom of sending cards go out of favour.

Even the small proportion of the public who are wont to grumble at the trouble of year by year selecting and sending out a hundred or so of these pretty trifles would, I venture to believe, find the social season rather a blank without the excitement of the postman's knock, which commences several days beforehand and reaches its climax with the special delivery on Christmas morning itself; while, as for the junior proportion of the community, Christmas for them would scarcely be Christmas without its cards.

It must be interesting to elder folk, who—like her Majesty the Queen—preserve in albums the cards they yearly receive, to look back at the first that were issued—it must have been thirty years ago when the fashion was in its infancy—poor, flimsy little bits of pasteboard, with crudely designed and coarsely coloured flowers or holly sprays, or perhaps a robin depicted thereon, with the addition of a doggerel rhyme, and contrast them with the artistic and literary merits of the dainty productions of the present day, when even the first artists, such as Sant and Marcus Stone, and poets of world-wide fame, such as Sir Lewis Morris and Dr. George Macdonald, do not disdain contributions from brush and pen in order more fitly to furnish forth our Christmas greetings, to say nothing of the army of smaller folks, whose skill and talent are yearly taxed in the cause.

As a writer of card verses for upwards of twenty-five years, the remark is often made to me in about September, "I suppose you are thinking of your Christmas verses? The cards will be out soon." It is not generally known that the literary matter is required a year beforehand, and

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that from the time an original design is accepted by a publisher, to its final completion, with lettering added, the process of producing a card occupies from six to eight months. A large proportion of the work is still done at the great Continental lithographic works, notably the colour printing; but of late, we are glad to state, English-made cards are growing in public favour and taking the place of foreign work, and some of the leading firms now produce their cards entirely in England, and on their own premises. Even those who have printing houses on the Continent produce the beautiful black and white cards, which have had so unprecedented a success, entirely at home, whilst all the designs are by English artists. Therefore about 80 per cent. of the entire cost of the production of cards is spent in England.

The demand for private cards is certainly on the increase, many heads of households preferring to save themselves the trouble of general selection by adopting this fashion. For my own part, I invariably start with the intention of doing so, but as invariably I succumb to the temptation of making my selection from general cards. The process and execution of private card work is much the same as in ordinary ones, though, of course, requiring a larger amount of detail. Many of them are, in fact, ordinary cards with private lettering substituted for general verses and mottoes.

The popularity of booklets and calendars also grows, supplementing as they do the Christmas and New Year's cards. They are issued in their thousands, and next New Year's Day, commencing as it does a new century, has been specially catered for in the matter of calendars, and there seems to be absolutely no end to the novel and ingenious forms taken by these pretty and truly artistic souvenirs, which, even when 1901 has passed away, will be worthy of preservation as mementoes of our entrance on a new era, and which will therefore possess an historical value. Some are small enough to carry in the purse or waistcoat pocket, others are to stand on the table, or are made to revolve by some clever mechanical means; but the greater number are to hang upon the wall, and these are shaped in all manner of attractive forms. There are also for this season really lovely booklet calendars printed in old English style on parchment with pendant seals. Some of these have as many as sixteen pages, several of which are left blank for memoranda. These latter are issued by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons.

The booklets and calendars published by the Artistic Lithographic Company, who devote their best energies to this particular line, are always worthy of high praise. The booklets are prepared with great care and taste, both with regard to poetry and pictorial decoration; they are printed in Bavaria and some of them ought to rank as gift books, as they are quite imposing in appearance and are so beautifully printed and finished. Efforts have been made to make this season's collection of booklets more seasonable in character, and we are glad to remark that both illustrations and letter-press are decidedly more Christmassy. The poetry in many cases conveys the same kind of good wishes as cards do, and this is, I think, a distinct advantage, as booklet buyers of previous years have often made the complaint that both pictures and lettering treat of everything and anything but Christmas.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, to whom I am indebted for the blocks which illustrate my chat on this interesting subject, may be termed the Fathers of Christmas Cards, since they tell us that "a record of upwards of thirty successful consecutive seasons lies behind them in the waning century;" hence they must be connected with the very first issues of which I have spoken. Their enterprise has created a gigantic business, which has grown and grown till it has landed the firm and its enormous staff of employees in the splendid block of buildings in Moorfields, known as "Raphael House."

Foremost amongst the great collection of novelties which they offer for this season's stand is the "Wedgwood" series. For the purpose of producing these I learn that Messrs. Tuck made special arrangements with the firm of the late Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, from whom they obtained the use of the designs of many eminent artists which are reproduced with so much truth and delicacy of finish that they are real gems of art. Next come the dainty black and white series, which are in all sizes and shapes, and in every variety of subject, at prices that will suit all purses. The winter landscapes, in

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particular, are so fascinating that few people will be able to resist them.

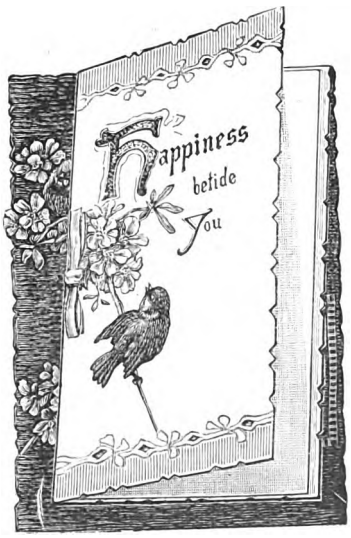
The "Mediæval" collection, in which

the manners and customs of that period, as well as its distinctive style of decoration, are represented, is worthy of note. Many of these cards are reproductions of well-known pictures, the Madonna and Child, the Nativity, etc., the subjects being suggested by the sacred and legendary art of the period, and have corresponding quaintly-expressed greetings and mottoes. Nor does "Father Tuck" ever forget the children. A large portion of his marvellous collection is, as usual, devoted to them, and many and various are the devices, both for Christmas and New Year, which will presently delight the bright eyes of the juveniles.

It may not come amiss to quote here a letter from a friend who holds an important appointment in Burma, who tells me that on last Christmas morning he had to receive, according to custom, a deputation of native chiefs, who were the bearers of presents and good wishes. When the attendant ceremonies had come to an end each of these grave Indians solemnly presented him with a Christmas card, which, to his amusement, he found to be "Raphael Tuck" cards, with verses by myself.

Messrs. W. McKenzie and Co., one of the firms whose entire output of cards is executed in England, have a most lovely collection in the same style as the illuminated parchment work which took public fancy by storm and met with such unprecedented appreciation last season. This firm has for years past devoted its best efforts to the improvement and development of this special style, and the combination of illumination and black and white work on parchment is carried out with perfect taste and artistic feeling. Messrs. McKenzie have bestowed much patient research in the reproduction of old English decorative forms on some of their best series, which represent ancient Yuletide customs and traditions. These are combined with characteristic greetings, mottoes, and quotations, couched in the quaint phraseology which marked the period. There is also a series of greeting cards, specially designed for "absent friends," which will gladden many a wistful eye and longing heart across the sea, to whom they will veritably come like the "touch of a friendly hand."

It is a well-known fact that Her Majesty the Queen takes a special delight in Christmas cards, and each year has an immense collection submitted to her, from which she and her daughters make large selections. Not only are great numbers sent by the Royal family to each other, and to friends, but they take great pleasure in receiving them. The Queen has a large collection of albums, in which each season she causes the cards which she has herself received to be placed, and



as long as Her Majesty thus sets the fashion there cannot be any danger of the popularity of Christmas cards dying out.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

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Photograph by] *[Lafayette.*

A CHARMING CHRISTMAS GUEST.

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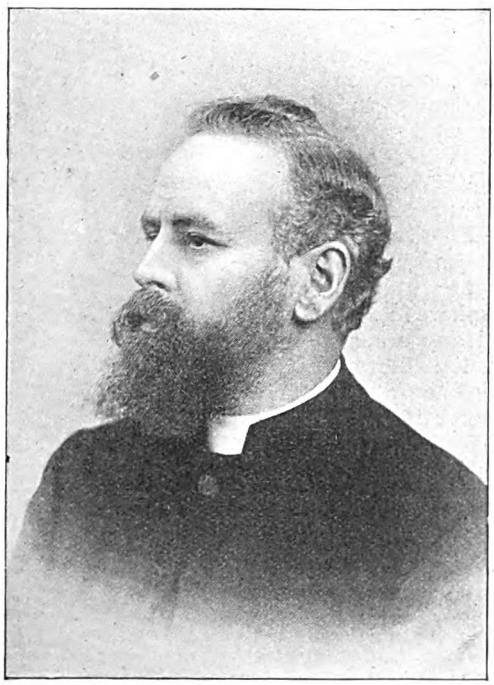
IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

TO have charge of twelve thousand people, two-thirds of whom are foreigners, is not a light task for a vicar, but the Rev. J. H. Cardwell discharges the duty well. He is Vicar of St. Anne's, Soho, one of the principal foreign "colonies" in the Metropolis. Mr. Cardwell has qualified himself for the work by spending the whole of his ministerial life in London. His work began at Clerkenwell, where he became curate of St. James's in 1865, and after two years there the Bishop of London appointed him to the charge of the new district of St. Andrew, Fulham Fields, where market gardens were being rapidly covered with houses. Here, for nearly a quarter of a century, he distinguished himself as a builder of churches and the founder of new parishes. Five of the new Fulham churches, besides other parochial buildings, owe their initiation to him. In 1891, the Bishop of London appointed him to his present living in Soho.



REV. J. H. CARDWELL.

Photograph by J. A. O'Neill, 69, New Bond Street.

Having restored his own church of St. Anne's, Mr. Cardwell is now energetically promoting the rebuilding of the nave of St. Mary's, Charing Cross Road, lately pulled down as a dangerous structure by the County Council. The rector throws himself heartily into public and social work, and serves on various parochial boards. St. Anne's Vestry has been very successful in its crusade against disorderly houses, and has been greatly helped by the fighting qualities of the rector. Mr. Cardwell has had some strange experiences. At a wedding which once took place in his church, the police warned him that the bridegroom was an anarchist, and that they would "take their opportunity." Mr. Cardwell attached no importance to the matter, and after the ceremony, which passed off quietly, asked the police if they were not mistaken. "We have had a dozen men in the church," was the reply, "and have made some very useful

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DR. ROBERT WATSON.
Photograph by A. Donald, Dundee.

observations." Not long ago, too, a woman appealed to the rector, with pathetic earnestness, to "unmarry" her!

FEW names are better known north of the border than that of Dr. Robert Watson, while his wife, as "Deas Cromarty," has her own wide constituency in the south. "Bonnie Dundee," where they reside, may at one time have well deserved the adjective, but at present it is distinctly jute-y, yet neither the smoke from its factory chimneys nor the ecclesiastical atmosphere in which they toil seem to have had any other than a stimulating effect on the literary pair. That Dr. Watson has been able to find time and energy to publish "The Gospels of Yesterday" exorcising the shades of Drummond, Spencer and Arnold, "The Apostolic Age," three volumes of "The Expositor's Bible," edit a religious weekly and contribute to weighty reviews, while carrying on efficiently and enthusiastically all the work of a large church in a crowded neighbourhood, can only be explained on the ground that he is an Aberdonian by birth. In this particular, "equality of opportunity" was denied to his genial mate, for her forbears were Yorkish and Lancastrian; yet, despite this initial hardship, she has proved to be no whit behind her husband in industry and sparkle. As the daughter of a Wesleyan minister her early writings naturally found their way into the Wesleyan Bookroom, but the advent of the "British Weekly" widened the scope of her pen, while her articles in "The Young Man" and "The Young Woman," under the *nom de plume* of "Deas Cromarty," further extended her influence and the indebtedness of her readers. She enjoys journalism and believes in it as a power for good. All her works of fiction bear this out: "A High Little World," "This Man's Dominion," "Under God's Sky," "When Hearts are Young," "His Fault or Hers?" and "The Heart of Babylon." "The Journal and Letters of George Gilfillan"—a work highly prized in the north—was the joint labour of husband and wife. Dr. and Mrs. Watson both live quietly, as people must who do so much and such varied work, but Mrs. Watson lectures occasionally, and is one of the best women speakers in Scotland. She and her husband find their chief recreation in foreign travel, or a week snatched for a ramble into the Highlands. Whether by pen or voice they are both perpetually leavening the world for good.

"DEAS CROMARTY."
Photograph by A. Donald, Dundee.

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ONE cannot be many minutes with Mrs. Travers Lewis without feeling the influence of her kindly genial manner that has made her so much beloved by the thousands of girls whom she has befriended. To them, perhaps, she is even now better known as Miss Ada Leigh. For it was as Miss Leigh that she started her homes for girls in Paris many years before she had become the wife of the Archbishop of Ontario. As so often happens, it was just a chance word that originated the idea in her mind. Miss Leigh was staying in Paris with her sister to study French, when in the course of a casual acquaintance with a work-girl she learned how friendless were the lives of American and English girls who were struggling in Paris, often for a mere subsistence. Immediately she invited this one girl to spend Sunday afternoons with her. Soon she found others to join her, until she had a little circle of fourteen girl friends, who came regularly every week, only too glad to meet with a welcome from one of their own countrywomen. Then came the year of the cotton famine, and Miss Leigh returned to her home at the Red Hall, Audenshaw, near Manchester, where she was soon busily helping the many women whom she found in great distress and poverty. It was not until three years later that she found herself again in Paris, when she at once set to work to hunt up her old friends In doing this she learned still more of the wretchedness, the misery, and the temptations the English girls suffered when living alone in this great city, so she set to work to gather some of them around her. So the idea grew. Her visits to Paris became more and more frequent, until at last the gift of one franc from one of those she had befriended sent to her with the words "a gift of love and faith for a girl's home in Paris" led to her taking the first apartment in 77, the Avenue Wagram, where she started her home. Here she received all English-speaking girls without distinction of class or religion; anyone who needed her help was welcome at all times; with the result that the home was soon more than full, and she was warned that such overcrowding would be considered illegal. Then came the hard work of collecting £10,000 to buy the whole house in the Avenue Wagram, but at this she did not flinch, and so well was her energy rewarded that in six weeks the whole sum had been subscribed. Since that the work has increased year by year, until at the present day we have the large, complete, and well-organised home that is year by year so great a boon to thousands of our countrywomen. It was not until 1889 that Miss Leigh married Bishop—now Archbishop—Travers Lewis of Ontario, which has partially separated her from her homes. But her interest in them is still as keen as ever, and although she will tell you that her first thoughts are with her husband's work in Canada, we cannot talk with her for long without finding out that the girls have lost none of her loving sympathy because she has formed closer ties and has widened the sphere of her labours.

MISS ADA M. LEIGH.

Photograph by the Stereoscopic Co.

IT is not surprising that Westmorland should become a nursery of song. In that land of mountain, lake, and waterfall—the refuge and inspiration of poets and the cherished home of a sturdy race—the spirit of music can only have

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been dormant—never dead. But it needed awakening and the awakening has come through Miss Mary Wakefield. Miss Wakefield is the daughter of the late Mr. William Wakefield, of Sedgwick, and her brother was a few years ago High Sheriff of the county. She is herself a gifted and highly trained singer with a passionate enthusiasm for her art, and she has, besides, untiring energy in organisation, and a persuasive personality which attracts those whom she desires to serve and at the same time commands the support of those able to aid her work. Some years ago Miss Wakefield set herself—to use her own words—"to bring the greatest pleasure of my own life as close as may be to the lives of others with less opportunities." Invoking the spirit of emulation as the handmaid of definite musical instruction, she began a series of singing competitions for the villagers of Westmorland, which, under her guidance and inspiration and largely through her own actual effort, have developed into a county Eisteddfod that is almost unique in its success. Many leading musicians of the day have become interested in the movement; high class choral music has been successfully undertaken, and at least one new work—Mr. Arthur Somervell's "Power of Sound"—has been specially written for the Westmorland singers. At the same time church and chapel choirs throughout the county have, according to local testimony, manifestly improved, an impulse has been given to singing in the village schools, and an interest in music has been kindled in the most secluded hamlets. The original aim of the movement has, in fact, been realised in a remarkable degree. Miss Wakefield has a beautiful home at Grange, overlooking Morecambe Bay, in which there are many souvenirs of celebrated people, whose friendship she has gained in her musical work, but of such personal mementoes she has none more cherished than those of John Ruskin. He always welcomed her to Brantwood, and he dedicated his "Sesame and Lilies" to "Mary Wakefield, to whose bright and gifted nature—good in the kindest sense—the author is thankful for some of the happiest hours of his old age."

MISS MARY WAKEFIELD.

IF some powerful personage should secure us a 45 per cent. increase in our incomes, and promise us a further increase speedily, we should doubtless be ready enough to say that the world was the brighter for his presence. This is the light in which Mr. Benjamin Pickard, M.P., is regarded by 50,000 Yorkshire miners, and by many thousands more elsewhere. The "King of the Miners" he is sometimes called, and certainly few men have exercised a greater influence on their class. Hence these lines. Mr. Pickard is literally a miner. He was born in a colliery village—Kipport, near Wakefield—in 1842, and he started work in the colliery at twelve years of age. But he has also been leader of others and a trades unionist from his youth up. He was secretary of a miners' lodge at sixteen, became successively assistant secretary and secretary for West Yorkshire in the seventies, has now for twenty years been secretary of the combined Yorkshire Miners' Association, and finally has become president of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, which he practically brought into existence. He is a keen and tenacious fighter, but he combines generalship with pugnacity, and by persistent and skilful organisation he has gained power not only to rule the men, but successfully to negotiate with the masters. In the great strike of 1893, which has left its mark on his health, he fought for the principle of the living wage, and the establishment of a minimum wage as part of the basis of the existing Conciliation Board is a distinct triumph of his leadership. The movement for a compulsory eight hours day is not yet so successful, but Mr. Pickard sticks to it manfully,

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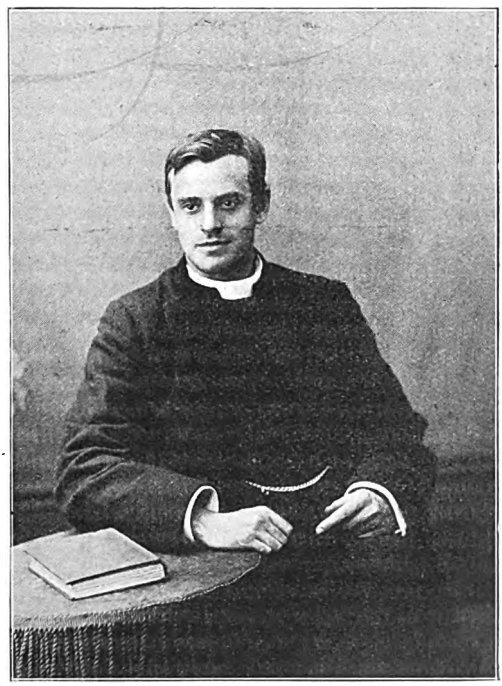
THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.
Photograph by Stiles, South Kensington.

though he himself, like many others who are not miners, works more than eight hours a day most days of his life. He represents in Parliament the Normanton division of the West Riding, and has one of the safest seats in the country.

THE Countess of Carlisle is one of the most devoted philanthropic workers of the day. Possessed of wealth and rank, she has always let her influence be on the side of social reform, and it is as a social reformer that she has occupied positions on both Parish and District Councils, and been a member of a School Board. She is probably best known to people in general as the President of the Women's Liberal Federation. Her party political work, however, is only a small portion of that which claims her attention. Possibly her greatest efforts are made in connection with the temperance cause. She is a prominent and valued member of the United Kingdom Alliance, and occupies a position on its Parliamentary Committee. It was temperance reform that first drew her into public life. She then organised Bands of Hope and other temperance societies on the family estates, and such was the energy she devoted to the work that the temperance movement became much strengthened in the North. Lady Carlisle is a stirring, eloquent, and powerful speaker. Of a commanding presence and musical voice, she holds her audiences spell-bound. Her democratic views and utterances do not always please those in her own rank of life. But she has an enormous influence over the women. She leads because they know that she endeavours to carry out personally the doctrines that fall from her lips. Lady Carlisle was one of the promoters of the Children's Holiday Scheme, which has proved such a blessing to the unfortunate children in the slums.

THE Pottery District is one of the most depressing in which to live and work. The surroundings are so grimy and dreary and the atmosphere is always thick and heavy with the black smoke belched forth from hundreds of chimneys. The clergy and ministers of all denominations who are constantly striving, under terrible disadvantages, to bring light into the lives of the toilers



REV. T. L. MURRAY.

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may be deemed heroic. Not one of the least of these is the Rev. T. L. Murray, the Vicar of S.S. Mary and Chad, Longton. His parish is a large one and the average wage of the breadwinners of families is twenty-two shillings a week. Nine years ago Mr. Murray took charge of that part of Longton as a mission district. His only place of worship was a dilapidated iron church which had done duty in various parts of the country for many years. For five years it was patched and patched again until it was impossible to mend it more. In spite of the poverty of the district, Mr. Murray determined that a church must be built. With only £17 in hand a venture was made. Praying earnestly, the energetic clergyman set to work. Most of the money then needed was begged from his private friends, but the people themselves out of their poverty gave what they could afford. Some four hundred houses contributed weekly pence for two years. A stone church was erected and a house, destined for a public-house, was secured and turned into a vicarage. It was necessary for the carrying on of the work to find more money than had been raised, and Mr. Murray and a friend made themselves responsible for the amount. Yet £3,000 is needed to complete the good work already begun, as there are no parochial buildings in which to carry on the guilds, clubs, and other organisations which have been set on foot in order to help the people to withstand the allurements of the public-houses, dancing saloons, and other places of questionable amusement. Mr. Murray's is indeed a labour of love, for he receives no pecuniary benefit from his parish. There is a small endowment which goes to the support of a curate who helps the vicar in his work. Mr. Murray, with his energy, perseverance, and love for humanity, has made the district of S.S. Mary and Chad a bright spot of Church life in the Potteries.

MRS. BREWER.

Photograph by Lock & Whitfield, 178, Regent Street, W.

PHILANTHROPY and literature have not often been more successfully combined than they are in the person of Mrs. Brewer, the widow of the late well-known Dr. Brewer. Few of the schemes and associations which have for object the ameliorating the lot of the sick, the poor, and the miserable, but have the entire sympathy, and, wherever possible, the practical support of Mrs. Brewer. The plenitude of charities, however, renders it imperative that the sphere of even the most ardent philanthropist should be limited, and the choice of one or two deserving ones made. Mrs. Brewer is especially interested in the branch of the Ragged School Union which deals with the crippled and sick children, and many are the entertainments which she has organised on their behalf, and the bazaars and sales of work in which she has taken part. The great Assembly Hall in the Mile End Road has been the scene of several mammoth tea-parties for these little maimed ones of the metropolis, and picnics during the summer days have made bright spots in the lives of these "Drift Citizens." That excellent Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has also a faithful friend in this benevolent lady, and "The Blind in Their Homes,

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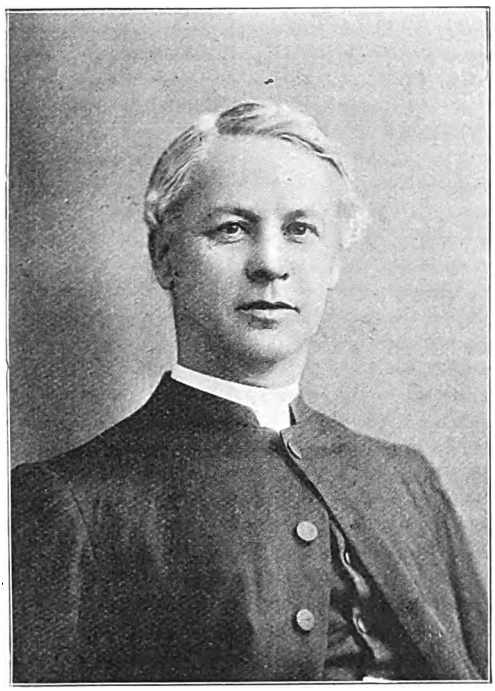
under Mrs. Starey's fostering care," are often treated to some extra moments of happiness by her. That enormous mass of human beings designated under the generic title of the poor of the East and the north-east of London are not forgotten in the distribution of funds accruing from one of the concerts got up by Mrs. Brewer, and occasionally the Sailors' Homes, situated at Poplar, and other localities of London's great Orient have to thank her for many a cheery evening of music and song. For many of these entertainments Mrs. Brewer has, of course, to obtain assistance from her friends, but, at the same time as she is organising these, she is constantly busy with her needle, making comfortable garments for the poor, and dainty wares to tempt the pockets of the wealthy on their behalf. The London barmaids are occasionally Mrs. Brewer's guests, and the tact with which these young women are made to feel themselves at home in her hospitable house is deserving of all praise. Few women have to face greater temptation day by day than those who serve in the restaurants and refreshment rooms of such a city as London, and the little club or house in John Street, Bedford Row, so ably managed by Miss Gough, ought to have many earnest helpers amongst the advocates of Temperance.



REV. CANON GIBSON.
Photograph by Rosemont, Leeds.

DR. E. C. S. GIBSON has now been five years vicar of Leeds, and the gossips will soon be nominating him for every vacant bishopric. As the profound Tupper puts it, "A frequent, similar effect argueth a constant cause," and the last five vicars have all found their way rapidly to the Episcopal bench. Lord Salisbury might, indeed, do worse, when he is bishop-making, than follow Leeds precedents once more. Dr. Gibson, to begin with, has a good physique. The late Bishop Ryle is credited with at least one mild witticism in claiming that his clergy could always "look up" to him, and though perhaps not quite up to the Ryle standard in inches, the vicar of Leeds has the manly and dignified presence which one feels should always be associated with lawn sleeves. He moves about the city with a firm step, erect, alert, as with a purpose in life which he meant to fulfil, and the manifold duties of the vicariate are discharged by him with unfailing energy. Dr. Gibson, however, has other than physical qualifications for his position. For the responsibilities of leadership and influence which it involves, his fifteen years headship of Wells Theological College were an adequate preparation, and as a theologian and scholar he commands respect. In the pulpit he appeals to the intelligence rather than the emotions, but the hearer is, nevertheless, impressed with his earnestness; his style is direct and unaffected, and his enunciation distinct. On public questions which abut upon pastoral duty, such, for example, as education and temperance, he speaks with decision when the occasion requires it, and the charitable institutions of the city find in him a reliable counsellor and friend.

THE ONLOOKER.

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How the Moon Astonished the Sun.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By BERTHA HARRISON.

IT was millions of ages ago in the very earliest beginnings of anything at all, and Sky Father and Mother sat peacefully on their golden thrones in the great Blue Hall that reaches from Everywhere to Nowhere. All day long the gentle Rainbows circled round and round them; all night the gay Northern Lights danced wild and graceful ballets to the trembling music of the stars, while the Sky Babies rolled merrily about on the blue floor and taught the Comets to play tricks.

Oh, it was a quiet happy life, and Sky Father and Mother had nothing to wish for, especially as regards their children, for they were all as good as gold; a trifle mischievous at times, perhaps, but that does no harm. Children, however, will get bigger as time goes on, and then trouble begins, at least for the grown-ups who live with them, and particularly fathers and mothers. Most children have to be taught to work for their living somehow or another, and it is very tiresome to think out what each one will like to do, or what he or she will be able to do best.

It was this matter that Sky Father and Mother talked much about when they saw their eldest boy, the Sun, outgrowing all his clothes and getting rather too rough with his sisters in their games. He had begun to tease the Comets too, which was a little dangerous, for angry Comets have a way of lashing out suddenly with their tails, and a blow from a Comet's tail is no joke.

So altogether it was high time something should be found for him to do, but the difficulty was to know what. Sky Father thought and thought so hard that the Blue Hall grew dark with thunder-clouds, and Sky Mother begged him to take a little rest and enjoy himself once more, for something would be certain to turn up and, after all, there was no very great hurry. To be sure, the boy was getting a little unmanageable, but then a boy was a boy, and you couldn't very well make him anything else. So Sky Father did as his wife wished, which made things more pleasant for everybody, but he kept the subject in the back of his mind in order to have it ready when the time came. And one day he looked out of his window from which he could see to the very Uttermost Beyond and even farther than that, and his glance fell upon the little brown ball of a world ever so far below him, spinning round and round as fast as it could, like a top when it is fast asleep. He saw it was very badly lighted, and did not always spin true, but wobbled a little sometimes, and he thought at once of his eldest boy. Here was the very thing for him to do. He should walk along the broad Sky-path and light the World. So he called the Sun and told him about it, and took his hand and led him across the sky to show him the way, and the next morning the Sun went forth to his new work alone.

He was mighty pleased to have the whole of the sky to himself to play about in, and on the first day he *did* play about and no mistake. Instead of walking quietly and steadily along the proper path Sky Father had shown him, he skipped about all over the place, now high up in the North, now low down in the South, all round the East and West, dancing and turning somersaults, and behaving generally more like a common meteor than a respectably brought up Sky boy.

The World was very angry and sent a message to say he would much rather have no light at all than such a Skipjack creature as the Sun, and if he was going on in that mad fashion the sooner he was blown out the better.

When the Sun got home that evening he had rather a bad time, for both Sky Father and Mother were vexed and disappointed that he should have behaved so badly. And Sky Mother talked very seriously to him, and Sky Father said if he could do no better he would have to be sent to the Uttermost Beyond, which is a

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flat, grey, uninteresting place inhabited by the old Lightnings who are past work and only able to sit and wag their heads at one another, and talk of the good old times they had in bygone ages, and that is always dull hearing for young folks.

The Sun did not at all like the idea of spending the rest of his life in such humdrum society just as he was growing up and going to see something of life. But he knew whatever Sky Father said he *meant*, and there was no getting away from it. So being at heart really a good lad he promised to amend his ways and apologise to the World, and do his work most carefully in future, and he has behaved quite beautifully ever since and given every satisfaction.

There was one person, however, who was not altogether pleased to see the Sun go out to work every day, and that was his sister, the Moon. She was very nearly as old as her brother, and considered it was quite time that she too should get about a bit and see what was going on.

Every night when the Sun came home and told tales of all the wonders he had seen during the day the Moon besought him to take her with him if only just for once. But the Sun always laughed in a superior sort of way that hurt the Moon's feelings, and said young maids were best at home where they could do no mischief.

And the Moon grew thin and pale, and Sky Mother began to get anxious about her and said she thought a little change might do her good, and so persuaded Sky Father to let her brother take her for a day's walk.

The Sun promised to take every care of his sister, and, as she was but a slip of a thing, he tucked her arm into his that he might help her along, and together they went along the broad Sky-path.

The Moon enjoyed herself immensely, and came home so much better for her day out that she was allowed to have another, and another, and in fact several more, till it came to be quite the usual thing for her to accompany her brother on his daily walk, always leaning on his arm. But one day when they were starting out, the Sun said he thought the Moon had grown so much stronger she ought to walk alone, and she said she was quite willing to try, but she felt a little doubtful about being able to keep up with him all day, for he was bigger than she and could travel faster.

For the first part of the time things went well enough, but towards the end of the day the Moon began to get tired and to lag behind, and the Sun got home first and she was left all by herself in the dark, lonely night. She was terribly frightened, and rushed on as fast as her little tired feet would let her, and was heartily glad to get safely back to the Blue Hall.

Next day the same thing happened, and then she said to Sky Father she thought the Sun had behaved rather badly to her. But Sky Father considered a little, and said *he* thought she was old enough to do some work too, and to save any trouble between herself and her brother he proposed that she should light the World by night as the Sun lighted it by day.

At first the Moon did not quite like the idea of going across the Sky-path all alone in the dark; but Sky Father told her the stars would bear her company and cheer her with their music, and that the World himself was looking forward to much pleasant conversation with her during the peaceful night time when everything was quiet and he had nothing else to attend to.

So the Moon was quite pleased, for she had already grown to love the World. She felt happy to think she was going to be of some real use to him, and determined to light him at night in a steady, careful way. She was not to be allowed to overwork herself either, on account of her health. On certain nights she would be off duty and join her family in the Blue Hall amid the music and dancing.

The Sun, however, being the eldest and a tiny bit spoiled into the bargain, was a little annoyed that the Moon, a mere girl, should be nearly as important a person as himself. Like many very young men, he did not believe in girls doing much outside their own homes. So when the Moon told him what was to happen, he laughed and said it was absurd to think she was going to be of the smallest use to the World; she wasn't big enough, and, as for brightness, why her light was as black darkness compared with his own, and in the day time no one would be able to see her at all. Besides, she was so slow; she could not possibly get along the whole Sky-path in the proper time. The poor young Moon was much cast down by this cruel speech. She fled for comfort to the lap of the dear Sky Mother,

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shedding bitter tears and lamenting that she was so small and dark.

Sky Mother kissed her, and bade her take comfort and dry her eyes, for no one could know their own brightness, and if the World was content that was enough.

Sky Father said the Sun was getting a bit too big for his new boots, and must be taken down a peg or two. Yes, he must have a sharp lesson, and be taught not to think himself everybody, as he was rather inclined to do. In the meantime the Moon must do her duty faithfully, and one day she should herself astonish the Sun.

So it came to pass that one fine morning when the Sun was on his daily path he chanced to look behind him. To his surprise he saw the Moon running after him as fast as she could; in fact she was running much faster than he had thought was possible for her. On and on she came, drawing nearer to him every moment. Now her shadow fell upon him, and the next minute she stepped right in front of him, completely blocking all his light and hiding him from view. And in this position she stayed for some time.

Oh, how angry the Sun was! He positively shook with rage. He did not in the least know what to do. He tried to dodge the Moon, but that was no good; he did not dare walk any faster than his usual pace, for that was strictly forbidden. It was most surprising and aggravating to find that, after all, his young sister should be able to get the better of him in this way and interfere with his light. And if she could do it once she might do it constantly, and then what would become of him? He would be laughed at by everyone, and the World would have nothing more to say to him. It was dreadful to think of what might happen! And the Sun began to be frightened as well as angry.

When the Moon saw this she knew she had done enough, so she smiled sweetly and began to move off, but slowly, for she did not wish her brother to think she was afraid of *him*. By degrees she dropped behind again till the Sun was quite clear, then she fled swiftly home to tell Sky Father and Mother how she had got on.

The Sun did not really recover himself properly all day; he felt very shaky and nervous, and was certainly not in the best of tempers when he got home that evening. And it is more than likely there would have been a fine quarrel all round had not Sky Father given the family a good talking to. He said there must be no more nonsense about one child being better than the other. They would all enjoy equal powers with one another, and perfect freedom to walk about the Sky-path at any time, provided their proper work was not neglected. And if the Moon chose to show herself in the daytime, why, she might do so, and stand in front of the Sun, too, if it did not interfere with the World's comfort.

To tell the truth the World had been a little bit upset by the curious performance of the Moon, and wanted to know the meaning of it. But when the whole affair was explained to him he took the Moon's part, and said it really was the only thing she could have done in the circumstances. At the same time he begged it might not happen too often and that he might be warned beforehand, for it was a little awkward to have the sunlight suddenly put out when he didn't expect it.

So when the Moon intends to stand in front of the Sun, which is not very often, she always takes care to tell the World in plenty of time. Then the funny little two-legged creatures he takes care of run from place to place and look at the doings of the Sun and Moon through black spectacles and long tubes. They also pretend they know a good deal about the Sun and Moon, and go and write books full of horrid long words. As a matter of fact, however, they don't really know anything at all, for *this* is the only full, true, and particular account of the matter.

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For THE BAIRNS.

Conducted by
THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

"THE FUNNIEST THING I SAW IN MY HOLIDAYS."

THE competition for this has not been so good. Most children are enjoyers of fun rather than recorders thereof. Or perhaps it is because wonders seen on holiday are hardly counted as wonders—where all is wonderful. It may be much the same in this respect as it is with conjuring. Your little child, at all events, sees nothing wonderful in a turnip being changed to a rabbit inside a man's hat; the whole world is full of wonders for him and one or two more don't matter! Be the reason what it may, the entries for this competition have been few, whereas those for the last one were very many and very good. Let me give some specimens.

Marjorie Eldridge thinks the funniest thing she saw in her holidays were two gentlemen who had "fits"! One had "screaming fits," sometimes with his arms in the air and sometimes his legs! The other had "creepy fits," with his hands creeping like spiders! It made her shriek with laughter when the fits came on. One of the gentlemen told her (confidentially) that the fits were much worse after drinking tea, and asked her to get some for him, but Eliza wouldn't give him any; he would have to wait till her ship came home!

Marjorie's sister—Olive—thought it was odder to make acquaintance with a little girl, three years old, who never wears anything on her head, or coats in winter; the windows of the house where she lives are kept open summer and winter, yet the dear little girl never catches cold, and is always merry.

Constance Clarke put off writing till the last minute and had only time to say that at Warwick Castle she saw "Guy's Porridge Pot"—a huge vessel, about three feet high, large enough for two or three people to stand in. It was used for a punch bowl when the present Earl of Warwick came of age.

The following from Gladys E. Wynne is interesting:—

One day we were taken to New Brighton, and entered the Tower Gardens. After going into various places of amusement we decided to go into the Ashanti Village. On entering, the first thing we saw was a large hut, whose roof was supported by poles only, so anybody could look in. Women and men were seated all round opposite little fires, on which were cooking monkey-nuts, bloaters, Indian corn and cakes made of the same, potatoes and many other things. The women seemed quite indifferent to heat, for they took potatoes out of *boiling* water with their fingers to see if they were done. Tied on one mother's back was a dear little baby, who cried in a very English way when his mother bent down and nearly tipped him over her shoulder into the fire. Seated on little stools were two other babies who each held a big spoon, which they licked with great zeal. They soon finished the contents of the spoon, and one toddled towards a man who sat with a rather cross expression on his face watching alternately some frizzling bloaters and boiling potatoes. The baby stretched forth its hand stealthily towards a dish of potatoes, but it was caught and sent back to its mother, who gave it a half-empty dish of potatoes to clean with its finger, whilst she fed on monkey-nuts. Just at this time in trooped about five boys, who evidently had come for food, for they were given the basin of potatoes which the baby had attempted to pilfer. We next saw some rather peculiar dances, which were very funny, especially those of a man with a floured face,

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a fur jacket, and yellow tassels round his waist, holding in his hands two weapons like fish knives.

Passing over some that are very brief, and also very grave instead of funny, there can be no doubt but the following is the best of all sent in this time; to the writer accordingly I have sent a beautiful prize, while I join with her in regretting that the flight of years will make this her last contribution—for she will soon be above age.

31, High-street, Huntingdon.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—These last summer holidays, while staying at Folkestone, I journeyed for the first time abroad. I went to Boulogne, and whilst there I think I came across the funniest things I have yet seen. We left Folkestone by the eleven o'clock boat, arriving there about two o'clock. Well, one of the funniest things to begin with was that the sea was so calm that no one was sea-sick, but there were several gentlemen looking very drowsy huddled up in different corners with rugs wrapped all round them, and they were looking most forlorn. It was a dreadfully hot day and we thought we should get melted. But going we felt a beautiful breeze when we got into the middle of the Channel. As we neared France we could see quite plainly where Calais was and numerous French villages. At last we arrived at Boulogne, and it seemed as if we were actually beginning to melt, for it was hotter than ever. When we got off the boat we found ourselves landed among endless engines and trains, but somehow or other we managed to find our way to one of the main streets, but I was most surprised to see the porters wearing blue shirts, just like those our butchers wear. By this time it was time for lunch, so we went to a French restaurant called the "Chat Noir." We tried to make the waitress understand what we wanted, but it all seemed in vain. Father asked her for soup, fish, meat, and sweets, but the waitress shook her head and said, "Non, non, non, monsieur, non soup, nous avons fish, meat et fruit." But after we had waited long enough for the things to have been cooked, we had lunch. After lunch we went for an electric tram ride by the sea coast to a little village called Wimereux. We saw a lot of French fisherwomen with their charming large white stiff bonnets. On the way, when we were going down hill, the tram ran off the lines, but some men soon put it straight again. We stayed at Wimereux for a little time and returned by another tram. We then went to the Casino and there everybody seemed to be drinking cider and wine. Another thing which seemed rather strange was that the people who were drinking beer, etc., in public houses, sat about all over the pavement on chairs and forms in a vast confusion. We then strolled down several streets, and the women seemed to be doing all their work out of doors on the pavements, such as washing the dogs and brushing their husband's clothes. We next asked the way to the Boulogne fair, but though we did ask persons who spoke English, they evidently did not understand a word we said, for one said one way and one another, so that we passed up and down the same streets several times. When we did arrive at the fair, there was a great confusion of jabber, jabber, jabber, and by what we heard, they were all very anxious to sell their wares. Almost at every stall we saw piles of dark brown ginger-bread, some of which had huge pieces of citron stuck all over it. We also saw a woman sitting in front of a large heap of collar studs; she gave about thirty or forty for ten centimes (about a penny in English money). When we had got to the end of the fair we went and looked at some Roman remains and Notre Dame, which was decorated in silver, white and blue, for some special service. We then returned and had tea where English was spoken, and about seven o'clock we returned to the boat and had a beautiful journey home by moonlight, and we could see the flashlight of Cape Gris Nez quite plainly. We arrived at Folkestone again about half-past nine to ten o'clock, after having had a very enjoyable day. —I remain, yours truly,

ROSE EDITH SARLL *(Aged 15½ years).*

The next competition will be on

"OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS."

A lady who read a paper recently before an Educational Society in London is reported to have said "That instead of the sisterly love they all so much desired, they usually found in the average family that girls considered it was a privilege of sisterhood to be annoying and even abusive, and to call each other idiots and fools. They too often found that instead of mutual interest there existed mutual distrust and even hate." Is this so? Are sisters unsisterly and brothers unbrotherly? Give me your experience and opinion; let the brothers write about the sisters and the sisters about the brothers, and so we shall get to the rights of it. Write on one side of the paper only, enclose your name and address (along with a pen-name if you do not want your real one to appear), and state your age (must be under 16), and send in by the 20th of this month to Rev. J. Reid Howatt, The Crescent, Camberwell-grove, Denmark-hill, S.E., and I shall give a handsome volume for the best letter on each subject, or two prizes altogether.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE.

Members of the League, and especially those just joining, often ask, "What kind of letters should we send to the cripple-children?" There is no rule: the styles and statements are as varied as the writers themselves; it is enough that there is a sympathetic and kindly heart, and the rest is sure to come right. To

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make certain about this I have gathered a sheaf of letters which have been sent to different cripples by members in all parts of the world, and give some extracts from them; they make interesting reading in themselves, as well as fairly represent the communications of all the members of the League.

This, for instance, from Russia :—

Isn't it wonderful how the news of one little sick girl will travel? There you are down in London, and here I am away up in St. Petersburg, Russia, and yet I know that you are not strong and well like other little children, and that you have lately been very sick indeed. And I know, too, that you have a sister: her name I do not know yet, but some day I hope you will write me and tell me what it is. And all this has happened because we have the same dear Father in Heaven, and He knew that the little sick girl would like to have some letters written all to her very own self, and He knew, too, that I wanted a dear little sister to tell stories to, and so He put it into the hearts of kind people to make us acquainted. This makes us feel very near together, doesn't it, Frances?—as though I were sitting beside your bed holding your hand and talking to you.

Then the warm-hearted writer goes on to tell interesting things about Russian children, queer Russian ways, together with story on story, all glinting with fun, and yet with tenderest thoughts running through all.

This from Berlin :—

I wonder how you have been getting on through the hot weather. Why, it seems as if the sun thought he was a stove and that it was his business to bake the whole earth! . . . We have had such a grand celebration here in Berlin, when, on the sixth day of May, the eldest son of the Emperor was eighteen years old, and his father gave him a beautiful palace all to himself, with many grand courtiers to attend him. So that the Crown Prince, as he is called, isn't any more a boy, but a very grand person in the realm. I wonder if he does not sometimes feel as though he would like to be a little boy again, and live in his father's house as he used to do, with his dear mother and many brothers, and one dear little sister? Perhaps he is glad to have a house of his own to invite his mother to come to. (Then follows a fine, chatty letter.)

This from South Africa :—

My brother was wounded very severely in the engagement at Schrepner's Nek, and my mother and father went up to Ladysmith, but father got a pass as far as Dundee. There he saw the Colonel and the man who carried my brother off the battlefield. Next day they were taken to Vryheid by the Dutch, but we have not heard of or from him since; we have tried every possible way to get news, but have not succeeded. Mother stayed in Ladysmith for two weeks, hoping to go to Vryheid some way, but had to come home again. . . . Durban has never seen such poverty as now prevails; on every side is a widow or an orphan, and so many homes and hearts are sad, but we have not grudged our Queen and country our dear ones, and we are so very thankful to God for permitting us to have such wise and humane generals. Poor Buller has had a hard time of it, but now everyone is praising him, for he really has had more to do than all the other generals. (Then follow particulars of stirring and interesting matters.)

This from New Zealand :—

I am enclosing a piece of ribbon, and hope you will like to wear it on your hair. . . . I expect you would like to hear about the little children who live in New Zealand, wouldn't you? You know people were living here before the English came. They were called Maoris, and there are a lot here now, some living quite near where I am. They have not a white face and skin like you have, but are quite brown, and have dark eyes and dark hair. They don't talk like you either, but have a funny language of their own which you would not understand at all, but the children go to school and learn to read and talk just like you. They are very happy little children too, and have always a smile on their faces, and little Maori babies must be very good, for they never seem to cry. When their mothers carry them about they don't hold them in their arms, but carry them on their back in a shawl, and you see the little baby's face peeping over the mother's shoulders, etc., etc.

From Tasmania :—

You would laugh if you saw my youngest brother! He is very little but simply loves horses, so he has two pieces of iron which he pretends are horses; he calls the one "Darly" and the other "Jumbo," and runs up and down the room banging them on the floor and says they are cantering, and he makes them kick-up, and "buck" and puts them in the corner and pretends they are eating chaff in the stable, etc.

From Lugano :—

Fancy!—one of our tame sparrows flew away a short time ago; we advertised for it in the newspapers, and two days afterwards it was brought us back by a little girl! The way she caught it was this: The day the bird flew away, when the girl was asleep she was suddenly wakened by something scratching her neck. At first she was frightened, thinking it might be a mouse, but then she saw it was a little bird trying to cuddle down on her shoulder to go to sleep! Was it not lucky that the girl slept with an open window? We were so happy to get it back.

From Yokohama :—

Even as I am writing, I hear a small bell ringing under the window, which means that the Japanese newspapers have had some extra news, and are now delivering it. The newspaper men always run about ringing a bell when they have extra news. We had a fire near our house last night. Did I ever tell you about Japanese fire-bells? They are fastened on the tops of very high poles, and a ladder is made up the pole. When they wish to ring the bell they must climb up this ladder and pound at the bell with a mallet! I suppose they have them so that they may see where the fire is.

So with letters from New York, Chicago, Montreal, New Guinea, and almost every part

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of the world besides. I have purposely taken these extracts out of letters which have come from afar, so that it may come home the more impressively to every reader that the good work done by the Crutch-and-Kindness League is work that can be done in any part of the world and by those of every age. There are six thousand *poor* child cripples in London alone; the Ragged School Union takes a friendly oversight of these, as far as it can, with the help of voluntary visitors, but when these have done their utmost how lonesome the life of the little cripple is! To put a bit of sunshine into it the members of the Crutch-and-Kindness League take each one cripple to whom a letter is written once a month or so. This is the gist of the League, but all particulars may be had for a stamp, *not from me*, but from Mr. John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John-street, Bedford-row, W.C.

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH.

Arthur Lowde, care of Miss Twelves, Chesterfield; Miss Lucy Pegler, Oddington; Master Gordon Cope, care of Miss Medway, Hendon; Master Owen Rugg, Clapham Common; Miss Alice Mann, Miss Florence Mann, Durham; Miss Nellie Scandrett, Cape Colony; Miss Elsie Barr, Bristol; Mrs. Richmond, Anglesea; Miss A. F. Robinson, Darlington; Miss E. M. Flint, Cardiff; Mrs. Titchmarsh, Newbury; Mrs. Jolliffe, Brighton; Miss Gertrude Hallott, Miss Rose Epton, Miss Emma Hardy, Miss Annie Mann, Miss Beatrice Parkinson, Miss Lizzie Smeeton, care of Miss G. Hallott, Nottingham; Master Harold Luck, care of Miss Underwood, Luton; The Band of Mercy Committee, care of Miss Underwood, Luton; Sunday School Class, care of Miss Bray, Dublin; Mrs. Treadgold, Bath; Miss A. C. Wilson, Balham; Miss D. Wright, Westgate-on-Sea; Miss Gertrude Stevenson, Devonport; Miss Kate Beckmann, West Hartlepool; Mrs. Daw, Miss Goodhind, Ottery St. Mary; Miss Lillie Stapley, Tunbridge Wells; Miss Florence S. Dods, Upper Norwood; Miss Lilian Shearn, Oxford; Miss Marguerite Coulsell, Hackney; Miss Ethel Leybourne, Cowsett; Miss Evelyn E. Reade, Wickham Market, Miss Lily M. Jones, Ilfracombe; Miss Daisy Hardy, West Hartlepool; Miss Emily Watch, Surbiton; Miss Alice Hartland, Southsea; Miss Middlemiss, Cheltenham; Mr. J. W. Bradshaw, Compstall; Miss Pattie Pochin, Croft; Miss Irene Phillips, Ilfracombe; Miss Louie Pyle, Miss Alice Pyle, Miss Beatrice Pyle, Addlestone; Miss Bessie Playfair, Lewisham; Master George H. Landon, Aylesbury; Mr. James Rutherford, Junior, Waltham Cross; Mrs. Arthur Cadell, Buxton; Miss Edith Broodbank, Kilburn; Mrs. Morgan, Market Drayton; Miss Wells, Southgate; Miss Flossie Dent, Southport; Miss Gertrude Stainbury, Barnstaple; Miss Essie Boag, West Hartlepool; Mrs. Dawson, Newcastle, Staffords.; South Bar Congress Church Y.P.S.C.E., care of Miss Bray, Banbury.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

THE attention of our readers is called to the fact that Volume IV. of "THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE," handsomely bound in red or green cloth, can be obtained of the publishers, Messrs. Horace Marshall and Son, Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. The volume contains two complete serial stories and scores of short stories and special articles. There are five hundred pictures in the volume.

"Onlooker" invites contributions to "The Public Eye" pages, accompanied by non-copyright photographs. A postal order for five shillings will be sent for every paragraph published. Photographs will be returned if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

If our readers are pleased with this Christmas number, which is issued at the usual price, we shall be greatly obliged if they will bring the MAGAZINE under the notice of their friends.

Our January number will contain several specially attractive features, and will be worthy of the first issue in the new century.

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VOL. 5. JANUARY, 1901. No. 4.

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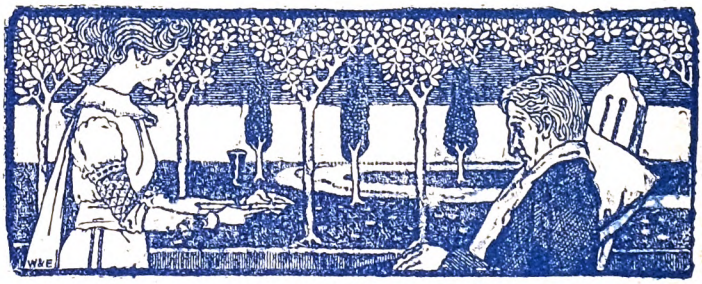

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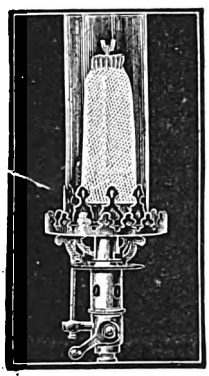

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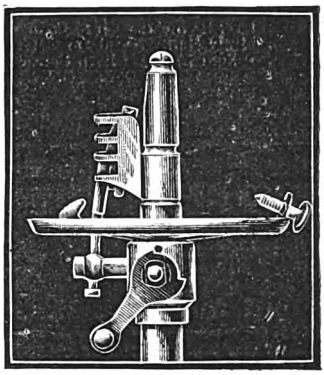

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FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

ORGAN MUSIC IN THE HOME.

The organ, though the grandest of all instruments, has this one drawback—that it can never add to the brightness of the home except in the case of the very rich. But, for all that, we need not go without the enjoyment of its varied effects, and this is owing to that wonderful invention, the organette, which is sold by the firm of J. M. Draper, Audley-street, Blackburn. This instrument, which only costs the modest sum of 35s. cash, including 20 feet of music, is supplied with 28 full-sized American organ reeds, controlled by three stops, viz., flute, expression, and vox humana. The music is produced by perforated sheets, which pass round the organette in endless bands, enabling a tune to be played over and over again without stopping. No skill is required of the performer, who simply turns a handle. All kinds of music can be played, and the instrument furnishes good orchestral effects. By the manipulation of the stops a soft sweet tone or a loud long swelling melody may be produced, trills and high falsetto as well as deep bass, and all manner of pleasing combinations at the will of the performer. A cheaper instrument with one stop may be purchased for 30s.

Persons of genius are more individual than any other people, and less capable, consequently, of fitting themselves, without hurtful compression, into any of the small number of moulds which society provides in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own characters.

OUR INFLUENCE.

There are two spirits in every man, and these spirits are contending together for the mastery. In all our relations we make our choice as to whether we shall evoke the best or the worst in those whom we meet; whether we shall liberate the best that is in them or invigorate the worst. There are men who go through life and do no evil so far as action is concerned, but who blight everything fine and fair which comes in their way, by the chilling breath of scepticism; there are others who have a genius for calling out the best. It was impossible not to believe in the nobility and dignity of life when one listened to Phillips Brooks; his atmosphere made scepticism incredible. When Hume declared that he believed in immortality whenever he remembered his mother he was bearing testimony to the almost divine influence which women of the highest type always exert, and which they often exert in entire unconsciousness. What a man believes or what he disbelieves is a vital matter, not only for himself, but for others. Let him believe in the best, and, however full of faults and imperfections he may be, there will be in his own nature a slow but tidal movement towards goodness, and he will make the attainment of virtue easier for all who know him. Let a man disbelieve in the possibility of purity, integrity, and unselfishness, and, although he may have great ability and many attractive qualities, he will smirch the society through which he passes, and leave a blackened trail behind him.

The miser who is able (but unwilling) to relieve want is truly a miserable man.

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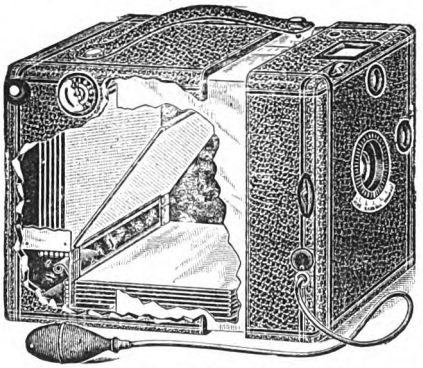

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The opera-cloak of the moment is so beautiful that one could write columns upon its charms and its variety. There are several shapes from which to choose. There is the long handsome cloak with quite a train, made of satin or brocade, either coloured or black, and lined throughout with a glory of satin in white or the palest shade of grey. Added to this, a rich jet passementerie as often as not edges the whole interior of these elaborate garments, while the collar and upper part of the cloak itself are given up to lavish trimmings—jet, steel, lace, feather, or fur. Then we may entirely alter the appearance of an opera-cloak already in hand by adding a capelet of lace over the shoulders, or an edging of fur or feather round the collar and upper part of the mantle. The three-quarter-length cape is still remarkably popular for evening occasions, and here the

rounded fronts which we have loved so long are gradually but surely giving way to the squarer arrangement. Cloaks of this kind are made in silk or satin, in fine cloth, cashmere, foulé, and silk rep. Occasionally, too, we see coloured brocade used for the purpose, while hailing from Paris are some of the elaborately tinted chiné and glacé silks, reds, pinks, blues and greens being closely intermingled. A glacé silk, however, for the purpose is never warm, so that the style is not likely to prove very popular.

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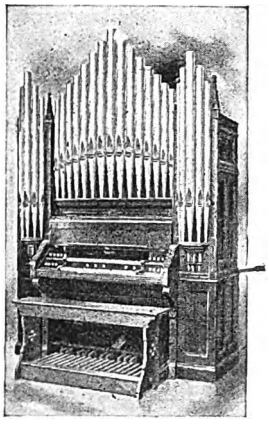

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HUMOUR.

As a weapon of self-defence, humour has its own peculiar place in life's arsenal; that fact is proven; but it is not a weapon of *offence*, as is satire, the bastard cousin of humour. Humour's gentle answer turneth away wrath, while satire invites anger. A humorous retort has a pleasant and calming influence, yet carries with it, at the same time, a subtle warning that the speaker is not quite to be trifled with. Satire gives a like warning, to be sure, but in common with chickens and curses and boomerangs, satire has a fatal trick of coming home to roost. No one wholly enjoys being laughed at, smile the humorist ever so gently; and in this laugh lies humour's restraining power; but when it comes to being *sneered* at, as satire sneers, human nature will not endure the insult, and sooner or later vengeance is apt to follow. It may be that humour has no place in the original beatitudes, but—Blessed are the Humorous!

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

The "WIDE WORLD" has made special arrangements for the coming year, whereby it will secure the cream of the narratives of the most distinguished explorers; and the Editor has much pleasure in announcing that next month Captain H. H. P. DEASY, the distinguished Central Asian explorer, will commence the record of his hardships and adventures in some of the wildest regions of Central Asia. Captain DEASY has already been awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society for his magnificent work.

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THE ANNUAL FOE.

While the English climate in point of healthfulness compares favourably in many respects with that of foreign countries, yet the terrible prevalence of chest diseases during the winter must certainly be laid to its charge. A little book has been sent us by the Paul Weidhaas Hygienic Institute, 16, Buckingham-road, Brighton, wherein a new hygienic treatment of chronic diseases of the respiratory organs and stomachic complaints is recommended. Many letters are printed giving the grateful acknowledgments of sufferers who have found benefit from the treatment, and the originals, we understand, can be seen at the Paul Weidhaas Institute.

Science, the partisan of no country, but the beneficent patroness of all, has liberally opened a temple where all may meet. Her influence on the mind, like that of the sun on the chilled earth, has long been preparing it for higher cultivation and further improvement. The philosopher of one country sees not an enemy in the philosopher of another: he takes his seat in the temple of science, and asks not who sits beside him.

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A VELVET GOWN.

The sketch shows a reception dress, intended for afternoon wear, in reddish-purple velvet, made with some simplicity of outline over a vest and panel of embroidery on chiffon, lined with satin of brightest peach-blossom colour. The lace cape is a piece of fine old point, but as that is a possession of the fortunate few it can be replaced by one of the clever imitations now so much worn. The little chemisette and collar are in white chiffon, with narrow black

velvet run through it. The gold tissue waistband is fastened with an antique buckle. The little bows down the front of the bodice are made of satin similar to that which forms the lining of the embroidered vest and panel. Deep lace cuffs finish the under-sleeves, over which fall the puffed velvet over-sleeves, the necessary fulness for which is provided by the narrow tucks that run downwards from shoulder to elbow in groups of three.

Whether thralled or exiled,
Whether rich or poor thou be,
Whether praised or reviled,
Not a rush is it to thee:
This nor that thy rest doth win thee,
But the mind that is within thee.

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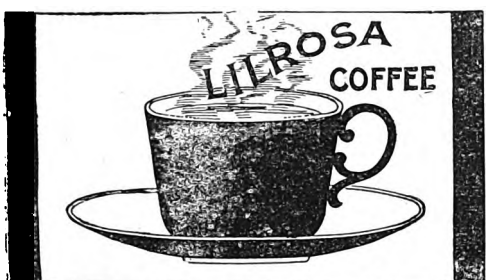

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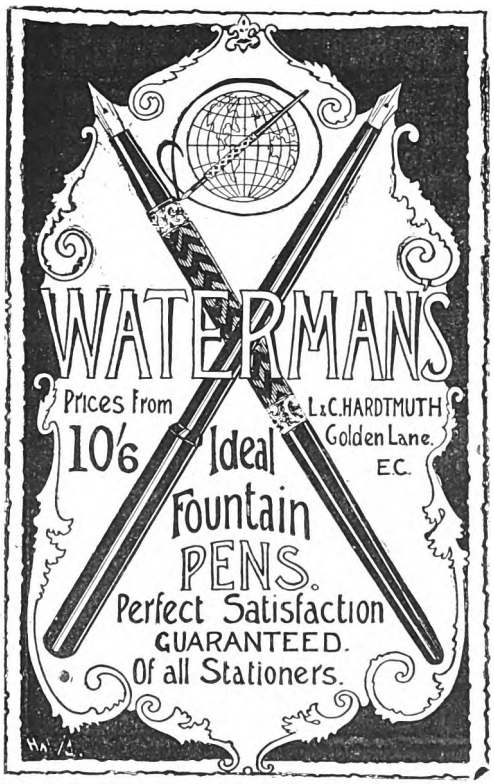

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

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MILLET'S "ANGELUS." (See page 289).

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The Greatest Need of the Century.

Symposium by representative men, including Learned Divines, Popular Authors, Leading Editors, Well-known Humorists, and two M.D.'s. . . . . .

DR. FARRAR,

Dean of Canterbury.

The permanence of our Empire, the stability of our Commerce, the whole welfare of the Nation, depend on our showing ourselves capable of developing more strenuousness, more self-denial, a deeper conviction of the truth that there is one thing only—Righteousness—which exalteth a nation; and that sin is not only the *reproach* but the ruin of any people.

RICHARD WHITEING,

Author of "No. 5, John Street."

The greatest need of the twentieth century is a word of timely warning against the foolishness of trying to find new aims. The best of the old ones will do. Let the century bend its back to the task which its predecessors have only boggled as yet. After all the nineteenth will be best remembered by its efforts to carry on that great work of social emancipation which the eighteenth just lived to begin. Weak as the old eighteenth was, it had a fine death-bed repentance in the French Revolution. There is still a good deal to save from Nietzsche and the Devil. We have yet to find the secret of a more equal diffusion of the blessings of life, even of such as may be expressed in the coarse terms of pounds, shillings and pence. Too much goes to individuals, or to the corporations that are taking their place in our economic system. They are too fat; and their kicking threatens the very frame of things.

Less than enough of all that is best worth having is left for the "balance" of mankind. These are still far short of their proper share in education, housing, beauty, sweet body and sweet mind. I would not give them more beer. In a kindlier light from the skies, the burning question of the difference between the long pull and the short would cease to have its present lurid importance. It owes everything to its background in our city of dreadful night. The poor in purse and in spirit must be lifted up, or they will drag us all down together. We have to extend the conception of "a bold peasantry, their country's pride" to the whole mass of the disinherited. The contrast is too shocking as it stands. Our choice lies between the violence incidental to their attempt to do what nobody else will do for them, or the wiser way. The statesmen, the thinkers, the writers, and all the shaping tribe have a glorious part to play in the twentieth century. They will no doubt be equal to it. Happy the infancy of to-day! What would not one give for its chances of seeing at least a partial fulfilment of the hopes of the race?

F. C. BURNAND,

Editor of "Punch."

Can there be any question as to what is the "greatest need" to the majority of us in the new century? Has it not been the greatest need for most persons in the past century, or rather centuries? Money.

Have every good quality possible, be the most charitable person in the world, and if you have no money—*cui bono?*

It needs no "symposium" of philosophers or men distinguished in Art and Letters to tell us that the greatest need

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for the new century, and for every other century, past, present and future, is "money."

Without money the next need is miracles.

Money or miracles. Remember the tribute money found in the mouth of a fish.

There's an example: The miracle produced the money, or, rather, the money was produced by miracle. Had money been present a miracle would not have been needed.

The Rev. SILAS K. HOCKING,
Novelist and Methodist Preacher.

What is needed more than anything else is a genuine ethical revival—the creation of a finer moral sense, of a purer moral atmosphere. I would say nothing in disparagement of creeds or ceremonials, or modes of worship—these things are important, no doubt, but they are not of supreme importance—the one essential thing is character. "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good, and what the Lord doth require of thee. That thou do justly, that thou love mercy, and that thou walk humbly with thy God."

We have insisted continuously on what may be called the formal side of religion, such as attendance at meetings and sacraments. We have urged the necessity of faith and sound doctrine—and no doubt rightly so—but the all-important question of godliness, of the higher ethical life, of the fine moral sense that resents, and shrinks back, from the least approach of sin, has in my judgment received far too little attention. I hesitate to say a word that should seem to reflect on existing organisations, and yet most thoughtful men, I think, will admit that the moral tone and the moral standards of the world leave much to be desired. Nor is there any very clear line of distinction between those who profess religion and those who do not. As a matter of fact, some of the noblest characters in the world to-day—and by general consent acknowledged as such—make no profession of religion at all.

I fear we must hold it a truth that however successful the Church may have been in christianising the world, the world has been far more successful in secularising the Church. The merely rich man has far more influence to-day in Church Councils than the merely godly man. Big houses count for more than great souls, and small sins are winked at when covered by large contributions. If the Kingdom of Heaven is represented by the ecclesiastical organisations that we call the Church, then a golden key will unlock the door, and money will purchase the highest seats.

The Christian Church to-day is suffering from precisely the same evils that affected and paralysed the Jewish Church in the time of Christ. The points of analogy may be easily traced by anyone who will take the trouble to do so. Hence the failure of the Church to meet and circumvent the growing evils of the land. The power of the drink-seller is steadily increasing both in the Church and in the State. The Stock Exchange gambler is to the front in ecclesiastical enterprises. The company-promoter, the money-lender, the jerry-builder, the rack-renter, have honoured places in the synagogue, and the result is that morally the nation stagnates. Even religiously we make no real progress. There are fewer young people in our Sunday schools than there were five years ago; fewer adults, relatively to the size of the population, attending our churches; fewer additions, in proportion to the agencies, to the roll of Church members.

Nor is that the worst, from a merely ecclesiastical point of view. The Church has lost its hold upon the great mass of the people; not one in ten of the working men of England attend Church or Chapel. What we term the masses don't believe in the Church, or in the ministry. They don't believe that we are sincere. They don't believe that we believe what we profess to believe, or we should do differently from what we do. It is a humiliating confession to make, but we had better face it. These people have no quarrel with Christianity. They believe in Christ and reverence Him. But they fail to discover in us any real likeness to the Master.

Wherein, they ask, is the difference between those who profess religion and the great mass of respectable people who make no profession? Are we more peaceful, more neighbourly, more ready to forgive, more eager to do good, more willing to suffer wrong? Is our life simpler, sweeter, more gentle and generous and heroic? Do we come out from among the ungodly? Do we stand apart—a nation within a nation—rebuking national wrong, resisting passion and strife, holding aloft

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the banner of brotherhood—fighting against lust and greed and drunkenness, or do we fritter away our life in oiling ecclesiastical machinery and let the world wag as it will?

I may be mistaken—I hope I may be, but it seems to me we have lost the vivid sense of wrong that ought to characterise us. We really don't trouble about such matters as drunkenness, and gambling, and prostitution, and war. Our conscience is not sensitive to the finer shades of morality. We allow evil things to be done in the hope that good may come. We place denominational gain before national righteousness, and we have lost sight of the race in our passion for a nation.

So I come back to the point at which I started. It is an ethical revival that we need. No opening of the flood gates of emotion will meet the case. No new acceptance of a creed. When the Church herself has been converted to Godliness then shall we make our influence felt upon the nation.

We want a nearer vision of God—a realisation of His immanence, an awakening to righteousness and a sense of our own accountability, and of a judgment to come.

Rev. C. H. GRUNDY, M.A.

Rural Dean of Greenwich.

The pressing need of the new century is among the young men; a sense of duty instead of a love of pleasure.

The youth of England lack industry and the power of "sticking to it." Their minds are full of football records and entertainments. The one idea is to "get away from the office" as soon as possible.

Self-improvement is put on one side for smoking concerts and amateur dramatics, and the tendency is to lean on parents and to get money from them, instead of pushing forward in life by plodding and efficiency. The "early closing" is the idea everywhere. The dogged intention to make one's way in the world and rise by sheer hard work is dying out.

The limp lover of pleasure, to be paid for by other people, is everywhere. The grit and determination which built up the old businesses of England is going, and young men are content to be clerks in "Limited Companies" because they have neither the self-respect nor the energy to make a career.

CLEMENT SHORTER,

Editor of the "Sphere."

Assuming that there are in this country, and in every country, many thousands of people who, without any fault of their own, but through temperament and circumstance, are suffering the most painful fruits of poverty, I take it the greatest need of the next century is that it should solve this problem of the undeserved poor.

Dr. JESSOPP,

Rector of Scarning, Norfolk.

I believe the greatest need of the twentieth century, as far as the welfare of our own country is concerned, is that the financial position of the Church of England should be very largely strengthened. This can be done in two ways. *Firstly*, by raising a sum of not less than two millions sterling by a subscription raised in the same way as the Wesleyan body has determined to raise, and has gone far already to raise, one million sterling. *Secondly*, by dealing with all existing and future endowments exactly in the same way as the Episcopal and Capitular Estates and the revenues of the endowed schools have been dealt with and are now administered, the patronage of the several benefices remaining undisturbed. When this is brought about, as I believe it will be, all houses and lands and all funded property, from the income of which the beneficed clergy derive their stipends, will be handed over to trustees and managed by them, the nett income being paid to the several incumbents of the parish or district churches.

The inequalities in the values of the benefices will as a rule be left as they are, except that the very poor benefices will be subsidised, probably in the same way as the poorer bishoprics were subsidised by arrangement, duly carried out by the powers that be.

The saving in the expense of *management* in keeping up the houses and buildings, and in developing the resources of the benefices, will be immense; while the creation of a new Church Fund, to be raised by subscription, will suffice to maintain those whose duty it will be to become the moral and religious teachers of the nation and to minister to the daily increasing multitudes now largely left to take their chance

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MAX O'RELL,

Author of "John Bull and his Island," etc.

The nineteenth century has been the age of scientific discovery, but there is a discovery that no explorer has yet succeeded in making, that of the French people by the English, and that of the English people by the French. The ignorance of nations on the subject of what is going on in other nations is something appalling, but when we reflect that France is only twenty-one miles from England, that ignorance, so far as these two great and intelligent countries are concerned, must be a subject of wonderment.

Up to now, the newspapers, which are the only means that the masses of the people have to educate themselves, have fed their readers on "patriotic lies," instead of teaching them the truth. The greatest need of the twentieth century is a press upright and noble, that will see that its duty is to preach concord, and to help, by their careful discretion and consideration, the work of diplomatists whenever any difficulties may arise between two nations. If, besides, a law is passed that will cause newspapers to be prosecuted for libelling foreign nations, as well as private individuals, the peace of the world will be assured.

THE REV. ALFRED ROWLAND,

Pastor of Park Chapel, Crouch End.

Strenuous self-denial for the sake of higher aims in life appears to me one of our greatest needs. In all directions we see signs of self-indulgence. Sometimes these appear in mere animalism, such as drunkenness and impurity, and often in amusements which have in them no recreative influence, so far as the higher part of one's nature is concerned. A quarter of a century ago or more, debating Societies demanded of their members the conquest of indolence and nervousness, but they are now supplanted by entertainments which exact no effort, and do no more than pass the time agreeably. This easy-going, pleasure-loving spirit is seriously affecting the right use of the Lord's Day, some of whose hours should surely be spent in acts of worship, in study of divine truth, and in service for others, but which by many now is wholly devoted to pleasure. To the same cause we may attribute the lack of strenuousness in those who take up perfunctorily, or temporarily, great movements in the direction of temperance reform or missionary enterprise. Passionate zeal for political, social or religious questions is rare, and steady continuance in well-doing is not more common. What we need, therefore, if we would rise to the noble possibilities presented by the dawning century, is whole-hearted consecration to the service of God and our fellows.

GEORGE B. BURGIN,

Literary Critic of the "Daily Express."

The greatest need for the new century is a little more faith, hope, and charity, and a little less pessimism. In the words of a celebrated old divine, let us remember that, "We have a title to be provided for, as we are God's creatures . . . and, therefore it is a huge folly and infidelity to be troubled and full of care."

CANON DANIELL, M.A.,

Chaplain of Dulwich College.

On entering a new century one must remember that human nature is always the same human nature. There is the same engrained corruption and weakness to be dealt with and remedied; and the same edification, or gradual building up of character on right lines to be secured. *The* Son of Man is still "The Way." He shows us what the true man is, and what that progress, that "getting on" (of which we often think and speak wrongly), really is. He constrains us by His love to be as He was, self-devoted and self-sacrificing. He inspires us to think more of the praise which God gives than of that which man bestows. He makes us by His own victory to overcome the world, which is always tempting us to sacrifice principle to self-interest, and to be absorbed in what is only temporary instead of what is permanent. He enables us to find Reality in what is above nature, and not in the natural and the seen. These considerations are always the secret of triumph in us and through us of the truth. But a changing world of wilful men, and nations, and people, makes some special point need emphasis as the nineteenth century passes into the twentieth, and we achieve another 100 Anni Domini—Years of the Lord.

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England's strength has been and is the purity of its home life, and the use of its opportunities as the school of right being. Surely in the twentieth century we need to look to it that we and other peoples make and keep the home and family as they should be—"A man's foes shall be they of his own household." There are the sharpest battles fought, and so the greatest victories won. There does the real man most reveal himself. There is the most lasting impression made for good and evil on the most impressionable whom we are more immediately sent to impress. Marriages arranged with no thought of the responsibilities of those who by marrying found a home, with no thorough partnership and confidence between man and wife, with the intention of a selfish evasion of the greatest of the issues of the married state—sap the foundations of all wholesome life. The tale of how the poor live in our great cities of to-day makes one tremble for the consequences of homeless upbringings to the strength of England and of humanity. We could say much more, but it is enough to sum up one man's unworthy thoughts of the greatest need of the new century into the words—More conscience for the founding and maintaining of our homes as the only reliable beginners of all that Love which we have learnt from *The* Son of Man.

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

Author of a Hundred Popular Novels.

In my opinion the greatest need of the new century is a thorough cleansing of the national hive by means of a short Act of Parliament—one which would enable the magistracy to work in co-operation with the Army and Navy in making a clean sweep of the ruffiandom existent in our large towns, which swarm with able-bodied young men and lads of a class who are a curse to themselves and a constant evil to those among whom they dwell. As matters stand, we are constantly reading of Hooliganism and its varieties, which now supplement the ordinary petty crimes that fill our prisons. These pests of society will not work; they are perfectly useless, and for their benefit as well as our own, I would give the magistracy the power to hand over to the naval and military authorities every able-bodied man or youth fit to serve, who could not prove that he is getting an honest living. It would mean the formation of depots of supply for the two services, in which excellent sailors and soldiers could be manufactured for enforced service, with the sternest repression and punishment where needed for the vilest and most stubborn, and rapid advance by gradation for the more willing, who should have facility for becoming decent soldiers or sailors fit to be drafted into our regiments or ships. We enforce education with the child and boy. Why not continue it with the growing ruffian? He would be beyond the reach of the cane so delicately used under the school board, but here in cases of the very worst there is the lash. Retrograde? Better than the constant imprisonment which seems only to harden, and its application would be the greatest rarity if stern military discipline were the order of the day.

THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.,

Incumbent of St. James', Marylebone.

More prophets, fewer parrots; more thought, less talk; more fact, less fancy; more faith, less form.

H. W. MASSINGHAM.

London Editor of the "Manchester Guardian."

The greatest need of the New Century is, in my opinion, to teach the Individual Truth, the State Justice, and the Church Christianity.

CANON W. HAY AITKEN,

Of Norwich Cathedral.

I think that we may get at a conclusion as to what is the greatest need of the Twentieth Century by reflecting on what it is that we most deplore in the end of the Nineteenth. I believe that most thoughtful observers of the moral features of the period would indicate this by a somewhat clumsy, but all too intelligible word—INDIFFERENTISM. It is not merely to Christian religion that the masses are indifferent. It seems scarcely possible to awaken any enthusiasm on any subject of either moral, social, or even political reform. The one hopeful feature of the hour in this respect, contrasting with this, and indicating the potentiality of better things, has been the recent outburst of patriotic feeling.

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Now I suppose that the opposite of indifferentism is EARNESTNESS. We need earnestness in other things besides football, and indeed even in this there seems a tendency to sacrifice the enthusiasm of the amateur to the commercially apprised skill of the professional.

We need (Oh, that we might begin our new century with it!) "another Pentecost." This will produce earnestness in every department of reform. I always believe that it was the American Revival that killed slavery, and a similar spiritual movement, coupled with the strong teaching that is now, thank God, so common on the subject of Christian morality, will inaugurate a new crusade against those monstrous moral and social evils which still disgrace our modern civilisation.

J. KEIR HARDIE, M.P.,

Leader of the Independent Labour Party.

Men!

REV. W. CARLILE,

Founder and Chief Secretary of the Church Army.

From a Church Army point of view, the crying need of the Church of Christ is, that she should be truly Catholic in her love both for the *best*, however much she may differ from some, and for the *worst*, however much they may have sunken; as well as Apostolic, in that she puts herself to endless risk and trouble to win them.

REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A.,

Pastor of Christ Church, Westminster.

The greatest need for the new century is a revival of the sense of Reverence, by which I mean the habitual acknowledgment on the part of us all of the reality and worth of the unseen and eternal. Our modern life seems utterly superficial. Wealth, display, pleasure monopolise us. We burn so much gas, and spend so much time, far into the night, in its glamour, that we seldom look up to the stars burning through the ages, in the infinite spaces of the Universe. How differently Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, Sir Philip Sydney would have written to Queen Elizabeth of their successes by land or sea, to the style that most correspondents and leader writers now employ; whilst the references of Hampden, Pym, and Colonel Hutchinson to God, the Bible, and the eternal principles of the Kingdom of God would be deemed so much *cant* if used by a statesman to-day. We are losing our reverence for human rights, for our liberty, for our word, for the family, for God's Day, God's Book, and God himself. And when reverence for things which lie behind the material and outward vanishes, the dry rot has already struck its fangs into the foundations of our national life.

CORRIE GRANT, M.P.,

Chief Organiser of the Progressive Forces in London.

Your question is extremely difficult to answer. Everybody will consider the question of what is the greatest need of the new century from their own, and therefore from a different point of view. My little daughter's answer is "More Liberal M. P's.," while a struggling friend of mine is confident that the true reply is "More money." I should say first that I desire our social and moral progress to be as great in the new century as in the old. The greatest need of the new century is therefore more citizens of character, of determination, single-eyed, unselfish, simple. What is the greatest stumbling block in the way? The steadily growing greed of wealth.

MAX PEMBERTON,

Author of "The Footsteps of a Throne," etc.

I think the greatest need of the new century is:—

For the Nation—Sobriety and a due sense of proportion.

For the Politician—New Voices but old Truths.

For the Worker—A wider vision looking across the Channel to ask where the worker stands.

The final greatness of this Empire depends upon the fidelity to the old traditions of freedom and peace. Her commercial greatness, indispensable to her stability, is purely a matter of intellect and application. She must work harder and think more. Perhaps her greatest need is the knowledge that her commercial supremacy is leaving her.

Further interesting contributions will appear next month.

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THE VICISSITUDES OF MILLET'S "ANGELUS."

BY THE REV. JAMES JOHNSTON.

THE wanderings of Millet's noble and affecting picture are scarcely less romantic than the circumstances of its production, painted in the solemn loneliness of the Plain of Chailly, beside the immemorial oaks and beeches of Fontainebleau.

"The Angelus," which was painted in 1859, was originally sold by the artist for about £70 to M. Feydeau, and after passing through several hands, the price ever advancing as the fame of the picture grew, it was purchased by Mr. J. W. Wilson for £1,520.

At the Wilson sale in 1881 it became the property of M. Secrêtan, the French copper-king, who gave no less than £6,400 for it. But reverses compelled M. Secrêtan to part with the whole of his magnificent collection of art treasures, and once more "The Angelus" changed hands.

In July, 1889, the entire collection was brought to the hammer in Paris. M. Knoedler, on behalf of the Corcoram Art Gallery, New York, and M. Antonin Proust, who was supposed to hold a commission in the name of the French Government, were the chief competitors for Millet's masterpiece, and after an exciting and spirited bidding "The Angelus" was knocked down amidst intense excitement to Mr. Proust for the immense sum of £23,000. This price included the Government commission of 5 per cent.

Subsequently, however, the French Chamber of Deputies refused to ratify Mr. Proust's purchase or to grant money to pay for the picture, and Millet's *chef-d'œuvre* was afterwards exhibited for a year in the United States.

At a later date the ultimate home of "The Angelus" was uncertain, some declaring that it remained in New York, others that it was again on its native soil.

Proof is now forthcoming that it is at present not far away from the French capital.

M. Chaucard, the latest owner of the picture, paid for it, when it had been round the world and had found a temporary resting place in the United States, something very like £32,000. It is worth noting that, according to a statement in connection with the recent art bequests of M. Ionides to South Kensington, London, it is by a mere accident the British nation does not now enter into possession of the immortal "Angelus," since M. Ionides could at one time have purchased Millet's work for the modest sum of £3,000, and very nearly did acquire it.

M. Chaucard, of the Magasins du Louvre, Paris, should be one of the happiest of art lovers, possessing, as he does, a world-renowned collection of paintings, which he has lately removed from the Avenue Velasquez to his suburban residence at Longchamps, facing the Windmill. So highly does M. Chaucard cherish his artistic hobby that it is an inflexible rule with him never to sleep a night from under the roof that shelters his precious gallery.

It appears that on Sunday, October 21st, M. Loubet, the French President, went to lunch and saw the famous paintings, including the gem of the great French painter, and that on the same occasion the chief members of the Cabinet met M. Loubet at M. Chaucard's table.

This greatly increased the fame of M. Chaucard's gallery, and a day or two later it was visited by King George and his son, Prince Nicholas of Greece. Although M. Chaucard attends daily to his house of business in the city, and only dispenses hospitality on Sundays, he cordially made an exception for King George, who saw "L'Angelus" for the first time in the Chaucard collection.

What pathos there is in the fact that at the present moment the triumphs of Millet's brush are realising enormous prices, while the artist himself struggled against the pressure of poverty, for the most part all his life long amidst his lonely Barbizon surroundings, painting with a sympathetic power, such as no other painter has shown, the life of rustic France.

JAMES JOHNSTON.

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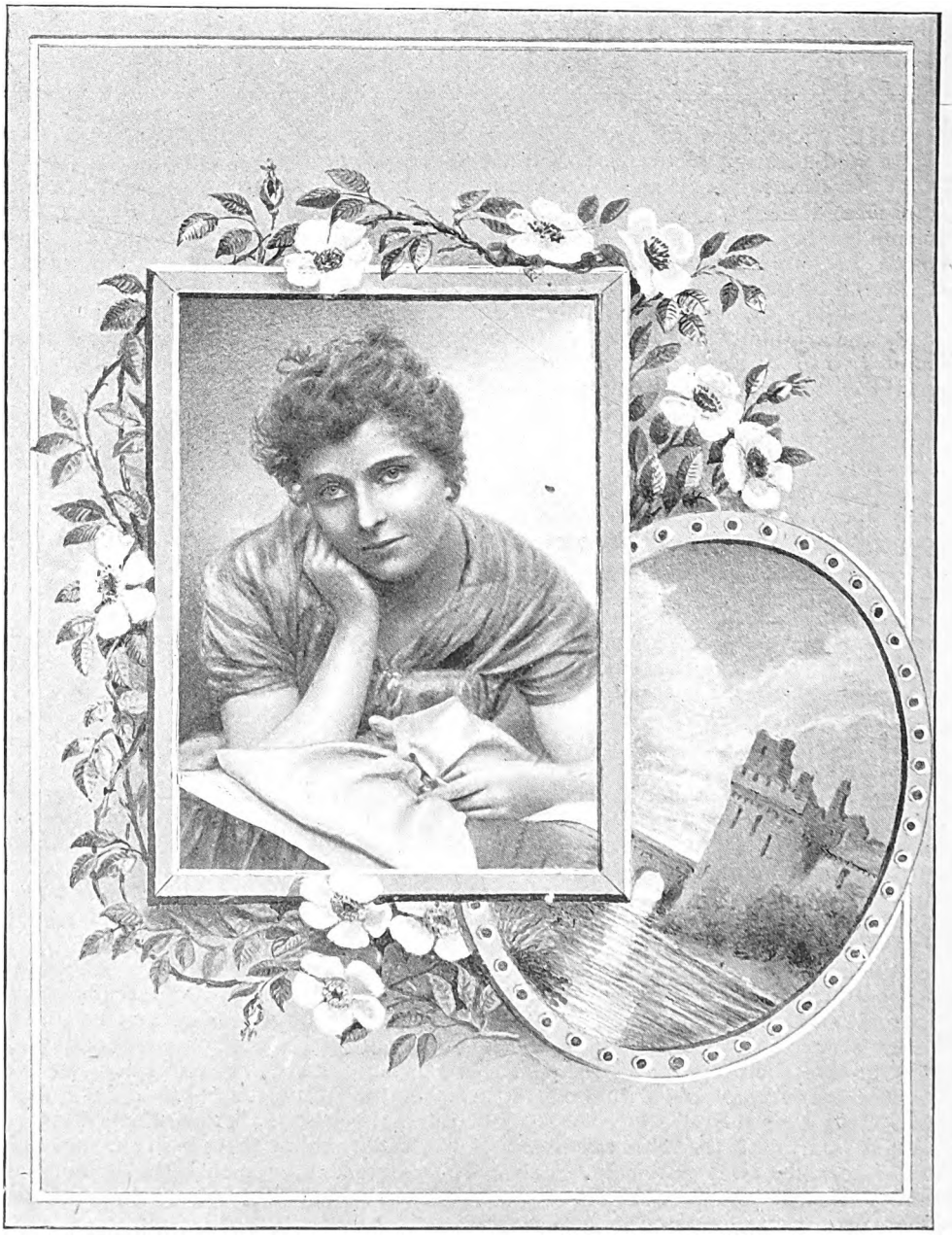

A NEW YEAR MEDITATION.

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WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

A Study and . . a Story.

By . . JOHN HULME.

I CAN imagine a much easier task than verbally painting a portrait of anyone who has suddenly acquired popularity, for this latter often produces the same effect upon a man or woman that strong lime light has upon the made-up face of a stage hero or heroine—fictitious values, which daylight, ordinary surroundings, and a closer view dispel.

If the artist is conscientious, he will desire to put down on his canvas the simple truth. He will seek to express the real rather than accept the stage ideal, and (unless for special reasons) will endeavour to paint his sitter characteristically posed, in a natural light, and with an appropriate background.

But a certain amount of courage is necessary to enable the artist to thus record his realistic impressions; because in so doing he will, more likely than not, offend both the sitter and his friends; for it is not everyone who is philosophical enough to exclaim: "Draw me as I am, wrinkles and all."

Thus far, then, by way of preface to the exhibition of the sketch I have attempted of Winston Churchill, M.P. for Oldham; a sketch upon which I have endeavoured to work in a soberly critical, yet not unsympathetic spirit; a sketch during the preparation of which I have been reminded of the Horatian maxim that the unknown often passes for the magnificent, or, as the old English saying puts it, "Hills look green when viewed from afar," a sketch recording my impressions of the subject just as he appeared to me; neither adding anything, selecting anything, nor rejecting anything.

The junior member for Oldham, during a conversation I had with him at Crompton Hall in Lancashire, informed me that he was born at Blenheim on November 30th, 1874. From a preparatory school at Brighton he, in 1888, proceeded to Harrow, where he remained for about five years and which he left in 1893 to enter Sandhurst.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT THE FRONT.

After eighteen months spent in the military academy there, he, on the 20th February, 1895, received a commission in the 4th (Queen's Own) Hussars, the same year seeing him obtain permission to go out to Cuba for the purpose of witnessing the Spanish-American war, as an attaché to the force of Marshal Campos.

In 1896 the 4th Hussars were ordered to India, Mr.

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Churchill accompanying his regiment. He was with the Malakand Field Force in '97, and also went with the Tirah expedition in the early part of '98. In the autumn following he succeeded in getting himself attached to the 21st Lancers, and consequently had an opportunity of beholding Kitchener's Soudan campaign brought to its brilliantly successful conclusion at the battle of Omdurman.

A year and a-half ago, or little over four years from the time of his entering, he left the British Army.

His sword was then turned into, not a ploughshare, but a stylus; his work henceforth was to consist of giving, not orders, but orations; his duty, the chronicling, not creating, of war's alarms; for, abandoning the profession of arms, he enlisted in the army of political professors.

In July, 1899, he unsuccessfully fought a bye-election at Oldham, and, a few months later, sailed for South Africa, in the capacity of war correspondent. His subsequent career needs no recapitulation here, since it has loomed largely enough in the public eye to be easily read by even an express-train passenger. It was during Mr. Churchill's bye-election contest at Oldham that I was first afforded an opportunity of studying him at close quarters. A friend of mine happened to be on a visit to Oldham, and we both joined in putting in a little work on behalf of Mr. Churchill, whom my friend often saw, and frequently conversed with; I also meeting him, but less frequently.

Months afterwards we compared notes. "What is your opinion of Churchill?" I enquired.

"Began at the wrong end. Ought to have started with sweeping the stage instead of playing leading parts," was the gruff though kindly-meant reply of my amateur-theatricals-loving companion.

To this reply I made no answer. Frankly, I was puzzled. For I had read a certain novel which I was informed was written by Winston Churchill when a mere boy of twenty-two.

"Twenty-two years! Almost a Plato in petticoats," was my mental remark concerning the writer, after I had finished his last chapter, for the tale is undoubtedly interspersed with more philosophy on women and politics than one usually associates with the experience of a young man of two-and-twenty. It was precisely written, too, and hence, after glancing at other work to which Mr. Churchill's name appeared, expectancy ran moderately high, whilst making my way for the first time to hear him speak, anticipating that his discourse would, at least, have a literary flavour, if not embellished with oratorical grace.

But it had neither; and close quarters had brought its first shock of disappointment.

His escape from Pretoria, and letters on the British-Boer campaign invested him with a halo of interest that again raised the expectations of many who, like myself, were desirous of noting any improvement that might have taken place either in the manner or matter of his speeches.

And again disappointment has followed in the wake of the closer view.

Mr. Churchill and oratory are not neighbours, yet; nor do I think it likely they ever will be.

Under ordinary circumstances, he uses carefully prepared notes properly arranged according to the effect intended. His temperament is highly nervous, which may explain his tendency to over gesticulate. A favourite platform attitude, used whenever he has made a point, is to place both hands on his hips, what time he beams the smile of satisfaction. At other times, when excited, he seems to be hammering home his words with both hands raised aloft.

I have travelled several hundred miles for the purpose of hearing him either lecture or make political speeches. In reality, however, it has been practically the same speech—its subject South Africa. If politics were comprised solely in the terms Natal, Orange River Colony and the Transvaal, then would Mr. Churchill graduate as a proficient politician. On his knowledge of, or ability to deal with, important social questions a more reserved opinion must be expressed.

But if he does not yet exhibit any striking, all round acquaintance with political questions, it must be borne in mind that he has had no very great opportunity for acquiring it, for he had finished his school career and professional training when he was but four months over the age of twenty, an age when the average professional man is only beginning his course of study, and most of the five years and

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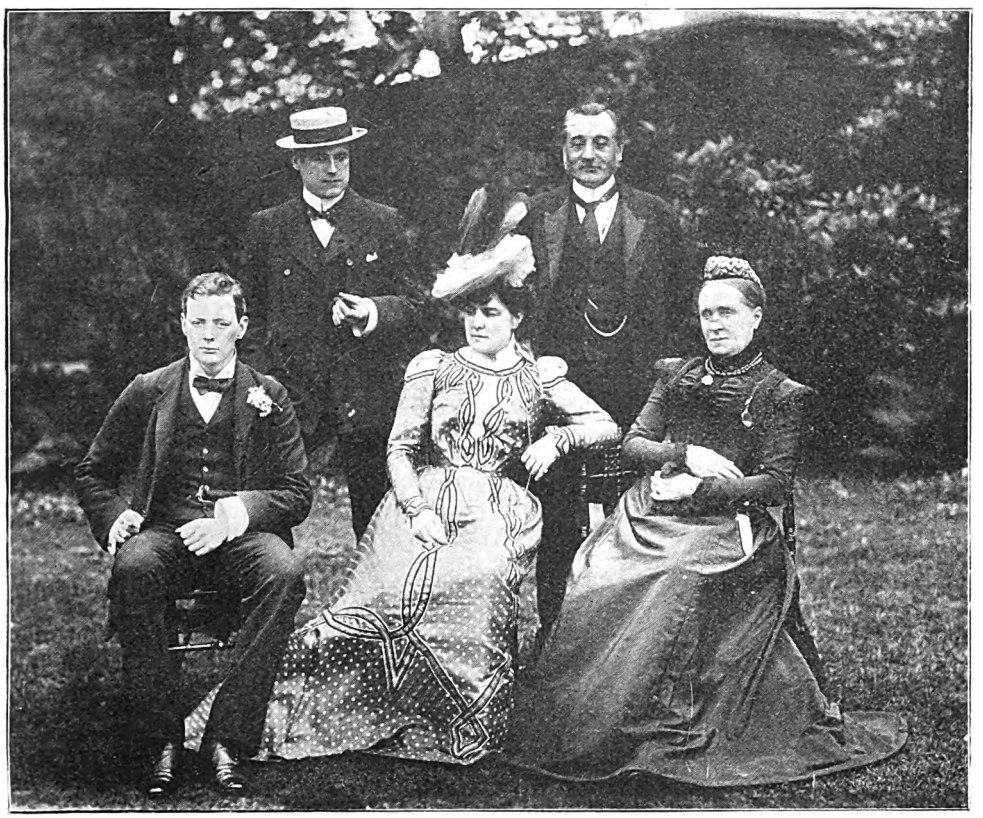
nine months since then has been spent in savage or semi-savage lands.

One suffers another disillusion on seeing Mr. Churchill enter a small room (say where his committee meet). The idea one forms of him enveloped with a seven-thousand-miles-away atmosphere, and from descriptions that from time to time have been given of him, is that of a broad-chested, well set-up, bright eyed, brown faced young man with a military carriage, a ringing voice, and infectious



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AND LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, WITH MR. AND MRS. WHITTAKER, THEIR HOST AND HOSTESS, AT OLDHAM. THE FIFTH PORTRAIT IS THAT OF MR. HUGHES, A FRIEND OF MR. CHURCHILL.

smile. But the junior member for Oldham is rather slightly built, and his stoop dispels our preconceived notions of his soldier-like bearing. Light untanned complexion, faintly brown hair, rather dreamy eyes that frequently droop, a cleanly cut chin, shapely hands, and a quickly vanishing smile constitute the picture of his external appearance.

One day, whilst returning from the Terrace of the House of Commons, my friend the late Louis J. Jennings, then M.P. for Stockport, and myself passed the present Colonial Secretary.

"What a world of care Mr. Chamberlain seems to have on his shoulders!" said the author of "Field Paths and Green Lanes," and the remark returns to me as I watch Mr. Churchill's movements. He seems to be always steeped up to the eyes in business; and to manifest at times a strange forgetfulness. One evening, he informed me, to my surprise, that he had forgotten the names of the principal towns where he has to lecture this winter in America.

It would hardly be correct to allude to either his wit or humour as prominent, whilst on general subjects he is but a middling conversationist. Yet his eye brightens whenever either painting, politics, or soldiering is mentioned, and his best expressions come out when discussing campaigns, kit-cats, and Cabinet Ministers.

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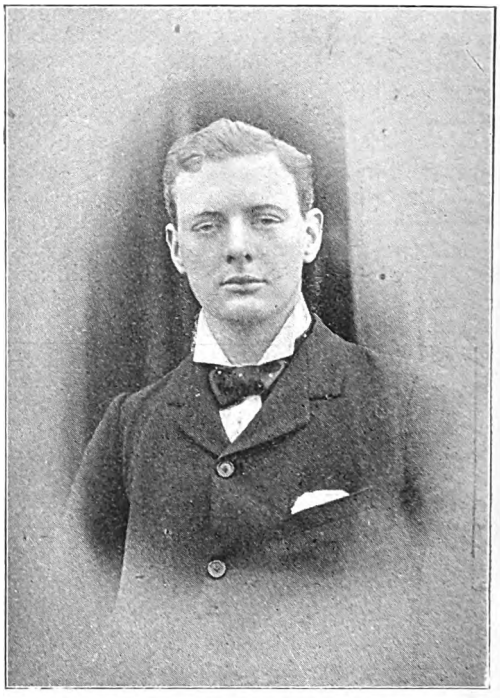
"Will you accompany me to Paris?" said the Duke of Marlborough to him one day, not long ago.

"I will; but in that case I shall, when at the Exhibition, spend most of my time among the pictures," was Mr. Churchill's reply.

He is certainly fond of painting, although, judging from one or two of his remarks, I should imagine his taste inclined towards those works that expressed, rather than suggested, detail. An admirer of novels dealing with soldier life, he is also very accurately informed as to contemporary military history, and on one occasion surprised a constituent who had been through the Franco-German war, by not only putting him right on a disputed point regarding a certain engagement, but also by repeating the number of killed, wounded and prisoners in every important battle in that campaign—from Worth and Gravelotte to the downfall of Paris.

The spirit to dare and the determination to do must also be placed to the credit side of his account, whilst on the other hand an impatience of opposition has laid him open to the charge of being lacking in deference to the ideas of others.

But in passing the above opinions on Mr. Churchill I wish it to be understood that I am criticising him by a high standard; a standard however, no higher than the pedestal on which recent events have placed him. He is the man of the psychological moment.

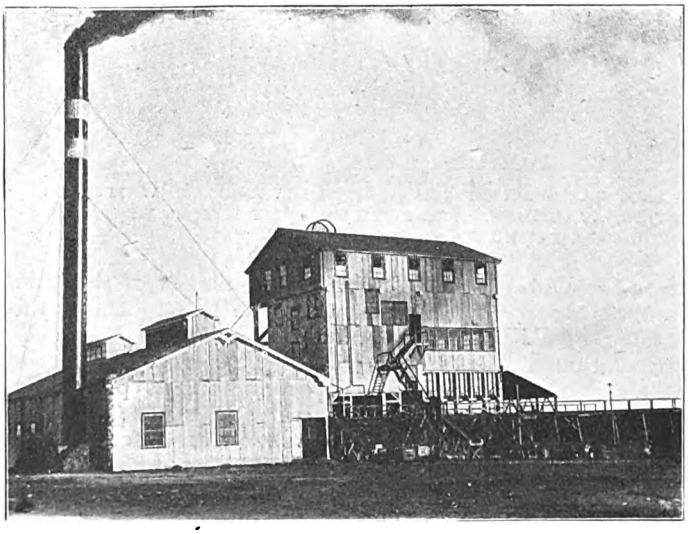


HOME FROM THE WARS.

His lucky star is in the ascendant. To attract the notice of and secure the electioneering assistance of Mr. Chamberlain was in itself a fortunate achievement, but an achievement to be followed by an event quite as remarkable.

At the close of the meeting, and a wait of an hour being necessary before Mr. Chamberlain could start on his return journey, he determined to spend the time at the railway station. So into the saloon compartment of the special train by which he was to travel, he went, accompanied by Mr. Churchill, Mr. Crisp, and a friend of my own who is an enthusiast on the question of supporting the indigent aged. After the company had lit up, and the symbolic rings had begun to make their appearance, one of the party said:

"Now, Mr. Chamberlain, seeing that your party is once more in



THE MINE WHERE MR. CHURCHILL WAS HIDDEN.

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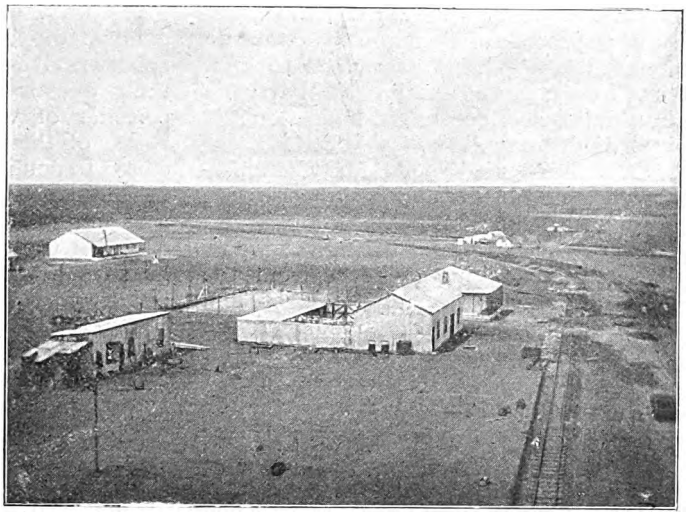
power, I hope you won't forget to deal promptly with the question of old age pensions."

"Of course they will," remarked Mr. Churchill, looking enquiringly at Mr. Chamberlain.

"I know of no more interesting or likely field of legislation," continued my friend the first speaker.

"It is certainly a very important one," added Mr. Churchill, "the visits I paid to the Oldham workhouse and the sights I have witnessed elsewhere having impressed me deeply on the matter."



WITBANK, THE STATION AT WHICH MR. CHURCHILL TOOK REFUGE IN A GOODS TRAIN.

The Master of Highbury turned his eyes upon both his questioners, knocked the ashes off his cigar, gazed forth into the night for a moment, then throwing himself back into his seat, he, with a good-humoured smile, and in a half-interrogative, half-exclamatory tone, said, "What! From South Africa to the Submerged Tenth!"

MR. DEWSNAP, WHO ASSISTED THE ESCAPE.

"Yes, for the welfare of the latter is of importance quite equal to the former," rejoined my friend.

Again the same roll of the cigar between the lips of the Colonial Secretary, and again the same smile of amusement. But this time not a word of reply. He seemed to have gone into a train of thought.

"Of course," said another member of the little party, "of course, Mr. Chamberlain will bring in a Bill dealing with the matter?"

But the Master of Highbury would promise to do no such thing.

"Why, the British people look upon you as pledged to the measure!"

"I know they do," said Mr. Chamberlain, rousing himself and becoming animated, "I know they do. And yet in no speech I have ever uttered will it be found that I have definitely pledged myself to any such thing.

"But how has the idea got abroad, then?"

"Well, it was just in this way: During the last time I was out of office, I began turning over in my mind this problem of providing for the declining days of the poorer class. I had no definite scheme of my own in view; but clung to the notion that if a number of capable intellects were brought to bear upon the question, something feasible might be evolved.

"So I began discussing the matter with several of my friends, and, after a while, succeeded in getting sanctioned the

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formation of a committee, which any member of the House of Commons who took an interest in the subject was asked to join. Now, how many of the Liberal Party do you think responded to the invitation?"

"I don't know."

"A solitary one!" said Mr. Chamberlain, throwing up his hands with a gesture of amazement. "However, we went on with our work, and no doubt you know all about our taking evidence from the representatives of Friendly Societies, and also from others. As a result of our labours I recommended the granting of five shillings a week by the Government to such as had attained a certain age, and shown themselves deserving of such aid by their own endeavours. This, however, did not, for some reason, meet with the approval of the Friendly Societies, and now, I acknowledge, I see no way out of the difficulty. Therefore, to say I definitely pledged myself to do anything in the matter is a mistake. I voluntarily grappled with the question to the best of my ability, but definitely pledged myself to nothing."

Mr. Churchill looked puzzled but remained silent.

And now, in beginning the painting of the remaining portion of this portrait's background, I must ask the reader to step inside Imagination's car and journey with me to a scene in South Africa. 'Tis a wild looking place, exploited by the Transvaal and Delagoa Bay Collieries Company, about three miles from Witbank, in the neighbourhood of Middleburg.

A number of rough miners are congregated around the fire of one of the huts dotted about this bleak spot—a spot not too inviting at best, but less so now, when the times are as tempestuous as the elements raging without.

"Lord help any poor fellow out of doors to-night!" exclaimed one of the miners.

Scarcely had the sound of the assent, chorussed by the rest, died away when a knock is heard at the door.

Every man springs to his feet, and seeks his arms, for in that neighbourhood friends are few, foes plentiful; spies everywhere.

The knocking being repeated, the door is opened, whereupon a man, haggard and tattered in appearance, staggers in, uttering as he does so the question: "Are you English?" Upon receiving an affirmative answer the stranger's strength gives way, and he falls to the ground exhausted. The application of a flask of spirits revives him, and then in answer to their questions he states that he is a prisoner of war escaped from Pretoria. Some of the company are, however, inclined to doubt his story; but one of them, having received satisfactory answers to certain questions he had put, exclaimed: "It's all right, mates. This man is what he says he is—Winston Churchill, who put up for Oldham, this last summer. I know the very house where he stayed during the election, for it is opposite my own home. Lads, we must stand by him."

"Aye! that we will, Dan, now you've proved him to be a right 'un." So it was decided to put him down the mine until they could make provision for getting him away on a Delagoa Bay bound train. At Witbank a truck laden with bales of wool was noticed, and selected as the one in which to secrete their man; the bales being arranged on either side of a two feet space along the centre. Across this space other bales of wool are placed, a few tiny openings being left for the admission of air.

Churchill, stowed away in the mine, was in ignorance, and in ignorance subsequently remained (until a short time ago) of the tragedy which was enacted to secure his freedom. About the third day of their preparations, a mounted detective—a well-known Boer spy—rode up to them and after announcing his suspicions, demanded the surrender of the refugee.

"Now look here, Trichardt, we and you, although Britons and Boer, have lived on friendly terms for some time now; and if you can just bear that little fact in mind, and close your eyes until we have finished this business, you needn't hesitate about naming a good sum as the recompense for your blindness."

"I want none of your money; but I do want the man I'm after, and I'll have him, even if I flood the whole place with soldiers, for I have a duty to my country to perform."

"We, too, have a duty to our country, and I to my townsman in particular, and I tell you, Ghert, you may flood the place, but we'll not betray our man."

I think it were better, here, to draw a veil over my narrative. What is left to the imagination is terrible; but as one of these rugged miners puts it: "Was one man to stand in our way? No. Many a better man than he had died in the war."

JOHN HULME.

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The Glamour of Home.

By CLIVE HOLLAND,

Author of "My Japanese Wife," etc.

THE December mist, which crept up stealthily out of the sea that lipped sullenly against the sides of the dreary Isle of Portland, clung round the slopes, blotting out the houses and hovels of cheerless grey stone that huddled like frightened sheep at the island's north-western base.

The grim walls of the prison, doubly impressive from the bareness surrounding them and inexorable as the flight of time, were almost hidden in the drifting wrack swept inland from the Channel.

The dawn had long hesitated in the East, but twenty miles inland from the heights of Dorset, uplands with a knot or two of straggling firs crowning their summits, a red glow was now to be seen 'ust suffusing the wintry sky.

The clangour of the prison bell had died away muffled by the sodden air.

In a little cell of Block D, a building constructed like a piece of mechanism, a fitting complement of the weary regularity of the whole prison, a man had lain awake thinking almost through the night.

On the shelf were books; a Bible, prayer and hymn book, and a volume of Scott's novels. If the occupant could have seen to read he might not have perhaps lain awake thinking. Thinking till the desire for freedom, for the stretching of his limbs in one delicious burst of running, for breathing air which did not seem to him as though allowanced out with Governmental parsimony like everything else in that terrible place, seized upon him again with the aching, almost delirious, desire of the first few months.

Seven long years he had risen, eaten, worked, returned from his labour, sometimes slept and sometimes lain awake till the man he had been was almost crushed out of human semblance so far as thought and feeling were concerned, leaving behind in its place a machine—a portion of the vast machinery of the township within stone walls in which every unit was expected to labour and exist solely as a part of the whole.

In the night watches of that twenty-third of December, No. 12,222 had lain and thought. Phantasmagoria came into the cell and abode with him for a time. Shapes of the people he had wronged, those who had suffered by the very crime that got him fifteen years; a smaller band of those who in his better moments he had aided. With a strange persistency his last "affair" presented itself vividly to his mind's eye as he lay alternately looking up at the whitewashed ceiling which, though so low, was now shrouded in gloom, and at the tiny flicker of light burning outside the cell door, which came a pale gleam to him through the glazed observation hole. The very way by which he could have escaped detection and consequent capture now occurred to him mockingly after all these years. What a fool he had been! And if he had only known then he might have been—where? At home with his wife and three little ones.

He remembered with startling vividness how he was sitting, pipe in mouth, in his shirtsleeves after his legitimate day's work reading *Lloyd's* of the previous week, when the tap came on the door. A tap of which, without knowing why it differed from the summons of a neighbour eager for a chat, he at once knew the purport.

Before he could make up his mind to anything the detectives were in the room, the steel handcuffs on his wrists, and one of the men was reading the warrant in

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the monotonous voice of officialdom grown callous from many similar experiences. The hurried parting from his wife, who was overcome with frank amazement; the trial; the stuffy court; the voice of the barrister who in defending him discovered so many virtues, for which no one else had ever credited him with possessing; then the harsh tones of the counsel of the Crown; then the summing up of the hard-faced imperturbable judge; then the sentence.

And afterwards?

Despair, rage, depression, and almost madness. Silence, which seemed at first to be illimitable; crushing, heart-breaking silence. And then at length when he mixed amongst his fellows again he realised that he had become a part of the vast prison machine which laboured without hope and without reward.

Summer's heat and winter's cold in the quarries succeeded each other with monotonous regularity. Days when the air seemed like that of a furnace, and the very stone that he worked appeared to radiate heat remorselessly, and days when the dust caused by the falling masses almost choked the workers, puffing from the sides of the quarry like the smoke of heavy guns. Other days when the cold was so intense that the stone almost burnt a bare hand laid upon it, like iron will in times of frost, and when the low-hung sun scarcely ever succeeded in sending a shaft of tepid warmth into the quarried depths.

All these years he had behaved well, except during those first few weeks when he was eating his heart out with vain regret. A considerable period of his sentence would be remitted, and the fact that he had once saved a warder from the desperate attack of a fellow convict, reckless because a "lifer," had been counted unto him for righteousness. He had even inspired a little confidence in him in the hearts and minds of the warders in charge of his gang, and this was destined to be the aid of his undoing.

As he tidied up his cell just as it was getting light, he remembered that it was the day before Christmas. Something that a warder had inadvertently let drop the evening before had reinstated his memory of time until it should again lapse in the drear monotony of days never varying and of no particular import.

If he could only go home for Christmas. Just one day. To see his wife and children he would purchase this boon at the price of a year of his life. In his imagination he conjured up what they would be doing. How surprised they would be. How little they would expect to see him.

Later, all the way to the quarries the idea kept working in his mind. It was madness, worse than madness to think of it, and yet he thought and planned and trembled at the audacity of it all. Working as one in a dream, but through long habit making no mistake sufficiently flagrant to call for reprimand from the warder. The fog had lifted from the isle before they came out, and from the prison road could be seen distant hills of Dorset green and sunlit in patches. In the channel to the south-west across the bay the fog still hung menacingly; a thick, smoke-coloured belt merging sky and sea. All the morning long the germ of this mad scheme of his throbbed to more extended life in his brain. He returned to the prison at mid-day, dragging his heavy boots slowly with the rest of his comrades through the sticky grey mud, still possessed with this one idea. It had, indeed, so far formulated as to cause him an access of unwonted cheerfulness.

After the frugal mid-day meal—a meal beyond the powers of town-bred visitors, but inadequate enough for the needs of hard-worked men labouring in bracing air—he tramped back with the rest to the quarries. At most there would be a couple of hours or so of work ere dusk came on.

The men worked rather slackly, that is all save No. 12,222, who now that his mind was firmly made up, strove to attract no extra observation of either his person or doings. The warders were less vigilant than usual. Perhaps they too were thinking of Christmas and dear absent faces.

In the heart of one of the workers in the quarry below them was the glamour of home.

Late in the afternoon there suddenly arose an altercation between two of the men. One of those fierce outbursts of the latent wild animal, which neither toil, nor silence, nor discipline, nor fear can quite stamp out. The warder who was posted a little way up the rise from the quarry came to the aid of his mate. Two "lifers" were beating at each other savagely with their tools. They were

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"HE WAS SITTING, PIPE IN MOUTH, IN HIS SHIRTSLEEVES, AFTER HIS LEGITIMATE DAY'S WORK, READING "LLOYD'S."

not easily torn apart. It was a terrible fight. They came at one another like wild beasts; and when one, stunned for the moment by a blow from a light crow-bar, fell with a staggering slide into the yellow-grey mud of the roadway, the other crashed down on top of him unable to save himself from the clutch of the falling man.

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TWO "LIFERS" WERE BEATING AT EACH OTHER SAVAGELY.

At last these two, reckless of the consequences, perhaps even not unwilling that a new crime might knot a rope round their necks and thus end their misery, were separated; and for the first time the warders and their prisoners noticed the fog had come down. It was falling in billowy wisps over the edge of the quarry, after hanging like a pall of smoke poised above it. Other warders had come summoned to assist in the quelling of what might have developed into a mutiny or general attack, and the two combatants, one scarcely able to stand, were half-dragged, half-led away, whilst their companions were being hurriedly formed into line for the homeward march.

Through the fog and gathering gloom they went, silently save for the dull tramp of two score of feet on the soft, muddy road.

Suddenly a man was discovered missing.

There was a hurried consultation between the warders. It proved to be No. 12,222. They hurried in the rest through the main gate, which almost overhangs a steep declivity to the rocky shore, and raised the alarm.

But of what good was it?

Outside the darkness had fallen suddenly, and, as the chief warder said, "it was as thick as a hedge."

Anything like a systematic search was impossible until the fog lifted, and that would not probably be until sunset, if even then.

In one of the lesser-used quarries belonging to a local stone merchant, No. 12,222 crouched like an animal in its lair, peering out into the gloom of the narrow gallery by which he had entered. His shoulders were still heaving, and his breath came in thick gusts from the exertion of running. He was more than a mile away from the scene of his escape, and yet how wonderful had been that run in the free air of heaven. Free! He could have shouted with ecstasy; the perils of recapture never entering his mind in that mad burst of lawless joy.

At night he determined to creep silently across the isle, and away down its north-western slope. Surely in the black darkness he could crawl along that strip of shingle and sandy road which connected the isle with the outer world. He had no fear of the search parties. He could avoid them, he thought, with ordinary care. They would of necessity carry lights; and he would watch, and seeing them, though they would not see him, he would contrive to outflank them in the fog and inkiness of night.

Once or twice as he lay in his cavernous hiding-place he heard loud "Hulloas!" but they were a long way off, and the sounds never came very near. He trembled violently at first, but as they became fainter he was reassured, though for the first time a sense of his peril crept stealthily into his brain.

At length, when it was quite dark, he crept from his retreat and began to descend the face of the quarry, groping every foot of the way in the pitchy darkness, and

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cutting his hands with jagged corners of the rock. Sometimes a piece of stone would loosen beneath his hand or foot and fall with a rattle that alarmed him into the soft deep mud at the bottom of the quarry, or with a sharp splash into some pool.

At last he reached the bottom in safety, still borne up by the strange and almost intoxicating sense of freedom, and unmindful of the dangers and risks besetting his path.

Up the slippery track, along which the stone trollies small of wheel ran to the top, he climbed laboriously in the darkness till he came full against the scaffold pole set as a rough barrier in wooden X-like supports. Then out into the road —the road which stretched a dark grey, scarcely distinguishable strip between dwarf stone walls, one way to the cliff edge and the other to the slumbering town. Eight hours before it would be light, that is if the fog held. He heard approaching footsteps, then voices. Their owners came along rapidly, and for some little distance before the two men got opposite to where he was concealed he could hear most of what they were saying.

"A fool's errand," said one, and the fugitive recognised the voice as that of a deputy warder. "Why, the fog's so thick that we couldn't tell him a dozen feet off. He might be t'other side of that wall, and we should be none the wiser. We'd best turn back at the end of this field and get in out of the damp."

"You're right," the fugitive heard the other man say. "It *is* thick. Thick as a hedge, and not likely to lift till sunrise anyway. And then our fine fellow will find it hard enough to hide here or get away anywhere else."

"Oh, he'll never get away. Never you fear, Thompson, we'll have him fair and square when we can see."

"But not afore," replied the other. And then the speakers, to the listener's infinite relief, passed out of earshot round the bend in the road.

So he was to be caught!

He crouched lower behind the wall in the stark terror which seized suddenly upon him. He must wait till they returned, and then he would push stealthily on again towards the western slope which would lead him to the beach and outskirts of the town.

In ten minutes the footfalls sounded again coming along the muddy road. The two men were silent as they passed him. The scent of tobacco smoke remaining for a moment or two in the heavy air, and then they were gone and the coast was once more clear.

He waited another ten minutes or so, an hour it seemed to him, and then he raised himself cautiously, peered over the wall, and eventually dropped silently into the road again.

His legs trembled beneath him, partly from the effects of his cramped position behind the wall, and partly from his fear. But always ahead of him there appeared to be a picture of home hanging on the curtain of the mist, luring him on and inspiring him with a courage which seemed to have nothing to do with his craven body and limbs.

A mile more and the road began to dip.

Down below him doubtless lay the little townlet, a mass of grey stone houses

HE COULD HEAR MOST OF WHAT THEY WERE SAYING.

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huddled promiscuously like sheep in winter for mutual warmth and protection. In the windows of a few were fitful lights, but these he could not see through the enveloping mist as he stumbled on. Suddenly a puff of chill air struck across his face. He knew enough of island weather to recognise that this presaged for him calamity. Another puff of cold, damp air and a cry was almost wrung from him as he glanced in front of him down the slope and saw lights gleaming below him. With startling rapidity the veil of mist lifted and rolled away seaward. In a few minutes, before his brain, dulled with the monotony of his prison life, could realise his position and urge him to seek shelter, he stood in the bright moonlight a lonely, conspicuous figure upon the white road leading downward to the shore.

When, at last, he realised his position, something told him it was too late. He gazed around, still half-stunned by the calamity which had come upon him with such suddenness.

ANOTHER STUMBLE, A HEADLONG FALL.

To his left lay more quarries and then the sea lazily breaking against the tumbled masses of rock at the foot of the steep cliff from the face of which they had fallen. Ahead was the town; the road to freedom now no longer possible. On the right the green slope at the top of which a little distance from the edge lay the outworks of the prison.

As he looked across this, and upwards, a solitary figure came into view along the sky line, paused, and then a shout, clear in the night air, floated down to him. The figure ran along the ridge. It was some warder on the look-out for him.

In his unreasoning terror he leapt the low stone wall, and fled, as fast as his fatigue and heavy boots would let him, across the field in the direction of the breakwater which lay below, a long grey line stretching out into the seeming infinity of sea. All across the field, silvery white with dew in the moonbeams, he was in full sight of the sentry. He plunged recklessly onward; the idea that he would never, after all, see home, that the gaunt building on the hill, with the gateway which had swallowed up so many lives from outer ken, would engulf him once more, beating like the stroke of a piston in his brain.

Across another small field he ran; along the edge of a ridge dipping sheer down twenty feet or more. Once he stumbled, and almost fell over the gaping edge.

He had nearly reached the end when there was a spurt of flame from the heights above him, and the report of the rifle rang out sharply in the night air.

A man in a cottage just below turned to his wife at the sound, saying with careless spirit of prophecy, "D'ye hear the gun? They must have come across the chap as gave 'em the slip in the fog to-day. There's another poor soul gone to kingdom come, Maria." But the sound never reached the mind of No. 12,222. Suddenly he felt a hot iron strike his leg, and crash into the bone. Another stumble, a headlong fall from the ridge into the depths beneath.

In that few seconds of horrible descent the glamour of home was still with him, as the vision of his wife passed once more across the curtain of his mind. And then he struck the sharp stones beneath and purchased his freedom with his life.

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Women's Settlements in London.

* * * *

By Mrs. HIRST ALEXANDER.

TO gather all the members under one roof, that they may gain from a common life, stimulus, guidance, and support, for common service of their poor neighbours, is an essential idea of a Settlement. It has been said the word "Settlement" means a great deal besides. "It means that the dwellers in them live constantly among the poor; they see the sights, hear the sounds, and smell the smells which the poor people see and hear and smell." The women who work in them are of other traditions and ideals. Many of them have had the best education England's Universities can give. All are cultured ladies, who have left refined and often luxurious homes, and with a simple but strong desire to be neighbourly, and with no small courage have gone down to give as much as possible of what they have received to those who have been less fortunate.

Whether it be that only the very nicest women are drawn by Settlement work, or that the noble and unselfish labour of the life brings out everything of grace and sweetness in expression and bearing, I know not, but in the Settlements the most charming women are to be found. Their ideals are lofty, their schemes expansive and all embracing. Aged workhouse women, tired mothers, toiling young women and girls, playless children, forlorn babes, the sick, the suffering, the crippled, the homeless, the workless—all, so far as lies in the power of their benefactors, are enfolded in the tender arms and touched by the helpful hands of these true Sisters of Mercy and followers of the Master's great example

Women's "Settlements" had their origin at a meeting of Cambridge women students, who considered that a philanthropic side should exist to their student and intellectual life. The idea extended to Oxford, and has developed and taken root in higher-class girls' schools all over England, as well as in Churches of various denominations.

Photo by *Wickens.*

MISS HARINGTON.
(Head of St. Margaret's House.)

There are fourteen Federated Settlements in London, whose Committees meet periodically to gain strength and knowledge by the exchange of more or less long and varied individual experiences. These focussed, amalgamated and turned to account, result in the application of the best discovered methods of work, and the highest—at present—attainable rate of progress and achievement.

It is with these Federated Associations,

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varying in age of establishment from thirteen years to one year, that I shall deal, beginning by right of seniority with the Women's University Settlement at 45, Nelson-square, Blackfriars-road, S.E., of which Miss Sewell is Warden, and Miss Beatrice Cust Hon. Secretary. This, the first of its kind, founded thirteen years ago, has its centre in one of the large old houses of a square, the abode of the wealthy in the long-ago past, when the now grimy, plebeian Southwark was a fashionable suburb. The residents of the Settlement, as its name indicates, are largely (but not wholly) composed of University women, hailing from Cambridge, Oxford, and London Universities. It is substantially supported by students at the various women's colleges, the London School of Medicine, and by several girls' high and endowed schools. The complement of "settlers" is sixteen. In addition to these are nearly a hundred non-resident workers, some of whom go for a part of the year for special purposes, while others are practically workers throughout the year. A branch of the Association's business is the training of workers for their duties among the poor, the course extending over a year or two years, at the option of the student.

MISS F. B. CAYLEY.
Head of St. Mildred's, Westferry Road,
(*Photograph by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.*)

It must be understood that, except in rare instances, the residents in all Settlements, not only give their services, but pay their own board and lodging. The charges vary from £30 to £65 per annum, which all goes towards working expenses.

The settlers in Nelson-square are not under parochial control. Whilst initiating work of their own for the physical, intellectual, and moral elevation of those among whom they labour and live, they spend a large portion of time in helping existing organisations. But whether the one or the other, it is all done strictly as co-operating with and complementing the efforts of others. They are invaluable colleagues on many humanitarian associations, a condensed list of which I give, as it will serve to indicate the multifarious departments in which, not only they, but the members of all Settlements, more or less occupy themselves, in addition to their own special work. Here is the synopsis:—The Charity Organisation Society, the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, workers with Miss Octavia Hill, Board School Managers, Savings and School Bank Collectors, District Visitors, Invalid Children's Visitors and Teachers, Saturday Play Hours Clubs, Childrens' Country Holiday Fund—finding nearly all the secretaries for the heavy work of the latter — Women's Provident Dispensary, Nursing Home, Loan Picture Exhibition, Winter Entertainments, etc., etc.

This settlement started the Invalid Children's Class in the New Cut in 1893—the first in London. It possesses a registry and apprenticeship department. Among those apprenticed are deaf, dumb, paralysed, and crippled girls and boys. The value of the work may be gathered from the fact that a crippled girl, after serving her time, has been three years with the same employer, earning twenty-two shillings a week. In the cripples' workshop, among other things, boots and walking shoes are made to measure. Orders are gladly received.

Relief is given, after due enquiry, in cases of sickness and destitution. Material aid, however, in these cases, forms but a small part in the scheme of help, and endless care and patience and thought have not only to go before, but to follow after, any such attempts. "Here—indeed not here only, but in every part of our work"—say these Univer-

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AT THE DISPENSARY.

sity women, "we must have made, and we shall make, many mistakes. The same old questions present and re-present themselves to us individually and collectively. We are many, and we shall not all solve the same questions at the same time in the same way, and it seems to us that it is our part to recognise both our scope and our limitations.

"We form an ideal, but our ideal ever eludes us; we think we have found a possible formula, but, as we utter it, it becomes inadequate; we believe we have gained the firm ground of a general principle, and behold it is insufficient for us.

"Yet is not this what we must expect, since our problem is a human problem, or more truly a series of human problems, each infinitely complicated, involving not only the lives of those of whom we wish to think, but our own lives also? And where anyone's life is involved we must count upon endless possibilities, endless variety, endless surprise.

"One of us abides by the rule and is right, another abides by it and is wrong; in one case we apply our accepted principles rigidly, and are rewarded by sound and wholesome results; in another the intimation of a principle lying deeper still, justifies a leap beyond them, and perhaps kindles the first idea of a principle at all in another.

"We do not say these things as undervaluing principles, nay, even rules—we cling to them as what shall save us from chaos. But we have not learnt all there is to learn yet, and if we will go forward slowly and steadily with open eyes and heart, every little bit of experience may be to us the potential teacher of a better way.

"And so to go forward and to learn is surely what we most care to do."

St. Margaret's and University Houses in Victoria Park Square, Bethnal Green, represent the ladies' branch of the Oxford House Settlement, and have for head Miss Harington, and for warden the Right Rev. the Bishop of Stepney; president, the Hon. Mrs. John Talbot; vice-presidents, Viscountess Valentia and Mrs. Warren (Magdalen College). It is Episcopalian

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MISS BARBOUR.
(Mrs. Hewitt's able Coadjutor.)

MRS. ELLIS HEWITT.
(Lady Superintendent of the Presbyterian Settlement.)

in character, therefore religious as well as educational and social in its aims. The association was started in 1889 by four ladies, who shared Mayfield House, in Bethnal Green, with another small body of settlers from the Cheltenham Ladies' College. In three years, their numbers having increased, they took a house for themselves. The work still grew, and a second house had to be taken. These dwellings are also reminiscent, like those of Nelson Square, of departed glories—in this case somewhat ecclesiastical in flavour. In a golden period of Bethnal Green's history lived, in close proximity, Cardinal Wolsey and Bishop Bonner. But though quaint and interesting, the houses being disjoined and cramping the work for want of proper club, common, and other rooms, a new St. Margaret's House is in contemplation—in fact is badly wanted. For its building fund, the rather formidable sum of £8,000 is required. The number of residents is now twenty, but the work has grown out of all proportion to that increase, and has won devotion, not of odd hours or a few years, but of lives. The Settlement is looked to confidently by the permament bodies of Bethnal Green for the supply of skilled voluntary workers. More residents and visitors are required. The settlers visit in six parishes, teach in the Sunday-schools of seven, conduct Bible Classes, Clubs, Guilds and Educational Classes innumerable; assist in Bands of Hope, visit the workhouse and two neighbouring hospitals, besides carrying on all the usual lines of work already indicated as associated with Settlements.

MISS CHEETHAM.
(Head of the Canning Town Settlement.)

St. Margaret's is the mother of two daughter houses—St. Helen's, at Stratford, E., and St. Mildred's, at Millwall,—but being much younger settlements, I shall speak of these in their due place later on.

St. Hilda's East—the Cheltenham Ladies' College Guild Settlement—was established in the same year as St. Margaret's and in the same house, as before stated, in order to give former pupils the opportunity of doing work among the poor of the East End, and of learning the best ways of helping them.

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No Settlement is more busy and comprehensive in its schemes than that of Bermondsey, which is organised on somewhat different lines to others, inasmuch as the men in their house in Farncombe Street, where the Warden and Mrs. Lidgett live, and the women in theirs a mile away, at 149, Lower Road, Rotherhithe, and other smaller branches, work as one Settlement, with the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett as Warden, and Miss Simmons as director of the women's work. It is nine years ago since the Women's House was taken and furnished by the Warden and Miss Barlow, of Edgworth, near Bolton. This association, though Wesleyan in its origin, receives workers from any and every denomination. The vital characteristic of the Settlement ideal at Bermondsey is "that in a world composed of men and women any advance must be most efficiently carried on by their combined powers and energies." "We are," says the Rev. Mr. Lidgett, "a little company of men and women, who have resolved, on broadly Christian ground, to live in the midst of a large, poor population, which is rapidly being deserted by its more successful inhabitants. As Christian citizens we desire 'to live not unto ourselves,' but to turn our hands to any form of social service which requires to be done; whether in church, in educational affairs, in administration, or in the various enterprises of sound philanthropy. The Kingdom of Christ embraces all human powers, and must satisfy all human wants. . . . We look out upon this district of London, and where we see some work that wants doing, according to our power, we cast about to find someone who will set about it."

MISS SHELFORD.
(Head of the North London Ladies' Settlement.)

The population which this Settlement affects in Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, and the riverside parishes is not much less than 150,000. "The wearying sameness of our streets," writes the Warden, "is the outward sign of the almost equal sameness of conditions and general attainments of those who inhabit them. The final end of every bit of our work, as we conceive it, is deeply Christian, and every activity is undertaken in the belief that it is in some degree—higher or lower—necessary to the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ."

The overflow of the Women's House rendered colonisation necessary.

"Saturday is the proper day for moving in these parts," wrote "Sister Grace" (Mrs. Kimmins), one of the actors in the first exodus to a little three-roomed flat, "and as we wished to fall in as far as possible with the ways of our neighbours, we chose that day.

"The children stood in little groups and announced to their respective parents each move on our part.

"'A bed each they've got,' they yelled, and when our window boxes were brought up, one small, barefooted urchin screeched in utter astonishment, 'There's five cawfins just gone up, *five!*'

"Now, however, we have settled, we have called upon our neighbours, we have become known to the people around and we are happy. Sometimes domestic cares crop up, the chimneys smoke, and the blacks fly in, but all that we expect. It is so delightful to live in a place where those who will can run in and out without fear—a simple little cot (a kitchen and two bedrooms, wooden chairs and everything to correspond), where the tide of humanity washes right up to the door.

"Rat-tat at the door—who can it be? Tommy with his blue eyes shining and race tracks all around his face and neck, where he has tried to wash, and his rags fluttering as the keen wind whistles up the stone staircase. I've come to take

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Photograph by *J. Thomson*

MRS. CROSSLEY.
(Sub-warden of St. Helen's House.)

yer to the concert, Sister Grace, and I've washed myself proper, ain't I?'"

Since then colonisation has extended.

Sister Grace is the founder of the Guild of the Brave Poor Things, a most interesting branch of the Bermondsey work. The idea was suggested by Mrs. Ewing's "Story of a Short Life." The Guild is a band of men, women, and children, of any creed or none, who are disabled for the battle of life, and at the same time determined to make a good fight. Anyone who is crippled, blind, or maimed in any way is eligible.

The keynote of the Guild is struck in the motto, "Laetus Sorte mea"—"Happy in my lot." A motto, asserts the founder, "which stands for no mere acquiescence in fate, for no cheap optimism or inadequate sense of the rights and wrongs of human life. The right explanation of our motto is found in our Guild hymn:—

The Son of God goes forth to War,
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Who follows in His train?

"It is a moving sight to see at the Guild Headquarters at the Bermondey Settlement two hundred Brave Poor Things—blind, hump-backed, crippled, some bent double, all branded deep with the unmistakable mark of suffering—stand as best they can and sing, with the light of new life upon their faces:—

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his Cross below
He follows in His train.

At the same time, anything like a sentimental glorification of suffering is strongly guarded against."

The idea of the Guild took definite shape in 1894. At present there are six branches, but through visits of friendship and interchange of help, they are so closely linked as to be practically one.

In some places weekly half-hour lectures are given to certain ambitious members on science, history, travel, etc., and are greatly enjoyed. Members are encouraged to sing or recite, and few Guild afternoons pass without someone mounting the platform to do something towards the general entertainment.

Another picturesque, as well as invaluable department of work is the "Guild of Play," in which old English games are played. By these amusements and fairy tales—training body, imagination and heart—it is sought to supplement the brain training of the day school, as well as to inculcate powers of self-control and comradeship. At the Guild of Play there are no punishments save those which

Photograph by *W. Wright.*

GROUP OF RESIDENTS AT ST. MARGARET'S, BETHNAL GREEN.

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GROUP OF WORKERS AT GREYLADIES.

follow as the natural penalties of broken laws.

Similarly there are no rewards, save that greatest of all pleasures, the working for others. And the highest prize offered is to be allowed to go and play before old people in the workhouse or infirmary, or before the children's parents or the cripples.

The Brabazon work, named after its institutress Lady Brabazon—now Countess of Meath—is actively carried on among the old and infirm. Its object is to give interest and amusement through work of a very light and pleasant nature to those who were said to be past it. Workhouse and infirmary are visited. The inmates are made cheerful by this attractive employment, teas and entertainments are given to them.

The residents include two Queen's Jubilee nurses, and on the staff is a school nurse, who is also a Queen's Jubilee nurse. The two former visit and nurse the sick poor in their own homes, and the latter visits the schools of the poorest districts in Southwark, attending to those comparatively trifling ailments which, though not sufficiently serious to keep children from school, yet cause them much discomfort and in various ways hinder their education.

How greatly the College for Working Men and Women at the Settlement in Farncombe Street is appreciated is shown in the last report, which gives 1,364 as the number of entries for the previous session.

It is not unknown in this Settlement, as also in some others, that the men and women workers, drawn together by mutual concerns and sympathies, and believing, no doubt, that "two heads," even in the problems of philanthropy, "are better than one," have paired off in holy matrimony. Thus united, some have settled down to work together in the locality, whilst others, though perhaps not dwelling on the spot, keep up a practical interest in the Association.

A beautiful instance of the poor helping the poorer may be cited in the fact that the Lads' Club of the Canning Town Settlement has borne the expense of sending eight cripples to the country for three weeks. A feature of this Settlement is the hospital and dispensary, which, owing to insufficient accommodation of this kind in the locality, have been established by the settlers for the sick poor around them. This hospital is officered by women.

There is a light and humorous side to all this serious work. "Tell the lidy upstairs that a young person wants to see

MISS YEATMAN.
Head of the Greyladies.)

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her." In such manner is a new resident often introduced to homes in Canning Town. "But," says the relater, "in a week or two you are no longer a 'young person,' you are an old friend, for with the poor friendships are quickly made." Again, "The women are very interested in our affairs, and discuss the Settlement and all its inmates in a sometimes rather embarrassing manner. A Scotch resident discovered that her 'beautiful English' was quite a surprise to many people. On another occasion an old lady, who meant to be kind, told her not to worry about her accent, for she would soon lose it now she was living among the genteel ladies at the Settlement."

Miss Cheetham says:—"No life could be more varied or full of interest than ours. Our work touches every department of human life and is broader than any description of it, and there is endless opportunity of *learning*. We, who have been at the work longest, know best what an immense gain it has been to ourselves and how all life has become richer, fuller, deeper because of what we ourselves have seen and heard and felt in the varied joys and sorrows of those among whom our lot has been cast. If we *thought* we knew something before, we *know* that we know nothing now; and to be humbled is, here as everywhere else, to be lifted up."

AT A RUMMAGE SALE.

The College of Women Workers, commonly called the Greyladies, exists on a somewhat different basis to the majority of associations. The ladies do not live or settle in the midst of the poor; but—about fifty in number—dwell together in three quaint Charles II. houses, opening into one another, on the breezy heights of Blackheath Hill. From thence they descend daily to their respective labours in 24 different parishes, representing upwards of 200,000 souls in South London.

The prescribed dress of the Workers is grey and black of a simple character. There is a branch house at Walworth. The ladies work entirely under the authority of the Bishop of the Diocese, and the incumbent in whose parish they labour. They go into no parish unasked, but so great is the demand that fourteen times the number could be employed, but the difficulty of accommodation is the obstacle to such increase, and one of the rules of the community is that they shall never run into debt.

Miss Shelford, head of the Northern London Ladies' Settlement for Parochial Church Workers, 37, Hartham-road, West Holloway, established seven years ago, tells me that "North London gets poorer and more populated each year, and the need we have for more workers increases." So urgent is the need for one or two extra residents that the usual charges for board and residence would be relaxed to earnest helpers unable to pay. The Council are constantly receiving such appeals as these: "Have you a worker unattached? This parish contains 9,000 people, there is not a person of leisure in it; half the people are 'respectable poor,' and the other half are most 'unrespectable poor'"; or "I have 5,000 poor people and only a Scripture Reader to help me."

St. Helen's, 93, The Grove, Stratford, E., is the four year old daughter of St. Margaret's, Bethnal Green, whose Sub-Warden is Mrs. Crossley, and Warden, Miss Harington, head of the mother house. Its work is both parochial and non-parochial, and its wants numerous. More district visitors—"for when a district contains hundreds of families it takes time to know even some of them well, and you are not much good as 'visitin' lidy' until you do know them and they know you." More toys for the nursery club; a dolly

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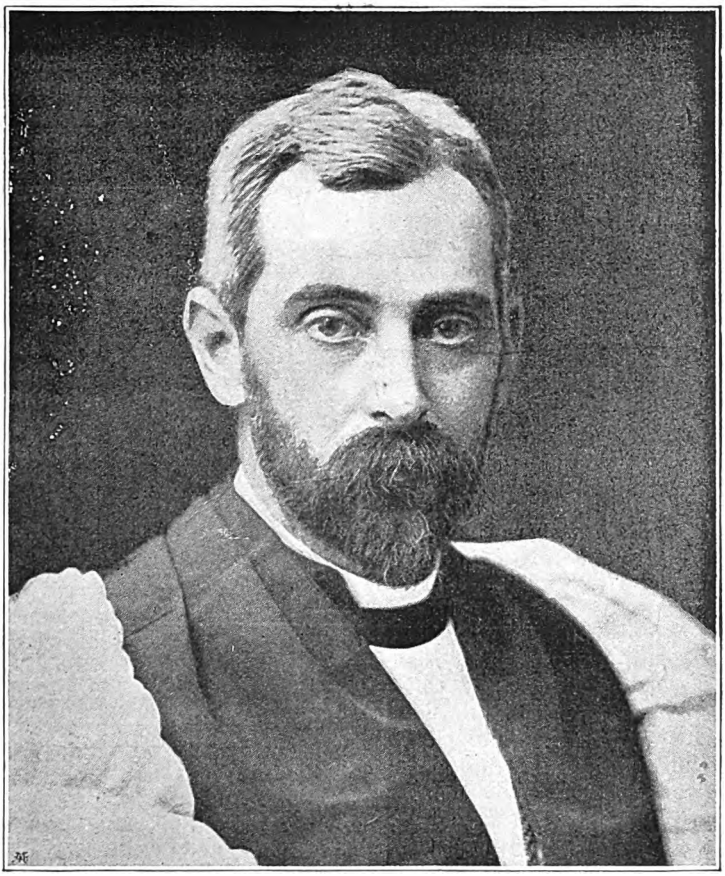
has to be passed round after a "nurse" of five minutes; more money for the sick fund; father or mother gets the "flu," or consumption, or has had typhoid, and must be sent away or die; baby gets a chronic "tar" (catarrh) "in its inside," and has to come on the fund for milk, etc., or else suffer agonies from having "a bit of whatever we has," and so on. The curate in charge of a district of 9,000 seems almost incredible that there exist grown up people in the Isle of Dogs who know little or nothing of London outside "the Island." Many of the women have been taken up by the ladies of St. Mildred's to see St. Paul's and other sights for the first time in their lives. Among such as these the settlers work and are putting a little color and warmth into the drab monotony of their lives. Miss F. B.



THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

entirely poor and uneducated people wants two ladies to work in his parish; he has been wanting them for years, and every now and then he comes across to St. Helen's to ask if they have forgotten him!

The younger daughter by a year of St. Margaret's is St. Mildred's, Westferry Road, Millwall. The house was opened in 1897, accommodates seven residents and is intended for Churchwomen only. It Cayley, the head, speaks very feelingly of the children, as being most engaging and affectionate in disposition. It is in the young that the great hope of the Settlement lies. A luxury of St. Mildred's is a really fine, tiled bathroom, placed at the disposal of the girls and children of the clubs. As in so many other cases, additional workers are required.

At 129, Kennington Road, Lambeth, is located the Lady Margaret Hall Settlement,

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established also three years ago, for work in connection with Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, whose principal, Miss Wordsworth, is the Settlement's president, with Miss Edith Langridge as head. Besides supporting the work financially, the students of Lady Margaret Hall come from time to time and act plays for the amusement of the various local clubs, the play last Christmas-tide being written by Miss Wordsworth.

Another association is that of the Hoxton Settlement, 280, Bleyton Buildings, Nile Street, N., of which Miss Honnor Morten is Head.

"I think that I believe more and more in Christianity—not in miracles, or hell, or verbal inspiration, or atonement, but in living for others, and going about doing good" (Jowett) seems to be the feeling that inspires the methods of its work. "Do not give them anything," saith the Saint to Zarathustra, "rather take something from them, and bear their burdens along with them—that will serve them best; if it only serve thyself well!"

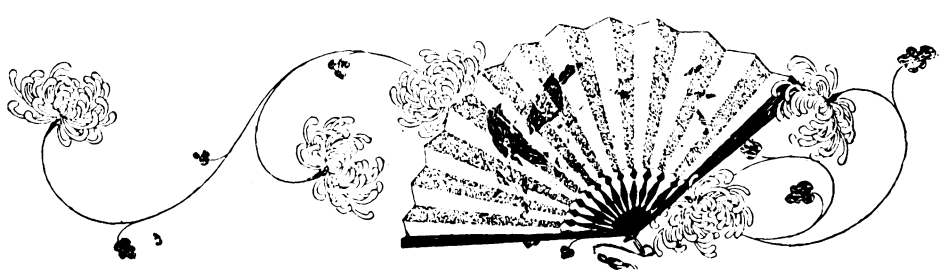
Near by, at No. 90 and other houses in Shepherdess Walk, is the Women's branch of the Maurice Hostel, or Christian Social Union Settlement, founded two years ago, and of which Miss F. Eves is head and the Rev. Canon Scott Holland, who guaranteed the rent of No. 90 for three years, is Chairman of Committee. One of the branches of its constructive work is the Crèche. Very happy and clean the Crèche children all looked when I visited them; some asleep, some at play—all the latter escorting me in a body to the top of the stairs when I took my departure. Miss Eves thinks that still more good could be effected if the Settlements, acting as centres, would disperse their workers in twos, who, taking tenement rooms and furnishing them after the manner of tenement dwellers, would live the life of the poor with the poor. An existence so full of strain and depression would require change of workers from the centre at intervals of a few months—indeed, to be carried to its utmost possibilities would need a divine love of humanity and a life's devotion.

One of the most interesting settlements is that of the United Girls' Schools Mission Settlement, 1, Albany Row, Camberwell, of which Miss Gooch is the head. The Settlement is an outcome of the Mission, was opened in 1898, and is supported by sixty-nine Affiliated Schools and Old Scholars' Associations. "Old girls" become workers, and teachers are known to devotedly spend their holidays helping at the Settlement. The district—near the Old Kent Road—is only 6½ acres in extent, but contains 6,500 people, an average of 1,000 to the acre.

Lastly we come to the youngest, the one year old Presbyterian Settlement of Esk House, 56, East India Road, which has room for seven residents, but contains only two—Mrs. Ellis Hewitt, the lady superintendent, and Miss Barbour. Strange to relate, the Presbyterian ladies do not seem as yet attracted by the life. Whilst the house, bought and well-furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Robson, awaits its tardy occupants, the work to be done is far greater than the two brave ladies who are facing alone the initiatory labour can accomplish.

The people are described by them as "only yearning for the sympathy of a loving heart and the help of a strong hand." "The law of happy life is service," say they, "and we can testify from our own experience, that being near the heart of humanity is being near to Christ, who loved it and for its redemption died."

MARY HIRST ALEXANDER.



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A BOY'S LOVE.

By E. C. GIDLEY.

SHE had crept into the church porch, and sat down to rest awhile. The July sun had been almost overpowering in its heat, and the three-mile walk along the dusty road from the little village inn where she and her newly-married husband were spending a part of their honeymoon had tired her out completely.

Marguérite Kaithness was lovely beyond all question. Her brown hair curled low, over a broad white forehead; her eyes were a dark shade of blue, that looked purple in some lights, and her complexion was as fresh and delicate as a roseleaf.

Her husband, who at the present moment was searching the little country churchyard for tombstone antiquities, had commanded the regiment in India to which her father belonged, and Marguérite Darling had only just left school to join her parent there, when the colonel had lost his heart to her. Of course Major Darling was delighted, the thought of being father-in-law to his own senior officer was one which made his heart beat high with pride and gratified ambition. It was in vain that his daughter had stipulated for time and urged that her love had been given to a rising young artist ere she had left England.

"Boy's love," her father said angrily when Marguérite had sobbed out her refusal. "My dear child, do you think that anyone ever marries their first love in this world? Your mother was not by any means the first girl I had loved, and you cannot expect to be different from the rest of humanity."

Marguérite had paled at the mention of her mother. Dimly through past years came a vision of that young mother so early taken from her. Alas! she had not been the gallant major's last love either, or she would never have worn so sad a countenance, nor been so glad to lay down the burden of life at twenty-five.

The girl was thinking of her now, as she crept into the church. And then she stopped suddenly as if turned to stone, for at the chancel steps, with the light falling full on his face, which was turned towards the intruder, sat Paul Vincent, the artist, inwardly raging at the interruption. He sprang up, however, when he caught sight of Marguérite, and to his dying day he never forgot the terror of her face when she recognised him.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he said, offering his hand and looking eagerly into her face. "When did you come back to England, Miss Darling, and is the Major with you?"

He paused; perhaps the expression of his companion's face did not invite further questioning.

"My father is still in India," she said in a low voice, while she strove to regain her composure. That other man, her husband, would soon have ceased his investigations, and might come at any moment to claim her—and Paul—well, Paul must be told the truth, whatever it cost her to tell him; it was useless and unnecessary to pretend that she was still free. Her father had promised to write to Vincent, and enclose her heart-broken letter of explanation in his. Alas! for the promises that are never kept! The letter lay in Major Darling's coat-pocket for a considerable number of weeks, and had at length been consigned to the flames. The announcement of Marguérite's marriage in one or other of the English papers must have caught his eye, the forgetful Major had argued to himself when he turned the unremembered letter out of his coat, and if it hadn't—well—the chances were that they would never meet again, so even his own explanatory letter was never sent.

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"Still in India?" echoed Vincent with some surprise; "then how in the world do you manage to be here in England? But, since you are here, never mind," he added, boyishly, "come and see my picture and tell me what you think of my latest inspiration."

He led the way towards the chancel without waiting for any reply, and Marguérite followed him, as in a dream. Vincent's easel was just at the steps, and the picture was a view of the little side chapel on the northern side, which contained a very beautiful monument, put up to the memory of some old warrior knight. The light from a coloured window just above caught the full length figure of the Crusader, and warmed into almost life-like tints the marble pallor of his finely sculptured face. The artist had produced a very faithful representation of the monument, and Marguérite, as she gazed at it, became conscious that her former playfellow had fulfilled his aspirations, at least in part. The picture in front of her was by a master hand.

"It is splendid," she said at length, drawing a deep breath, "and it will make your name famous!"

"And yours too, I hope," broke in Vincent quickly, seizing her hand, but Marguérite drew it away again hastily.

"Ah, no! Paul, never," she cried with a little sob, and, drawing off her glove, she pointed to the wedding ring which glittered on her left hand. "I thought you knew; father promised me faithfully that he would write and explain, and send you my letter. I—we—were awfully poor, and the Colonel, my husband, proposed to me through my father. *He* would not let me have any voice in the matter; he said our love was 'boy's love,' that no one now marries their first love, and that I could not expect to be different from the rest of the world."

Neither of them noticed a tall military-looking gentleman, who had come into the church, as if in search of some one, while Marguérite had been speaking. He had only stayed a few minutes, and then had gone quickly out again.

"He never sent to say; this is the first I have heard of it. Oh, my Marguérite, dearest, could you not have trusted me and waited a little longer for me?" Vincent turned away to hide his emotion, and the girl laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"I would have waited for you, yes!" she said sadly, "till the end of the world, if there had been the possibility, and—you know it. But it was for my father's sake, and horrible money troubles, Paul, divided our lives. But we must bury the past, and you and I must part. We are not very likely to meet again. Colonel Kaithness and I start for India some time next month, and miles of ocean will flow between us. Perhaps, who knows, God will be kind, and let me die soon. Life is so terribly long!" She threw out her slender arms with a despairing cry, and sinking on the seat beside her, buried her face in her hands.

"We must help each other to be brave, Marguérite dear," he said gently. "It is of no use to give way to our sorrow; you are another man's wife now, and I shall never have one unworthy thought of you, but I shall remember you till I die. Come, Marguérite dear, look up once more, and say good-bye."

She got up then and held out her hand, but her white lips refused to utter a sound; shaking his hand, she turned to go down the aisle, while Vincent sank on his knees and touched the tips of her fingers with his lips. Then Marguérite walked slowly out of the little church into the brilliant sunshine, and found her husband waiting for her at the churchyard gate. Was it her fancy, or did he look a little weary and tired?

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting, Hubert," she said anxiously, "I am sorry I was so long, but it was nice and cool in the church, and I met an old friend who was sketching a portion of the chapel, and we had a little talk."

Colonel Kaithness looked at her queerly she thought, and the path seemed to be sliding away from underneath her in some mysterious fashion. The next moment she found herself on the grass, and her husband was alternately dashing cold water over her face and rubbing her hands.

"How silly of me to faint!" she exclaimed. "It must have been the heat. It *is* hot," with a desire to hear some one else confirm the fact.

"Yes, yes, it is," answered the Colonel, soothingly; "just lie still where you are, little woman, and you will soon be all right again."

But Marguérite rose up quickly. Paul might come out any moment, and she felt she would rather not meet him again.

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MARGUERITE HAD CREPT INTO THE CHURCH PORCH AND SAT DOWN TO REST AWHILE.

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"I feel quite well now, thank you, Hubert," she said, "and I can walk back to the inn perfectly easily."

So they turned their steps resolutely homewards, and neither of them mentioned to the other a word of what had passed that summer day for some time to come. But to one the memory of that day brought an ever increasing pain, and to the other time brought its softening influences, and gradually the remembrance faded away.

* * * * *

Two years later Colonel Kaithness was still discharging the duties of his regimental command. The heat had been intense, and Marguérite had grown thin and pale, even with the little she had to do, and she talked hopefully of the time when they should be able to get away to the hills.

She was sitting in the verandah one exceptionally hot afternoon when her husband came in hurriedly, with a look of uneasiness on his face.

"There is a good deal of fever about, Marguérite," he said, "and you must get away as soon as you can; at once, if you can manage it. I can't come with you yet, but I can get leave for your father to take you up, and see you comfortably settled in."

"And when shall you follow?" enquired Marguérite.

The Colonel looked at his wife a little sadly. Never from look or word had she ever guessed that her husband had been an unintentional and an unwilling listener to some of her conversation with Paul Vincent in that little village church in far-away England so many months ago; but the knowledge which those few minutes had brought him was slowly poisoning his life and taking away his pleasure in existence.

"I am not quite sure," he returned slowly, "perhaps in a fortnight's time—it might not be for three weeks." Then he took some papers off the table and left her.

The next day Marguérite Kaithness and her father moved up to the hills. When his daughter had asked him for an explanation of his conduct about the letters, Major Darling had waved the matter airily aside in his usual careless, *débonnaire* fashion, and the subject had never been reopened between them.

For some days they enjoyed the change and the cool, refreshing air from the mountains; but gradually Marguérite began to get uneasy in her mind about her husband, and when the fourth day elapsed without bringing any letter from the Colonel she asked her father to telegraph home to enquire if all was well at the station. The message she received in answer was not wholly satisfactory.

"Sorry, too busy to write."

"I am going back the day after to-morrow," she announced to her father's astonishment. "I want to satisfy myself that Hubert is all right."

So the next day but one found her at her own bungalow, gasping for the heat, and wondering at the deserted appearance it presented. Suddenly she heard the sound of voices proceeding from the direction of her husband's bedroom, and going into the passage she ran almost into the arms of the station doctor.

"Mrs. Kaithness!" he ejaculated in surprised tones, "I had an idea that you were up in the hills somewhere trying to keep cool! But I am sure your husband will be only too delighted to have you rather than a native nurse. Don't be alarmed, my dear lady," as Marguérite grew as white as a sheet, "I am happy to say that the Colonel has only a very slight touch of the fever. It is his lack of energy that surprises me most."

Marguérite brushed by him most unceremoniously and entered her husband's room. He was lying, without an atom of colour in his face, in a lethargic sleep on his bed, and, as the doctor had remarked, looking for all the world like a man who has weighed life in the balance and found it wanting. Just a flicker of the eyelids conveyed to his wife the knowledge that he was conscious in a dim sort of way of her presence in the room; but he did not move even when she drew nearer, and laid a cool hand on one of his burning ones.

"I shall not leave you alone again," she said in a soft low voice. "You cannot take care of yourself."

Her husband turned his restless eyes on her lovely face.

"You here?" he remonstrated. "You must not stay, Marguérite. I am so afraid you will get fever. I suppose that it is too late for you to get up to the hill station to-night, but you must promise me that you will go back to-morrow."

Marguérite soothed him with gentle words, and caressed his tired head

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lovingly. Later on in the evening the air seemed to grow more oppressive as it came in through the thick green sun-blinds, but the Colonel slept feverishly through the long hours, while Marguérite sat patiently by his bedside, waiting for the first sign of consciousness, and

me find it out for myself. What was it that artist fellow said in that church? He would make your name famous! And it was money—money, that separated you; money, and I myself! Ah, Marguérite, and I can do nothing. I cannot even die to set you free!"

MARGUÉRITE THREW HERSELF ON HER KNEES.

trying by reading to distract her thoughts from dwelling too much on vain regrets.

Presently he murmured something in his sleep, and Marguérite bent over him to catch the weakly spoken words.

"How could I know?" the sick man murmured. "Ah, Marguérite, why did you not tell me? It was cruel of you to let

As the truth dawned on his listener the scene in the little English church so many months ago came back to her memory, and she sat down, burying her face in her hands. And the sufferer went on talking, each word he spoke entering like iron into her soul. Towards evening he became less feverish, and the eyes that met Marguérite's anxious gaze when she gave him

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some much needed refreshment were once more calm and conscious.

"Are you too exhausted to listen to something very important I have to say to you, Hubert?" she asked quietly; "because there is something to clear up that must have seemed a great wrong to you."

She paused, and the Colonel looked slightly puzzled.

"I am not so tired to-night, dear," he answered. "I think it must be the pleasure of seeing you again. But all the same, it is bad for you to be down here this hot weather, and you must go away to-morrow."

He smiled kindly at her, and Marguérite threw herself on her knees by the bedside.

"Don't, oh don't send me away from you any more, Hubert," she implored. "I have only to-day heard from your unconscious lips that you know about—Paul Vincent, that you have kept it from me all these years. But, my husband, it was all a girlish mistake. I never loved him as I have loved you, and do love you now. Shall I ever be able to make you believe me? Oh, speak, and say that you will forget all this horrid past, and we will begin again from to-day, with no secrets between us——"

"It has been partly my own fault too, dear," he returned gently. "I was to blame for not discovering my presence in the church to you, and then everything could have been satisfactorily explained. I have never doubted your faith for an instant, but I have thought, oh so often, and with so much sorrow, that, perhaps, you really loved him and only married me because your father——"

He paused with a little gasp for breath. The air in the room had grown heavier and hotter, but Marguérite noticed only the man lying on the bed, his breath coming through his white, parched lips in short and painful gasps.

"I don't deserve it," she murmured. "I did think that I loved Paul Vincent in those days, and I wanted to marry him; but after I married you I never saw him except that once in the church, and I think it was very soon afterwards that I realised——"

She stopped and covered her face more closely with her hands.

"You realised what?" he said kindly, putting out a thin hand and stroking the pretty brown hair he loved so well.

"That what I felt for Paul was only 'boy's love,'" she said, raising her face at his touch, and letting her hand close over his.

"And what you feel for me?" asked the other, an incredulous joy overspreading his pale countenance.

"Is the love a woman yields to the man she owns as her master for evermore," answered Marguérite steadily.

Then he drew her down and kissed her.

"You shall stay, little woman," he said, hungrily devouring her beloved face with his feverishly bright eyes; "but not to nurse me. You have done me more good than all the medicine I have taken to please that wretch of a doctor, and in a week at most I shall be quite my old self again. At least, not my old self, but a new and better one, please God."

A fortnight later, Colonel Kaithness, who had recovered with astonishing rapidity from his attack of fever, came into his wife's drawing-room and threw a paper deftly on to her lap.

"I thought you might be interested in that," he said with a smile. "In any case you will like to read it."

And she read—

"At St. Augustine's Church, Canterbury, on December 15th, by the father of the bride, Paul Vincent, R.A., son of the late Dr. Vincent, of Milverton, Somerset, to Agnes Frances, youngest daughter of Frederick Earle, Esq., of West Dulwich."

"Why, it's more than a month old," she said, going up to her husband, who was standing looking out of the window, and laying her hands on his shoulders she turned him round to face her, "and it was 'boy's love,' you see, on both sides!"

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MISSIONARY PENNIES

And the Work they are Doing.

By GEO. A. ANGUS.

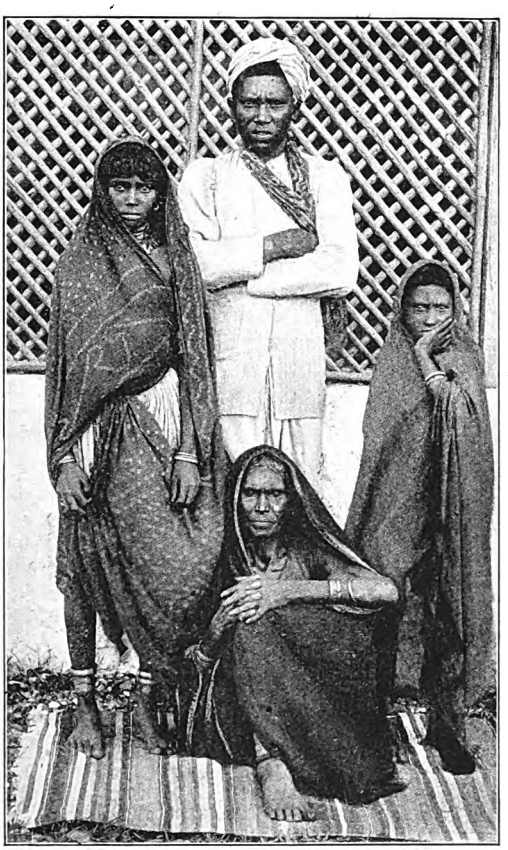
IN these days of awakening enthusiasm in the cause of Foreign Missions, too often our societies have to announce an overspent income, with the prospect of curtailment of present work and the abandonment of contemplated extensions.

It is an astonishing fact that the Christian Church has not responded to her Master's call with that unanimity and zeal which should betoken the followers of Him who said "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Doubtless many explanations would be forthcoming from those who thus withhold themselves or their money from the work of evangelising the world. Into these objections it is not the purpose of this paper to enter. It may, however, be safely stated that *the lack of systematic giving, both in home and foreign work, is the great bane of many a noble cause.*

We have those who are prepared to go to the "uttermost parts" to preach the Gospel, but, alas, too frequently there are wanting those to "hold the ropes" at home. Only a farthing out of every pound sterling earned in England is spent in spreading the Gospel in all lands. A penny a week extra from every church member in the United Kingdom would double the amount subscribed to missionary work.

Eight years ago an unpretentious society, having for its name the Missionary Pence Association, was started, with two main objects—that of promoting the work of evangelising the world, and encouraging a systematic giving to Missions. Sir George Williams, founder of the Y.M.C.A., is President, the Council consisting of Rev. F. B. Meyer, well known throughout Christendom, and himself a warm advocate of missionary effort; Rev. A. T. Pierson, one of the greatest exegetical teachers of the day, editor of the "Missionary Review of the World," and a powerful writer on Missions; R. C. Morgan, Esq., of the *Christian*, from whose firm is issued the famous Sankey hymn-book; and Robert Burn, Esq., for



WHAT A FIVE-POUND NOTE CAN DO—
THIS FAMILY RESCUED FROM STARVATION DURING THE INDIAN FAMINE.

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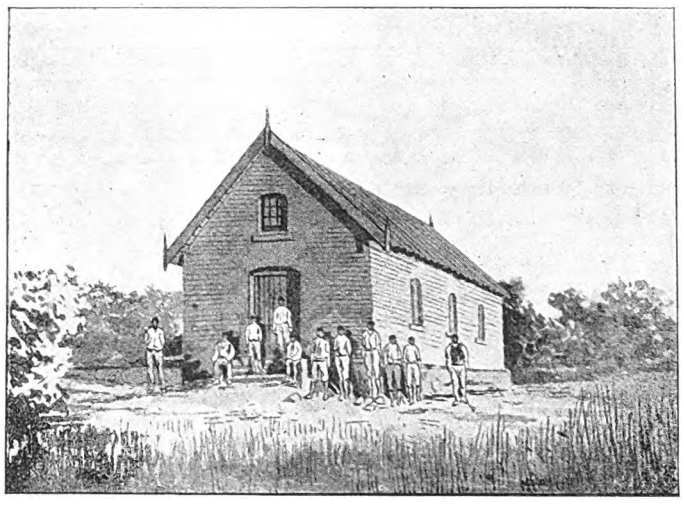


EXTERIOR OF MR. GEORGE WILKERSON'S TRAINING HOME FOR MATABELE.

many years Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., Aldersgate-street, London.

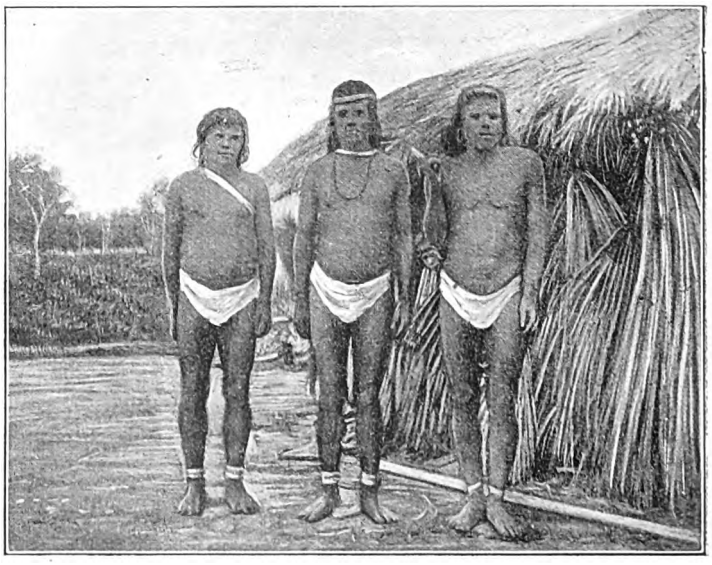
The membership of this unique society now numbers over 65,000, all of whom are giving a penny per week to missionary work, whilst 250 members are contributing a penny per day. In four years £2,156 (517,440 pennies) were received, aiding yearly 120 societies; whilst up to the present time over £14,000 (3,360,000 pennies) have been distributed to various societies and agencies.

Members can assign their pennies to any society or individual, and no matter how small the sum donated, the M.P.A. undertakes to hand over all amounts in the desired direction, without any deduction.

As showing the multifarious Christian enterprises benefited, one week's disbursements often include 130 or more distinct agencies, in sums ranging from one shilling or less to £70, £80, or £100. All the big societies benefit, whilst little known efforts, such as the Sailors' Rest, Grand Canary, Morija Mission, Ngelani Mission, Antwerp Sailors' Rest, Persecuted Hundists, Abor Mission, Korean Orphanage, South Arcot Mission, and many others, are cheered by the receipt of monetary help systematically given. Home Missions are not forgotten; such well-known institutions as Dr. Barnardo's Homes, London City Mission, Mr. Charrington's Mile End Mission, St. Giles's Christian Mission, and Portsmouth Welcome Mission figuring in the list of recipients. Over fifty collectors of pennies have given *themselves* to the Mission Field. The M.P.A. entirely supports Mr. G. J. Wilkerson, who is working in Matabeleland under the London Missionary Society, and partially supports nearly forty others.

Interesting news is frequently received from those "at the front," telling of the victories of the Cross; and those who have grave doubts as to "whether missions are worth while," might do worse than acquaint themselves with a few facts concerning the preaching of the Gospel in the "regions beyond."

The M. P. A. seven years ago sent Messrs. Savidge and Lorraine to the



TOCANTIN INDIANS ON THE UPPER AMAZON.

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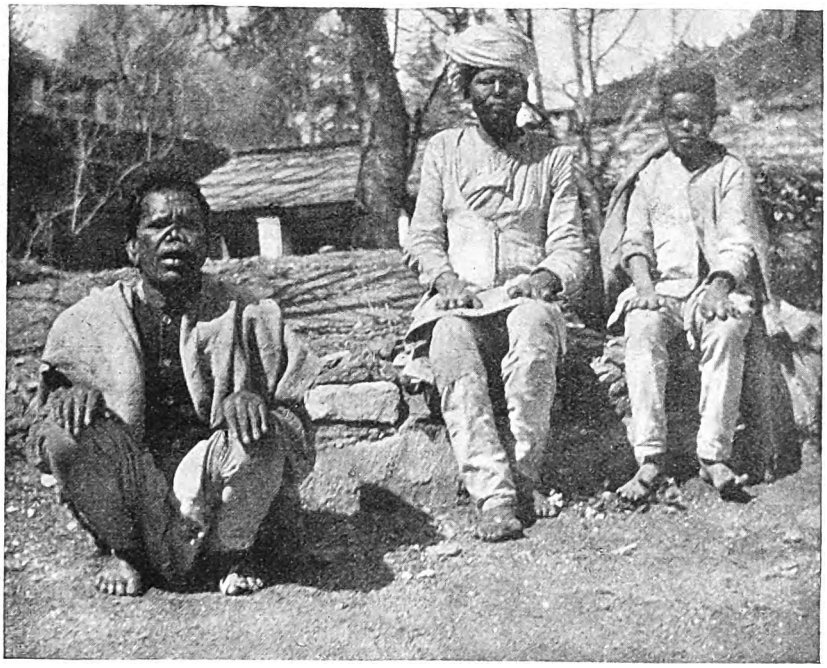
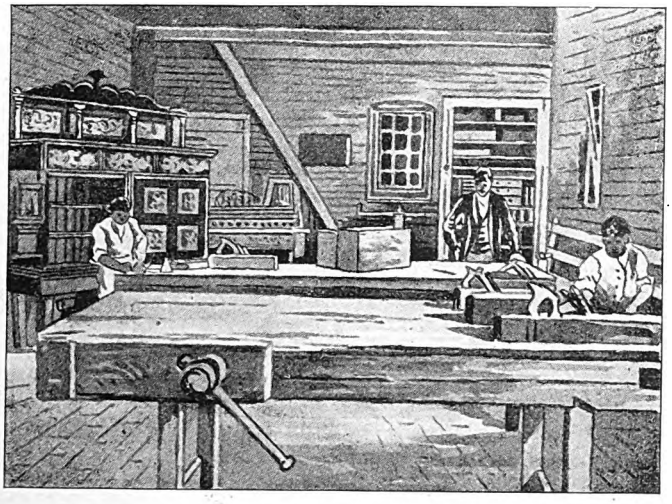


THREE LEPERS AT MANDLA ASYLUM SUPPORTED BY THE MILLION FARTHING FUND.

Lushais, a tribe of head-hunters living on the China-Tibet-Assam border. They dwelt in tents among these wild people, and soon gained their confidence. The language was without any literature, or even an alphabet or sign of any kind, to represent the sounds. The two missionaries set about reducing it to writing, and began to teach the people to read and write. The Lushais soon recognised the advantages of reading and writing, and became ready pupils. A manuscript newspaper, written by a Lushai, has been started, which gives news of different villages, and makes known to the various chieftains the orders of the British Government! A grammar of the Lushai language and a dictionary of 7,000 native words were likewise compiled, which works were so valued that they were printed by the Assam Government. The Gospels and the Acts have been translated, the British and Foreign Bible Society printing the same; this making the thousandth language translated into the Scriptures. And all this, humanly speaking, has been achieved by pennies.



INTERIOR OF MR. GEORGE WILKERSON'S TRAINING HOME FOR MATABELE.

Mr. Eglon Harris, assisted by the M.P.A., started a printing

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A TOCANTIN INDIAN.

press in Mexico, and issued the Gospels and the "Pilgrim's Progress" in Spanish. One of his Bibles fell into the hands of a servant of a Romish priest. The latter seeing it, burnt it, and Mr. Harris thereon called and made a personal demand. There was quartered in the town a Mexican officer and 600 soldiers. He heard of the incident and asked the missionary to come to the fort and explain. The officer became so interested that he begged that the troops might be addressed the next day. However, a notice reached the officer ordering him to arrest a noted bandit in another town, so the preaching was deferred. A week later Mr. Harris addressed the troops (now a thousand strong), at the conclusion of which the officer requested that everyone might have a testament. Mr. Harris had neither testaments nor money, but on going home he found to his joy a cheque for £20 awaiting him and the troops were not denied the testaments.

The crying need for more missionaries to the heathen is borne out by the fact that China has one missionary to 300,000 souls, India has one missionary to 280,000, whilst vast tracts in Africa have never yet been reached by heralds of the Cross. Algeria, bigger than the Transvaal and nearly as large as France, is very inadequately represented by missionaries; Nepaul, with 5,000,000 people, has no Christian worker and has never heard the Gospel; Tibet is at present a closed land, and the tribes of the Soudan are practically unreached.

What can a missionary penny do? Ten members, each giving a penny daily, can support a native teacher or a student in a college; 60 pence per week will entirely support a Christian teacher or Bible-woman; 140 pence per week will support a missionary in China; 20 pence per week will support a child leper; 24 pennies will maintain a starving woman and child in India for a fortnight; 240 pennies will feed a whole family for a month, and 1,200 pennies will feed a family till harvest and provide them with grain for sowing.

Of the appalling famine in India, the Viceroy, speaking in Calcutta last March, said, "If any rich man in this city is in doubt as to whether he should subscribe, I would gladly give him a railway ticket to a famine district and take what he chose to give me on his return. He might go with a hard heart, but he would come back with a broken one."

In conjunction with other agencies the M.P.A. is rendering splendid service in helping the starving millions. Mr. John Jackson (the founder of the Association) is now in India, visiting the famine districts, having been entrusted with £1,000 from collectors, for relief purposes.

The M.P.A. has come to stay. It has created an interest in missionary enterprise where none existed, it has demonstrated the power of the penny, it has been the means of increasing the receipts of numerous societies, it has opened a new sphere of usefulness and tapped a golden stream in "Carey's weekly penny."

GEORGE A. ANGUS.

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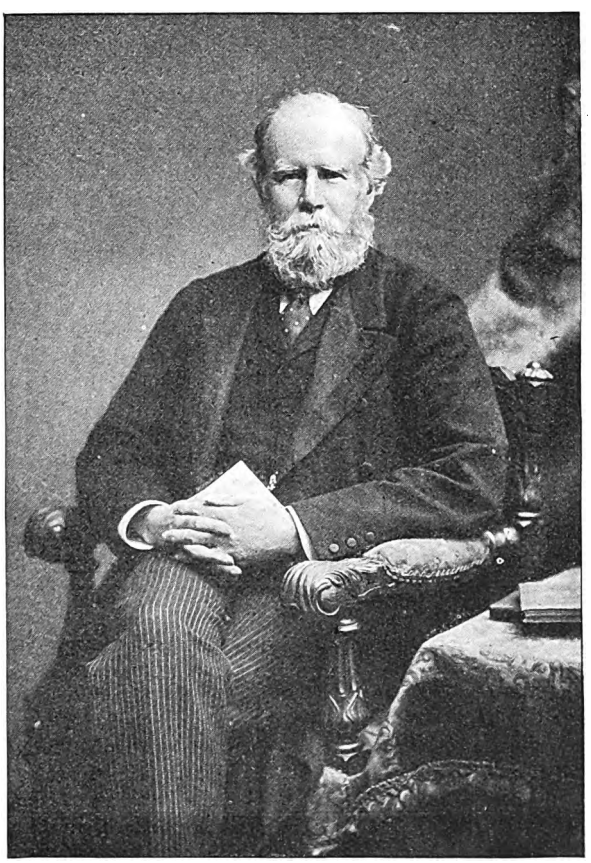
Lord Avebury and His Work.

By WILLIAM SIDEBOTHAM.

(Illustrated by the author's photographs and others kindly supplied by Lord Avebury.)

LORD AVEBURY, better known to the general public as Sir John Lubbock, is a man of many and varied gifts. The son of a distinguished financier, politician, and man of science, he has followed his father in all these capacities, and his works are enriched with many charms gathered from literature, society, and travel. As an authority on finance he commands attention both in the City and in Parliament; as a politician, he represented for many years one of the most important and influential constituencies in the Kingdom—the London University—and as a man of science he has occupied the position of President of the British Association, and of numerous other learned societies. As a man of science he has also brought a mind of quite exceptional powers of observation to the elucidation of such old but nebulous problems as the habits of ants and the characteristics of seeds; as a man of letters his works are not only popular in England, but many of them have also been extensively read abroad; and in Society, as well as in other walks of life, he has for many years commanded a foremost place. To the labouring classes his name is familiar as the originator of bank holidays, the lifelong advocate of shorter hours and other ameliorative measures, which have cost him, a man of affluence, years of unremitting toil, and which in the long run may be more beneficial than more high-sounding or heroic achievements.



Photograph by LORD AVEBURY. *Bassano.*

In 1832 Dr. Whewell, the renowned Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, wrote of Lord Avebury's father, the then Sir J. Lubbock: "He is an old and much valued friend of mine, whose excellence and merits I need not tell you of . . . He is a most temperate and moderate person, the most conservative of Whigs, and therefore more likely to conserve than a headlong Tory." Little

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did Dr. Whewell think when he penned those words that after the lapse of half a century the above description would be equally applicable to a son of his "most valued friend."

Although the name of Sir John Lubbock—to call Lord Avebury by his more familiar title—is so well known through his works, the general public are little acquainted with his life, his habits, his home and his recreations, and it was with a view to obtaining some particulars on these interesting points that I was recently favoured with an interview with him at the great banking establishment of Robarts, Lubbock and Co., in Lombard-street, of which he is the leading spirit. I was shown into his lordship's private room, and knowing the keen interest which he has always taken in religious matters, I inquired, by way of opening the conversation, what he considered was the effect which science had had upon religion. After a moment's reflection he replied: "Science has done much to raise and purify religion. Among the lower races of men religion was cruel, and the ideas of the Deities, even among Greeks and Romans, were crude and degrading. Even among Christians the persecutions of the Middle Ages, and the dread of witchcraft, which hung like a black pall over Europe down to the eighteenth century, have only been put an end to by the influence of science. The first duty in religion is to form the highest conceptions of the Divine nature, and anything inconsistent with that must surely be wrong."

Photograph by LADY AVEBURY. *Lavender, Bromley.*

I was astonished at the easy manner in which he could, so to speak, throw off all the cares and responsibilities which his high position entailed, and at a moment's notice enter into a discussion on such a metaphysical subject, which was diametrically opposite to what his thoughts had just been engaged in; and this dictum coming from one who has penetrated into the arcana of nature appeared to me to be a striking and effective answer to those critics who contend that science is undermining the foundations of Christain belief.

Referring next to his early career I asked "What induced you in the first instance to devote your attention to scientific pursuits? and he remarked "I suppose the taste was hereditary," adding, "One of the first things I remember was having a beetle under a tumbler. I was always fond of natural history, but I also took a delight in games, especially in cricket, hockey, and 'fives' at school."

In this connection it is interesting to recall the fact that Lord Avebury was sent at an early age to a private school kept by Mr. Waring, after which he proceeded to Eton. He soon began to distinguish himself there in all branches of learning, but even at that time he exhibited his inherited faculty of investigation, for the study of flowers and insects occupied much of the time not devoted to Virgil, Cicero and Homer. Just after he had succeeded in passing all the examinations, both of his father's partners unfortunately became seriously ill, and young Master Lubbock had at the early age of fourteen to give up all idea of going to a university,

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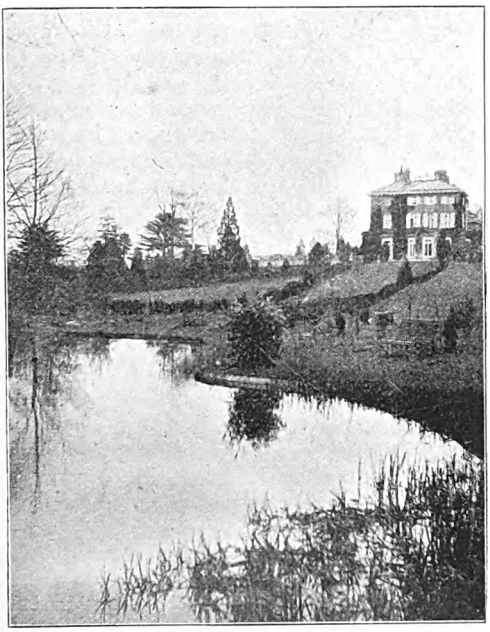
having perforce to become initiated into the mysteries of banking. But even this proved no obstacle to the young scientist, for all his spare time was devoted to the study of insects and plants at his father's seat at High Elms, a fine estate of 1,500 acres standing among the woodland country at Down, in Kent. The park which surrounds the mansion is undulating and the beech and chestnut and fir dispute supremacy with those "elms" which have given the estate its name. The landscape gardens have been most artistically laid out; the lawns gradually die away into the park and are so arranged that the thoroughfare is quite concealed from view.

Being desirous of obtaining information as to his wonderful literary output and his methods of work, I remarked to his lordship, "How in your busy life do you manage to economise your time so as to attend to your multifarious business engagements, also be perfectly *au fait* with all the latest scientific developments which must require endless reading and study, and in addition write on such a variety of literary subjects?"

"Ah," he said, modestly, "I do not work so hard now as formerly."

"But you must have some wonderful method to enable you to do it. For instance, I have read several of your lordship's most famous books, particularly 'The Pleasures of Life,' 'The Beauties of Nature,' 'The Use of Life,' 'Ants, Bees, and Wasps,' 'British Wildflowers considered in relation to Insects,' 'The Senses of Animals,' 'The Origin of Insects,' 'On Representation,' 'On Seedlings,' 'On Buds and Stipules,' 'On Collembola and Mysamira,' and 'The Scenery of Switzerland,' and I have been struck with the immense research which must have been required to even get the facts together, to say nothing of the labour involved in writing those wonderful books; while the works on such recondite subjects as 'Pre-historic Times,' 'The Origin of Civilisation,' and 'The Primitive Condition of Man' must even have taken a much longer time to write."

Beyond merely remarking that the major portion of his spare time had been devoted to these fascinating subjects, his lordship allowed the matter to drop, but I have ascertained from another quarter that for some years, both winter and summer, probably while many of his own clerks were in bed, he was in his study engaged in writing his books, or some paper to be read at one of the numerous scientific societies in whose proceedings he has for very many years taken a warm and active interest. He generally rises about six o'clock in the morning, and sometimes earlier, and after a cold bath, he proceeds to his study, where he is busy until breakfast time. Then comes a drive to Orpington Station, where he takes train to town to begin his ordinary avocations as a banker, and to attend various meetings, notably the London Chamber of Commerce, of which he was for a long period the president; the London County Council, of which he was for several years the chairman, following Lord Rosebery in that position; or attending the Council of Foreign Bondholders, of which he is President, and which has proved so pecuniarily beneficial to the holders of these securities in this country. During the Parliamentary season, he was, prior to his being made a peer, most assiduous in his attendance at the House of Commons, and, although essentially a family man, he was frequently absent from home several evenings in the week, realising the old French maxim "*noblesse oblige.*"



HIGH ELMS.

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LADY AVEBURY'S BOUDOIR.

Reverting to the subject of literature, I asked Lord Avebury if he could give me approximately the number of books he had read, and tell me how he managed to remember the chief points they contained.

"I have never been what might be called an omnivorous reader, for I could not, owing to my other engagements, afford the necessary time, but I have nevertheless read pretty extensively, and when I have come across anything which struck me as remarkable, or which I wished to remember, I made a careful note of the passage so that I could at any future time tell where to find it. It is astonishing how small a number of books a man, if he reads them carefully, can get through, and this makes it so important to choose the best. My principle has always been to study closely the best books, only devoting a small amount of time to works of lesser importance."

"You once gave a list of the best hundred books which you considered ought to be read and which at the time caused considerable discussion in the public press."

"Yes, that is so. I had often been struck with the little care which people took in the selection of their books, and as the number of books is so large and the hours which can be given to reading so few, I recommended that list. I left out, for obvious reasons, the names of living authors. I ought to state, however, that the books recommended were those which had found most favour with those who were competent to express an opinion, though I must confess to having put in the list a few special favourites of my own. With regard to the 'Koran' and the 'Analects' of Confucius, I recommended them mainly on account of the influence they have had upon the lives of so many millions of men than from any intrinsic merits of their own. I think everyone, on the other hand, should read 'Marcus Aurelius,' 'Epictetus,' and the 'Apology,' and 'Phædo' of Plato. As to the 'Republic,' I question whether it is worth the labour often bestowed upon it, although it is most interesting to those who wish to study the history of human thought."

"Which of your own books have been the most popular with the public generally?"

"'The Pleasures of Life' has had the widest circulation; 200,000 copies of the work have been sold in this country, and there have been twenty-five foreign editions. 'The Use of Life,' having regard to the time since it was published, has had as large a sale; and has been translated in many languages. 'The Beauties of Nature' has also had a large sale; 'Ants, Bees and Wasps' has gone through fifteen editions; while there have been six editions of 'Prehistoric Times,' besides three in France, which is rather remarkable. 'The Pleasures of Life' is also very popular in France, where there have been five editions."

"May I ask, my lord, how you carried on your investigations into the habits of ants? I suppose they took place in a portion of ground which had been specially set apart for the purpose."

Lord Avebury, smiling probably at my ignorance, remarked, "No; the habits of these insects required great care and attention, and much of the work had to be done in the house."

FIREPLACE IN THE HALL.

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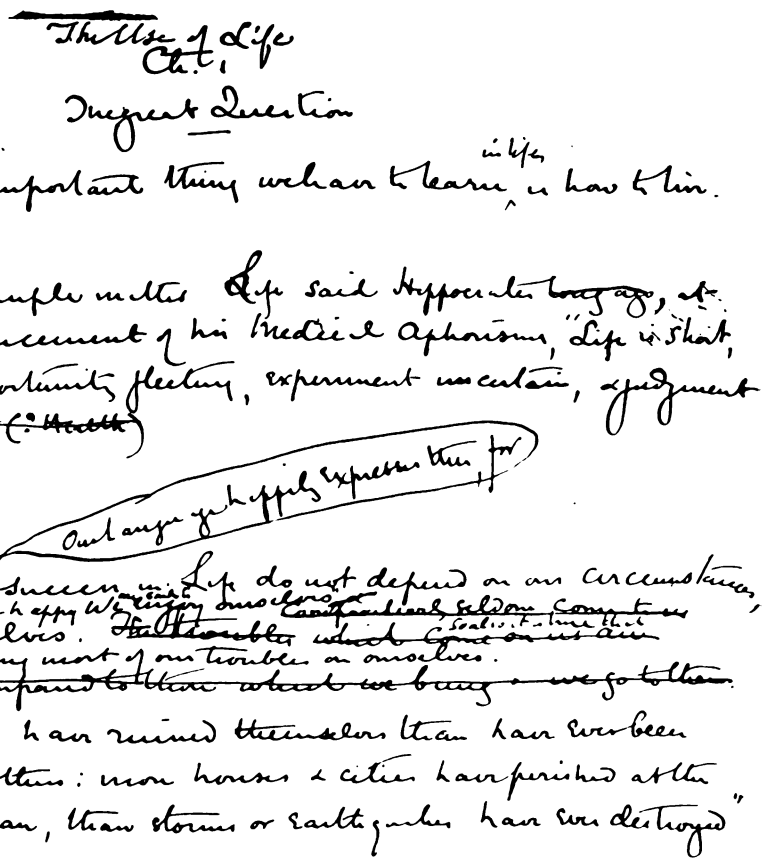
The long and absorbing romance connected with this branch of natural history has engaged the attention of many leading scientists, including Gould, De Geer, Swammerdam, Latreille, Leuwenhoeck and Huber, and the amazing proofs of intelligence and design of ants have excited the wildest admiration, completely putting in the shade the mighty magic of "The Arabian Nights." There are at present more than 700 species known, of which about 30 are in this country. Lord Avebury has kept over half of the British species, and has had at one time in his room upwards of 30 nests. He once watched an ant from six in the morning, and found that it worked without intermission until a quarter to ten at night; while on another occasion he had another ant under observation for several days. When he went to town in the morning he used to put it in a small bottle, but the moment it was let out again it recommenced its work; and, assisted by his daughters and their governess, he once watched a wasp from four in the morning till sunset. He has carried on extensive experiments with ants in order to ascertain their recognition and recollection of friends, their power of smell, their sense of hearing, their organs of vision, their modes of fighting, their domestic life, etc. One Queen Ant he kept for fifteen years—the oldest insect on record!

Lord Avebury's views on some of these interesting points are important:—

"The Anthropoid apes, no doubt, approach nearer to man in bodily structure than do any other animals; but when we consider the habits of ants, their social organisation, their large communities, elaborate habitations, their roadways, their possession of domestic animals, and even in some cases of slaves, it must be admitted that they have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence. It is very curious in my nests to see them divided into groups according to size, so that they remind one of a school



FACSIMILE FROM A PAGE OF LORD AVEBURY'S MS.

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divided into five or six classes. The food of ants consists of insects, great numbers of which they destroy; of honey, honey-dew and fruit; indeed, scarcely any animal or sweet substance comes amiss to them. Some species, such, for instance, as the small brown garden ant, ascend bushes in search of aphides.

"The behaviour of ants to one another differs very much according as they are alone, or supported by numerous companions. An ant which would run away in the first case will fight bravely in the second. They have been praised on account of their affection for their friends. In this respect, however, they seem to vary greatly. In most species of ants the power of smell is very keen, but as regards their sense of hearing the case is very different. It is remarkable that even now we do not know exactly how an ant's nest is begun. Whether they always commence as a colony from some older establishment, whether wandering workers who chance to find a queen under certain circumstances, remain with her and begin a new nest, or whether the queen ant, like the queen wasp, forms a cell for herself, and then brings up a few workers, who afterwards take upon themselves the labours of the family, as yet we know not.

LORD AVEBURY'S FATHER AND MOTHER.
(Reproduced from Woodcuts.)

"When once started the communities last for years, being kept up by a succession of individuals. The queens themselves rarely or never quit their nests, but receive their food from the workers, and appear to do nothing except lay eggs. In their modes of fighting different species of ants have their several peculiarities. Some also are much less military than others. They have the power of distinguishing colour; they are very sensitive to violet light; and it would almost seem that their sensations of colour must be very different from those produced upon us. When we see a community of ants working together in perfect harmony it is impossible not to ask ourselves how far they are mere exquisite automatons; how far they are conscious beings? When we watch an ant hill tenanted by thousands of industrious inhabitants, excavating chambers, forming tunnels, making roads, guarding their home, gathering food, feeding the young, tending their domestic animals—each one fulfilling its duty industriously and without confusion—it is difficult altogether to deny to them the gift of reason; and all our recent observations tend to confirm the opinion that their mental powers differ from those of men not so much in kind as in degree."

In other branches of science, notably the relations of English wildflowers to insects, Lord Avebury has brought his great powers of observation and subtle intellect to bear on the elucidation of the problems of nature; and he has shown that insects, especially bees, have an important influence on flowers. "To them," he said in one of his lectures at the Royal Institution, "we owe the beauties of our gardens, the sweetness of our fields. To them, flowers are indebted for their scent and colour, nay, their very existence in its present form. Not only have the brilliant colours, the sweet scent, and the honey of flowers been gradually developed by the unconscious agency of insects, but the very arrangement of the colours—the circular bands and radiating lines, the form, size, and position of the petals, the arrangement of the stamens and pistil—all have reference to the visits

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of insects and are disposed in such a manner as to ensure the great object which these visits are destined to effect."

It may be recalled, as showing the wide field there is for investigation, that Lord Avebury pointed out in his presidential address to the British Association at York in 1881, that the total number of animals described was at least 320,000, and that our museums contained probably over 10,000 species of insects which had not been described, while our collections did not probably contain anything like one-half of those actually in existence. He added: "The anatomy and habits even of those which have been described offer an inexhaustible field for research, and it is not going too far to say that there is not one single species which would not amply repay the devotion of a lifetime!"

His lordship further told me, in regard to his Parliamentary work, that he had served on six Royal Commissions, including the Science Commission, Public Schools Commission, International Monetary Commission, Education Commission, and the Gold and Silver Commission; and when the Jubilee coins were withdrawn he was appointed chairman of the Committee by which the present designs were selected. He has succeeded in passing 26 measures through the House of Commons—a record number for a private Member of Parliament. The Bills which he has brought forward, in addition to those benefiting the working classes, have dealt with varied interests—the medical profession, and the literary and mercantile world.

"And what are your recreations, if you can find time for any in your busy life?"

"In recent years I have taken to golf," adding, with a smile, "and I consider it is a very good old man's game."

Lord Avebury, before he became a peer, received many honours, for, *amicus humani generis*, he has devoted the major portion of his time to proving the dignity and nobility of life, and in showing the endless vista of absorbing problems which remain still to be solved. For his humanitarian efforts, he has, among other honours, received the following: D.C.L., Oxford; LL.D., Cambridge, Dublin, and Edinburgh; and M.D., Wurtzburg. He is a member of the Privy Council, and may be said to stand at the head of his own profession, being Chairman both of the English Bankers and of the Associated Chambers of Commerce.

The name he chose when he was raised to the peerage, derived from a property of his in Wiltshire, was in every way most suitable, for according to his own description "the Temple of Avebury, in Wiltshire, was the greatest of all Druidical monuments. It is, indeed, much less known than Stonehenge, and yet, though a ruder, it was a much grander temple. On the whole, this appears to have been the finest megalithic ruin in Europe, but, unfortunately for us, the pretty little village of Avebury, like some beautiful parasite, has grown up at the expense and in the midst of the ancient temple, and out of 650 great stones not above 20 are still standing. Aubrey states that Avebury 'did as much excel Stonehenge as a cathedral does a parish church.'" And Sir R. Colt Hoare, in his great "History of Wiltshire," commences the part devoted to Avebury as follows: "With awe and diffidence I enter the sacred precincts of this once hallowed sanctuary, the supposed parent of Stonehenge, the wonder of Britain, and the most ancient, as well as most interesting relict which our island can produce.

Our conversation here came to an end, and as his lordship shook me by the hand and wished me "Good-bye," I felt honoured in having been favoured with an interview with one of England's most famous and popular men of science, of whom Dean Fremantle once said, they, and not the clergy only, are ministers of religion.

WILLIAM SIDEBOTHAM.

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THE CHRIST CHILD.*

By FLORENCE MARRYAT.

THE old man and woman sat staring at each other in silent despair. Outside, the landscape was one uninterrupted sheet of white. The snow had fallen with little cessation during the past few days, and the north wind had driven it in places to the depth of several feet. Even the narrow path that led to the wicket gate of the little cottage was almost impassable by reason of it, for Robert Hazel's strength was unequal to clearing it away; he was nearly seventy, and his hands were knotted and gnarled with rheumatism. His companion, but a few years younger than himself, was still more feeble and almost as incapacitated for active labour. She had been a very pretty girl once, and was a sweet-looking old woman now, but her features were pinched from want, and her limbs shivering with the cold. There was no fire in the grate, and no wood to kindle one with; the cupboard was empty—there was nothing in the cottage either to eat or drink.

"I suppose," said the old woman in a tremulous voice, "that there is no help for it, master, and that it must be!"

"It shall never be, whilst I have the power to take your life and my own!" replied her husband sternly.

"Why! whatever do you mean, my man?"

He left his seat and came and sat on an old settle by her side, where he could touch her hand.

"I mean just this, my woman," he said kindly, "I swore years and years agone that I would die sooner than go to the union, and I meant what I said!"

"But what can we do else, Robin?" she asked, with piteous eyes fixed upon his fine old face. "Neither of us can work, and we're a'most starved with cold and hunger. What's before us but the union? Oh! deary, deary me," she continued, "to think we've brought a son and daughter into this world and neither of them can't save us from this!"

"Listen to me, my woman," said Hazel. "It isn't fair of us even to think of coming back upon our children. The poor things can't do more than keep themselves. What can Patty do—with ten pounds a year wages, and got to keep herself in decent clothing into the bargain? And as for Joe, why he's been the best of boys, as you know well, but he works hard enough to support his wife and little ones, and a man can't be expected to do more. I'm sure he must have sorely missed that sovereign he sent us last Easter; p'raps it was wrong of him to send it, for you remember what the Scripture says—that a man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife?"

"Ah! I'm sure our Joe would never have left us, if he had known what we was a-going to suffer for want of him!"

"Perhaps not," replied her husband; "but what's done can't be undone, and it's better to make an end of it, once and for ever!"

"But *how*, Robin?" demanded the old woman in a frightened voice.

There was something in her tone which recalled the past to him, and he remembered how, when she was a timid, blue-eyed girl, she used to fly to him for protection against every fancied danger. He put, with some difficulty, his stiffened arm round her bent body, and inclined his grizzled beard a little nearer to her face.

"We've been man and wife, Mary, now, for over forty years," he said, "and you know that during that time I've worked for you and yours to the best of my power."

"Aye! that you have, Robin, my man," she cried. "You've been a good husband and a good father, and the Lord will reward you for it! And for more than forty years we've slept on the same piller, and never lay down at night with a hard word atween us, have us now?" she added, forgetting the pain of labour in the sweetness of love.

"Yes, yes! but that's all over now. They don't let husbands and wives see each other except at meals, when they

* This is the last story that Miss Marryat wrote before her death.

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gets their skilly in the work'us over the hill there."

"They'll go to part us?" exclaimed his wife in horror.

"Aye! that they will, Mary, if they gets the chance. They'll make us live out the rest of our lives pining for each other's company. You'll never make me a good hot cup of tea again, nor yet darn up my old socks, nor rub me for the rheumatics."

"Oh! it will break my heart!" cried the old woman.

"Wouldn't it be better to go away together, Mary, to some place where no one can part us, and we shall be free from all pain and hunger and dread of the union for evermore?"

"Yes, sure, if there is such a place; but you frighten me when you talk like that, Robin! There's something strange in your eye as I never saw before, and which makes me think of your oath! But you'd never hurt me, my man, I'm sure of that!"

"No, not for worlds! There's never been a time since I fust courted you, that I wouldn't have laid down my life for yourn. But my life's already over. My strength has gone from me and I can't lift my hand to get you even a bit of bread! If folks would be a little patient with me, I might still do a little work in gardening and such-like, but they're all so quick nowadays, and want everything finished in a hurry, and I can't hurry any more, my woman. I have pains all over my poor limbs."

"It's the want of a good fire and a good meal," said Mary, weeping. "My bonny Robin, as was the strongest man for miles round—it's cruel to see you come down to such a pitch."

"Well, you see, my dearie, I'm no good in the world, and there's none as we can justly call upon to help us, so the sooner we're out of it the better for all of us. But I couldn't go and leave you behind, Mary. We've been too long together for that. If I go, you must come along of me."

"Where to, Robin?" she inquired tremblingly.

"Ah! that's more than I can tell you, my lass; but anyways, we'll go together. Don't look at me like that, Mary; it's nothing that will hurt you, only a little drink as will put you into a beautiful dreamless sleep and make you forget all your troubles."

"Where is it?" she asked, guessing what her husband meant.

He drew a small vial from his pocket.

"I've had it by me for weeks," he said, as he held it up to view. "I saw what was coming on us, and I determined neither you nor I should spend our Christmas in the union. No, no; we'll spend it in Heaven, my woman, and it couldn't have been long fust, anyway."

"But, Robin," said the old woman in an uncertain voice, "will it be in Heaven? Is it right, think ye, to go there before the Lord has called us?"

"Do you think He wants us to stay here, starving and frozen? Why if we don't drink this or go to the work'us, you'll be dead of cold afore the morning, Mary."

"Yes, I expect so," she answered in a meek voice.

"Well, then, I won't wait to see it!" exclaimed the man roughly. "If you won't come along of me, I'll take the whole lot and go by myself, and you can shovel my body out in the snow; for if you let those work'us authorities give me a pauper funeral, I'll never rest quiet in my grave, but rise up again and haunt you."

"Robin, Robin! Don't!" cried the terrified woman, as she hid her face in her hands. In a minute he was bending over her and soothing her.

"You'll go with me, Mary, won't you?" he whispered; "for if not, it'll be the fust time in over forty years that you've held back when I led the way."

"Of course I'll come too, Robin," she answered. "Why, what should I do without my man, as has been all the world to me for so long? But give me a little time to prepare myself, for it's a new thought to me. To go into His Presence so soon and before He's called us! Ah, Robin, if He's angered at fust, you'll tell Him, won't ye, that I did it because you asked me and I couldn't stay here alone without you? And it won't hurt much, you say?" she continued, eyeing the vial wistfully, as if it would explode in her face like a bomb.

"Hurt much! It won't hurt at all, I tell you. It's what the ladies take to make them sleep sometimes, but when the dose is big enough, you don't wake again, which is a blessing! It's what the chemist chaps call laudanum. Don't you mind, you had some once for the tooth-ache?"

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"Aye; and it will take us to Heaven. That's strange; but if you say so, it must be true. I would have liked to kiss my Joe and my Patty fust, though. They'll be main sorry when they hear what we've gone and done."

"They oughter be more sorry to see us dragging out our last days in the union," doggedly persisted her husband, "though I thought Patty made pretty light of it when I told her there was nothing else for us last Thursday. Young people don't know what old people feel. What's death to us is play to them."

"But they've been good children to us, Robin. Do you mind the day when our Joe was born, and you laughed at me for being so proud at having a son, and I told you he'd be working for us when we was past work? Aye, but his heart would be sad to-day if he knew that we should never see another Christmas morn. And Patty too—she was a main pretty little thing with her curly head and her big blue eyes. You used to say you never wanted a better lad than she, and you was just as cockered over her as I was over my boy. I suppose we couldn't put this off, just for a day or two, my man, till I had kissed my Joe and my Patty again?" said the old woman wistfully.

"And where should we be to-morrer if we did?" demanded Hazel; "dining in the union! No, my woman; I won't force you to go with me, but I takes my journey before nightfall—alone or together."

"Ah! never alone, Robin, never alone!" cried his wife, as she put up her withered hand and stroked his rugged cheek. He was only a common labourer, and had been so all his life, but he kissed the withered palm as it touched his mouth.

"I was only thinking," continued Mary, "that the Lord might help us if He would. I remember a pretty tale I read a long while since, in which two poor people, just like you and me, was sitting before a bare table, and didn't know where to turn to get food or firing, when the door suddenly opened and a beautiful Child stood on the threshold, and waved his hand, and directly the table was covered with smoking meats and loaves of bread, and a fire sprung up in the grate. And it was the Christ Child, Robin, Who had heard their prayer and come to answer it Himself.

"That there was a Papish story, Mary," said Hazel, frowning, "and all rubbish. You might tell that for yourself. You've been praying to the Lord, *I* know, all along to relieve us, for you're a good woman, and believe in such things, but He hasn't done it, you see, nor will He neither, for there ain't no miracles in these days. The table's bare, and the cupboard's empty, and the union stands a-frowning on that there hill ready for us if we haven't the sense to look after ourselves."

At that moment a sudden gust of wind blew the ricketty door of the cottage open, and there, on the threshold, stood a boy child, whom the old people had never seen before. His curly head was bare save for a wreath of Christmas roses twined in his golden curls. His dress seemed, to their purblind eyes, to consist of some white woollen material, but his rosy arms were bare. He did not speak, but stood there, pointing with one hand towards the hill on which stood the workhouse, of which they had so great a dread. Both the man and the woman were awed, and Mary was the only one who found her voice.

"It is the Christ Child!" she said, in tones of the deepest solemnity. Robin glanced intuitively towards the bare table, but no viands had made their appearance thereon. Mary crept almost fearfully towards the little child, who turned at her approach and fled, and by the time she had crawled to the door, no trace of him was to be seen. Only his little footmarks were left behind in the thick snow.

"What are we to do now?" she said to her husband, when their first astonishment had waned.

"I don't understand what you mean," he replied.

"It was the Christ Child," she said, "and He pointed towards the union. He has come to teach us our duty, my man. We may be cold and hungry and miserable, but we are not forsaken. This is a message from Heaven! It means that we are to be brave, not cowardly, that we are to pass our Christmas in the union, not in Heaven, and that if we do the best that lies before us, God will protect our future as He has done our past. Come, Robin, my man, you have never turned a deaf ear to my pleadings for over forty years—listen to me now. Pluck up your courage and come with me along the path which leads to the union. I know it's hard, but we've got something to do for

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Him as has taken care of us for so many years, and I feel convinced that if we follow the Christ Child something will happen to show us He is right."

The old man, who had been somewhat awed by the apparition they thought they had seen, yielded at last to his wife's entreaties, and, putting on their poor outdoor clothing, the aged couple, clinging closely to each other, stepped out into the snow-covered road and commenced with slow and feeble steps to walk towards the workhouse, to which an order for admittance had been granted them some days before. They were very sad the while, and so weak from hunger and cold that they hardly thought they should have strength to reach their destination. The extreme cold, indeed, seemed to have affected Mary's head, for she prattled on, as if they were going for a pleasure stroll in the height of summer, instead of nearly falling every second step they took. But her old husband kept up bravely, though every now and then he felt if the vial of laudanum were safe in his coat pocket. "We shall pass Ladymead on our way," prattled the old woman. "I wonder if Patty has any idea we are going to the union to-day, and if she will run out and give us a kiss. I mind when we passed Ladymead one day last summer, that I thought it the prettiest little place I had ever seen; and it made me think of our Joe and how, when he was a lad, he longed to be a farmer, until his godfather Mr. Wilkins came to see us and offered to 'prentice him to the boot trade. Aye; but I fancy poor Joe can't like sitting in a shop in Lunnon all day and never seeing the country from one year's end to another. Ladymead is all set in fields, and with the barns and granaries close agen the house, and a sweet dairy. Patty is a lucky gal to get a place there; she seems main happy, too, and says her missus won't let her work too hard. Well, poor child, all her life is afore her and all ours is behind us — but we mustn't grumble, Robin. We've had our day, and a very pleasant day it has been, too; and now the winter's come, with the frost and snow around us, and we oughter be thankful that there's a shelter ready for us, though it ain't, maybe, all we should choose. I think that's the message the Christ Child came to bring us anyway!"

As she was babbling on they dragged their weary limbs past the farm where their daughter had lately found a new service, and, to their delight, there she stood at the outer gate, heedless of the cold wind, or the snow, on the look-out for her parents on their way to the union. As she ran to meet them Hazel thought, with an inward grumble, that she might have seemed a little more sympathetic with the terrible journey they were bent upon.

"Oh, father and mother," she exclaimed, cheerily, "I've been on the look-out for you ever so long. I thought you would be passing in the morning. But you stayed to have some dinner, I s'pose."

"Aye, my gal," replied the old woman, "we had some arrangements to make, and so we didn't start till the afternoon. But it's bitter cold and we must be getting on, for we've better than a mile to go yet."

"No, no," cried Patty, "you must go no further to-night. My—my mistress says you must turn in to Ladymead and have some tea with me, and stay over to-morrow for your Christmas dinner."

"Aye; but that's kind," said Robin.

"She wouldn't hear of your spending Christmas in the union, and no more would I," continued Patty, "so give me your arm, mother, and we'll soon have you beside a nice warm fire."

It was about time, for poor Mary Hazel was half dead with fatigue and cold. In a few minutes their daughter had the old couple seated beside a splendid fire in a wide old-fashioned kitchen grate, and was plying them with big cups of hot tea and plates of bread and butter and fresh eggs from the farm.

"We have very few eggs now," said Patty, laughing, as she placed them before them, "but I saved them expressly for my dear father and mother. I wish I could have saved you the walk here, too, but there was nothing to send for you or —or the mistress of the farm would have let me have it at once."

"But my dear daughter," said Mary, who was much revived by a little food, "you musn't take advantage of your missus's kindness. You are quite sure she will not be displeased at our taking tea with you."

"Displeased? Why, mother, she has made me watch for you ever since twelve o'clock. We hoped you would be here to dinner. But father is falling asleep. He is tired, poor dear, and so are you. I

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should think the best thing for you both was bed, and then you will be nice and fresh to-morrow to spend a happy Christmas Day."

"Ah! Patty, you forgets there's nothing but the union afore us," replied her mother in a plaintive tone, "but there, I won't be ungrateful. But, as you say, my dear, I think your father would be glad of his bed, for he's spent a trying day, if ever man did."

Patty thereupon led the way to an airy, comfortably-furnished bedroom, with a large, luxurious feather bed for the old people to nestle into, and a bright fire burning on the hearth.

"Oh, ain't this lovely?" exclaimed Mrs. Hazel, as she took a survey of the apartment, "but you mustn't make too much of us, Patty, for it will make the difference all the harder to bear. Well, my man," she continued, when her daughter had left them alone, "the Blessed Christ Child has brought us one more happy Christmas Day, at all events, hasn't He?"

"Seems so," said the old man, who, between the cold he had been subjected to and the hearty meal he had consumed, was almost too sleepy to reply.

"And you won't say nothing against Papish stories again, will you?" pleaded his wife. But Hazel had curled himself round in the feather bed and was already sunk in sleep.

The old woman—his sweetheart of over forty years—crept in beside him and laid her hands upon his. They were old and faded and crippled, but the freshness of their mutual love, his tenderness for her and her trust in him, was pathetic in its simplicity.

They slept till late in the morning. No one came to disturb them, though Mary thought once that she heard a footstep creep about the room and had an indistinct remembrance of a form bending over the bed; but she was utterly weak and worn-out, and Nature was taking her revenge by closely sealing the eyelids of both her husband and herself. Not even the cock-crowing that went on under their window as soon as the day had dawned, served to disturb their rest, and it was not till nearly eleven o'clock that Mrs. Hazel woke to the consciousness that someone stood in the room. As soon as she had opened her eyes, she shook her husband's shoulder.

"Wake up, Robin," she exclaimed, "Look! See! The Christ Child has come to us again!"

At those words the last cobwebs were swept from Hazel's eyes and he started up in bed by the side of his wife. She was right. There on the threshold of the opened door stood the same child who had visited them in their cottage the day before. The wreath of snowy Christmas roses was still upon his broad open brow, but he was now clad in white linen, and his look of uncertainty had disappeared.

"Danfather, danmother, is 'oo velly well?" he exclaimed. "I'se bringed 'oo a lubly bit of holly for Christmas. Fader said I vas to bring it for 'oo!"

"Robin, my man, *who—what* can it be?" cried Mary, in a voice of mingled fear and pleasure.

"I'm sure I can't tell you, my woman! Who are you, my little feller?" he continued, addressing the child, when a tall stalwart form appeared beside it, and came forward with outstretched hand. It was that of their son Joe.

"Joe—my Joe!" said the old mother, folding her first-born in a close embrace.

"My boy! Is it possible?" exclaimed the old man.

"Yes, dear mother and father, it is I, and I hope you will forgive me for having played a little trick upon you. I have only been in Lillyvale a week, and I did not know, till I met Patty, of the straits you were in, and when I did, I thought I should so much like to give you a happy surprise on Christmas Day!"

"But I do not understand. Have you come to live in Lillyvale, Joe?"

"Yes, father; not only that, but as the master of Ladymead. That is my great surprise for you. My godfather, Mr. Wilkins, died about a month ago, and was good enough to leave me five hundred pounds in his will; so the first thing I thought of was to rent Ladymead farm and turn my back on London for ever. And when I arrived here and Patty told me how badly you and mother were getting on, I was gladder than ever that my godfather had thought of me in his will."

"Aye, aye, it's a good thing for you, my son, and it'll make your mother and me glad to think of your happiness and prosperity. But it's all up with us, my lad. We're too old and feeble to work any more, and we wouldn't be a burden on anyone, least of all on you, with a family to support; and so we've made up

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our minds to go into the union. I was sorely against it at fust, but your mother is wiser than I, and she's persuaded me as it's the right thing to do, and so I'm 'most reconciled to the idea!"

"And do you s'pose that I'd keep my wife and children at Ladymead wanting for nothing, whilst my dear parents was in the work'us?" cried Joe, indignantly. "What do you take me for? Why, *who* was it as bringed me up from a baby and had me taught my trade, and well-nigh starved theirselves sometimes to keep my sister and me well fed? Do you s'pose I can forget all that? No, father! I don't live at Ladymead Farm unless you and mother live here too. Besides, I wants you—what does a London shoemaker know about farming, do you think? I hardly know a cabbage from a tater! But father can put me up to everything, and help me a bit in the gardening too, if I'm not mistaken."

"Oh, yes, Joe!" said the old man with trembling eagerness. "I *can* garden a bit still, if people would have a little patience with me, and not want too much hurry, for my hands is terribly crippled with the rheumatics, you see, and my sight is not as good as it was; still, I'm not quite useless, my boy. Oh, no, indeed; if it were for you and yourn, you'd find I can get through a goodish bit of work in the day, I know!"

"And then we shall want mother in the dairy—just to show my wife; a nice gal she is, as I'm sure you'll say, and she's called Mary the same as yourself, mother, which was the first reason I took to her, I think. But she's a duffer at country ways; it couldn't be expected otherwise when she's been in London all her life; but Patty and mother will help her a bit, and we'll all be as happy together as a lot of sandboys!"

"Robin," said Mary suddenly, turning round to her husband, and hiding her face in his breast, "let me cry a bit, there's a good man, or my heart will burst."

"Seems to me as if I'd like to have a bit of a cry myself, Mary," replied her husband, "for it's all too wonderful to be true."

"Nonsense! we can't have no crying here—and on Christmas Day, too!" exclaimed a merry voice, as Patty with her sister-in-law and a cluster of little children burst into the room. "Why, father and mother, you haven't spoken to Mollie yet, and here are your grandchildren come to kiss you and bid you welcome!" and as she spoke she lifted a bonny boy upon the bed. It was he whom they called the Christ Child!

"Joe, who is that?" exclaimed his mother.

"Why, that's my boy—my only son—my little Robin, named for father there, and ever so anxious to see his granddad! But you mustn't spoil him, mother, for he's a handful, and wants a deal of looking after. Fancy what the young rascal did yesterday, when we was all busy arranging the farmhouse!—runned away by himself with only that wreath of white and green, that Patty made him, on his head, right through all this snow, and never come back for an hour or more! There was his mother, sure that he would never be found again, and me and the farm hand shouting all over the place as loud as we could bawl, when in comes my young master as cool as a cucumber, and says he's been trying to find his granddad and grandmammy! But he says he won't do it again. He's never seen such a fall of snow before, and he thought it was sugar till he tasted it, and since then he's been trying to take in his little sisters and cram their mouths full of it! He *is* a handful, *I* can tell you!" concluded the proud father, with his eyes fixed lovingly on his son and heir.

"Now, Joe, if you've done talking of that boy, you'd better let father and mother get up and dress themselves, for I expect they must be about ready for their breakfast, considering it's past eleven. Why, you'll never be able to eat no Christmas dinner at this rate!" Patty continued, addressing her parents, "and that would break Mollie's heart and mine, for we're preparing it all ourselves! Come along, children; come along, Mollie and Joe; and, mother and father, your breakfast will be ready for you as soon as you're ready for it."

And laughing and talking, the merry party filed out of the room.

The old couple turned and faced each other with solemn wondering eyes.

"Robin," said Mary presently, "maybe it *was* the Christ Child, after all, as put it in his little heart to visit us and save us from ourselves."

"You are right, my woman," replied the old man. "It *was* the Christ Child, and this is His own day. Let us rise and worship Him."

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The Club Doctor's Wife on "Clubbers."

By ELLA JEFFERISS.

"OH, it's quite simple," Tom was explaining to me at breakfast on our first morning in Casktown, where he had obtained an appointment as doctor to the "Casktown Friendly Societies' Medical Association."

"You see all the Foresters, Oddfellows, Rechabites, Druids, Shepherds, Buffaloes, Comical Fellows, and other friendly societies are strong enough here to combine and engage a medical officer for themselves. Each member pays something like a halfpenny a week, and a committee of themselves manage affairs——"

Here Kirsty, the Scotch servant we had brought with us from the country village in Perthshire, where Tom had started, burst into the room with a scared face.

"Doctor, there's twa patients already, and mair comin' in. What's tae be dune?"

"Oh, just let them sit. It's not nine o'clock yet. I'm told there are often as many as sixty or seventy in a day."

"Losh presairve us a'. Is there a plague?" she ejaculated, shutting the door.

In the old practice there were seldom more than six surgery patients a day, so it was little wonder that this wholesale depôt for advice and medicine astonished Kirsty.

From this morning until we left Casktown she waged unceasing war with the "clubbers," who made a mess on her clean linoleum with their muddy boots, cheeked her at the door and laughed at her Scotch accent, and who were the cause of her being kept cleaning the rooms after nine o'clock at night when she might have been sewing. A few days after we came I heard a scuffle going on downstairs in the passage. A woman had brought her "pram" inside, and Kirsty, always on the look out, had straightway bounced out of the kitchen and jerked it on to the street. When I looked over the banister the woman had evidently brought it in again, and Kirsty, triumphant, with cap awry, was for the second time wheeling it out, the owner declaiming loudly to the grinning patients and breathing out threats of complaints to the committee.

"The impidence of some trash is enough to fell a body. A nice thing, indeed, if the likes o' *you* is to bring your clarty machines into decent people's houses," our maid was declaiming to the waiting-room in general, when Tom came out of the consulting-room to see what the noise was about—Kirsty returning to the kitchen with uplifted nose and a scornful "Set them up indeed," as he explained to the woman that there was no room for "prams" in the passage. Kirsty had her hours of triumph, however. It was her business to close the outer door against "thae cattle," as I regret to say she termed the patients, at 10.30 a.m. and 8.30 p.m., and sometimes a woman who had dawdled over her marketing would come for her medicine after the door was closed, and on Kirsty's appearance would demand to see the doctor.

"Aye," would come the reply, "ye canna' see 'im the nicht. Yer too late."

"Whoi, it aint 'arf past ite yet."

"Aye, is it. It's five and twenty to nine, and gin ye can read, an' I hae ma doots, ye'll see marked on the bottle labels that half-past eight is the closing 'oor," and she would bang the door.

We often had to warn her that if she was rude to the patients she would be brought before the committee.

"An' wha's the committee? A wheen auld drucken cobbler bodies. 'Am no' *their* servant, thank guidness," she would say with a fine contempt, and one could

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not contradict her, for there certainly was one cobbler who came to the meetings drunk on occasion.

The taking down of messages was a source of perpetual tribulation to Kirsty. One day she wrote on the slate, "Mrs. Eowse, 5, Awning Glow-street." Neither name nor street was to be found, and when in the evening an irate Mr. "Eowse" came to see why the doctor had not come, Tom elicited that the name was "House" and the street "Horninglow." No wonder Kirsty, unused to broad Staffordshire, had not got it correctly. However, she had orders to make messengers write down their addresses in the future. On my coming in one day she met me with an irate countenance.

"Eh, mem," she burst out, "there's been twa men in the waitin'-room. I was jist sweeping oot some o' the dirt thae cattle bring in when my gentlemen mairched as bauld as brass straucht intil the waitin'-room."

"'An' what may you be wantin'?' says I.

"'Oh, we're the visitin' committee,' says they, an' they poked their noses intil everything; drawed their fingers along the mantelshelf tae see if there was ony dust, clawed the bottles in the dispensary, keeked in the cork drawer, smelt in the coal scuttle till I was ready to shove them heid foremost intil it. Syne they starts writin' in the big buik that lies in the dispensary with 'Visitors' on it, an' I could stan' it no longer, an' says 'Gin yer quite finished, gentlemen, I'd like tae get on wi' ma wark, for I canna stop here watchin' you a' day. Jist send word neist time ye think o' calling, and a'll hae the bedrooms ready for yer inspection, and the mistress 'll, nae doot, be pleased tae let ye gang through the linen press'. They've written a fine pack o' lies in yon buik I can tell you."

I was thoroughly indignant, and going into the waiting-room found, as she had said, a book in which appeared such

"'WE'RE THE VISITIN' COMMITTEE,' SAYS THEY, AN' THEY POKED THEIR NOSES INTIL EVERYTHING."

remarks as the following in different hands:—

"January 5th. 7 o'clock. Waiting-room fire very low. (R. Chowles, visitor.)"

"Feb. 18th. 12th o'clock. Cusultin' room untoidy. Waste o' cawks goin' on, namely, 3 or 4 in slop-pale in dispensory. (Thomas Brown, visitor.)"

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"May 10th. 10 o'clock. Dr. eowt. Reason why? (T. Lobb, visitor.)"

Subsequently I found out that the club appointed visitors, whose duty was to visit men receiving sick pay and to inspect the medical officer's business premises, and enter any complaints in this book, which was brought before the committee every other Thursday evening when they held their meeting in the waiting-room, and the odour of shag and the buzz of their wrangling voices was wafted upstairs, the doctor or dispenser being frequently called to answer for real or imaginary misdeeds. The committee consisted of working men, and it was most galling for an educated man to be called to order by ignorant chawbacons, who thought they were fully competent to advise him as to the details of his professional work. Some of them were kind-hearted fellows, however, although they had most offensive ways of showing their good-will. Once, for instance, when they had had a big club dinner, there arrived the following day, with the chairman's compliments, a couple of roasted pheasants—one complete and the other cut into—remnants of the feast!

One of the things that perpetually scraped up my temper was the fact that my house was never my own. It might as well have been a shop or a public-house for all the privacy or quiet we had. I could not accompany a visitor down to the door without jostling past one or two "clubbers," who, in spite of Kirsty's vigilance, would insist upon standing in the passage in the hope of being able to rush into the consulting room out of their turn, or because they considered themselves too superior to sit in the waiting-room with the common herd. Then they would insist upon keeping the waiting-room door open, and we had to run the gauntlet of their curious eyes every time we went up or down stairs with a tray of dishes, for we had to have our dining-room on the second floor. "Shut the waiting-room door, please," became the most familiar sentence in our house. Then would ensue a hurried scurry past, not always, however, successfully performed, for often they would manage to open it just at the critical moment. I think, however, that the worst of my woes was that Tom never had a free evening, and if by chance he tried to get off to a concert with me he was certain to be detained. He would get himself quite ready to rush off as soon as the last patient had gone; Kirsty would have strict orders to close the door punctually and admit no one after 8.30, and I could tell that he was "polishing them off," as he elegantly termed it, by quick succession of rings on the bell that ushered in each patient, and the dissatisfied expressions on the faces of the "chronics" as they went out carrying their bottles of lotion. The "chronic" loves to dilate on his ailments, and finds it distinctly annoying to be told—

"All right, my man. Tablespoonful in a little water three times a day. Continue the lotion. Come and see me in a week's time. 'Night," just as he has got into a flowing recital as to "jest eow them prickin's and shootin's tykes 'im." At eight-thirty I would be waiting ready at the top of the stairs, and there would still be two or three in the waiting-room as Kirsty shut the outer door. Then as Tom was getting on his overcoat there would come a ring at the door, and "Please, tell doctor to come at once to Mrs. Vokes."

Tom would come back after a short parley with the messenger, and I would take off my hat and gloves and anathematise the "clubber" and wish we were back in the country. Medical associations are, no doubt, excellent things from the club patient's point of view, but it takes almost a superhuman effort for the club doctor's wife to see things with the eyes of the "halfpenny a week" club patient.

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BLIND GIRLS AT THE ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE, UPPER NORWOOD, OUT FOR CYCLING EXERCISE.

WONDERS OF THE BLIND AND THE DUMB.

By J. A. HAMMERTON.

IT was one of the crowning glories of the century just closed that during no similar period in the history of the world has so much been done by science and the inventive genius of man to make up, in some degree, by artificial means, for what the blind, the deaf and the dumb have been deprived of by Nature.

Behind all the inventions for assisting our afflicted brethren is a strong humanitarian feeling, the existence of which is one of the most gratifying features of our times. To know the condition of the blind at the beginning of the last century and to contrast that with what now exists is nothing short of wonderful; for we might say, indeed, that the advantages enjoyed by the blind of to-day compared with the disabilities of their class at the beginning of the nineteenth century are even greater than the advantages of the seeing compared with the blind of to-day.

In a word, the sightless members of the community no longer live in a dark world unable to work for themselves, a burden on their fellow-men; but thanks to the efforts of those who have devoted their lives to their service, they have become as valuable members of society as their sighted fellows and are able to enjoy many of the good things of this world. Just as fighting against adversity makes one stronger, more resolute, so in surmounting their natural difficulties the sightless would seem to acquire new qualities which enable them not merely to rival the seeing but in certain branches of education and work even to excel them.

Of course, great things have been achieved by men deprived of sight long ago, and it is only necessary to mention the name of Homer to realise how far back in the history of the world blind men arose to fame. Our own Milton, too, is an oft-quoted example of patience and performance under blindness. A name that is less known, but really stands for more remarkable things, is that of Nicholas Saunderson, a mathematician, whose strange fate it was to teach the

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laws of optics, to explain the nature of light and color, the theory of vision, and the transmission of rays by waves of ether to the students of Cambridge University, and be withal blind!

The triumphs of Postmaster-General Fawcett over his affliction are well-known to all readers, and one of the most remarkable blind men of to-day is Principal Campbell of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Upper Norwood, who was born in Frankland County, Tennessee, 66 years ago, and lost his eyes as the result of an accident when three years old. Dr. F. J. Campbell, in order to prove that the blind are capable of almost incredible performances, has himself ascended to the top of Mont Blanc. Another remarkable blind man of the present day is M. Vidal, the French sculptor, who has produced many beautiful pieces of statutary chiefly illustrative of animal life, which the blind artist can only study through his fingers. M. Vidal in the pursuit of his art has even entered a lion's cage in order to receive an impression of the animal's form by feeling with his fingers. It was in this novel way that he made his study for one of his masterpieces, the "Lion roaring," a sculpture so vigorous in outline, and so suggestive of the finest qualities of the king of the forest that one can scarce believe it was chiselled by a man who could not see his work.

BLIND GIRLS AT DRILL.

These, however, are the exceptions in the world of the blind; they are not typical, yet do they prove most eloquently that it is given to men of patience and determination to rise triumphantly above the greatest physical defects.

It is a common belief that the economy of nature supplies the other senses in increased proportion to those who are robbed of one or more of the alloted five, but the best authorities dispute the supposition, and contend that the blind in all other respects are "even as you and I." It is true, however, that the senses of feeling, smelling, and hearing are as capable of development as any muscle of the body, and the blind have of necessity to develop these to a point of perfection quite unnecessary in those who possess sight; in fact, the average person would be greatly surprised to find how necessary the three senses just mentioned are to sight. It is not only with our eyes that we see, but with our ears, our nose, and our hands, just as our eyes are used to assist us in hearing, a fact which can be proved by a very simple experiment. Shut your eyes and get someone to click two pennies together in a far part of the room, and it is ten chances to one you will be quite unable to locate the point within a yard at which the sound was made. This phase of the subject is so very interesting that the following passage from a remarkable book, "The Blind, by a Blind Man," written by M. Maurice de la Sizeranne, is worthy of quotation here:—

"Touch is not localised in the hands. It is spread all over the body. Even through the shoe the foot can feel differences in the ground it treads. Stop up a blind man's ears and he can tell whether he is walking on stone or wooden pavement. Every odour is very distinct and characteristic. Raw meat, pomade, damp tobacco, fresh leather, fish, hay, freshly-printed paper and flowers have such distinct odours that we know them without the shadow of a doubt, so that we know when we pass a tobacconist's, a shoemaker's, a chemist's, or a newspaper shop. This is how a blind man makes his way through a crowded city. By combining his senses of touch and smell, and sometimes of hearing, he knows almost as much as of what is going on around him

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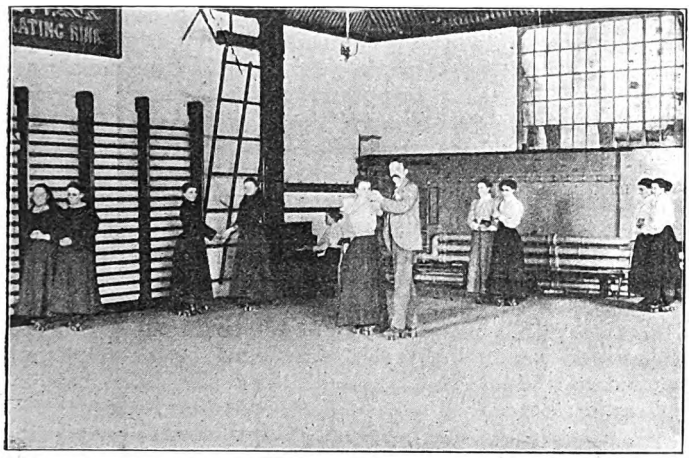


TEACHING THE BLIND TO ROLLER-SKATE.

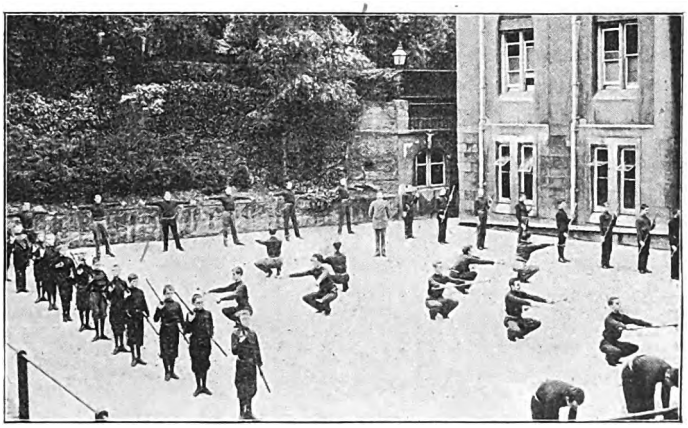
as any one else. He can tell where a house is being built, where the children are playing, where the pavement requires repairs. In the country his joys are just as great, or greater, for here every scent of wood or crop, of flower or weed, is distinguished. He knows the direction of the wind by the scents it brings to him of the woods to the east, or the flowers to the west. On a train or steamboat much of the blind man's joy of knowledge is lost, for the noise of the engines and the smoke and cinders obscure all other sounds and scents."

It is on the lines laid down by M. de la Sizeranne that most of the aids to the blind have been devised. The first of these was the invention of printing in relief, made as long ago as 1784 by M. Valentine Haüy, whose system has never been superseded, although in 1827 it was considerably modified by Mr. James Gall of Edinburgh. Since then many other alphabets have been devised and several are now in very general use, probably the simplest and best known being that of another Frenchman, M. Louis Braille, who in 1834 introduced a modification of another Frenchman's system. Its root is simply six dots thus—(⁚ ⁚) from which no less than sixty-two variations can be made in this way :—

A	B	C	D
⠁	⠃	⠉	⠙
E	F	G	H
⠑	⠋	⠛	⠓

The Braille system, which is very easily embossed, can be more readily felt than that of Dr. Moon, himself blind, who in 1875 invented his well-known alphabet, which contains several of the ordinary Roman letters and a number with parts omitted. The Braille alphabet also occupies much less space and has been made the base of a thorough musical notation. In New York Mr. Waite, the Superintendent of the great institution for the blind in that city, has further improved on Braille's and considerably reduced the space occupied by it, merely by laying the root on its side, thus—(:::).

With the introduction of a system of reading the possibilities of educating the blind became at once unlimited, but we can scarcely suppose that even in their wildest dreams the inventors foresaw such developments as have now been achieved. Most of the great libraries throughout the country contain books for the use of the blind, and a magazine in raised type has even been issued, but it is to America that we have to go for the most practical demonstration of what the community may do in providing literature for the



YOUTHS AT DRILL, ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE.

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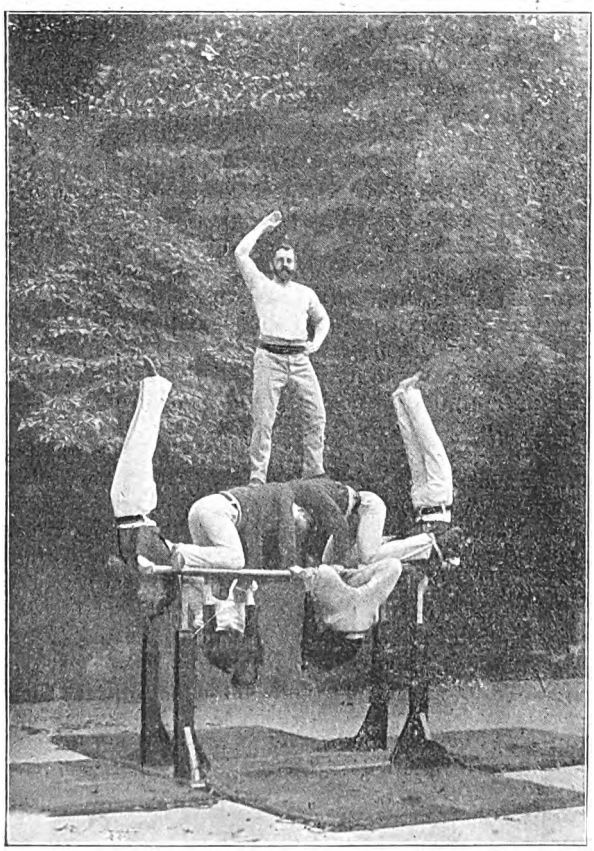
sightless. The Pavilion of the Blind in the magnificient Congressional Library at Washington, is a splendid institution whose work cannot be too widely known. It originated in the mind of a blind girl, who suggested to the librarian the idea of devoting one room to the use of the blind. In this handsomely furnished apartment all the available books in raised type have been gathered together. A lady superintendent is specially engaged to assist the readers, and, entering upon her work in that true spirit of social service with which so many American ladies seem to be blessed, she has not stopped at the mere discharge of perfunctory duties, but has made the Pavilion of the Blind a great centre of social life. The cream of Washington's "society" ladies actively assist in the work, and many leading American authors come to the Pavilion and read selections from their works to sightless audiences, while some young ladies have even been enthusiastic enough to learn the Braille and Waite systems of writing, and every month translate articles and stories from the magazines into embossed characters for the frequenters of the Pavilion, so that the blind readers of Washington can literally keep "in touch" with current literature. Committees of fashionable young ladies have also been formed for the purpose of piloting the blind to and from the library on the occasions of literary or musical gatherings which take place every week, and one could not wish those "butterflies of fashion" better employed.

But, although the perfection of reading for the blind has opened up to them great fields of knowledge, this side of education only represents a small part of what has been done for them. In music particularly wonders have been achieved, and during recent years a great many blind musicians have gained the highest honours in musical examinations, both in Great Britain and America, blind teachers of music being now to be found in most of our large towns, and excellent teachers they prove, with their acutely developed sense of sound. Mr. Waite, of New York, has also done much to further this branch of their education by the invention of the Kleidograph, a machine which enables blind musicians to compose as readily as their seeing brethren, and by its aid the most intricate compositions may be copied without the slightest difficulty. It is on the principle of the type-writer; and the ordinary type-writer has also opened up new paths of usefulness to blind workers, as it can be readily mastered by them with even less instruction than is necessary in the case of those who possess their eyesight.



BLIND GYMNASTICS (INSTRUCTOR ON TOP).

The Institution for the Blind at Birmingham has the honour of developing type-writing by the blind to the highest stage of perfection. There the students have not only been thoroughly grounded in the use of the ordinary machine, but a system of embossed shorthand has been invented, whereby a blind operator can take down shorthand notes from dictation at

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the rate of one hundred words a minute, and then transcribe them by means of the type-writer. I have inspected scores of letters and manuscripts written in this way, and seeing operators would be pleased indeed if they never produced manuscripts with fewer mistakes. In Birmingham this branch of work has really been perfected to a degree that is wonderful, blind typists being constantly employed in commercial work, and even undertaking to teach the art to seeing pupils. The machines can also be fitted with an ingenious contrivance which enables blind operators to reproduce elaborate accounts and statistics, and they can actually go back to any point at which a mistake has occurred and correct it themselves! Mr. Henry Stainsby, the Secretary of the Birmingham Institution, is mainly to be thanked for all this.

DR. CAMPBELL.
(Principal of the Royal Normal College for the Blind.)
Photograph by W. J. Wright, Upper Norwood.

In all branches of physical culture the blind are now as fortunate as the rest of us, and nothing can be more interesting or gratifying than a visit to a playground in any large institution for the blind, where we shall find the young people engaged in all sorts of recreations, vaulting, cricket, running, skipping-ropes, or playing at "fire brigades" with the aid of a large wooden engine. In the gymnasium we shall find the youths and young men going through every athletic exercise known to us, with the exception of the trapeze. In the swimming bath they have been taught to dive as fearlessly as if possessing sight, and even in the streets we may see companies of them pedalling merrily along on a "multicycle," under the lead of a seeing companion. The girls, of course, are instructed chiefly in cooking, sewing and all domestic accomplishments calculated to make them excellent housewives.

What a delight it is to record such things as these, when we remember that less than 20 years ago the only occupations open to the blind were such simple work as basket-making and cheap upholstery. For the greater part of this century their education had been left largely in the hands of philanthropic workers; they were regarded chiefly as objects of charity. But to-day the Education Department, the School Board, and the Board of Guardians are co-workers everywhere with the institutions for the blind, and progress is the watchword all along the line.

Another aspect of our subject which is worthy of some attention is the work of those who are experimenting with a view to restoring visual power to the sightless. In an age when science has achieved some of its greatest marvels, and the Röntgen rays have rendered transparent substances previously considered opaque, it is not too much to hope that some invention may yet be contrived whereby the blind will see something of the beautiful world which is now shut out from their view.

The discoveries of Mr. Peter Stein, a Russian scientist, certainly encourage us in this belief. He has demonstrated that the eyes are not essential to vision. A representative of a most trustworthy London newspaper was securely blindfolded, so that he could not even see a lighted candle held before him. He was then connected with Mr. Stein's apparatus,

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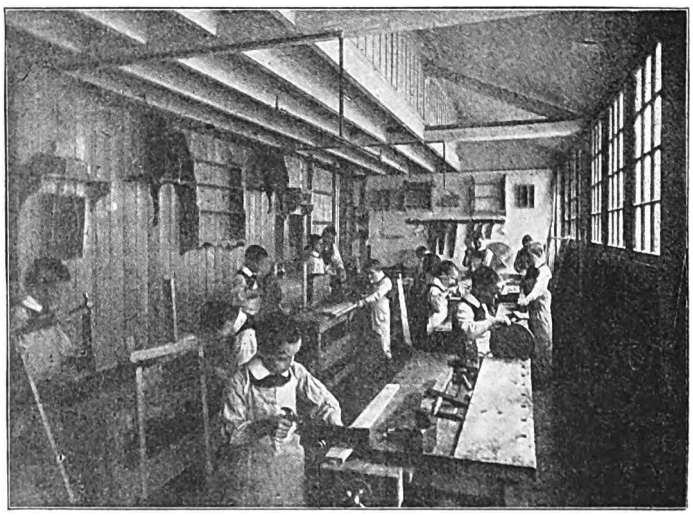
and his sensations are described in the following words:—"I felt a slight sensation of electrical current passing through my body. Then, quickly, the darkness passed away, a dull grey took its place, and was succeeded by a light, clear and bright. I saw fingers held up before me, and a disc that looked like a coin. And when I was disconnected from the apparatus I found I was standing just where I was when the eyes were bandaged. Mr. Stein had been by my side all the time, and there was no one else present."

This surprising invention has not yet been perfected, but we may reasonably hope that it will be found of great value in the education of the blind, even should it do no more than assist them to distinguish the outline of forms. At present this is one of the great difficulties of their instruction. Having to picture in their minds the outlines of animals and other forms merely by the assistance of wooden models and the information of their teachers, they experience much difficulty in realising proportion, since, for instance, it is scarcely possible to supply a life-sized model of an elephant alongside that of a cat. Mr. Stein also claims that by a somewhat similar means he can enable the deaf to hear.



Photograph by *Harold Baker, Birmingham.*

BIRMINGHAM INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND—IN THE BOYS' WORKSHOP.

A word or two may be added about the teaching of the deaf and the dumb, which has also been greatly improved of recent years, and especially since the introduction of lip training. By the latter it is now possible for the dumb to communicate to each other without the old finger alphabet, although that is still universally known amongst them. The deaf and dumb start with a great advantage over the blind, as their mind can be reached *viâ* the eye, and the verses recited with lip and finger movements to Princess Henry and Princess Christian on the occasion of their visit to the great deaf and dumb institution at Cabra, near Dublin, in April last, draw rather a gloomy picture of the condition of the deaf and dumb—

"Ah, pity the poor little deaf and dumb girl,
Whose pleasures in life are so few;
Since nature with less of benignity smiled
On her than she has upon you.

"No words from a fond loving mother I hear.
To soothe me in sickness or woe;
No sounds of affection to dry up the tear
That sorrow bids oftentimes flow."

For, after all, Gounod, to whom one might have thought the sense of sound was everything, was right when, in answer to the question, "Which would you choose to be, deaf or blind?" he replied, "The deaf man can live in constant communication with all of human thought by reading the historians, poets, philosophers, and by seeing the work of artists. The blind man is shut off from everyone and everything. He is the beggar of beggars, the most abject of prisoners."

To be blind, deaf, and dumb, however, is the very height of affliction. One case alone need be mentioned, which in itself is an epitome of the Book of Job. In an American almshouse lives Mattie Morehouse, now thirty-four years of age, who has been blind, deaf, and dumb since seven, but thanks to the painstaking and perseverance of loving teachers she is able to knit lace of the most beautiful pattern, and to read the Bible and other books in the Braille characters.

J. A. HAMMERTON.

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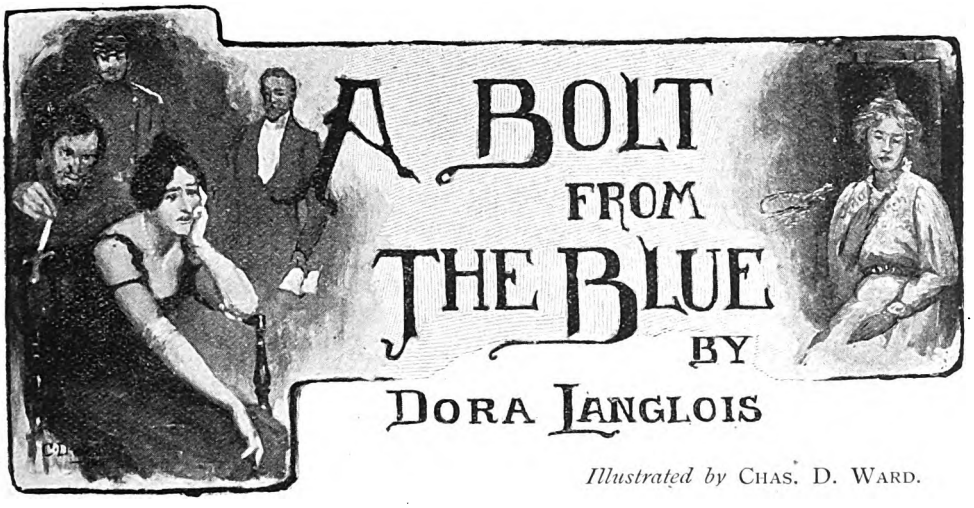

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE

BY

DORA LANGLOIS

Illustrated by CHAS. D. WARD.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Frank Osborne, a rich man with socialistic ideas, has become entangled with a certain Helga Katiskoff, who passes for a widow. His sister Maria and his cousin Eva are in Paris with him at the time. Eva is in love with Frank herself, but stifles her feelings, and endeavours to help him with Helga, who is avoided by persons in good society. Though Frank does not know it, Helga's husband is still alive, in an inebriates' home. She herself is a member of a formidable secret society, and has in the past plotted against Russia for the liberation of Poland.

The members of the society look upon her entanglement with Frank Osborne with dislike, as in case of marriage she would be lost to them. Osborne has already gone through a form of marriage with her, when anonymous communications are made to him concerning her past, which lead him to leave her. Helga drifts into further conspiracies with the secret society. Frank, while in England, hears she is in St. Petersburg, and, guessing that she must be in imminent personal danger there, all his love returns, and he desires to rescue her. Arriving at St. Petersburg, he finds his fears partly realised. An attempt had been made on the life of the Czar by a woman named Helga Lavinski, who was transported to Siberia soon after Frank arrived in St. Petersburg. Frank follows her, setting out in the character of a sportsman. He obtains an interview with a sick convict woman who has been left behind the gang. She proves to be the Countess Lavinski, but not the Helga whom he married. It was this woman who had attempted the Czar's life.

Frank writes to his sister and Eva, informing them of his journey and telling them his wishes with regard to the disposal of his money should he never return. Eva is much distressed. Meanwhile the Countess Lavinski begins to tell Frank a sad story.

CHAPTER XV.

"I WAS but seventeen," Alexis Lavinski began, "when I was married to a Russian official high in the favour of the Emperor. I was never happy with him. In the second year of my married life I discovered an intrigue of his with a woman of birth attached to the Czarina's person. I was young and passionate; and in my resentment committed the folly of threatening my husband that I would expose this woman to her Imperial mistress. He made me no reply, but the look in his eyes I shall never forget. That very night, at a ball in Moscow, I received a summons from a special messenger to attend the Czarina immediately at the Kremlin. I entered the carriage which awaited me without suspicion, and was driven at once, not to the Kremlin, but to the depôt of the secret police. I was conducted into a room in which one of my husband's *confrères* was seated at a desk writing. I said: 'I am summoned by the Empress; why have you brought me here?'

"He answered without even looking up: 'Go into the next room and put on the clothes you will find. You are about to take a journey, and cannot travel as you are.'

"So far I had no suspicions, but when I entered that room I guessed the truth; for the clothes that lay in readiness for me were those of a convict doomed to exile. Twenty minutes were allowed me, but at the end of that time when the official and

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his messenger entered the little ante-room, I was still standing in my white satin ball-dress with the wreath of stephanotis in my hair. My captors make no more ado, they laid rough hands on me at once, tore my ball-dress from my shoulders, forced me into the coarse woollen garments, bound my hands and feet, and would have gagged me, I believe, had not a fainting fit saved them further trouble. I was placed in a closed carriage and did not come to myself till we must have been some time on the road, for we were out in the open country.

"I was carried on in this way, surrounded by a mounted guard by day, locked into some cell or barrack room at night, for three or four weeks at least; always going north, as I knew by the change of temperature, but to what destination or by what route I could not tell. At last we passed a little hamlet, and just beyond it came to a building divided into two tenements, surrounded by an enclosure walled in with high walls. Into one of these tenements I was thrust, and left under the charge of an official from the hamlet. His duty towards me consisted in providing me with the bare necessaries of life, and in giving me permission to go into the open air of the enclosure by day, while locking me into my cell at night.

"For two years, as nearly as I can count it, I lived thus, seeing no face save that of my gaoler; hearing no voice but his, save the voice of my neighbour who occupied the other half of the dwelling, and sometimes sang to himself, 'Pestel's Lament,' and the songs our peasants sing in the harvest fields.

"One day, as I sat idle in my cell, I heard the sound of wheels, then curses and expostulations in a strange voice; and my neighbour suddenly ceased singing. Two minutes later my door was unfastened, a man in convict garb was thrust in, and the door again locked upon him.

"'What does this mean?' I asked, starting up. The new-comer, a man of sad but noble aspect, looking at me in surprise as great as my own, answered:

"'I cannot tell you. A stranger has arrived and they have put him into my cell. Have patience. Possibly I am to go on to the mines; or you are to return. The hour of the evening inspection is at hand; we shall know then.'

"Presently our gaoler arrived, and my companion addressed him: 'If I am not to return to my cell,' he said, 'how are you ordered to dispose of me?'

"The man lifted his shoulders: 'I have no orders as to you,' he said. 'You must remain here.'

"'Here?' I cried. 'You have no orders, and yet you do this thing?'

"'Is the lady then released?' the stranger asked.

"Our gaoler shook his head. 'It seems one of you has been forgotten,' said he. 'I have received a prisoner with instructions to keep him alone, where he can have speech with none. There are these two apartments only. I cannot make a third by whistling for one; and so the thing rests. I have made a report, if that will satisfy you; and I must wait for instructions.' Then he went out and locked the door upon us.

"My heart was burning with indignation; if my rank was forgotten, if I was no longer a Russian Countess, but only a number, did they dare to take from me the privileges of my sex? Ah! I did not know then that a convict is only one of a flock who may be herded together without distinction like beasts of the field.

"My companion sought to calm my wild outburst of passion. He told me that in a few weeks, at most, instructions would come, that surely he would be moved on to the mines, where he could no longer offend me; or that this, which now caused me to rebel, would prove the herald of my own freedom.

"I listened in sullen silence, and soon my companion decided that the best way was to leave me to feel myself as lonely as I could. It was then the brief summer, and as many hours as he could he spent in the enclosure. Every morning I asked my gaoler: 'Have you instructions yet?' and, on receiving his answer, said not another word from sunrise to sunset.

"At last I knew, from the arrival of a new sack of meal and cruise of oil, that a post had arrived with supplies.

"'Your instructions?' I demanded.

"The gaoler looked at me, his own face showing surprise. 'There is no answer to my report,' he said.

"'But there has been time?'

"'It seems that one of you two is not only forgotten, but that someone wishes to forget,' he answered. 'I was told that

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my report had been received and that *there were no instructions.*'

"When our gaoler left us, I wept, and yet in my heart there was relief, for I felt, even when I demanded to know what the instructions were, that had they contained an order for my fellow-prisoner's removal to the mines, the silence of the place would become intolerable to me, could I no longer hear his rich voice singing the sad sweet songs of our country.

"As I sat weeping, he spoke to me for the first time since I had rejected his consolations, on the day they brought him to my cell.

"'It seems that the world has forgotten us,' he said; 'but perhaps God has remembered our loneliness. Let us not reject the good gift of human sympathy and companionship.'

"Still weeping, I held out my hand to him who was to be my friend first, and then my lover, and my husband in heaven's sight, and more to me than man has ever been to woman since the days when God gave our first parents to each other.

"I cannot tell you how we lived in those days, only that the once leaden hours flew by like thistledown. We told each other of our past, always with this difference, I told him all; he spoke only of his youth, and spoke guardedly of that.

"'Do you not trust me, Paul?' I would say.

"'Ah, little one,' he would reply, 'my crime is that I know too much; some day my heart tells me that you will return to the world; and then your safeguard will be that you know nothing.'

"So the time passed, and in the fourth year of my imprisonment there was another companion for our solitude—our little son.

"O God! The holy joy of teaching this child, born in exile, whose whole world was contained in the four walls of our prison; of uniting with each other to map out, while he slept, means of enlightening that baby brain. Think of it! A little child who has all his faculties, and yet has never seen a cat, a dog, a butterfly, or a rose.

"To me the three years he passed with us were years of great content, but the father would say with a cloud on his brow: 'Some day, and that soon, beloved, we must part with him. If we keep him till he has knowledge of right and wrong, his father's *crimes* will doom him to life-long imprisonment.'

"Ah, me! Before the Czar could rob me of my child, death came. One night the gaoler came with a pick, and broke the frozen ground that we might lay our little son to rest at the bottom of the enclosure.

"The years rolled on; thirteen years Paul and I had thus lived together, forgetting the world; and then 'the instructions' I had once looked for so eagerly came at last.

"One day we saw a strange face over the shoulder of our guardian, and I heard my name pronounced.

"'Alexis Helga Petrona Lavinski; step forward.'

"I saw my beloved companion turn white and press his hand to his side. I laid my hand on his wrist and answered:

"'There is no such person here.'

"It was an officer with a small party of cossacks behind him, who had addressed me.

"'The woman deceives your Excellency,' our gaoler cried. 'Look at her. Is she not as described? By all the saints I assure you that this is she; at least, this is the woman I received on the date named in the report.'

"The soldier, much puzzled, turned from one of us to the other; then he said: 'I hold here an order for the immediate release of the prisoner Lavinski. Who is this woman?'"

"He addressed himself to Paul; and Paul, drawing his hand gently from mine, answered:

"'She is the Countess Lavinski.'

"Then I threw myself at the officer's feet.

"'I admit it,' I said. 'I admit it. I am that most unhappy woman, but leave me, sir; leave me; I have never injured the Czar. I have done nothing that he should punish. Let me remain here. Do not drag me away.'

"'The Czar's orders must be obeyed,' he replied. 'He has in mercy pardoned your offences; come.'

"I wept, I cried for mercy. I exerted my strength; and through it all my beloved stood there with his hands over his eyes, and said never a word. To what end were my struggles? I might by patience have obtained time for a last farewell; as it was I was hurried away without a touch of the lips, a pressure of

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the hand, without even an opportunity to implore my Paul to tell me something by which I might identify him and find him again.

"Oh! That long weary journey back to Moscow! It passed like a hideous dream, till I found myself again in the little bureau of police, before my husband's *confrère* who still sat at his desk as though he had never left it all those years.

"'Go into the next room,' he said, calmly, and put on the clothing you left here. You are about to return home.'

"I cast myself at his feet. 'Let me return to Siberia,' I said. 'I cannot go back to the Count Lavinski.'

"'There is no need, madam,' he said. 'The Count Lavinski is dead. On his deathbed he obtained your pardon from our Merciful Sovereign the Czar. Return to your home; you will find that a provision has been made for you by your late husband.'

"I still refused to rise or leave him. 'Have mercy on me!' I said. 'I have no part in life here. I am a ghost among the living; mention me to the Czar and have me sent again into exile.'

"He pushed me away impatiently with his knee, to which I clung. 'Have a care,' he said. 'Siberia is wide; you may return there, *but you will not in that case take the same road.*'

"I dragged myself to my feet, cowed at last into compliance. I staggered into the inner room, and there, as if in mockery of my misery, lay my white satin ball-dress, and my wreath of stephanotis, yellow with age, and covered in the folds with dust.

"I put off my coarse woollen clothes and kissed them because his hands had touched them. I put on the faded ball-gown with its torn fastenings hanging by threads, the ball-gown of a fashion of a decade and a half ago, in which I resembled some scarecrow figure from a village show; a thing for even babes to jeer at. I even pinned the wreath upon my head, and passed out humbly.

"'I have obeyed the Czar,' I said. 'I will walk through the street thus, if it will prove my submission. I pray you forward my prayer to him.'

"'Enough,' he said, 'go home. Your presence is required in Moscow.'

"And what think you it was that they required of me? My Paul was right. They thought that I should know his secrets, and those of his one-time comrades. I was interrogated once, twice, half-a-hundred times. My answer, my broken-hearted answer, was always the same. 'I know nothing; not even the name of him to whom you gave me. I am useless to you, permit me to return.'

"I wrote and forwarded a petition to the Czar, Alexander III. It was unanswered. I spent the principle of the pittance my husband had left me in trying to bribe those who might have helped me to discover the name of the place to which I had been sent, and from which I had returned. I failed.

"Then I went mad at the thought of my dear one—singing, perhaps, no more, but keeping his lonely watch by the grave of our little child. I went mad; I saw blood. I said to myself that the Czar, whose mercy had been cruel as death, should die; that I would avenge my wrongs and those of him whom I might see no more. Then came August 13th last; the attempt, the failure, and—I am here."

The unhappy woman covered her face with her hands and dry sobs shook her wasted frame at the memory of the sorrows she had endured. "He will never know that I was faithful," she moaned. "He will never know. That thought it was that made me what I am; and, knowing it, dare you condemn?"

"No," Osborne answered, solemnly. "God keep me from the sin of judging."

There was silence between them for a little space; then she said, more calmly: "The snow has ceased to fall, my friend; to-morrow you will set out."

"No! No!" he answered.

"It will be so, I think," she insisted, with a faint sad smile. "You are but waiting for me. The chain galls, but it cannot hold much longer. To-morrow, or the next day you will set out, and I too shall have departed."

She was right; not the next day, but the day after, Osborne was again on the road; but Alexis Lavinski had reached her journey's end.

CHAPTER XVI.

The horrible famine winter of '92 had passed, and two hundred and twenty thousand Russian peasants had perished of hunger, or its grim attendants—typhoid and scurvy. Things had fallen

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out much as Professor Jonas had anticipated; thousands had flocked to the frontier towns. Government had bestirred itself as usual too late, and, in consequence, the drastic measures which had then to be resorted to, to check the spread of disease, had had, at least to the sufferers, the appearance of cruelty rather than kindness. Wives were separated from their husbands, children from their parents, the sick taken forcibly to the hospitals.

Immediately a yell of execration went up, a popular clamour and outcry that this new pestilence was the work of the doctors. "It is they," the infuriated peasants said, "who have brought this upon us. They hounded us out of the cities, they dragged our wives and children away to die in their hospitals. They are in league with the devil. They grudge us bread, and so they kill us. Resist them, brothers! Resist them, have no more of their false help." What wonder then that when ignorance and superstition leagued itself with such a fell agent as cholera, the people died off in their thousands like rotten sheep.

It was towards Russia in this gloomy springtime that Francis Osborne was returning. He had been compelled by red-tapeism to complete the whole of his journey to Vitinsk. There the signing of his papers was delayed till the roads became impassable; then his cash ran out and he had to wait for further supplies; and every day of this vexatious delay the craving for home was growing more intense. All the passionate emotions that had stirred in him at the thought of Helga an exile and in chains, seemed to have burnt themselves out. She was not there, she was safe; it was of that lover of hers whom she had sent to this awful fate, that he thought by day and dreamt by night. He dreamt that having married Helga they met this man, and that he claimed her by the right of priority, and the bitter price he had paid for her love. That dream, which might possibly have become a grim reality, brought about in him a terrible revulsion of feeling, and increased his longing to return to Eva, and forget the past. It was just at a time when this longing was becoming so acute as to be unbearable, that he received a letter from his sister, which had been delayed at Troitsk, and which, after sundry business details, concluded with the following paragraph:

"My health is pretty good. Eva's, when I saw her last, might have been better. She, like you, has gone suddenly mad on the Russian question. She is now completing her preliminary training in a fever hospital at Nottingham, at the termination of which she will be drafted to the depôt of the Red Cross Society at Kassan, and from thence she will go where they choose to send her, I suppose. She wishes me to tell you that by next summer she will be back in England, and that wherever she is she will endeavour to carry out your wishes (whatever they may be). I had to have Gyp poisoned, as he was certainly going to contract rabies. Old dogs are very dangerous. You shall hear all news regularly. I daresay you won't get it, but I shall do my duty.—Ever your affectionate sister, MARIA OSBORNE."

Osborne put down the letter in astonishment. Eva was in Russia then. If so he would not leave the country till she returned with him. It was not too late to get his passport altered to go south instead of west, join the high road for Moscow, and so pass through Kassan. With this idea hot upon him, he started at once for the residence of the Governor. He found that personage (a young man) smoking the eternal cigarette, and was immediately offered tea from the samovar.

"So you wish to leave us immediately?" that gentleman said. "Ah, well; no wonder. It is not surprising. The mystery is how you ever chanced to come here. They say you came to hunt, but our fur-bearing animals have not suffered much."

Osborne murmured a confused request that the alterations in his passport might be make as quickly as possible.

"All in good time. I will give directions," the genial officer replied, seating himself at his desk. "I am in no hurry to lose your pleasant society, you see. By the way," he added, taking up his pen, "you were in Paris some eighteen months ago, were you not?"

"I was," Osborne answered, turning pale in spite of himself.

"Ah! I was there myself at that time. Was it there, *par example*, that monsieur learnt first to take an interest in the subjects of the Czar?"

A spasm of dread clutched Osborne's heart. He could make no answer; and the other, enjoying his confusion, said:

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"Ah! Do I rob monsieur of the belief that he has deceived a Government, the most paternal in the world, by hazarding a guess that he thought to find here, in Siberia, someone he met in Paris? Well, well, be easy. Did we not suspect this we might make difficulty about that little detour to the police hut where a certain convict woman was lying sick."

Still Osborne found it impossible to rally from the horror of the idea that his pursuit of Helga might some day be a source of danger to her, till the other added:

"Do I not tell you, my good friend, to be easy? The lady you come to seek is an old friend of ours; but we have not yet tempted her to pay us in Siberia her long promised visit. You have not done her any harm. By the way, they said in Paris that you were affianced."

"I was affianced at that time to a lady."

"How droll! You did not know the husband then? But naturally, you would not be introduced, though she visited him with praiseworthy regularity during your stay."

"Visited him?"

"I have said it—visited him, at Monte Rouge, at a home for inebriates. It was not far to go, and any day her journey might have been repaid by news of his death. *Eh bien!* I will get these papers drawn out afresh, and, meanwhile, will you gratify me with a game of chess?"

. . . . .

"Your Excellency is weary." It was Ivanovitch who spoke, looking in the watery spring sunshine dirtier, if possible, and more frowsy than ever. "Hey! Good horse, come up, Over the brow of the next hill is Saratoff, and there, Excellency, you shall sleep in a good bed."

"Ivanovitch, look at the sunset! It is surely very red?"

"Yes, Excellency."

"Look! The light is flickering! There's smoke in the sky. And yes, look that was a tongue of flame!"

"Something burning," replied Ivanovitch, with the true fatalist's indifference. "No matter; Saratoff is large, and one inn will hold us."

. . . . .

"How many new cases to-night—six, did you say?"

"Yes, sister. There were seven, but the last one died on the way. Four of the others are nearly gone. I was sent on to tell you to prepare for six."

A woman with the red cross on her arm turned to another.

"It is always so," she said. "They hide their sick away from us. We have to take them by force, and then it is almost too late. If it were not for the infection it would be almost better to leave all cases that have reached the third stage."

"The English sister blames Dr. Arkalich. She says he is too peremptory. She has gone by permission to fetch these people with him."

"Did he not object? He is not fond of interference, as we all know."

"Object? Not he. The fact is that the other day the people frightened him. He thought that a woman might do some good, and she volunteered. Ah! What's that?"

The two women, who were talking softly at the upper end of the ward of the Saratoff Cholera Hospital, faced round to the window, one of the panes of which was open. The sleeve of a ragged craftan had been thrust through it, a sinewy hand grasped the inner frame, and a face distorted by hideous passions looked down upon them.

"There they are, there they are, the witches! I can see the pots and the little phials in which they make their poisons!" the man shrieked, turning his head outward again and addressing persons evidently below the vantage point to which he had climbed. "And look, I say, the smoke is rising again from their devil's furnace," and he pointed to the left, on which, a little apart from the main building, stood the newly-erected mortuary, and the out-house in which infected garments were destroyed, or vermin-infested ones purified in the ovens. Look! Look! Do you know what that smoke is? That's where they *burn the bodies of your wives and children.*

"Who says I lie? Who dares to say it? Have we any funerals? Do we ever see our dead? No, they *burn them*, they burn them! There stands Nichol, the little mason. He built the dead-house, and he built its neighbour, the devil's oven. They are side by side. The oven is large enough to hold a man, and that is what it *does* hold. It's smoking now. How do we know that they are all dead that go there? How do we know, I say?"

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The frightened women, clasping each other by the wrist, drew closer together, for of the wild, hoarse shout that followed this harangue nothing was intelligible but its fearful menace, and that it sprang from a myriad throats.

A few moments of breathless suspense passed, and then a young student burst into the ward, his face white as curds.

"Fly! Fly for your lives!" he said. "They have fired the hospital."

"But the patients? They will burn in their beds."

"Take those who have a chance and leave the others. In any case the exposure must kill them. Make haste! Make haste! They will surround the place and kill you otherwise. I left Arkalich truggling with the mob, and Niviski is lown, I saw him fall."

The two women wrung their hands.

"Oh, what a death! What a horrible death!" one woman moaned, moving to the door, but turning her wild eyes upon the helpless wretches who were already screaming and endeavouring to struggle from their beds.

"I will *not* leave them," said the other.

"Smother them! Smother them!" urged the student. "Their cries will be heard; they will still further enrage the mob. I tell you they are doomed."

What counsels would have prevailed in the end among the terrified staff of students, servants, and nurses who had flocked into the ward, it is impossible to say, but suddenly someone fell against the door, burst it open, and entered.

It was a woman, slight and frail, with the red cross on her arm, and on her brow and cheek a replica of the cross in her own blood, flowing from the gash a well-directed flint had made.

She placed herself against the door and held it closed.

"Listen," she said. "If you leave the patients you yourselves are doomed. Carry them with you, let the people see them living or dead, let them only see their bodies, and you *may* pass. I say may; it is only a chance, but it is the only one. Attempt to pass without them and I tell you you will be cut to pieces. Arkalich is in the court-yard, and they have ripped his heart out. Quick! Bring the stretchers."

As she spoke she moved to the bedside of the nearest patient, and commenced to wrap his blanket round him.

"Two only to each stretcher," she cried again. "Two and a patient may pass, three will not. If we have not enough stretchers take the rest, head and feet, in their blankets as far as our numbers go. We shall not be allowed to return. The crowd must save the others."

There were women there tearing off their linen caps and the red cross from off their arms. That sign—to which the veriest pagans have paid homage as to a symbol of mercy—was discarded by them as though it had been some badge of iniquity. But the pale, frail Englishwoman still wore hers.

The last couple had snatched a patient, and she was left the odd number.

She looked round her. Dense volumes of smoke were rolling in through the door. She caught sight of a youth of some twelve years as high as her own shoulder.

"Come," she said, "I may carry you at least half-way."

She braced herself up, and, with the lad's feet trailing, staggered to the door. The mob were surging in, and someone taller, fairer, and better clad than the ragged rabble, passed her, touching her shoulder.

"O God!" she cried. "How like. I must be mad!"

Then the boy was snatched from her arms, a fierce voice cried: "Ah, witch, I know you! This is the she-devil who stole my wife just now." A heavy fist struck her temple and she knew no more.

Into the hurly-burly of fighting, struggling peasants and shrieking patients Francis Osborne made his way, followed by Ivanovitch the faithful, as far as the foot of the staircase. He understood nothing, knew nothing, but that the hospital was on fire, and that hapless creatures were lying there to be roasted to death if help were not forthcoming.

Through the dense smoke, directed more by ear than eye, he groped his way to the nearest bed, caught up a living burden, and made his way out; for his quick perceptions showed him that the ward was well alight in two places, and that the flames could not be battled with yet awhile.

He was surprised that it should be so, but never imagined that the catastrophe was the work of an incendiary, till, crossing the courtyard to take the poor wretch he had rescued to the shelter of a distant outhouse, he stumbled over

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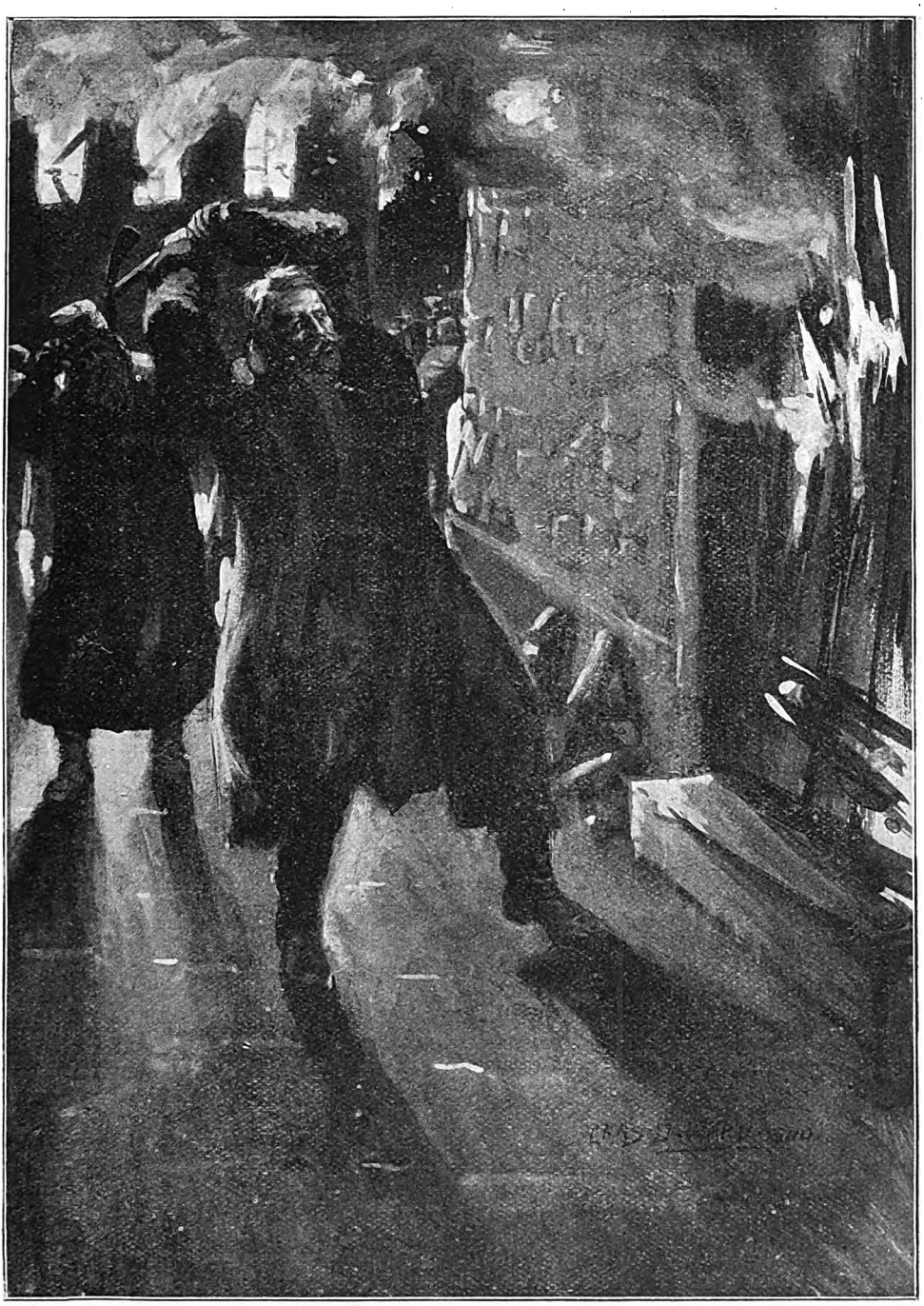

IN A FEW MOMENTS THE DOOR GAVE WAY.

something on the cobble stones, and paused to look down on it. The sight he saw in the red glare of the conflagration was one that will haunt him in dreams for many a year; such a sight as no pen can describe with propriety; the mutilated body of the murdered Dr. Arkalich.

Some of the crowd, seeing him stagger, caught the sick man from his arms, and bore him away.

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"O God! Whose work is this?" he cried.

"Theirs, Excellency, theirs," answered a voice at his elbow. "They are killing the doctors and the nurses. Come away; come away."

"The nurses! The women! Have they touched the women?"

"Who knows what they have done? Ah! Your coat, your beautiful coat, it is ruined. Excellency, I will buy it of you for half a rouble. Faith! I will give half a rouble and ten kopeks — twenty kopeks. No, I will give you a rouble" (about three shillings English money), "but it must not be further damaged. Excellency, have a care, and remember that you owe me four days' wages."

Poor Ivanovitch fell with a groan of disappointed cupidity as his employer tore once again like a madman towards the burning hospital. Of the half-hour that followed Osborne never was able to give a succinct account. It was a wild nightmare of tossing and surging forms; he was in the crowd struggling to reach the primitive and totally inadequate appliances for extinguishing fire; then he was fighting hand to hand over the forms of prostrate members of the staff. He was down, he was bleeding; his clothes torn to shreds; he had tremendous odds against him, yet, with the insular tenacity which sees a foe but does not recognise its overwhelming force, he still fought on, as though he had done nothing else all the days of his life.

Then there was a wild rush of cavalry; the crowd fell away before the advance of the Cossack guard. He was among the horses; he faced about to escape, was caught under the armpit and borne along, now on his feet, now trailing on the ground, till a halt was called, and he found himself standing among half a score of similarly rescued Slavs.

"The women! The women!" he shrieked, gazing round him with bloodshot eyes. "One in the hospital was mine; mine; an Englishwoman. Where is she?"

"The English nurse? The English sister? Who has seen her?" The men gazed from one to another; and then one whom Osborne had dragged on to his feet in the first wild *mêlée*, said, in an awe-struck whisper, "I saw her in the crowd, and they dragged her to the ovens."

"The ovens! Where?"

The man pointed to the mortuary and the adjoining chamber, the windows of which were already emitting flames.

With a yell that seemed to come rather from a demon's throat than his own, Osborne rushed across the square, threw himself against the door of the out-house, and found it locked.

"Quick! A beam! A hatchet!"

A student who had snatched a small pick from the coalhouse, and used it to defend himself, thrust it into Osborne's hand, and in a few moments the door gave way. Dense clouds of smoke rushed out to greet him; in the interior he could see nothing. He threw himself down on his hands and knees, and crawled along the stone floor, feeling his way. Ah, God! His hand touched something; a woman's gown, a silent form.

He did not dare to rise, for he had been some seconds finding her, and the smoke was already overpowering him; but still on hands and knees, that he might have the benefit of the clearer air near the ground, he caught her gown firmly in his teeth and dragged her to the door.

Out in the open the red glow fell upon the fair scorched tresses, the scarred forehead, and the pale closed lids of Eva Rayne. He bent over her in an agony of despair.

"Eva! Eva, my beloved! O God, spare her to me; spare her! I have borne so much."

The pale lids quivered, the great eyes opened and looked into his own; and her voice, faint and far away as though it came from some spirit world, murmured:

"Frank! Dear Frank! Oh, I thought I was in hell, but this is heaven."

He caught her in his arms and strained her to his heart. It seemed to him that in that one half-hour in which he thought her murdered, he had suffered more than he had borne for Helga's sake in all these eighteen months. His bearded lips sought hers; he had never kissed her before save on the cheek and brow; but even as he stooped the rising wind blew a hot gust from the furnace into his face, and with it came a whisper from the past. "Love if you can, or dare; you will but find my kisses on other lips."

CHAPTER XVII.

On a broad green mead near a stream, itself a tributary of Shakspere's Avon, a mixed party of youths and maidens, with

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their more sedate guardians, were gathered together for that rural form of gaiety entitled a picnic. Tea was in active preparation, and while the youngsters busied themselves over the matter and enjoyed each other's blunders, two of the party, both middle-aged ladies, sat apart, busied in an occupation as appropriate as the tea-making itself. In other words they were talking scandal.

"If half what people say is true, Mrs. Gunter," remarked the younger of the two women, a pale, colourless, fragile matron, "it is enough to make his father, the judge, turn in his grave."

The person addressed, whom the reader met before, when she was filling the post of society stop-gap in Paris, shook her head mysteriously and answered:

"It has always been my opinion, my dear, that Francis Osborne's troubles on the Continent unsettled his brain. There is no smoke without flame, you know; and I can testify that very few people know half that goes on in that house. I have always entertained a sincere regard for Maria Osborne, his sister, who was an old school friend of my own, but I can't close my eyes to what I consider her culpable weakness in permitting such a state of things."

"You know the family better than we do, of course," murmured Mrs. Trevor, the colourless lady. "Our acquaintance was commenced in Paris, and you know my daughter Diana is so impulsive, she fell in love with Miss Rayne then and there. We met again the following autumn at my sister Lady Grove's house; but I had no idea they were to be such near neighbours. They have only been a year at Beverly House, you know; and Mr. Porcher, our neighbour, says that for his part he thinks it has been a year too long."

"Of course; Mr. Osborne only came into possession of the estate on the death of the philanthropist, Miss Wilfred. He was like a son to her, she used to say; and he has taken a much greater fancy to this place than to his late father's, which he has let. I can quite understand Mr. Porcher's disapproval of him, with his queer domestic arrangements and his fads," and Mrs. Gunter's shudder of disapproval shook the camp-stool supporting her not inconsiderable weight, until it creaked again.

"Is he a Socialist, Mrs. Gunter?" demanded Mrs. Trevor, lowering her voice as though fearing to scandalise the pendulous foliage above them. "It would really be dreadful for the head of one of our best families to go over to that lot."

"Well, of course, it may only be a coincidence," whispered Mrs. Gunter, "but Socialists certainly don't believe in the institution of matrimony, and Mr. Osborne doesn't seem likely to get married, that's evident."

"Oh, my dear," cried Mrs. Trevor in alarm, "he is not much more than thirty-three or four, is he? One can hardly say anything on that head yet awhile."

"I don't know," responded Mrs. Gunter. "There are some people who express great surprise at the freedom with which he and Miss Rayne go about together."

Perhaps even she might have held her peace, and spared the world this last sickening piece of venom, but that having had an invitation to spend a week at Beverly House, she had not been asked to extend her visit to a fortnight or to an indefinite period.

Maria Osborne had invited her because she was not well able to help herself; but she had said a week, and she meant a week, and at the end of the week Mrs. Gunter had had to go. In that brief space, however, the worthy woman had feathered another nest for herself; and was now installed as the guest of Francis Osborne's near neighbour, Mrs. Trevor.

The latter was a poor weak piece of conventionality, and Mrs. Gunter—finding that certain domestic innovations, imported from his old home by the new master of the Hall, had startled and offended a certain section of county society—had worked on Mrs. Trevor's easily alarmed nature, and so obtained for herself a footing in her establishment.

"Oh! Good gracious! I never heard a word against Miss Rayne before," ejaculated Mrs. Trevor (and it was certain that no one else had, until Mrs. Gunter evolved an objection from her inner consciousness). "My daughter Di dotes on her as an ideal woman."

"That only shows how careful one ought to be in the selection of friends," remarked Mrs. Gunter; though she failed to explain whether her trite remark applied

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to the woman of whom they spoke, or to perfidious busybodies like herself.

Mrs. Trevor's faded countenance, which had at one time possessed a sort of nondescript kind of prettiness, took on a sort of guilty flush as she looked up at this adipose disciple of the famous Mrs. Grundy.

"They are very near relatives, you know," she suggested, faintly, "and Miss Rayne is Mr. Osborne's ward. In fact, my son and daughter speak of them as being just like brother and sister."

"Diana and Herbert are mere children, Mrs. Trevor; besides, it's all very well to go about like brother and sister, but if Miss Rayne and Mr. Osborne are *not* brother and sister——"

"Oh, yes, exactly," assented Mrs. Trevor. "I quite admit *that*; but somehow I've always taken it for granted that it would lead to an engagement."

"It is not Miss Rayne's fault that it has not done so. She has made herself indispensable to him, there's no doubt, by taking up all his fads and all his hobbies. If a woman wants to catch a man they say there is no better way; it's a clear case of 'love me, love my dog,' don't you know?"

"So you don't think Mr. Osborne cares for Miss Rayne in that way?"

"I don't enter into the question of his affections, Mrs. Trevor. He seems very liberal with them. I only said she would not be his wife."

"Ah!" murmured the younger lady. "I seem to recall now that his name was mentioned in conjunction with Lady Emilia Dachet's."

Mrs. Gunter indulged in one of her short unpleasant laughs. Lady Emilia, the exclusive, was no favourite of hers.

"As far as that goes, she was as much to blame as he, for at one time she encouraged him considerably," she said. "I think she was taken with the man's appearance, which is rather prepossessing, I admit, but I tell you, my dear, he *can't* marry; there's a mystery somewhere, and not a very creditable one either, I should say. He was engaged, or secretly married, or something, three years ago, to a foreign woman in Paris. She disappeared, and he came back in a bad state, and spent a year at home. It was during that time that Lady Emilia made herself conspicuous by the notice she took of him. They say she went to Russia to visit her sister, the Princess Benkendorf, just to avoid him, when she found that he had no serious intentions——"

"But he followed her to Russia, Mrs. Gunter," interrupted Mrs. Trevor. "I know he did; and that looks as though he really had meant something after all."

Mrs. Gunter laughed again.

"If Lady Emilia had any such idea, it only shows how easily a woman's vanity may deceive her," she said. "He only went to St. Petersburg to look for that other woman, who had been his wife, or his *fiancèe*, or something one doesn't care to find a name for. But, in spite of his object, he hadn't principle enough to keep away from her, and the result of his brief visit was the total rupture of an affair of hers with a Russian nobleman of exalted family, with whom she might have made an excellent match."

"Really! How dreadful," sighed Mrs. Trevor.

"You may well say so," replied Mrs. Gunter. "But there—men who hold Mr. Osborne's views are never to be trusted in their intercourse with the opposite sex. Not content with compromising a woman like Lady Emilia, so much his superior from a social standpoint, he seems to have induced his cousin, Miss Rayne, to come out to Russia to relieve the tedium of his stay in that country.

"Oh, no," interposed Mrs. Trevor. "Miss Rayne went out there as a Red Cross Sister. I know that because my own brother, Professor Jonas, assisted her to obtain an appointment."

"But who suggested that she should go out, my dear Mrs. Trevor? Tell me that, pray! I have it on my poor friend Maria's authority that she took up the idea all in a moment immediately after the receipt of a letter from him saying that he was going to be in Russia for some time. It is certainly well known that as soon as he knew where to find her in Russia, he went and joined her at Saratoff. There was some talk of her being ill, or his being ill, I don't know which, but the fact remains they spent a rather considerable time alone together on the Continent before they wrote for Maria to come and join them to take Miss Rayne to some health resort."

"It does seem very shocking, their having been alone on the Continent

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together so long," said Mrs. Trevor. "But you know what a scare there was about the cholera just then, and it is quite possible, you know, that if one of them couldn't be moved, and Miss Osborne didn't dare to venture out to them, why then——"

"There was more in it than that," insisted Mrs. Gunter; "we may rely on it. It quite cured Lady Emilia of her infatuation for him. She is still single, they they say, entirely on his account; but she treats him merely as an acquaintance when they meet, and avoids him as far as possible without giving rise to remark. Besides, if one places the most charitable construction possible on Miss Rayne's Continental escapade, what about her conduct during the last two years since their return? You know she goes everywhere with him, don't you?"

"They have a common circle of acquaintance, haven't they?" suggested Mrs. Trevor, faintly.

"My dear, I don't refer to social functions, of course; there everyone knows their movements. I speak of Mr. Osborne's slumming expeditions. He took the craze up first and went about in London and other great cities with General Booth, Cardinal Manning, and Mr. Sims, the newspaper man. But of late Miss Rayne has been his *sole* companion.

"Oh, dear me! This Mr. Osborne must be a dreadful person," sighed Mrs. Trevor. "I shall really begin to think that he is a regular sheep in wolf's clothing, that we have all been nurturing in our bosoms."

"That's precisely my opinion," coincided Mrs. Gunter, who, in her spiteful disappointment and chagrin, was not disposed to quarrel with her new patron's rather mixed metaphor. "And now that these things are beginning to be talked about——"

"Talked about? Good gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Trevor, with the intense horror of a woman who had never had heart or brain enough to think and judge for herself. "Talked about! Well, that settles it. If Miss Rayne is being talked about I really must drop her, and insist on Diana doing the same."

"Are you speaking of Eva Rayne?" demanded a bright young voice. "Do come along, mamma, tea is almost ready."

"Miss Rayne?" interrogated another member of the party, a gushing young lady. "Who is she? Oh, I know, the fair girl at Beverly House, who gets her pictures hung at the Academy. Do tell us something about her cousin, Mr. Osborne, who is always doing such queer things? You and Mr. Trevor are great friends of theirs, aren't you?"

"We should all owe you a deep debt of gratitude, Miss Trevor," interjected a plethoric, purple-visaged gentleman, "if you could give us some useful information about the man. What's he driving at, that's the question?"

"I think we know," answered honest Di, a bonny lass of some eighteen summers; "but Bertie and I"—here she indicated her almost equally youthful brother—"are hardly clever enough to explain it to you."

"Is he a red-hot revolutionist, or what?" demanded Mr. Porcher.

"I think reformer, not revolutionist, is the better name for him," Di interrupted. "He has seen a great deal, and has had, I sometimes fancy, some sort of painful experience, which makes him mistrust any attempt to fly to extremes, but——"

"Excuse me, my dear young lady," exclaimed Mr. Porcher, shaking a fat forefinger argumentatively, "we don't want to find out what he is *not*. We know, unfortunately, that he is not many things we should like to see him. What *is* he, that's the question?"

"A very good and generous man, I should say," replied Di, softly. "A very strange man, too, most likely because he feels deeply himself and has strong convictions, yet admits the possibility of his being sometimes in error."

"He is very fortunate in having such a champion," sneered a thin individual in clerical garb.

"Oh, really!" expostulated Mrs. Trevor. "I'm sure my daughter doesn't wish to pose in any way——"

"Of course not, mamma. Mr. Osborne is quite capable of taking care of himself," interupted Di, her colour rising as she flashed an indignant glance at the Roman-nosed vicar.

"I fear," remarked Mr. Porcher, expanding his chest till his watch-chain rose as on a billow, "that even your charming daughter, acting as Mr. Osborne's mouth-piece, could not succeed in making some of his nauseous opinions palatable, Mrs. Trevor."

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"I don't think he has ever expounded any of them to us," the girl replied, slyly; "though he has talked to Bertie and me often of the many wrongs there are to be redressed, the many false ideas and cruel codes to be swept away. We call him Mr. Greatheart, and think that the name fits him well,"

"Humph! Ah, yes," responded the vicar. "He has done good work, we'll admit, in Russia for instance, among the cholera-stricken peasants and so on; but here in England, where we have—er—a constitution and—er—I may say a Church and State, Mr. Porcher, intent on the welfare of——"

"Itself," interjected young Bertie Trevor *sotto voce*.

"I was about to say of the community in general," continued the vicar, with a heavy frown at Bertie, who immediately retired behind a vivid blush. "Such interference is out of place."

"Oh, do go on, Di," exclaimed Miss Lane, the gushing young lady, who dreaded, above all things, a dissertation more political than personal. "Did he go to Russia lately and get into trouble? I've heard that he did."

"He certainly went," replied Di, "a short time before he came to live here; and many of the London papers spoke highly of him and his adventures and what he did there."

"With a certain set anything he could do would be considered right," Mrs. Gunter remarked, cynically. "But there are some people who think that his romantic errand to St. Petersburg was purely personal."

There was nothing invidious in the mere statement she made, for to any man a personal motive may be allowed as not being in itself unworthy because personal; but, in the way she made it, it distinctly conveyed the idea that Francis Osborne's mission would not bear the light of day.

"It *was* personal," said Di. "I don't think he has any reason to make a secret of the fact, though he doesn't care to discuss it. Bertie and I happen to know the truth about it because he was talking to us once about Russian matters generally, and we asked about his travels there, and he was very much——"

"Cut up," said Bertie, who generally backed his sister up with monosyllables when he could find them, and with many nods and approving glances when he could not.

"Yes," continued Di, "he told us that he went there at first with no fixed plan in his head, such as he afterwards carried out among the sick and suffering, but simply and solely because he knew that St. Petersburg was in a ferment, that some outrage on the Czar was premeditated, and feared that someone in whom he was interested might be implicated in the plot. His object was to prevent a crime, I think," she added in a lower voice. "For if he had found this particular person in the Russian capital at that time he would have known that there was grave danger."

"A very romantic story indeed," from the vicar.

"Oh, quite delicious!" from Miss Lane, who did not catch the sarcasm, as her eye was now on the now nearly boiling urn. "Did he find the person? Is it true that he followed a train of convicts and found his friend dying?"

"I believe he followed the train of some unfortunates who had departed before his arrival, under the impression that the person he was seeking was among them. But it was a mistake; and the sights he saw, and the hardships he underwent——"

"Knocked him all into a cocked hat," interjected Bertie, coming in at the critical moment, just in time to cover the fact that his sister's sympathetic voice quavered a little.

"All that kind of thing is very entertaining, no doubt," said Mr. Porcher, "but in this country, as there are no convict trains and no—no hardships, it would be a satisfaction to us if Osborne would come out and let us have his views before continuing on his present mad course, which is certain to make the lower classes round him dissatisfied with their position. If he is a Socialist, why doesn't he wear a red necktie and call himself so at once?"

"We asked him what he called himself, didn't we, Bertie?" said Di. "His answer was just like himself, frank and straightforward. 'I should wish,' he said, 'to keep my sympathies too broad for any name to cover them. I call myself nothing; I leave that to my neighbours, they have a rather large selection, I daresay,' and when he had laughed at himself and us, he added gravely that, in spite of all he had seen, or rather because he had seen so much, his one desire was like Goethe's dying request: 'More light.'"

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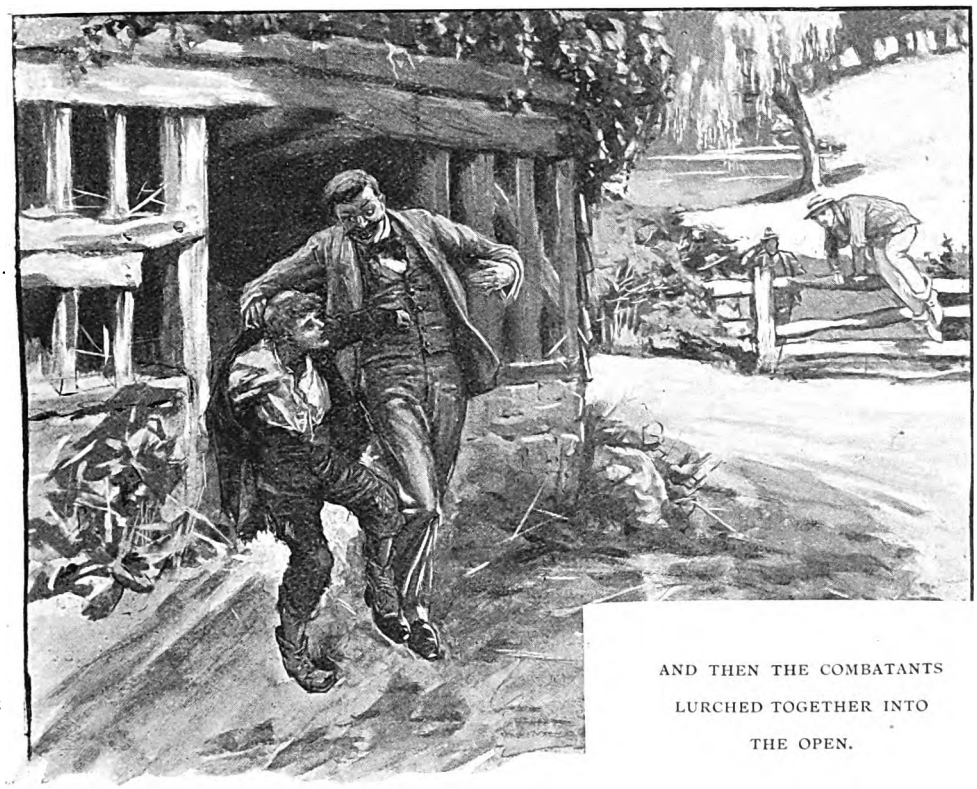

AND THEN THE COMBATANTS LURCHED TOGETHER INTO THE OPEN.

"Meanwhile," said Mr. Porcher, stirring the tea he had just received so violently that Miss Lane pulled her skirts away in haste—"meanwhile he is giving donations to men on strike one day, urging other men not to come out the next and —and generally making such an exhibition of himself that one does not know what to think of him, except that he is quite unfit for the society of county magnates, and of no earthly use to any respectable party."

Here Bertie, who had been busily handing cups of tea, waved his own particular allowance in the air, and dug the following classical quotation (probably from the liberetto of some pantomine) out of himself in jerks:

"If some fellows thought less about their party—and more about the nation,
Affairs would not get into such a botheration."

The vicar turned his eye-glasses full on the luckless youth; Mr. Porcher uttered the angry exclamation; "Upon my soul!"—but before he could get any further with his remonstrance, a loud cry from an adjoining barn drew the attention of the entire party in another direction.

"Oh, dear me! I'm afraid it's a party of tramps. I'm sure they are fighting," exclaimed Mrs. Trevor. "Somebody will be killed; I know it. Oh! Why are tramps allowed to come about? Mrs. Gunter—Mr. Porcher—do, somebody, go and stop them. Tell them they mustn't, they really mustn't upset people so."

"Here's a go!" exclaimed her son, who it somewhat slow of speech, was lithe and active of limb, and had bounded over the fence which separated the public land, on on which the party had pitched its temporary tent, from Beverly Park.

"It's a little shaver, and that Frenchman, what's his name, who is staying with Mr. Osborne. Come on, Di, here's a lark!"

"Le' me go, will yer? I didn't go fer to do no 'arm, and I 'ain't done none. Le' me go, d'yer 'ear?"

"What you do yere, you villain child? Eh? Say then what you come for, eh?"

The rustling and tumbling noise within the barn here culminated in a heavy thud against its side; and then the two combatants (the hand of one on the collar ot the other) lurched together into the open.

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They were certainly ill-matched in point of size, for the first speaker was a youth who might have been any age between overgrown twelve and under-developed sixteen. His antagonist and captor was a middle-aged Frenchman. But, in spite of his superior height, weight and strength he had his work cut out for him, for the boy struggled, ducked, and squirmed in his grasp, and showed his milk-white teeth, too, like a weasel.

"Tuck in your twopenny and butt him in the bread-basket!" suggested Bertie, who, though very sportsmanlike as a rule, apparently thought that the Queensberry rules did not apply in this case.

"What were you up to yerself? You ain't got no more right there than me. I haven't took nothing, have I? I sp'iled yer little game, did I? Le' go, or I'll bite yer; fer two pins, I will!"

"Mesdames et messieurs, I demand pardon. I not think to disturb a *pique-nique*. I find this little *vaurien* in the barn of my friend, Osborne, and I bring him out," apologised the Frenchman, letting go his hold of the boy to wave his excuses with outstretched palms; while the urchin, abashed by the assemblage of men and dames, hitched his ragged coat again into position, and stood still at last.

"Boy, come here!" said Mr. Porcher, severely, creating himself spokesman of the party, in view of his right to append J.P. to his name. "Don't you know that you had no right to be in that barn?"

"I wasn't doing any harm, sir," replied the boy.

"That may be your opinion," retorted Mr. Porcher; "but you must know, my lad, or we shall have to teach you, that everyone who breaks the law does harm. You were trespassing on private ground, in the first glace; you were concealed in a building or erection devoted to—er—private agricultural purposes. Now, how are we to know that you were not lurking on those premises with intent to commit a felony?"

"I dunno, sir," was the boy's vague response, as he pulled his ragged cap off, and began twisting it nervously in his hands.

"Don't be flippant!" cried Mr. Porcher, sternly. "Mark my words, sir; don't be flippant. This gentleman," bowing to the Frenchman, "very wisely and properly ejected you ——"

"He tore my coat and shook me, and tre't' me worse ner a dawg," interjected the boy. "That's what he done, sir."

"He ejected you. Now, why did you go into that barn, where you had no earthly right to be? Don't try to evade the question. I am a Justice of the Peace, and I can commit you to the lock-up, if I like."

The boy began to whimper, and Di, laying her hand on his shoulder, said:

"Don't you think we had better send for Mr. Osborne? If the boy has done any damage, he will be able to judge—"

"Be quiet, Di, I insist—I beg!" cried Mrs. Trevor. "The boy may be a dangerous character. Leave it to Mr. Porcher and Mr. Lechlade, do."

"I'm afraid," whispered the vicar in the J.P.'s ear, "that no action for trespass or wilful damage could lie, unless Osborne would prosecute; and he certainly won't. Better let the youth go with a warning."

The mention of Osborne, however, was like a red rag to a bull. Mr. Porcher expanded in his just wrath.

"It's not a question of Osborne's views, I take it, Mr. Lechlade," he answered. "His house is already becoming known as a centre for tramps and vagabonds for miles around. There are, I suppose, other mansions in the vicinity to be considered. The lad appears to me a truculent young ruffian. What's he doing here? What are you doing here, you, boy—eh?

The boy opened his mouth to repeat the stereotyped excuse that he was doing no harm; but remembering the former caution, substituted the following:

"I was done up, sir, I was, and I sees the barn door a-standing open, and I just walks in and lies down for a bit; and he comes in and he collars me, and pulls me abart."

"Ah! *Now* we are coming to it. You saw the barn door open and you walked in. I suppose, if you were to see my hall door open, you would think you had a right to walk in? You are a tramp, aren't you?"

"No, I ain't a tramp, sir," objected the boy.

"Oh! Do you mean to assert that you belong to these parts?"

"I'm from Lundin, sir."

"Oh, you're from London. Did you come here by rail?"

"No, sir."

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"By coach, carrier, or private conveyance, then?"

"Please, sir, I walked."

"Exactly. You *walked*. Now, how can you say that you are not a tramp?"

The boy had evidently a strong objection to the term; but he was not equal to the task of extricating himself from the *cul de sac* of Mr. Porcher's logic. He hung his head, and his young face assumed a dogged, sullen expression.

"Come, come!" said the vicar. "You mustn't show a bad spirit, my boy. We are questioning you for your own good. You must try and give some satisfactory account of yourself."

"I can't," said the boy. "He collars me for nuthin'," indicating the Frenchman, "and *he* calls me a tramp, and——"

The rest of the sentence ended in a whimper, choked back by his ragged cap.

"Come," said Di, her little hand tapping the lad's arm, "speak up, my man." Then she added, in a kindly whisper: "Tell them who you are, where you are from, and where you're going."

"My name's Blake," the boy said, "James Blake, and I'm from Lundin. That is, I belongs there; I've come from Evesham now."

"You come from London and Evesham, and you've got here, but you are *not a tramp*. Now, my boy, be careful. What took you to Evesham? What brought you on from there here? How do you live?"

"Ah, my little friend, you shall tell us that," said the Frenchman, who had been silent so far, regarding the captive of his prowess with no favourable glance. "You shall answer now, though you not tell me what you do in the barn."

"What does he want to put his spoke in fer?" demanded James Blake, who, though awed by Mr. Porcher and Mr. Lechlade—whose authority and importance he could understand—declined to be polite and servile to the foreigner. "He ain't got nuthink to do with it. I couldn't get work in Lundin, and I come out to look for my uncle, a gardener what used to grow

TURNED UP THE STRAW ON WHICH JIM BLAKE HAD THOUGHT TO FIND A NIGHT'S REST.

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apples for Cuvint Gardin. And I couldn't find 'im, and I come on here a-looking for work, and—and I was tired, and done up, and I dunno why everyone should go agin me," and an unmistakable sob this time found its way into the lining of his ragged cap.

"No visible means of support, that's very evident," said Mr. Porcher.

"I seem to have heard that story about looking for a relative before," mused Mr. Lechlade. "It's an old dodge. Where was it your intention to go to-night, my boy?"

"I wasn't goin' nowhere."

"People mustn't sleep on private premises, you know," remonstrated the vicar. "You'd better beg this gentleman's pardon," indicating the foreigner, "and then perhaps Mr. Porcher will let you go if you promise to go to the casual ward and not loiter about the streets. You can call on me at the Vicarage in the morning."

With a sudden twist the boy disengaged himself from Di's detaining hand, and dodged through the circle of listeners.

"I ain't a going to no casual ward," he panted. "I'm not having any. Le'me alone ; I'm off."

He turned to run, and the next minute found his ragged yellow head in contact with a blue tunic. For once in a way a village constable was on the spot when he was wanted.

"Take charge of that youth, Smith ; take charge of him, constable," cried Mr. Porcher, purple with indignation at having been defied. "I strongly suspect he is a bad character."

"I suppose it's all right if I've your authority, sir," said police-constable Smith, twisting his knuckles into the boy's coat-collar in such a businesslike way that he stood still at once, abandoning all hope. "How shall I enter it, sir?"

"Wandering without visible means of support, of course. I will call and see the inspector presently. Take him away now."

Then Mr. Porcher turned smiling to the Frenchman. "You have shown a very agreeable sympathy for our institutions, sir," he said. "There is nothing of higher national importance than the suppression of vagabondage. You are, I presume, Monsieur Durand, the gifted electrician of whom we have all heard? Let me present you to Mrs. Trevor, our kind hostess on this occasion. I am sure she will be happy to offer you a cup of tea."

The introductions were over before the sound of Jim Blake's sobbing had died away in the distance. Di's face was red, her eyes rebellious, as she took her place again at the urn, but she managed to whisper across the cups as she handed them to her brother :

"Go and tell Mr. Osborne."

And he managed, on his return round, to whisper back :

"Rather! You bet I will."

Monsieur Durand made himself excessively amiable, and though his English was fragmentary, his conversation was much enjoyed, and the tea, though not quite as hot as it might have been, having been done justice to, the party melted away.

Jim Blake had answered many questions, but no one had thought of demanding an answer to the question he had asked of the foreigner. No one had noticed his remark : "I sp'iled yer little game, didn't I?" Yet there must have been something in it, for after the picnic ground was deserted the Frenchman, stooping in his walk as was habitual with him, his face thrust forward and his keen eyes glancing furtively in every direction, returned to the barn from which he had ejected the intruder, turned up the straw on which Jim Blake had thought to find a night's rest, and gazed with satisfaction at a tiny case of tools concealed beneath a plank, which he had lifted and now carefully replaced after assuring himself that nothing was disturbed.

Though concealed so carefully they were not burglars' tools, but possibly they were none the less illegal and more deadly.

(*To be continued.*)

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CHRIST'S COLLEGE, BLACKHEATH.

By A. P. EASTON.

A FREE Church College — it is a wide term, and it means a lot! It means that an institution which can claim so honourable a name is a part of the visible life of that great combination of Evangelical Christianity which has come to be known amongst us as the Free Churches. It means, too, that the institution which may by right claim for itself such a name is supplying for the sons of Free Churchmen that foundation in learning which is essential to the upholding of the traditions of the combination to which they belong, and that such an institution has responsibilities as vast as they are sacred, as vital as they are glorious. Of the particular Free Church College with which we are dealing it may indeed be said that its title is no empty one. Ever since the establishment of Christ's College, Blackheath, six and a half years ago, the chief aim of its principal, the Rev. F. W. Aveling, M.A., B.Sc., has been to make it not only a scholastic institution of high standing, but also a veritable nursery of the Christian faith. While never losing sight of the great importance of an adequate training to fit his pupils for the struggle of life, Mr. Aveling has conducted his labours on the principle that no mental equipment, however great, however varied, can be complete or effective unless it is strengthened and leavened by the influence of religion. That he has not been mistaken in his conception of the responsibilities which rest upon him as the head of an important college such as this, is proved by the splendid success to which he and his assistants can point in every direction of study. The motto of his school, "*Nihil sine Deo*," is eloquent of this spirit, and many a boy bears in his mind to help him on life's way the memory of these words and of the interpretation which they have received and do receive in the life and practice of Mr. Aveling.

Christ's College was, as we have already intimated, established in the year 1894. The educational principle upon which its constitution was based was a strict attention to the requirements of the day—modernity, in fact, was its guiding light. Mr. Aveling does not desire, has not desired, to compete with the older classical schools in the teaching of the "dead" languages, but to modern languages and to the scientific knowledge which is so important an educational asset in these days his attention has been continually devoted. The college itself, of which an illustration is given, is built upon a splendid site facing the Heath, and its healthy situation and surroundings are further improved by the possession of spacious grounds, which include a

THE HEAD MASTER—REV. F. W. AVELING, M.A., B.SC.

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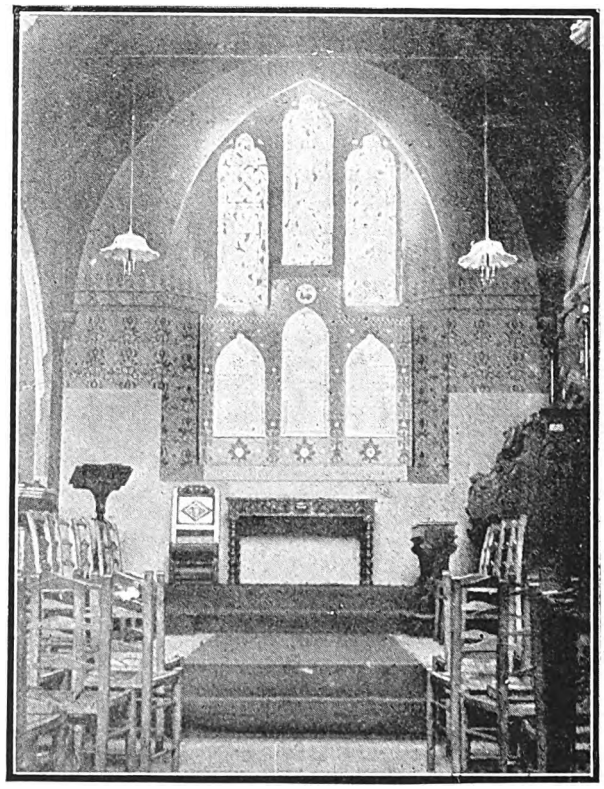
splendid playing-field for football and cricket, tennis lawns, a chestnut and lime tree avenue, as well as a fine playground. The school itself is divided into two houses, the smaller of which is mainly given over to science. In this house there are no less than five chemical laboratories and a science classroom, and the subjects here taught are always made most attractive and interesting. Fully thirty of the boys learn extra practical chemistry, while all learn chemistry. Perhaps the best indication of the character of the education given and the aspirations of the masters and the pupils is to be found in the pass-list of the College. Glancing at that list we see that the College can claim passes in the Final B.A., London, the Inter B.Sc. and Matriculation, to say nothing of the College of Preceptors and the Cambridge local examinations.



THE SCHOOL CHAPEL.

Modern languages—French and German—form a very important part of the curriculum, and it is noteworthy that Greek is only taught to pupils who are working with the intention of entering Oxford or Cambridge, although Mr. Aveling is himself the author of a well known and widely appreciated work on Greek Syntax. In French and German, however, the school is particularly strong, and many boys are turned out who have not only an efficient grammatical knowledge of these languages but are also capable of passing stiff oral examinations such as test the powers of many older boys from other schools. Of the staff which works under Mr. Aveling it is impossible to speak too highly. It consists of six undermasters, all University men, and all fully qualified by experience to undertake the educational charge of classes. In addition to these, however, there is a large visiting staff, the labours of whom are devoted mostly to musical training, which is a distinct feature of the curriculum. This year it may be mentioned that four scholars passed the examination of the Associated Board of Music, one with distinction.

So much for the actual school lessons, if the term may be used. The headmaster and his assistants do not believe that education begins and ends in class tuition. They believe in the education of the playing-field and of the gymnasium. As one of them said quite recently, they "believe in pluck," and to their influence is to be attributed the splendid tone of the school, the absence of priggishness, the predominance of manliness. In athletics the school is, for its size and age, a wonder. To have beaten at Rugby the champions of Christ's Hospital eight times out of eleven is a performance of which any school might well be proud, and it is an achievement worthy to rank in glory with having beaten, as the Christ's College fifteen has done, the King's College School and University College School. At cricket the College is the possessor of a good eleven, and at tennis, and other less popular games, it

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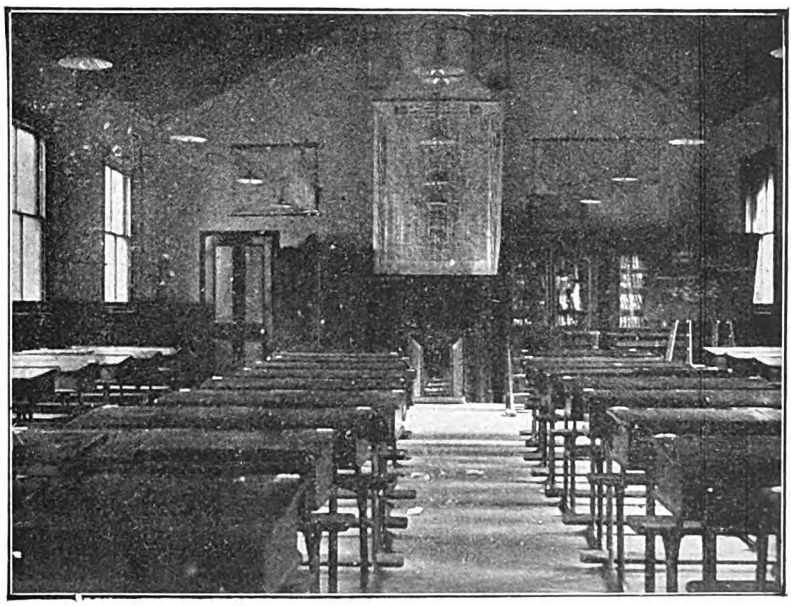
THE COLLEGE FROM THE HEATH.

has its good players. Athletics form a part of the education of the boy of to-day; they are essential to health and strength, alike of mind and body, and in devoting attention to them the headmaster of Christ's College is following faithfully in the footsteps of the greatest pedagogues of the century. The school does not possess a cadet corps—for boys Mr. Aveling does not like such things—but the scholars do not suffer thereby.

There is the other side of the school life and work upon which we have yet to touch—the religious side. Christ's is provided with a very pretty little chapel, on the stained glass memorial window in which the motto "*Nihil sine Deo*" stands out bold and challenging. Mr. Aveling is himself the spiritual guide of the boys. It is he who talks to them at a quiet Bible class on Sunday afternoons; he who teaches them to be brave and manly and truthful. He does not seek to mould their religious opinions—only their characters; nor does he seek to usurp the ordinary ministrations of the Sabbath. On Sunday mornings and evenings the Free Church lads troop to hear the Congregational Minister, Mr. Fotheringham, M.A., at the Blackheath Congregational Church, while the lads who belong to the Anglican communion — and there are several—listen to the Rev. J. Leek, M.A., the vicar.

Such is the life of Christ's College, and it is a life which must bear good fruit. It may be interesting to say a few words about the career of the "head" who has made the College so brilliant a success. Mr. Aveling was born in London and in 1863 went as a pupil to the Independent College, Taunton. Here he did splendid work, and in 1867 matriculated at London with the third exhibition in honours. He



A CLASS ROOM.

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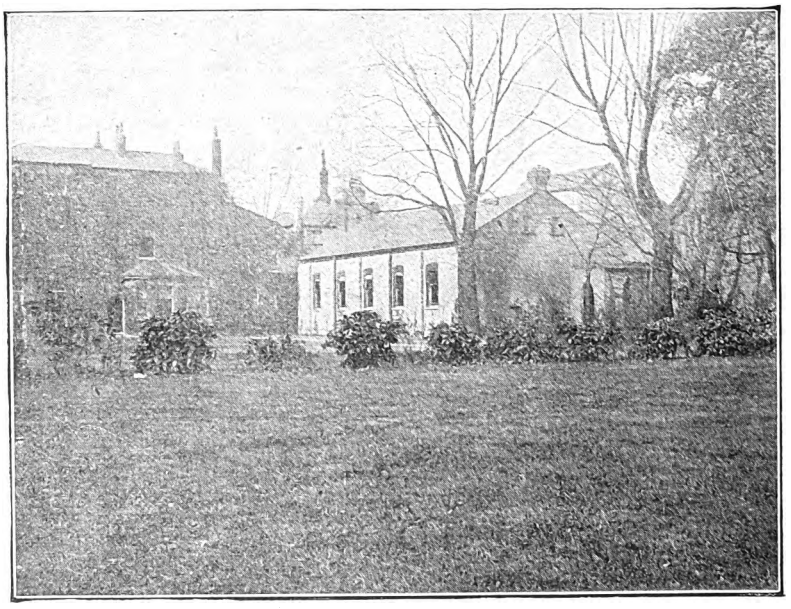

BACK VIEW OF THE SCHOOL AND RECREATION GROUND.

obtained the entrance exhibition to University College, London, a year later, took double honours at the first B.A. examination in London and honours in logic and philosophy. He also secured an exhibition at Lincoln College, Oxford, and took his M.A. in 1871. In 1880 he returned, when only 29 years old, to the Independent College, Taunton, as its principal, an achievement which can rarely find its equal in scholastic history. The same success which had attended him in his studies followed him to Taunton and he was beloved by the boys and trusted by the managers beyond other men. Of the splendid work he has done since he came to Blackheath enough has been said to show the sort of man the scholars of Christ's College have over them. As a politician Mr. Aveling is lucid and outspoken, and not afraid of declaring his faith and his opinions. It is this spirit which has made him so popular among residents of all shades of opinion in Blackheath, and has gained him the confidence of his boys. Mrs. Aveling is a lady who is well suited to the task of superintending the home life of the boys, and few can estimate what an influence for good amongst them she is, or how much she contributes to the formation of character which is one of the aims of the school. Mr. Aveling is proud, as any master might well be, of the results of his six years' labour at Blackheath, and the evidence afforded of the benefits of his experience and guidance to the boys. He is a strong educationalist and is on the Committee of the U. E. Association, to which society he recently gave a speech on Training Colleges for Teachers at Newcastle. He has written widely and well, his works ranging from a dissertation on "Free Trade" to a Greek Syntax, and covering, too, a good deal of political ground. Christ's College has, under his headship, a future before it. Free Churchmen may depend that as long as Mr. Aveling is headmaster its aims will not be modified or its standard of excellence reduced.

A. P. EASTON.

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In the Public Eye

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

THE "Enterprise" is the latest club dedicated solely to the use of women engaged in clerical work in London. It owes its origin and success to Miss Mabel Morgan and Miss Evelyn Wills. They recognised that the great need of women employed in offices was to have some place where they could go and rest, see their friends, and have food at a moderate rate. Rooms were taken at 52, King William-street, the preliminary expenses were advanced by Miss Morgan and other friends, but now the club is self-supporting. Over one hundred members joined, which soon increased to two hundred. The fee is 10s. a year; there is a rowing club, holiday and insurance fund, and a registry office. During the winter book and flower teas are held, also concerts, while picnics and cycle rides take their place in summer.

MISS EVELYN WILLS.
(Joint Founder with Miss Morgan of "The Enterprise" Ladies' Club.)
Photograph by Langfier, Ltd., 23a, Old Bond Street.

"ART is long and time is fleeting," sings the American poet. It is only sixteen years since Mr. Joseph Pennell, the American artist, came to England, and during that time he has made a name for himself in art and literature. Highly trained, industrious, going direct to his objects with gifts of sight and hand, who does not remember his sketch of the Houses of Parliament by Night, taken from near the Broad Sanctuary (the police inclined to arrest him for taking it), the sketch of Charing-cross Station on the Underground, the Devils of Nôtre Dame, the pictures of the Jews of Transylvania, and the gipsies of Hungary? He has illustrated articles on travel in picturesque places; cycle rides in England, Italy, and Transylvania; and Macmillan's series of "Highways and Byways." A light touch, an artist's eye, and a genius for producing natural effects make most of his sketches bright, realistic, and striking. His more serious works on "Pen Drawing and Draughtsmen," "Lithography and Lithographers," have given him a sure and a high place in the art world. He is now in the front rank of black and white artists, and his position is acknowledged in America as well as on the Continent and in England.

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ONE of the most courageous, yet, withal, the most genial, of the controversialists who are now carrying on the great argument of Evangelical *versus* Ritualistic tendencies in the Church of England on the Evangelical side is the venerable Canon Christopher, Rector of St. Aldate's, Oxford. In 1843 he formed one of the crew of the Jesus College (Cambridge) boat, and, as a member of the Cambridge eleven, paid his first visit to Oxford for the purpose of playing in the inter-University cricket match. As he graduated as nineteenth wrangler that same year, Canon Christopher was early "in the public eye." Principal of La Martinière, Calcutta, in 1844, he had among his distinguished pupils a second wrangler at his old university, and, as Government examiner in the colleges of the Bengal Residency, he himself came to the front in Indian scholastic circles. Returning to England, and entering the Church, he was appointed Rector of St. Aldate's, Oxford, in 1859, and for well-nigh half a century has exercised a gracious influence upon undergraduate and city life. The "missionary breakfast" at which he entertains a most catholic and representative company is one of the events of the year at Oxford. Canon Christopher, as host on this occasion, has entertained most of the famous Evangelicals of his time. To-day, at a venerable age, he still pursues his parochial duties, and the energy with which he upholds the Protestant faith might shame many a man with half his burden of years.

CANON CHRISTOPHER.
(A Noted Champion of Evangelical Principles.)
Photograph by Sumner, 110, St. Aldate's, Oxford.

A PREACHER of eloquence and power, possessed of a great gift of organisation and fine scholarly attainments, Dr. John Clifford is a pillar not only of his own, the Baptist, Church, but of Nonconformity generally. An unusual distinction fell to him last year, when on the sudden death of the President-elect of the Baptist Union, Dr. Clifford was for a second time called upon to undertake this important office, which he had filled before with such conspicuous success. On him devolved the great task of directing the raising of the Baptist Twentieth Century Fund—a most important addition to the work entailed by his year of office. At least three days a week were required to look efficiently after the work of the Fund alone, a great call on the time of a man who, besides the ordinary work of the Union, had the care of such a church as that at Westbourne Park, with its ever increasing congregation. Dr. Clifford always conducted the Sunday services of his own church, but he found it necessary to give up for the time the week-night services. Much of his pastoral work was necessarily left to the deacons and other prominent members, who, he says, aided him splendidly. No less than nine meetings a week had to be held on behalf of the Fund, and Dr. Clifford has been in all the principal towns of England and Wales, preaching and giving addresses. The gatherings have been very large, and it was a common experience for numbers of would-be auditors to be turned away from lack of accommodation. This was notably the case at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and Norwich. Baptists have responded generously to Dr. Clifford's eloquent appeals, and an instance of the way in which he has charmed the money out of his hearers'

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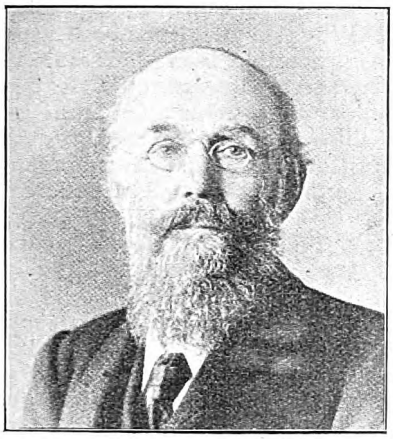

REV. DR. CLIFFORD.
(Twice President of the Baptist Union.)

pockets comes from Waterfoot, near Manchester. The Chairman had promised to contribute £10 to the fund, but such was the impression produced on the warm-hearted Lancashire folk by the doctor's address that he was actually encored, and the Chairman declared that he would give pound for pound of the amount subscribed by the audience. And now, turning to the doctor's work at home, we find that the record of his Sunday labours is one of unremitting toil on behalf of his people. He is at the church at ten o'clock, and conducts a preliminary service with the various Bible Classes. Then at eleven comes the ordinary morning service. When the Sunday-school superintendent left, Dr. Clifford took over his duties for the time being. He is, at all times, subject to frequent calls from sick members of his flock. One day, while engaged in directing the Sunday-school, he was called away to minister to a dying friend. Then he entertained a number of young people to tea, and at half-past six came the evening service. But his work did not end here, for he then visited another sick person, and reached home at eleven o'clock; and this is only a typical Sunday. Dr. Clifford is also a power on the London School Board, and is a most strenuous opponent of sectarian teaching in the schools. We have spoken of his attainments as a scholar, and his academical distinctions include the London M.A., L.L.B., and B.Sc. degrees, all with honours, so that he is one of the most learned of Nonconformist ministers to-day.

IN Mrs. Jenness Miller of Washington, America possesses a devoted and enthusiastic teacher of the science of healthful living and development. Her creed is that the laws which lie at the foundation of growth and health are the same which evolve the highest personal beauty and attractiveness. They are the divine laws—and to obey them is divine. Mrs. Miller has travelled through many countries in making her researches on the subject of rational physical culture and improvement in dress, and the Jenness Miller publications on these co-related themes are encyclopædian in their special information. As a lecturer on these subjects she is equally well-known, and many exquisitely fitting and comfortable articles of attire in America have been named after this energetic advocate for health, grace, and freedom of movement in dress. Mrs. Miller considers that the profession of wife and mother requires more good judgment and general knowledge than any other, and that every woman who enters upon a domestic career should study the laws of heredity, physiology,

MRS. JENNESS MILLER.
(The Advocate of Physical Culture and Suitable Dress for Women.)
Photograph by the Falk Studio, Waldorf, Astoria, N.Y.

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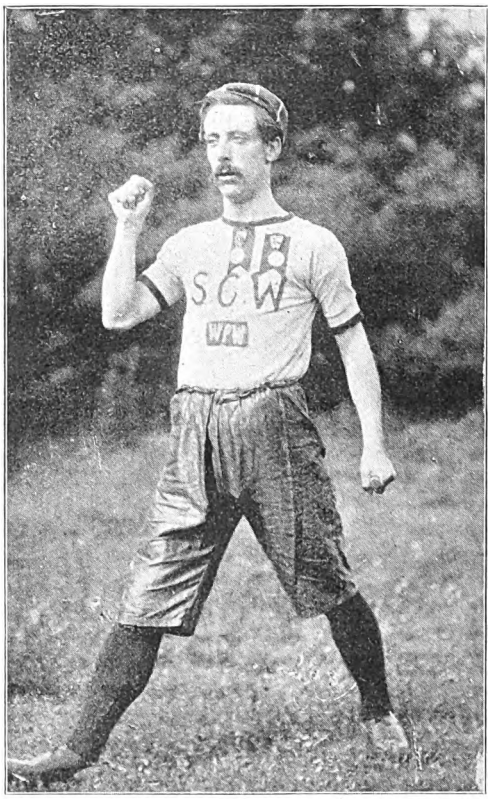
sanitation, physical development, and the chemistry of cookery—that these are the everyday sciences which lie at the root of individual health and character. Her aim is to teach that woman's mission in the home is from God, and that when she does not guide her children into paths of health and all of the higher virtues she fails in her duty towards Him who entrusts her with the glorious mission of helping human souls along the upward path. Mrs. Miller insists that suitability is the first law of correct clothing. Dresses for all practical occasions should be designed with the two ideas of suitability and convenience in mind, but for occasions of leisure a woman should make herself as beautiful a picture as possible. This many-sided lady has recently published a novel "The Philosopher of Driftwood," which deals with the problem of the marriage relation.

MR. WILLIAM COCKERTON, son of the Rev. Frederick Cockerton, of Limpsfield, Surrey, may be said to have a wonderful power of walking into the affection of others. Given a drunkard at twenty miles distance, Mr. Cockerton will have reached that man in 3 hours 27 minutes and given him a living proof of what a man can do without beer and baccy in the way of walking. Muscular power always commands respect among the working men, so Mr. Cockerton gets ready listeners, although he, very naturally, throws cold water on all they have to say. The Temperance Cause has him heart and body, and everywhere he walks he tries to make acquaintance with and to help those who cannot resist drink. When only eight he began to walk as fast as possible, liking, he said, "to see the trees moving towards me." He "revels" in climbing hills, doing them at the rate of eight miles an hour with ease. Although a professional, he refuses all engagements where he thinks betting is the motive.



MR. W. COCKERTON.
(Athlete and Temperance Advocate.)
Photograph by Benson, Westerham.

FEW people know the full extent of their capabilities until they have put them to the test, and it sometimes happens that a great talent may lie idle for years until some fortuitous circumstance reveals it to its possessor. A notable illustration of this is to be found in the career of Miss Adeline Sargeant, one of the most gifted novelists of our day. Her father was a Wesleyan minister, and as every three years a circuit minister and his family have to move to a new home, Miss Sargeant saw much of English country life. Her father died in 1870, and, in order to keep the home together, Miss Sargeant took a situation as governess. She was then living at Sevenoaks, but her mother did not long survive her husband, and Miss Sargeant repaired to London, where she continued to gain a living by teaching. As yet she had no idea that she possessed a great gift for story writing, but a competition which appeared in the *People's Friend*, a well-known Scottish journal, was destined to bring forth her latent powers. A prize of £100 was offered for the best story. Miss Sargeant wrote "Jacobi's Wife," and this won the prize. "Jacobi's Wife" is a very striking story, exhibiting great

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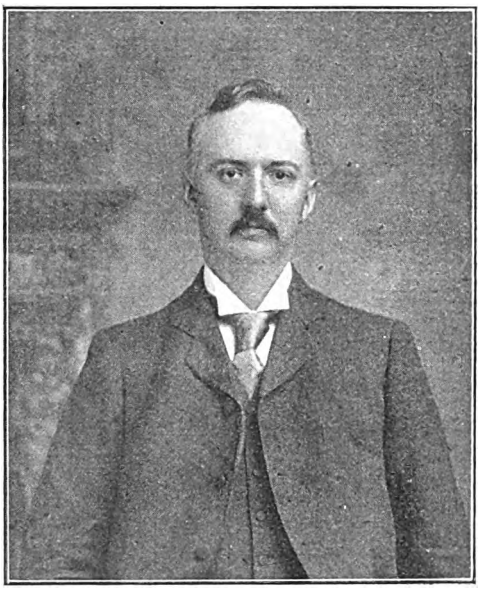
ingenuity of plot. Her next work was "Beyond Recall," and this has been followed by something like a dozen other novels, all exhibiting great power, both in conception and execution.

FREDERICK A. ATKINS, the editor of *The Young Man*, was born in London in February, 1864. He started *The Young Man* as a small penny monthly when he was twenty-two, and it paid its way from the very beginning. In those days he was editor, advertising manager, and chief contributor. He wrote the leading articles, made out the invoices for advertisements, and addressed the wrappers for the review copies. The third volume contained a serial story by Mr. J. M. Barrie, who was then beginning to make a reputation. It was entitled "The Superfluous Man," and was an admirable piece of work. The following year Mr. Barrie contributed to *The Young Man* a series of humorous sketches entitled "Young Men I Have Known." *The Young Man* was afterwards enlarged and published at threepence. When he was twenty-eight Mr. Atkins started *The Young Woman*, a threepenny monthly which achieved immediate success and which led the way for the numerous ladies' magazines which have since been published. He also started in the same year *The Home Messenger*, a popular and fully illustrated penny monthly, which had a very large sale, and which is now more successful than ever. In 1894 Mr. Atkins brought out a penny weekly paper entitled *The New Age*, which was remarkably successful. While it was in his hands the sale was never less than 24,000 a week. When Mr. A. E. Fletcher resigned the *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. Atkins invited him to become editor of *The New Age*, and shortly afterwards he sold the paper to a syndicate consisting of Mr. Fletcher and a few personal friends. Two or three years later Mr. Atkins, in conjunction with Mr. Silas Hocking, issued the TEMPLE MAGAZINE, and remained editor for two years. He was urged to continue this work, but he found the management of a sixpenny magazine demanded more time than he could afford, and he wished to devote himself more closely to his three magazines, *The Young Man*, *The Young Woman*, and *The Home Messenger*. He is still greatly interested in the TEMPLE, and



MR. F. A. ATKINS.
(Editor of *The Young Man*.)
Photograph by Russell & Sons, Baker Street.

rejoices in its ever increasing success. He has written three shilling books for young men—"Moral Muscle," "First Battles and How to Fight Them," and "Aspiration and Achievement." These books have had a sale of over 60,000 copies in England and America. Mr. Atkins has arranged a large number of books for Messrs. Horace Marshall and Son in London, and for Messrs. Thos. G. Crowell and Co. in America. He travelled in America two years ago with his friend, Mr. James Bowden, and visited the principal cities. He has done a large amount of journalistic work, and has contributed at various times to the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Westminster Gazette*, the *Christian World*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and to many American papers. Mr. Atkins has had several books dedicated to him. In a preface to the "Birthright," which takes the form of a letter to Mr. Atkins, Mr. Joseph Hocking writes: "For the sake of our friendship, and because of the many kindnesses I have received from you, I ask you to accept this dedication. Your kindly words and wise counsels have oftentimes been a help and an inspiration to me." Mr. J. A. Hammerton dedicates his book on Barrie to "Frederick Atkins, my ideal Editor, and my very good friend."

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And Mr. Atkins is proud of his copy of "God's Gentlemen"—a very useful book by Rev. N. E. Welsh (whose early work appeared in *The Young Man*), which contains this inscription: "To F. A. Atkins —who gave a fellow a chance!—with that fellow's regard." Some years ago Mr. Atkins started the National Anti-Gambling League, which has recently been the means of suppressing certain sporting competitions in newspapers. Mr. Atkins is not yet thirty-seven, but he hopes before long to retire from the editorship of *The Young Man* and *The Young Woman* in order to gain time for journalistic work and leisure for a trip round the world. He is married, and lives at Highgate—a few doors from his friend, Mr. Silas Hocking.

THE name of Miss Edith Wilson is rapidly becoming known by the children of the land by reason of her work amongst them. She is the Secretary of the Loyal Temperance Legions in connection with the White Ribbon movement. In America this branch of Temperance work made great headway, and it was a young American lady who introduced its methods into England. Before returning to her own land she induced Miss Wilson to take up the work. Since then it has advanced, and there are legions in many parts of the country as well as in the Metropolis. The methods employed always interest the children and prepare them to become members of "Y" branches afterwards. Miss Wilson is very anxious to extend her work, and says that both public and private schools make good openings, and that some of the most successful legions are in connection with schools. The L.T.L. Secretary is thoroughly in love with her work, and believes it has a great future. There is no class distinction in the ranks, and all children are welcomed. They receive definite temperance teaching, and are also trained for future work by taking office under a grown-up leader. Miss Wilson has prepared some model lessons for the children, and sometimes gives them herself, but throughout all her work she aims at instilling into the minds of her children the meaning of their motto, "Lifting others as we climb."

MISS EDITH WILSON.
(Secretary of the Loyal Temperance Legions.)

MANY and varied are the subjects in which women interest themselves nowadays and one branch of work which has particularly attracted them is "Woman in local government." When the new parish councils were created in 1894, Mrs. E. O. Fordham was one of the pioneers of the movement. She was elected a member of her own local council and has since then devoted much of her spare time to the work. She acted for some time as chairman of an allotments committee and in that position was recognised as a thoroughly good business woman. Mrs. Fordham believes that if women were allowed to sit upon county councils, the women inmates of the asylums and the child inmates of the industrial schools would be greatly benefited. Her faith in this is so strong that she gives addresses and writes on the subject. At the present time she is writing some articles upon "The Evolution of Local and Imperial Government from Teutonic Conquest to the Present Day," and many papers from her pen have appeared upon the Poor Law and other social topics. Mrs. Fordham lives in a charming old country house, and is in close touch with the people in the villages round. As a result of this she says: "In my everyday life here among the people these two questions—the Poor Law and the Housing of the Poor—are those I am most closely brought in contact with, and I am particularly interested in them, as I consider they are the two social questions which require immediate attention if any good thing is to be done for the people in the villages."

THE ONLOOKER.

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For THE BAIRNS.

Conducted by
THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

CHILDREN'S POETRY.

THIS is a somewhat ambiguous title; it might mean poetry written *for* children or poetry written *by* children—two things very widely different. Of poetry written for children by grown-ups we have plenty, and much of it is very, very good indeed, while there is even more, perhaps *about* children, but not for them—it is beyond them altogether. But poetry by the children themselves is very rare in print; it does not follow, however, that it does not exist. It does exist, and in a mightier quantity than all other poetry put together.

Where is there a household of bairns without scraps of the queerest rhymes being treasured up somewhere or other? Mother does not profess to be a great litterateur, but she knows poetry when she sees it, and seldom has she seen it more distinctly than in Johnnie's last epic, or Jeannie's "Ode to the New Mirror." Father, of course, must point out defects—it's the way of men folk—but if you take the "spirit" of it, the intention, the yeasting of the imagination, where could you find anything more hopeful?

And all this is as it ought to be, and mother is no doubt the best judge after all, but I have to confess that even my honied inducement of a prize has not been very successful in drawing out these treasures. The competitors have been very few and the themes have been very humble.

Such as they are, however, they have all the marks of first efforts, and to all who love the children these are bound to have a charm of their own—if only by way of dim recollection of similar attempts made by themselves, now, oh! so long ago.

I knew a youth who was a student by profession, but who, of choice, tried hard to be a poet. He scribbled, he sighed, he tore his hair, grew moody, and walked much alone, no doubt communing with the mystic spirit of nature, but the upshot of it was that he took rheumatic fever and died, poor fellow. And this is how a young sister used to tell of his demise. "You see, he was a poet, and he couldn't get the ends of the lines to come right, and it killed him!"

This tragedy is not often repeated, but the trouble itself continues. The ideas come, and they are, of course, beautiful, but when the attempt is made to clothe them in appropriate words there is always the bother of getting the ends of the lines to come right. Some specimens of this will be found in the extracts I venture to give, and if sundry older folks find fault, let 'em; there are others who will remember that children are yet in the gristle only, not toughened enough for the fierce wrestling which is sometimes needed to get a suitable chum for an awkward and opinionative word.

Little Charley Judd is only seven years old, and his handwriting has a fine individuality of its own, but he has his aspirations. It is the ending of the lines that troubles him. I take the liberty to edit his "poem" only thus far—that instead of putting one line under the other, I make it all run on; in this way the poetic thought will be perceived in its charming simplicity.

When the sun comes out, then the flowers come out. The happy hours fly by, and the birds fly overhead. When the sun sinks down, the sweet flowers close, and sweetly sink down to rest.

That's all right!—as good as a good deal we have had from more famous folk. Let Charley go on and he may yet learn the knack of giving his words the wrestler's trick which

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pitches them into their proper place with the proper sound.

This next will refresh us all with its reminder of recent pleasures. I only fear that Ethel has kept the waits waiting a little too long in the cold—from night till morning! But perhaps she means different squads of them—there are always rivals—and it is another of the bothersome things about poetry that we cannot go too much into details.

CHRISTMAS.

Now Christmas comes but once a year,
To all be merry and of good cheer.
Little children good as gold,
Sit to hear some stories told;
Listen quiet on father's knee,
While their bright eyes dance with glee.

When old Santa comes, you know,
You can hear them chatter so,
Orange, apple, doll and ball,
Yes, he brings them, brings them all,
The singers come round in the night,
And sing until the morning light.

ETHEL MARY HEWITT *(Aged 11 years).*

I was delighted at seeing again the handwriting of Charles Hodges, in a poem called "The Nocturnal King," but regret to find the verses sadly need filing and smoothing.

Charles is fifteen, and must therefore be judged by a higher standard than we could apply to younger authors. There is good stuff in his work, and if he puts it aside for six months or so and then re-studies it he will be able, I have no doubt, to heal it where it is halting. This is the first verse:—

Come, fleeting shadows, speed your way,
Follow the swift retreating day,
But do not now delight
In riv'lling evening's gloomy kiss,
In shadows sprung from murky Dis,
The vanguards of the Night.

For non-classical young readers I may explain that *Dis* is another name for Pluto—a grim old fellow who lives below, street and number not given.

I print the first of two verses Mary Noelle Walker has sent. I am afraid to insert the second, for when she speaks of eating puddings "by tons," at one sitting, there are people so wanting in imagination that they might fancy this was a little too much of even poetic license.

My twin sister, and I, and my brothers three,
Went out one day to climb a tree,
My big brother went first and then my twin,
When the little one cried out that it was a sin
To leave us three little ones here below
When not one could touch the lowest bough;
So my brother came down and helped us up,
We sat there awhile, then went home to sup.

May Wadsworth, aged thirteen, The Manse Coalville, near Leicester, has a name which is so like the name of the great Lake poet, while it is also one of Longfellow's titles, that she ought to catch inspiration.

She sends two poems; the first, "A Visit to the Dentist," has a good deal of feeling in it, as we might expect, but the theme is hardly one to lend itself to her best powers. Her second is better, has, indeed, been judged the best of this batch, and a handsome volume has been sent her accordingly.

FATHER.

My daddy is a darling man,
Who gives us heaps of money;
He tries to please us all he can,
By singing songs so funny.

The small bald patch upon his head,
Is the dearest spot I know;
I kiss and fondle it every night,
For fear the hair might grow!

He has a voice like a trumpet blast,
Especially when he's hurried.
It's "Get out of my way!!!" in accents *mild*,
And oh! he gets *so* flurried!

But dear father is the best dad,
That ever I have had,
And when I think how bad I am,
It makes me feel quite sad.

I thank T. Merton, Laurence Chater, Tom Reighter, and Alec Hughes, for their verses, but cannot find space for all. L. Spencer, Sidney Cox, and Marion Chandler, sent some very good "rambling" letters, but a month too late for that competition.

A nice descriptive piece, in blank verse, together with a very nice letter, came from somebody without name or address.

The following notes speak for themselves.

Ivydene, Gilbert-road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you very much for sending me such a beautiful prize. I am so pleased with it, and I shall take great care of it. I like having prizes very much.—Your little friend,

OLIVE CLARA ELDRIDGE.

S. James' Vicarage, Bury St. Edmunds.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—It was a great surprise when I found your parcel awaiting me yesterday morning, as I never quite expected to get the prize, as this was my first attempt. Thanking you very much for the book which I am sure I will like, I remain, yours sincerely,

CHS. HODGES.

[I think I shall give a rest this month to the competitions.]

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE.

No one has the least doubt about the fact that the only way to make a swimmer is by swimming, or a carpenter by carpentering, or

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an acrobat by perpetual gymnastics and contortions.

All admit that while books on these subjects may give a useful hint or two, it is only actual "working at the job" that can turn mere theory into useful practice.

Is it not something wonderful, then, how completely many can sheer away from this very common result of experience when it comes to be a matter of the development of a child's disposition?

Like Topsy, it is supposed somehow to grow of itself.

Take an average mother, for example. She sincerely loves her boy, is very careful of what he learns, what companions he plays with, what manners he acquires, and a great deal more of the like. But by-and-bye, when the boy has grown up, it cuts her to the heart to see how selfish he is becoming, how unfeeling, unsympathic. She had her dream, her hope, that he would grow up generous, brave yet tender hearted, strong and yet compassionate. As it is, there is nothing he grudges doing more than a kind act which involves a little trouble, and as for suffering on the part of others, he is perfectly stolid to all he sees or hears about it. He will even show it too often by indifference to her own feelings.

All of which is pain and surprise to her. Is there any such cause for surprise, however? What has she done to mould his nature in the better direction she desires? Perhaps little or nothing! She has been very solicitous, it may be, about the cultivation of his mind and manners, but as for the better dispositions of his heart, these were expected, somehow, to come of themselves! Yet the only way to make a swimmer is by swimming!

Oh, give the children a chance for their heart life! There are hundreds of ways in which they can be trained from the very earliest, and when they are least conscious of being under instruction. Let them keep some pets, for instance; it may throw a little more work upon mother, for little ones will be scatter-brained and neglectful, but the attention they must give, the sympathetic feelings which are aroused when their pets are in any trouble, in spite of all failures will yet leave a good deposit of kindliness, which will remain to build up character. I have before my mind at this moment two families I have known long and intimately.

In the one the mother—otherwise most exemplary—would permit no pets. In spite of all tearful promises on the part of the little ones, she held that all pet-keeping only made more work for her. *She* had to clean the bird cage, *she* had to watch that the rabbits were not left without food—and so forth, all of which was doubtless true enough.

In the other family the mother put up with all this, not only without a grumble, but cheerily and encouragingly. And what is the result to-day, after about a score of years have passed? This—that where pets were tabooed the mother is a sore-hearted woman at the selfish callousness of her children; in the other case the mother is a magnet who holds by love a large family of most loving sons and daughters of the manliest and womanliest kind.

No other comment, I think, need be said on this beyond asking each reader to glance round the families of whose up-bringing he or she has known something; in one degree or other similar results will be seen. The heart, like the head, can be trained only as theory is turned into practice.

But while much may be done at the earlier stages by pets of one kind or another, it is only by contact with persons that the best instincts can be drawn out later on.

In the busy life which even children have to live in these days, with school, drill, and necessary games, I know of few opportunities along this line better than those afforded by the Crutch-and-Kindness League. In London alone there are 6,000 poor, young, more or less helpless cripples—all sufferers, anyway, and most of them very, very lonely.

What the League aims at is to do a little to make the lot of these young sufferers a bit more bearable by some such touch of kindness as even a child can give.

A child can write a letter in a thoroughly child-like spirit. What a blessing such a letter would be to a lonesome cripple! And what a blessing it would be to the young writer!

For in this also mercy is "twice blessed"—it blesseth him that gives and him that takes. And it is all that the League asks—that a kindly letter be sent once a month or so to some poor cripple child, about whom all needful particulars are given to the writer.

Even if pressure of work or time should make the writing of the letter sometimes a difficulty, then a picture-book, an old illustrated magazine—anything that would interest a sick child—might be sent instead. Could children have such a kindly and interesting care laid on them without having all their better and more sympathetic feelings roused and trained?

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All of which holds good of adults, many of whom have the wish to be kind, but from stress of toil, from ill-health, or the remoteness of their dwelling from populated centres, have little chance to practise what they feel. "The good they would do they do not"—for want of the opportunity. The Crutch-and-Kindness League supplies this; it has now its members in every part of the world.

All further particulars concerning the League may be had for a stamp from *Mr. John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John-street, Bedford-row, London, W. C.*

May I ask those who desire to join the League to be good enough to note well that last paragraph? Applications for membership are often sent to me; this only gives me the trouble of sending them again to Mr. Kirk.

As the founder of the League, I managed it all myself when its numbers were few, but when they ran up to the thousands, the writing work was more than I could manage. It now needs a staff under Mr. Kirk's supervision, but all the letters come to me once a month, when I pick out what ever I think might be interesting in this column.

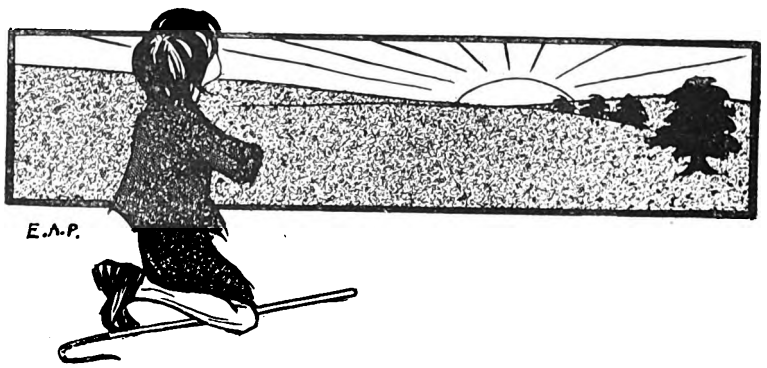
All the cripples I have spoken of are under the care of the Ragged School Union, so far as its voluntary visitors can overtake such a great work.

Having taken up so much space already, I must hold over to another time sundry notable points in the letters to hand.

In the subjoined list of new members for the month, I could not deny myself the pleasure of making Jerusalem stand out boldly. It is a significant and sweet omen.

New Members for the Month.

Miss Constance Gale, Hornsey; Miss S. Fox, Cottingham; Miss B. Mills, West Hartlepool; Mrs. W. H. Campbell, S. Australia; Miss Warwick, Miss Malpass, Mr. Reginald Rutherford, Miss Minnie Smith, Croydon; Miss Pan Stringer, Clonmel; Miss Ellie Hicks, Cornwall; Mr. W. Mackay Baxter, Miss B. L. Baxter, Grimsby; Mrs. W. H. D. Clee, Cheltenham; Miss Doris Hewitt, Ealing Common; Miss Gladys Megghison, York; Miss L. F. Paul, Weymouth; Junior C. E., Baptist Church, care of Miss Mitchell, Erith; Miss I. F. Macdonald, Peckham; Miss Kathleen Mathias, Putney; Mrs. Dayman, North Cornwell; Miss Winifred Ellison, Bournemouth; Miss M. Holland, Tunbridge Wells; Master Frank Dorey, Guernsey; Miss May Miller, Bournemouth; Miss M. H. Stewart, Boscombe; Mrs. Eldridge, Miss R. D. Eldridge, Bournemouth; Mrs. Wainwright, Northampton; Miss Elsie Heslington, Miss May Dumble, Miss Mary Hewitson, care of Miss Richmond, West Hartlepool; Roland Hastings, Nottingham; Miss M. I. Hancock, Miss Clare, Ealing; Miss May Simmons, Coltsworth; Miss Alice Maconochie, Edinburgh; Miss Alice Wyld, care of Miss Richmond, West Hartlepool; Miss Madge Phillips, Miss Dora Yule, Miss Florence Peck, Westgate-on-Sea; Miss Minnie Croft, Belfast; Miss Mabel Awmack, Leeds; Mr. W. J. James, Bournemouth; Mr. F. Nobbs, Miss Byrne, Miss Osborne, Boscombe; Miss J. James, Pokesdown; Mrs. Blyth, **Jerusalem**; Miss Kate Evans, Miss Maggie Williams, Colwyn Bay; Miss H. M. Sugg, Bournemouth; Miss Wilkinson, Christchurch; Miss Dorothy Baggs, Bath; Miss E. Croker, London, S.E.; Mrs. Parkes, Little Hadham; Arnold Collings, Bridgwater; Miss Louisa Herman, Rainhill; Miss V. Gabriel, Westgate-on-Sea; Miss Gertrude Moulson, Miss Elsie Moulson, Birmingham; Miss Ethel Wareham, Miss Dollie Crawshaw, Miss Beatrice Sibley, care of Miss Eldridge, Bournemouth; Miss May Cass, care of Miss Richmond, Hartlepool; Mrs. Pearson, Netta Pearson, Russia; Mrs. Haine's little girl, Dalston; Jean Whitfield, Daisy Whitfield, Katie Dawson, Frank Charlton, care of Mrs. Duncan, Blyth; Miss Hilda Darley, Dublin; Miss Avice C. Haydon, Tiverton; Mr. J. Mountford, care of Miss Jordan, Croydon; Miss L. Heppel, care of Miss Richmond, West Hartlepool; Miss Beatrice Batt, Devizes; Mrs. A. Dayman, North Cornwall; Master E. Johnson, Master G. Heatherington, care of Miss D. Wright, Westgate-on-Sea; Miss Jeffreys, Lee-on-the-Solent; Miss May Osborne, Theal; Miss Helen Hinton, Pokesdown; Mrs. Rudford, Nottingham; Miss Mildred Trotter, care of Miss Richmond, West Hartlepool; Miss B. Twycross, Worthing; Miss Marjorie Pullen, Brighton; Miss Constance Edmonds, Cape Colony; Miss N. E. Beck Miss G. Arnold Jones, Birmingham; Miss Minnie O'Neill, Miss Henrietta O'Neill, Ireland; Miss Annie Pegler, Stow-on-the-Wold; Mr. J. Biles, Winkton.



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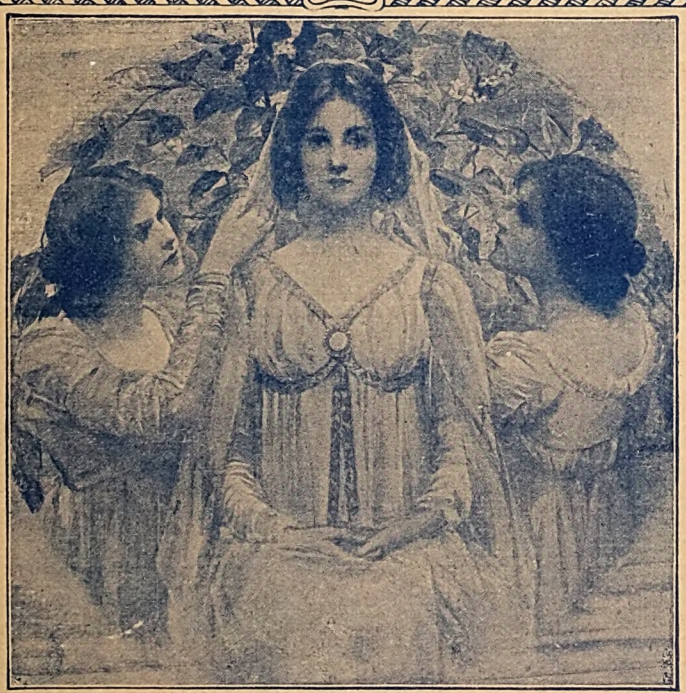
THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

FOR HOME AND SUNDAY READING.

VOL. 5. FEBRUARY, 1901. No. 5.



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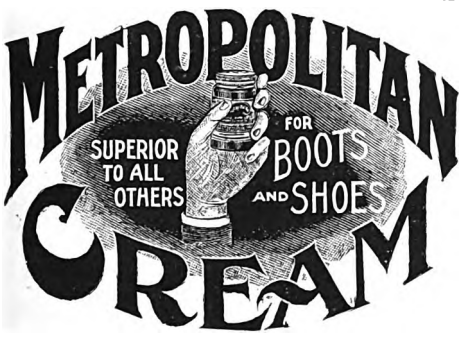

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FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

KEEPING ONE'S WORD.

President Lincoln was exceedingly strict in keeping faith with his children, and required the same fidelity of others. At one time a visitor at the White House persuaded little Tad to sit on his knee by promising as a reward the charm on his watch-chain Shortly after, as the man was about dismissing the child with no further thought of the lightly spoken promise, the President said, sternly: "Give him the charm, sir." In confusion the man obeyed the bidding. Lord Holland, the father of Charles James Fox, once told his boy that he should witness the pulling down of a stone wall on the estate. Forgetting the promise, he had the masonry restored after it was demolished that he might not fail in keeping his word to his son. Such scrupulous regard for the truth on the part of parents will go far towards counteracting an inherited tendency to falsehood on the part of children.

SOCIETY LADIES' PET NAMES.

Many ladies nowadays drop their actual names in favour of some prettier appellation. Lady Ormonde's Christian names are Elizabeth Harriet, but she is known to the world as "Lilah." Princess Henry of Pless was christened Mary Theresa Olivia, but she is known to her friends as "Daisy." Her sister's real name is Constance, but she never uses it, and appears to her intimates and to the world in general as Miss Shelagh Cornwallis West. Lady Warwick's name is Frances Evelyn, but her family and friends call her "Daisy." Lady Brougham's baptismal name is Adora, but she signs herself and is always spoken of as "Zoë." Her daughter, Miss Eleanor Brougham, is known by the name of "Baba." Lord Feversham's youngest daughter, Lady Ulrica Duncombe, has been called "Mouche" from her infancy, and Mrs. Ronnie Greville, whose real name is Margaret, is now "May" to her friends and relations.

FASHION IN WEDDINGS.

In thinking over the social changes of the century that has just come to a close it is interesting to note how the fashionable wedding has developed during the last five decades. Fifty years ago, and even less, a wedding was, practically speaking, a family function. Outside the circle of relatives on both sides of the families, only immediate and very old friends were invited to the ceremony and subsequent breakfast. There was no floral display such as is made nowadays; two bridesmaids, respectively representing the bride's and bridegroom's family, were considered quite sufficient, and only relatives and very close friends gave presents. In short, weddings were conducted with possibly more solemnity but certainly less show than is now the case. Perhaps they were not less impressive on that account, but the modern fashionable wedding is now so bright and usually charming a function that one would not willingly see it altered, especially now the race of life has become so strenuous, we cannot afford to dispense with any harmless pleasure which brings life, color and vivacity into our lives.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Miss Florence Nightingale, whose work among the wounded in the Crimea and subsequent labours in connection with hospital nursing give her a high place among the heroines of the century, owes her Chrisian name to the Italian city in which she was born, now more than eighty years ago. Miss Nightingale, familiarly known to the veterans of the Crimea as the "Lady with the Lamp," from her nightly visits—like those of an angel—to succour and comfort the sufferers in the camp hospitals, has, though entirely confined to her room, taken a lively and practical interest in all the efforts that have been made to provide sufficient hospital accommodation and comforts for the troops engaged at the front.

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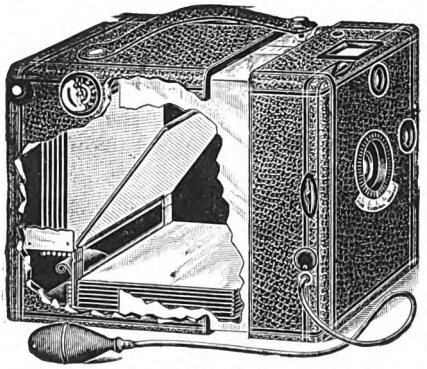

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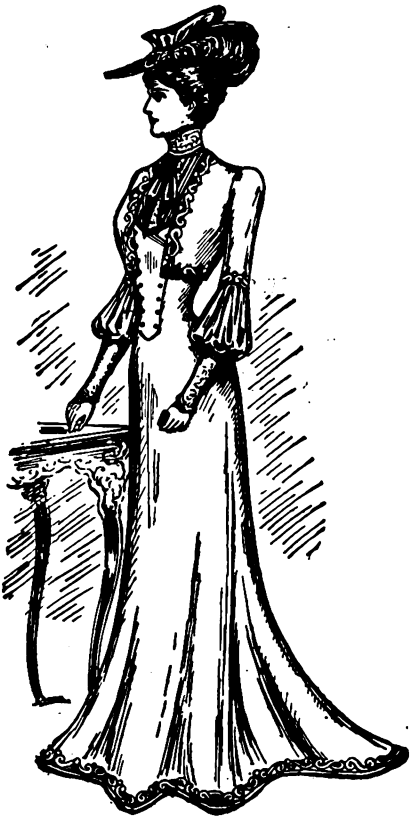
PRINCESS DRESS.

The Princess dress is not always very successful in a walking costume. The sketch shows one of these dresses in black cloth, bordered with Indian red cloth, embroidered in gold and silver. The bolero is similarly bordered. The vest, neck-band,



and undersleeves are in the Indian or tomato red, with the gold and silver embroidery. The little buttons on the vest are gilt. The black satin tie is very much stitched, and has gilt ornaments sewn on the ends.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

No man can rise higher than his ideals. "The boy is father of the man." The future of realisation is enveloped in the aspiration of the present. Civilisations, constitutions, systems of thought and action, however vast and controlling, were once but thoughts, volitions, and aspirations within the souls of men. There is a constant and definite relation between doctrine and life, between faith and works, between the ideal and the real, between the burning thought and surging impulses of young manhood and the ripe and garnered harvest of age.

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"In Spite of All,"

Full-length Romantic Serial Story of the Great Civil War,

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A Full-length Romantic Serial Story of the great Civil War commenced in "The Christian World" of January 3rd, 1901.

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A WALKING COSTUME.

Almost every walking costume now is finished with a short bolero coat matching the skirt exactly. To add to the becomingness of such attire, many tailors are sending home with such costumes a well-made black satin belt. Of course, these corslets have to be most beautifully made. The satin is cut upon the cross, and the whole is elaborately bound, while there is no question that they add a great smartness to every figure. These satin corslets are very often finished

with four or six very good cut steel buttons, or even buttons of good enamel or pierced silver are seen. Frieze and faced cloth are the two most fashionable materials for walking costumes, while the revers of such dresses are distinctly plainer than they have been for some time. Instead we seem to be elaborating our wastcoats and underfronts.

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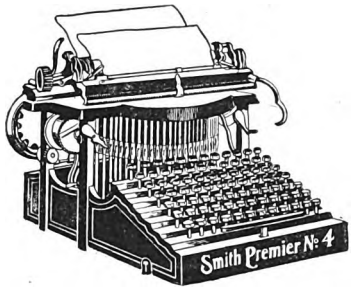

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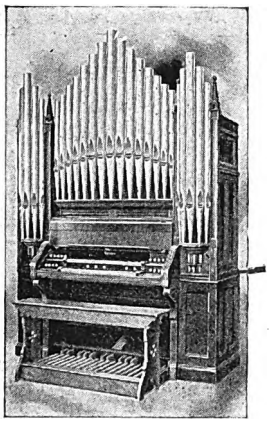

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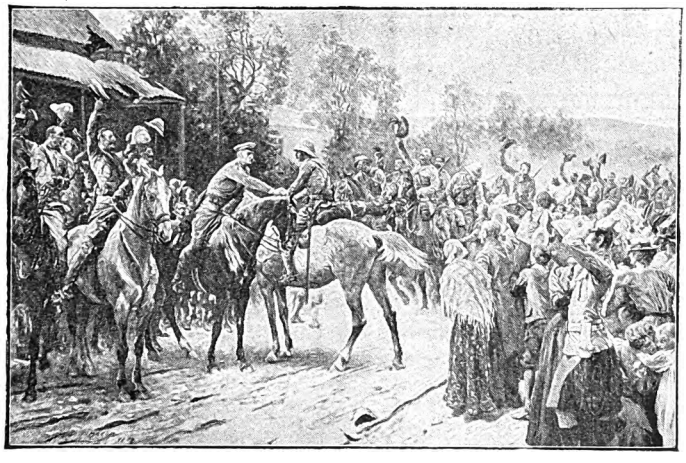

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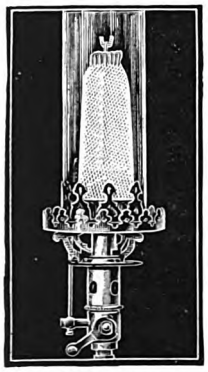

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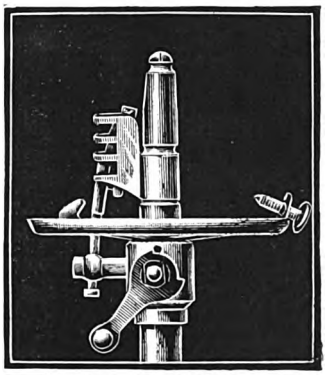

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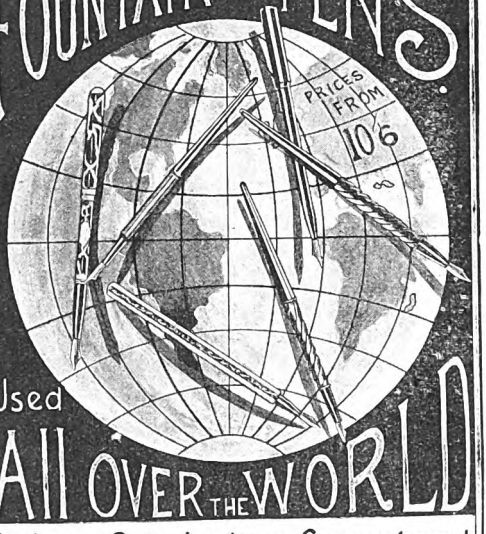

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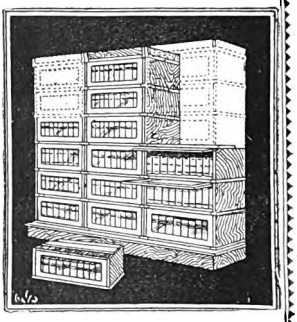

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

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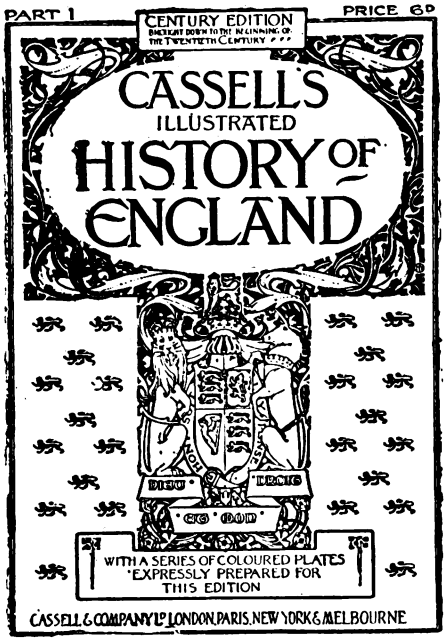

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THE FAR AWAY HEART.

(By Mrs. Jopling Rowe.)

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The Society of Women Artists.

By MRS. HIRST ALEXANDER.

THE Society of Women Artists, whose exhibition is now open at the Galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, owes its origin, forty-six years ago, to Mrs. Grote, the clever and liberal-minded wife of the historian, to that sweet singer, Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, and some other ladies who gave their help and influence.

It has always been a useful body, and has long been a successful one. It has had for patronesses at different times T.R.H.'s the Duchess of Cambridge and the Duchess of Teck, and for the last six years H.R.H. the Duchess of York has taken her lamented mother's place as patroness of the Society.

But women artists in 1855 were working against great disabilities. So many of the recognised art societies refused to elect women members, even as someobject to do now. Nobody knows why! But there it is, and still more distressingly was in those dark days, before the dawn of the "Women's Era," when all that was expected of "young ladies" was that they should embroider a little, paint a little, play a little; idle, simper and faint a good deal; marry as quickly as possible, and, ever after, lose themselves and their little accomplishments in babies, buttons, and their husbands' dinners.

So these two great and good ladies, interested in art and the employment of women, and with the glimmer of the dawn in their eyes, nearly half a century ago, set about instituting a society which should materially assist those of their own sex, who, also, with their faces to the light, but so heavily handicapped, were turning their talents to account and trying to make a living by art, a society where the work exhibited should be exclusively done by women. A Committee was formed, a small gallery in Oxford-street

WINTER SHELTERING SLEEPING SPRING.
(By Florence Small.)

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ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY STUDY.
(By Countess Gleichen)
Photograph by Wm. E. Gray, 12, Queen's Road, Bayswater.

engaged, and the Society was *un fait accompli.*

It has proved the stepping stone to many well-known and famous artists. Among others, Lady Butler, then Miss Elizabeth Thompson, studied in its Life School (now given up), and first exhibited and sold pictures there. Madame Rosa Bonheur sent bronzes, and her sister, Madame Henriette Brown, exhibited under the Society's auspices, also Madame Bodichon, Mrs. E. M. Ward, and Mrs. Naftely. It has proved especially useful in bringing forward those beginning the work of art-life whose talents needed only a helping hand, a friendly push up to make them known to an appreciative and buying public—for though life may be short and art long, not even artists, however short their days may be, and they seem, as a rule, to span out the average existence of man, can feed, clothe, and house themselves on inspiration and air, colours and canvas alone. If it be for this service only to women, the *raison d'être* of the institution has been more than justified.

The Society moved its quarters several times during the first years of its existence. In 1865, the original promoters wishing to retire from office, the late Miss Ellen Partridge (sister of the present Secretary), and one of the early professional Members, feeling that failure of the Society would be a great loss to women painters, convened a meeting, the result being a re-organisation on new and improved lines. Miss Mary Atkinson offered to devote

A POTTERY SELLER, TANGIERS.
(By Mrs. Murray Cookesley.)

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herself to the work as Hon. Secretary. Under her management the Association flourished for twenty years; the name was changed from the Society of Female Artists (its first title), to that of the Society of Lady Artists. Here I may state that it was again changed, three years ago, to its present one, viz.: The Society of Women Artists.

In 1885, the lamented decease of the Hon. Secretary brought other changes. On her death-bed, Miss Atkinson asked Miss Fanny E. Partridge to take her place in the work. Accordingly, this lady was appointed to the vacant position, which she has most ably filled ever since.

A BRIDE.
(By Florence Small.)

For several years the Society located itself in one of the Egyptian Galleries in Piccadilly, where many women artists of standing joined, and where its exhibitions were held with ever increasing success.

Hitherto only pictures and sculpture had been admitted to the exhibitions, but in 1895, after having arranged to hold them in the spacious rooms of the Society

PRIVILEGED.
(By Fannie Moody.)

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of British Artists, the Committee decided to open two of their five galleries to handicraft-work of a high quality, thus increasing largely the sphere of usefulness, and bringing forward fresh interests with great advantage.

H.R.H. the Duchess of York has shown her appreciation of this department very practically by contributing last year an artistic cushion embroidered by herself. As patroness of the Society, the Princess takes a great and kindly interest in its welfare.

A glance at the membership list of the Society reveals many notable names. Among its honorary members are Lady Alma Tadema, Lady Butler and Lady Lindsay (R. Inst.).

A sick fund exists by which many members, when fallen into difficulties through ill health, have been helped and soothed. To this beneficent fund, the late Miss Mary Atkinson left a legacy of £100, the late Miss Landseer bequeathed a similar amount, another £100 was presented by Mrs. Eleanor Watt, in commemoration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee and as a memento of her Majesty's well known sympathy with the art work of women. The Royal Academy donated £50, and the members themselves subscribe annually to this sick fund.

Out of fifty-eight members and associates and some four hundred exhibitors, it is manifest that the exigencies of space will only permit of the mention of a few representative ladies and their work.

The fifteen-years' President of the Society of Women Artists, Mrs. Marrable, is also Hon. Member of the Royal Belgian Society of Water Colours as well as Associate of the Roman Water Colour Society, and the M. Vereinder Schriptstellerinnen und Kunstlerinnen in Vien. Her metier is in water colour. For many years she painted foreign scenes and earned for herself the title of the "English painter of the Engadine." Mrs. Marrable still remains the only English depictor of the Engadine mountains, though other painters have devoted themselves to the flora of that beautiful part of Switzerland, only indicating its giant highlands in the distance. Of late years this clever lady has varied her work by painting English garden scenes. Her husband was an architect, and this aided her much in architectural drawing, of which she has made many studies in Rothenberg-au-Tauber, Venice and other places. These have been pronounced architecturally perfect by leading men of the profession. Her studio walls transplant you to the beauty spots of southern Europe, and again set you down amid the seclusion, glow, and colour of some of the choicest of English flower gardens. Her pictures are well known at the Royal Academy. Amongst others, "Moonlight over Sitz Lake, Moloya, Engadine;" and last year her "Old Surrey Cottage in Springtime" and "Cow Parsley" were hung on the line.

That Miss Helen Thornycroft (vice-president) should be an artist seems as natural as that she should be the daughter of her parents; they being both sculptors—the famous Thomas Thornycroft and his wife Mary. Of these two congenial spirits, she is the fourth daughter, one of her brothers being Mr. John Thornycroft, engineer and torpedo boat builder; and the other, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A. sculptor.

Miss Helen Thornycroft exhibited her first work at the Royal Academy when thirteen years of age—a bust of F. S. Thornycroft. She worked at modelling till she was sixteen, and then took to the brush, entering the Royal Academy Schools for a course of seven years' study. Since then this artist, and daughter of artists, has exhibited nearly every year at the Royal Academy, at first working most at sacred subjects: "St. Margaret," "The Martyrdom of St. Luke," "St. Sebastian" and "St. Rosalie," being among her notable pictures of this class. Although Miss Thornycroft occasionally still paints figures, and in the autumn holidays devotes herself to landscape, her speciality is perhaps flowers, which she paints in almost every variety; orchids more particularly.

The well-known artist, Madame Louisa Starr Canziani, though born in London, is the only child of Mr. Henry Starr of Philadelphia, of Puritan stock. When quite a girl she distinguished herself at the Royal Academy School by first carrying off the silver medal and the following year by capturing the gold medal and the accompanying scholarship of £60. These medals no woman had ever won before. The subject for the gold medal was "David brought before Saul." It was painted with infinite anxiety and trouble, and more than once was set aside in

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MISS FANNY E. PARTRIDGE, THE HON. SECRETARY.
Photo by Army & Navy Auxiliary C.S., Ltd., Francis Street, Westminster.

despair, but hope and determination conquered, with what final and victorious results the gold medal testified. The impression made upon the men artists was intense; they felt for the first time that the women painters of England were capable of serious work, and that men must look to their laurels if they meant to keep them. Miss Starr became a constant exhibitor at the Academy, the New Gallery, and at Manchester, Liverpool, and in the United States. Her "Sintram" was purchased by the Liverpool Corporation for the Walker Art Gallery Permanent Collection. In 1882 she married her cousin, M. Enrico Canziani, and four years after went to live in charming old Kensington, at No. 3, Palace Green, a delightful old house next door to Thackeray's abode, where she still resides and prosecutes her art labours.

Like many other distinguished figure painters, Madame Canziani has made portraiture a feature of her work. Without in the least losing the likeness, her genius transforms her delineations into picture-poems. Her elevated conceptions of art have been set forth in her address on "The Spirit of Purity in Art," delivered in the Art Section of the Women's International Congress in 1899. In it she says: "Is not the object of art to give us high ideals, as well as to open our perceptions to the charms of common life around us, and to bring beauty into our lives? If this be not the underlying motive of all art, should we not be better without it?" Again: "We must not depict the ugly or degraded without the saving spirit of the pathos which underlies all ugliness and degradation; we must not treat of wickedness without the saving grace of pity and horror; and evil must always be treated as what it really is—*Tragedy*—under no circumstances whatever being touched lightly or for mere amusement."

This gifted lady is a humanitarian as well as an artist, and deprecates the use of birds' feathers as ornaments, except in the case of birds used for food; also she is strongly adverse to the defacement of fields and cliffs by advertisements, and affirms that hoardings, shop windows, and the popular periodicals should be kept pure and made beautiful.

In Mrs. Jopling Rowe we have a living instance of a woman arriving at wifehood and motherhood before discovering her possession of a genius for wielding brush and pastel, and then almost at a bound

ARTISTIC CUSHION WORKED BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

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making herself a name and fame; and yet all through her career never allowing her children to suffer a moment of neglect. She not only believes, but has proved, that women can work for themselves, look after their babies, and enjoy the society of their little ones fully as well as idle mothers. It was to support her two little children when left a widow at the early age of 23 that this courageous lady set herself to work. Hitherto her aspirations had been towards literature and music, for both of which she has considerable gifts, but the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild, having discovered her third and, perhaps, greatest gift, advised her to devote herself seriously to its cultivation. To this end she entered M. Chaplin's studio in Paris, where she was living, her deceased husband, Mr. Romer, having been secretary to Baron de Rothschild. In sixteen months her name was found in the catalogue of the Salon. This short course of study and a term at Heatherley's on her return to England, constitute all the regular teaching she ever had in drawing. Necessity, great natural talent and perseverance, did the rest. She wished much to enter the Royal Academy School of Art, but was strangely enough advised not to do so by Messrs. Frith, Tom Taylor, Shirley Brooks, and Mark Lemon. If she did, said they, she would lose all her individuality—her greatest charm. What she knows, this artist has learnt chiefly while working alone. "There is no other road to art," is her dictum, "but sheer old-fashioned hard work" and she maintains the truth of the famous declaration that "Genius is only an eye that can see Nature, a heart that can feel Nature, and boldness that dares follows Nature." She exhibited first at Burlington House in 1871. Since then she has been a regular contributor to its displays and to those of the Grosvenor Gallery and of the Women Artists. Deciding finally to make portrait painting her vogue, she still believed in the day of small things and accepted whatever work came to hand, and has never yet repented it. Mrs. Rowe married, for a second time, Mr. Jopling, employed in the War Office and himself an artist of no mean repute. This gentleman died in 1884, and four years after she became the wife of Mr. Rowe, a clever lawyer—a practical demonstration that matrimony need not in any way interfere with a woman's successful career as an artist.

Mrs. Jopling Rowe is a member of the Pastel Society, the Portrait Painters' and the Leicester Water Colour Societies. Her portraiture of famous people includes Lord Rothschild, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Gully, Speaker of the House of Commons, and many other celebrities. Her own portrait, painted by Sir John Millais, is a striking feature of her singularly beautiful and attractive drawing-room at her house in Kensington. This portrait, which was a gift from the painter to his godson—a son of Mrs. Jopling—drew crowds of people when exhibited some years ago in Bond Street. Three of her most beautiful works are "The Far Away Heart," "Blue and White," and "Dear Lady Disdain," which are reproduced with this article.

This artist is the one notable lady painter who has founded an Art School, of which she is herself the presiding genius and directress. The school is erected in the grounds of her residence, and is organised on the lines of the best Parisian Schools. She is a born teacher, and brings her pupils at once face to face with Nature. In spite of her school work, she never fails to send one or two canvases each year to the chief London exhibitions.

To her intense love of animals, Miss Frances Fairman largely owes her unique success as a painter of dogs. She has been called "the greatest woman dog painter of her day and of any day." Life-like presentments of her four-footed friends look wistfully at you from the walls and easels of her fine studio in the Fulham-road, and little bundles of affection in the shape of three live Jap doggies trot after you as you move about the room, insistent on notice and caresses. That the animals return Miss Fairman's affection is evidenced by the delight with which she is hailed by her old sitters when she meets them at dog shows and other places. By reason of this sympathy and the quickness with which she works, she is enabled to portray dogs unmanageable to other animal painters. With a strong leaning towards Art she studied as a girl under Mr. F. Moscheles and afterwards in Paris, but in animal painting she has never had a lesson. It is only of late years that she has turned her extraordinary gift for dog portraiture to any other account than that of pleasure to herself and her friends. But a turn in the wheel of fortune determined her to take it up as a a profession, and in a very short time she has gained

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the topmost rung of the ladder of notable dog painters.

While visiting Sir Dighton and Lady Probyn a few years ago, Miss Fairman made some clever sketches of the latter's Jap spaniels, which were afterwards exhibited at Burlington House under the title of "The Platter Clean." The picture was among the most admired of canine canvasses. Whilst on this visit the artist and her work were presented to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, the result being an immediate commission from the Princess to paint her pets, Punchie, Facey, and Little Billie. The first-named is a much-travelled animal. Punchie has accompanied her Royal Highness on all her journeys for several years, sleeping always in her room. Facey was also her travelling companion, but, alas! he has gone to the happy hunting grounds where all good doggies go He was found dead in his basket a few mornings after his portrait was painted. Facey was a great favourite of his Royal mistress, was a splendid sitter, and seemed always to have a special smile for the Princess when

DEAR LADY DISDAIN.
(By Mrs. Jopling Rowe.)

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she came into the room. Little Billie is a Pekinese spaniel—pure white, with light brindle markings. The Princess, by the way, is a very good artist among her many accomplishments, and had she time to work, would paint dogs very well herself.

Since then Miss Fairman has painted many dogs for the Queen, the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal family, who have a fashion of getting each other's canine favourites portrayed and presenting them to their respective owners as birthday and Christmas presents. Among them are Oscar, a special pet of her Majesty; Alfio, a son of the famous Marco, who always travelled with the Queen in her own saloon; the Dandie Dinmont, Venus, belonging to the late Duke of Clarence, who ever since the latter's sad death has been the close and faithful follower of the Prince of Wales; Ayah, an old pug, the nursery pet of the children of Princess Beatrice; an aged dachshund belonging to Prince Christian, the picture being a present to him from her Majesty; an Irish terrier belonging to the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, also a present from the Queen to the Princess Beatrice. Many other celebrated dogs has Miss Fairman painted—great ladies' pets, champions and famous prize winners.

BUTTERCUPS.

Portrait of the Daughter of Mr. J. Calvert, by Madame Louisa Starr Canziani. Reproduced by courtesy of the "Lady's Pictorial."

Photograph by Hy. Dixon & Son, 112, Albany Street, W.

Of the work of Miss Florence Small (Mrs. Deric Hardy), which is chiefly in pastel, it has been said that "its charm is the quiet silent spirit of sympathy that runs through it." Born and educated at Nottingham, she studied art in Geneva, Berlin and Paris. Her first exhibited picture appeared at Nottingham Castle, the next year she was represented at the Royal Academy. Among her many well-known pictures are "Welcome News," "Mushroom Girl," "The Poet," "A Dirge," "Autumn Leaves," "Chantry Girls Singing in Marylebone Church," "Winter Sheltering Sleeping Spring," "A Bride," etc. There is hardly any large exhibition where examples of her distinctive and sensitive art are not to be found. Nottingham early began to be proud of her and to refer to her as "their talented

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and gifted young townswoman," but she has long left her popular studio in "The Park" of her native town, and after her marriage she made her home in London, living in a pretty house near Regent's Park, where her studio is filled with delicately vigorous portraits and subject pictures. A critic has written, "The words that would seem to me fit to associate with her paintings assume the shape of a poem, however small it may be." And yet, like all true artists, Mrs. Hardy is never satisfied with what she has done. She is a member of the Pastel Society. Speaking of her favourite medium she says that with it she can get effects unattainable in any other. Her portraits are remarkable for the masterly hand with which they are drawn, and the knowledge of anatomy, colour, light, and shade shown in every line.

Miss Grace H. Hastie is another prominent member. She studied under Naftel, who encouraged her to make art her profession. For the Society of Women Artists, of which she is Auditor and Trustee, she has a strong affection, and says, "To it *I* owe much. My first pictures were exhibited there, and it proved a 'stepping stone to higher things.'" Her deep desire is, because of this Society's great usefulness, and the encouragement given to its continued helpfulness by the best work being seen there, that all the leading women artists should be represented at its exhibitions.

Miss E. M. Osborn is a very clever figure and landscape painter. A picture of hers which attracted much attention, called "The Governess," was bought by Her Majesty.

The Countess Helena Gleichen, fourth daughter of the late Prince Victor of Hohenlohe and grand niece of the Queen, has inherited her father's artistic tastes. The Prince was a sculptor; the Countess Helena is a clever animal painter; her favourite subjects being horses. Her power to depict these faithful friends of men in peace and of soldiers in war is told to every trained eye that looks upon her pictures.

BLUE AND WHITE.
(By Mrs. Jopling Rowe.)
Photograph by Hy. Dixon & Son, 112, Albany Street, W.

Another animal painter, who, it may be supposed, has inherited her artistic instincts from her father, is Miss Fannie Moody (Mrs. G. King), daughter of Mr. Francis W. Moody, an artist and lecturer for twenty years on Decorative Art at the South Kensington Museum. Owing to the sudden death of this parent, Miss Moody's studies were cut short, and beyond a course of twelve lessons in

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anatomy, she is entirely self-taught. To her patient study of Landseer's works in the South Kensington Museum and the National Gallery, to her hard work and love of art, she owes her success, and the prominent position she has made for herself. She has been well represented at the Royal Academy, and all the best galleries. She is kept busy with commissions to paint favourite horses, dogs and cats, and illustrates children's books, besides sketching for leading illustrated journals.

Mrs. Murray Cookesley devotes her brush chiefly to Eastern subjects, having travelled much in Oriental lands with her husband, Captain Cookesley, and we reproduce two of her pictures, "A Pottery Seller of Tangiers," and "An Indian Doorway." When reverses came, Mrs. Cookesley, like so many brave women, turned her talent, exercised hitherto as a clever amateur, into gold by her felicitous presentments of scenes and people she had become acquainted with in her days of happy voyaging. She is another inspiring example of what women can do under the spur of necessity. Her handsome studio at 7, Cromwell Place—once occupied by Sir John Millais — is adorned with curios picked up in her travels. Pictures on walls and easels are brilliant with the colour and atmosphere of the East. Prominent is one entitled "La Pluie d'Or," representing a dusky beauty in the gorgeous apparel of the Orient, reclining under a yellow rain of laburnum flower. Again there are Meccan watersellers, Soudanese camel drivers, stately mosques, Sheiks and Dervishes and all the varied life of the Nile. So popular are Mrs. Cookesley's pictures that no sooner are they completed than they are sold. The have gone to enrich the collections of many lovers of Art. "An Arab Café in the Slums of Cairo" was her Academy success of 1895. Among her many well-known pictures are "The Snake Charmer," "The Belle of Pompeii," and "Damascus." She has been equally successful in her Western studies, as her "Puritan's Daughter" and other works of the kind testify. When staying with her cousin, Sir Vincent Caillard, at Constantinople, Mrs. Cookesley was commissioned to paint a portrait of the Sultan's son and heir. So charmed was the Sultan with it when completed, that he invested the painter with a high Turkish Order and a medal, and asked her to sketch his wives. This clever lady designed the beautiful series of living pictures at the Crystal Palace some years ago, and more recently those of "The Harem" in "Constantinople," and "The Temple of Venus" at Olympia.

Mrs. Mary L. Waller, wife of the artist, Mr. S. E. Waller, is essentially a portrait painter. Her endeavour is always to give the most excellent presentment of what she sees, rather than to idealise her subject. She catches a likeness with marvellous power, and her pictures show her to be rich in the qualities that make the art of successful portraiture. Her innumerable commissions, both past and present, are the best proof of the recognition of her talents. Among her late portraits are those of Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam; Lord Cochrane; Lady Marjorie and the Hon. Douglas Cochrane; Miss Dyonis Micklethwait, and Don Marescotti Ruspoli, son of Prince Mario Ruspoli of the Italian Embassy. The two last were exhibited in the Royal Academy (1900), to which parent institute Mrs. Waller has been a contributor for many years. She is a member of the Portrait Painters' Society.

Mrs. Kate Perugini devotes herself chiefly to the painting of children's portraits, but she also finds time for many subject pictures, and in the spring season there are generally to be found one or more of her works reproduced in some of the illustrated magazines and newspapers.

An almost self-taught artist is Miss Stewart Wood, for, beyond a short training at the Slade School and a few months in Paris, her art education is entirely due to her own close study of Nature. Many months of the year she spends in the country for this purpose. Of late years Sussex has been the field from whence she has gathered her best subjects. Amongst them are "Arundel Castle," shown at the Paris Exhibition; "The First Breath of Autumn," exhibited at Earl's Court; "The Sheep Fold," and "Old Church at Sullington." She has been always well represented at Burlington House and other prominent galleries, also at the Guildhall, and three of her pictures are in Mr George McCulloch's collection, Queen's Gate.

In pen and ink work, Miss Lily de Montmorency attracted the notice and commendation of the late Sir Frederick

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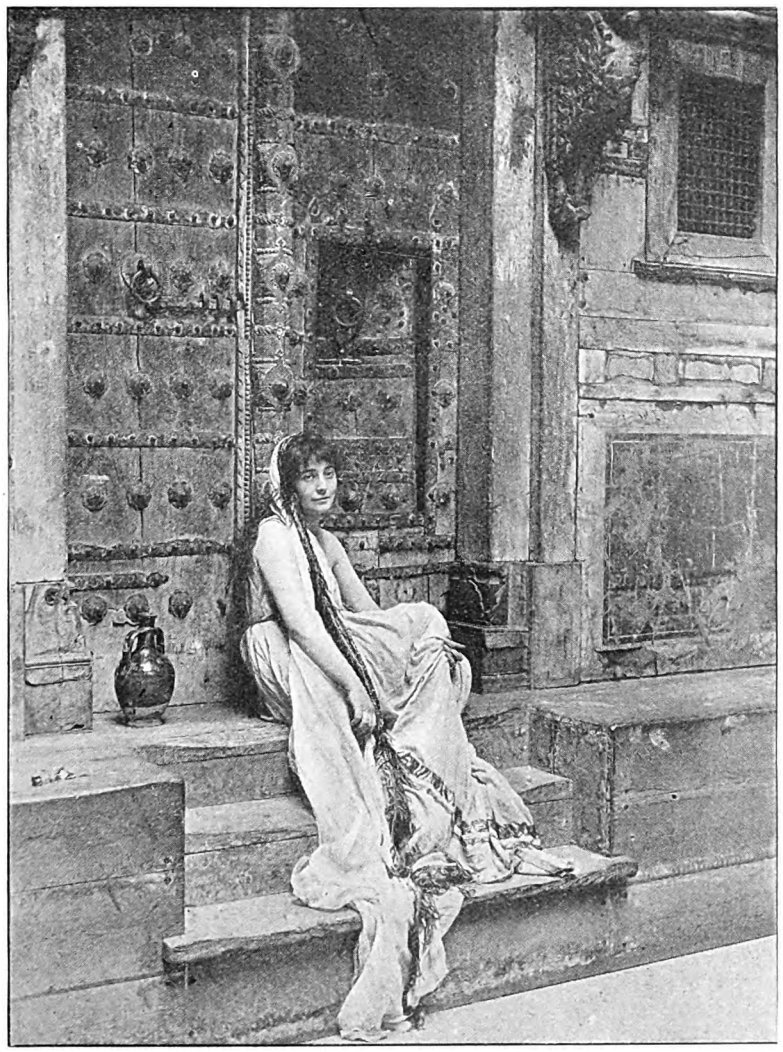
Leighton. She was only sixteen when she first exhibited at the Lady Artists' Society. Two years later her black and white drawing was represented at the Royal Academy. She has lately gained Professor Von Herkomer's prize for the best work competed for by the whole of his schools, and may well claim a good place among rising artists.

To the photographic department of the S.W.A.'s Exhibition, Lady Gilmour, of Montrave, is a clever and liberal contributor. She is very enthusiastic in her work and gives no thought to trouble, discomfort, time, or pains, so long as she attains her object—a good, interesting, and artistic photograph.

In her Highland home at Montrave, in Fife, Lady Gilmour, in her launch, steams over the beautiful lochs, with captain, engineer, and maid, on photography bent. Landing on some island, she approaches the haunt of the sea-gulls, and there, stalking them like stags, with infinite pains and manœuvres, she takes shots as opportunity offers. Or again held by the skirts she leans over a cliff to get a snap at a nest built in its crest, the birds swooping down angrily on the disturbers of their seclusion. The work is thoroughly enjoyed by this true lover of her art, as also are the tossings and fresh breezes, while, rolled up in Highland plaids, she drinks tea afloat; and the rest after the day's exertions, with a good Highland supper ashore. Some of her camera expeditions are made on pony-back.

The Society make it a feature of their annual displays to show the artistic creations of women of any period—a very practical and attractive method of comparison between ancient and modern Art, as well as source of information as to the progress and development, or otherwise, of the ideals of each generation represented.



AN INDIAN DOORWAY.
(By Mrs. Murray Cookesley.)

MARY HIRST ALEXANDER.

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My First Sermon.

By THE REV. JAMES C. BREWITT.

(*Ex-President of the United Methodist Free Churches.*)

ONE Saturday afternoon in the month of March, 1862, a good minister came to the shop in which I was serving as an apprentice. My calling was that of chemist and druggist. The shop and the town, Spalding, have little altered since then, and my master still lives, doing goodly service, although bent by the weight and covered by the snows of more than fourscore years. A little chapel in the village of Cowbit, well known to the skating fraternity, needed some one to take the service on the following afternoon. In spite of remonstrance the good minister left the responsibility with me, and went his way.

Without text or sermon, and without any knowledge of making one, the burden pressed upon me. Whilst attending to my calling, the text came. On the Sunday afternoon with great fear I found my way to the village. Passing the parish church, where about a dozen lads and young men were loitering, one of them said, "There goes the Methodist preacher." Having arrived at the chapel and announced to the official that Mr. B—— was too ill to take the service, with solemn visage he conducted me to the pulpit.

The service began in the usual way, and before the prayer, the village lads, who had declared me to be "The Methodist Preacher," came in. I prayed for them specially. In due course I gave out my text—"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." My introduction was a few words on the differences existing in St. Paul's two letters to the church in Corinth. My two points were—

I.—Salvation needed.

II.—Time for salvation—now.

I spoke about 20 minutes. Excitement prevented me breaking down. Walking home with a man of years, he asked, "How long have you been preaching?" "Not long," was the reply. "Are you an Independent?" "No." "A Baptist, then?" "No." "What are you?" "A Free Methodist," I replied. Said the man, "But I never heard of you before!" To which I replied, "That is very probable." Not content, the good man asked, "Why don't you stop and take the night service?" The astonishment of the man was great, and his questioning ceased when I said, "I could not stay, for all the sermons I have you have heard." We walked in silence for a time, and then turning to me he said, with some emphasis, "I thought you were an old hand!"

REV. JAMES C. BREWITT.

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An Hour with Dean Farrar.

By WILLIAM SIDEBOTHAM.

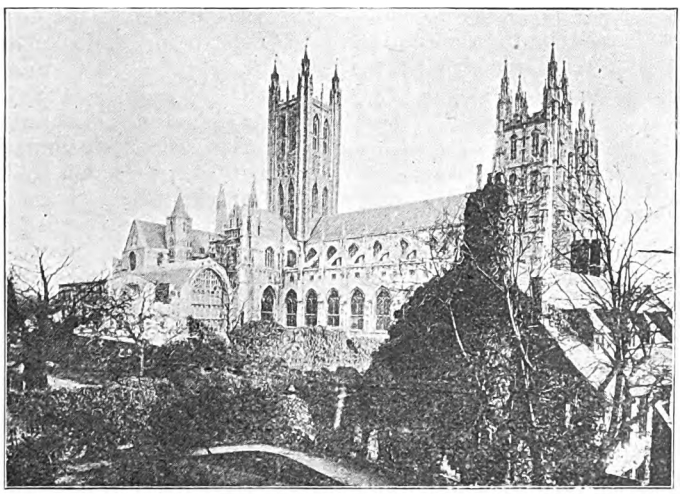
THE question is often asked, "Who is our greatest and most popular preacher?" If a *plebescite* were taken on the point it is probable that the present Dean of Canterbury would be assigned a very prominent place by the public voice. For about twenty years he was, in addition to being Archdeacon of Westminster, Rector of St. Margaret's—more popularly known as the House of Commons' Church—and succeeded by his intellectual precedency in attracting immense congregations, comprising all classes of society, from peers of the realm to the poorest people in his large parish. He had previously been one of the assistant masters at Harrow under Dr. Vaughan and his successor Dr. Butler. He subsequently held with great distinction the Head-mastership of Marlborough College, and among other important positions he has occupied are: Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge, Bampton Lecturer at Oxford, and Select Preacher at both these Universities, besides being one of her Majesty's chaplains in ordinary.

He has written numerous philological and theological works, which have had a permanent influence on our national habits of thought and expression, and in his earlier years he wrote several works of fiction.

I was recently favoured with an interview with the eminent *litterateur* and theologian, and succeeded in obtaining some interesting information for the readers of the TEMPLE MAGAZINE as to his home life and surroundings at Canterbury—that venerable city where Christianity in England had its birth.

Nor is this all its claim, for, as Dean Stanley points out, "from the Christianity here established has flowed by direct consequence—first, the Christianity to Germany; then, after a long interval, to North America; and lastly, we may trust, in time to all India and all Australia.

"The view from St. Martin's Hall is indeed one of the most inspiriting that can be found in the world; there is none to which I would more willingly take anyone who doubted whether a small beginning could lead to a great and lasting good; none which carries us more vividly back into the past or more hopefully forward to the future."



Photograph by CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL. *Colborne Canterbury.*

The Deanery is situated on the eastern side of the Green

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Court, which is entered by the Prior's Gate, where, from a porch opening from the infirmary cloister (now known as the Dark Entry), was formerly the great outer court of the monastery. The fine trees and turf contrast admirably with the ancient buildings by which the court is surrounded. The scene is, indeed, a remarkable one; and it is stated by those who are competent to give an opinion, that the precincts of no great church or cathedral either in this country or on the Continent are more striking or more beautiful. On every side are the ancient buildings which are hallowed by the memories of the past; here formerly existed the dormitories, refectory, butteries, kitchen, and cellars of the monks, together with the chambers for hospitality, built by Prior Chillenden, about the year 1400.

The Deanery is formed, for the most part, from the edifice called the New Lodging, built as an hospitium for guests by Prior Goldstone in 1495. It at first contained many "chambers, dining halls and solars," and was chosen by the first Dean, Nicholas Wootton, as his residence. The interior has, however, been altered from time to time. From the Deanery a commanding view of the Cathedral is obtained, and the student of history, as he gazes at the stately edifice, cannot but recall the important events which have taken place there since the landing of Augustine: the conversion of Ethelbert, the crowning, marriage and burial of England's Kings, and the murder of Thomas à Becket, which inspired those pilgrimages which were regarded throughout the middle ages as a mark of especial piety. Chaucer in the prologue to his "Canterbury Tales," sings:

"Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And Palmers for to seeken straunge strondes
To ferne halwes, Kouthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every schires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy blissful martir for to seeke,
That hem have holpen whan that they were seeke."

When I called at the Deanery, Dr. Farrar had not returned from officiating at the morning service in the Cathedral. I was shown into his study, and while waiting had the opportunity to "look round." It is a large room, most handsomely and artistically furnished; there are books, rare editions and in various languages, in bookcases along the two principal walls of the room; beautiful oil paintings, the chief of which are portraits of some of the former deans; and tables containing choice curios from all parts of the world.

A flood of sunlight enters the room by two large mullioned windows, in one of which Dr. Farrar sits at his table when engaged in literary work. I saw the tall and erect figure of the Dean coming along the garden path. He was carrying a bible under his arm, and was attired in his white surplice and doctor's hood, and was wearing a college cap. A few minutes later he entered the room and greeted me most cordially. On stating the object of my visit, he modestly remarked: "I am afraid I cannot give you much information, but I will do what I can for you."

By way of opening the conversation I observed: "I should be glad if you would give me some reminiscences of your early life."

"That subject is too large for me to refer to in detail," he said, "but I may briefly state that my education began at a small Latin Grammar School at Aylesbury. I then went to the Isle of Man to live with my parents, and was a student at King William's College. My parents only stayed in the island for a year, and when they returned to India I became a boarder at the College.

"I remained there until I was sixteen, when my father was appointed to the charge of the Parish of St. James's, Clerkenwell. I again went to reside with my parents, and became a student at King's College, in the Strand.

"After being there for three years I was fortunate to obtain the Matriculation Scholarship and also the B.A. Scholarship at the London University, gaining the first prize at both examinations.

"I then proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where I gained the Chancellor's prize for English Verse and the Le Bas Classical Prize. I became also Norrisian Prizeman, and was eventually elected a Fellow. While I was studying at Trinity, Bishop Cotton asked me to help him at Marlborough College, and after graduating, I went there, taking charge of the sixth form. One of the first boys under my charge, whom I took a special interest in at Marlborough, is now Archbishop of Sydney, another is the present Archbishop of Glasgow."

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"What led you to take Holy Orders, may I ask?"

"It was always my intention to enter the Church. I was ordained deacon in 1854 by the Bishop of Salisbury, and three years later was admitted into priest's orders by the Bishop of Ely."

After being a short time at Marlborough College, Mr. Farrar, as he was then, was asked by Dr. Vaughan to go to Harrow, and, from first to last, he was there for sixteen years. He afterwards became head-master of Marlborough, staying there for nearly six years.

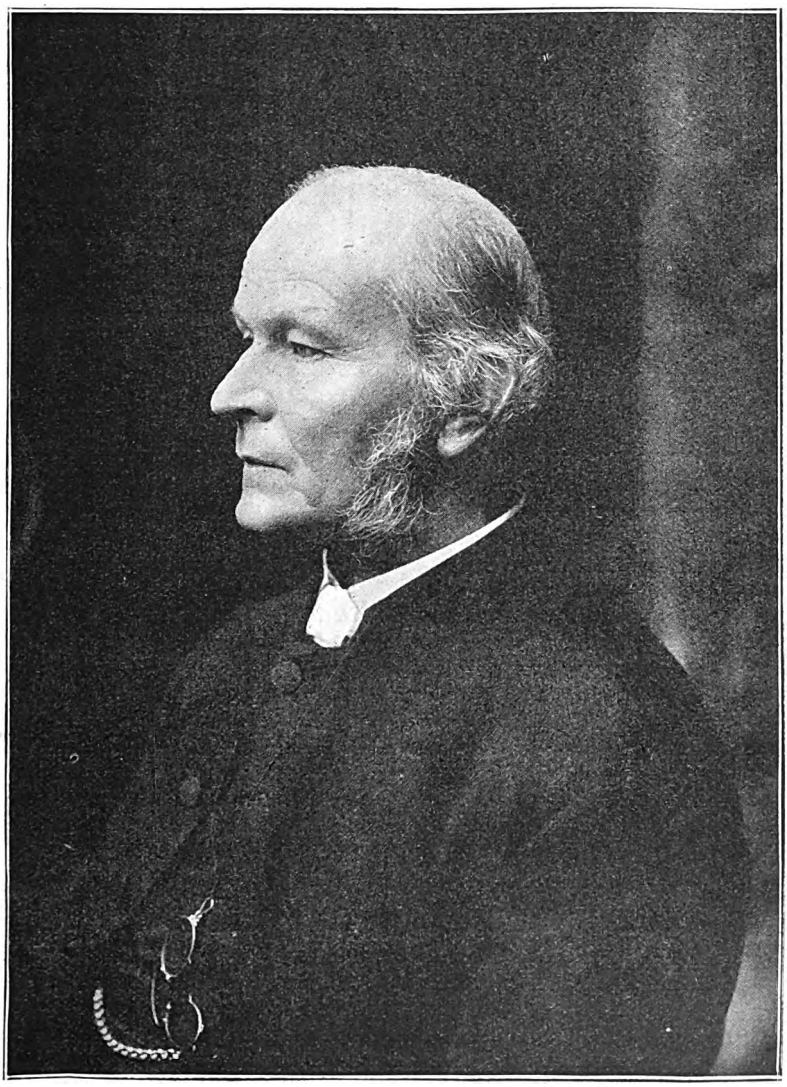
Lord Beaconsfield then offered him a canonry in Westminster Abbey, and the rectory of St. Margaret's, which he accepted. Eventually he was appointed Archdeacon of Westminster. Some years later he became chaplain to the House of Commons, many members of which had for years attended St. Margaret's.

Dr. Farrar spoke with affection of his old parish, saying: "I spent nineteen very happy and active years at Westminster. The parish, always an interesting one, was, when I became rector, very different from what it is now; it contained a great many slums which have since been demolished; but I had an army of most excellent workers, including a staff of admirable curates (among whom was my son Eric, who is now vicar of Hoxton), who rendered invaluable aid in attending to the spiritual needs of my parishioners."

"I suppose during the time you were at Harrow and Marlborough you had under your charge a number of boys who have since become distinguished in the Church and in other walks of life?"

"Yes; seven or eight are now Bishops; a number are members of Parliament; and others have become prominent in other ways."

The battle for educational reform has for many years been raging in academical circles. Lord Rosebery, in his Rectorial



Photograph by THE VERY REV. DEAN FARRAR, D.D. *Colborne, Canterbury.*

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Address to the students of Glasgow University, lamented the fact that the most illustrious of our public schools have no modern side. He pointed out that both Oxford and Cambridge still exact their dole of Latin and Greek, and expressed the opinion that from an Imperial point of view, having regard to the changed conditions of the world, this was neither necessary, adequate, nor wise. The ex-Premier conceded Latin as a training instrument and a universal language; but in regard to Greek, while admitting

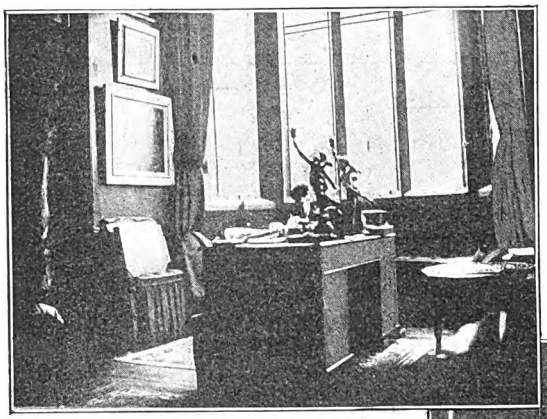
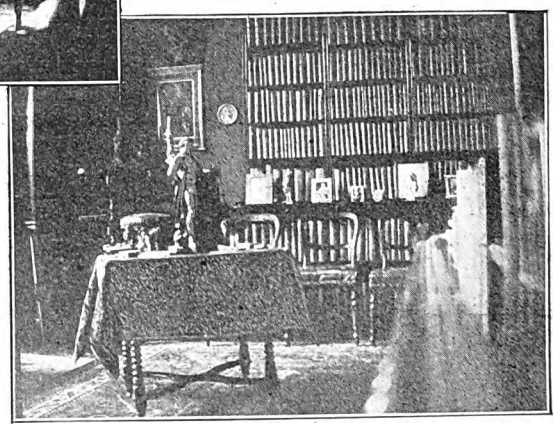


TABLE IN THE STUDY AT WHICH THE DEAN COMPOSES HIS SERMONS.
Photograph by the Author.

that it enshrined perhaps the noblest of literatures, and that to learned men it was a necessity, he deprecated the idea that it was the imperative equipment of the ordinary youth of the nineteenth century, who had so many other things to learn in order to be equal to his age. He added that when our national ignorance of foreign languages had become not merely a by-word, but almost a commercial disaster, we might reconsider part of our educational apparatus.

As a distinguished man of letters and as one who had had the control of a large public school, I asked Dr. Farrar what his views were on this subject, and he replied: "Latin and Greek are, for a large number of boys, invaluable, because they are the key to the highest ancient history of the world. They are great languages in themselves, besides possessing the most splendid literatures. But when I was a master at Harrow, I very strongly opposed the wasting of time of a large number of boys who had no capacity for the study. I also in 1868 delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution urging that science should be introduced into our schools. A committee was afterwards formed which included myself, Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndal, and Archdeacon Wilson, and we drew up a report on the subject of scientific education, and I spoke on the subject at a meeting of the British Association in the same year. That was really the beginning of a very great impulse towards introducing science into the curriculum of our schools. There is now scarcely a single grade school which has not got its science master. When I went to Marlborough one of the first things I did was to appoint a science master. A large number of the boys took up the study with most beneficial results."

This naturally led me to ask the Dean, in view of the claim put forward by certain persons that



Photograph by THE STUDY. *the Author.*

science is antagonistic to religion, what his views were on the subject. His eyes sparkled and he replied with vehemence that those who taught such a doctrine as that were either very ignorant or were possessed of very shallow minds, adding that "science is the interpretation of the laws of God's universe; it deepens our belief in everything that is lofty and ennobling, and it increases the knowledge of our conception of God and religion."

One of the most eloquent and original preachers of our time, and displaying in his sermons the ripest scholarship, Dean

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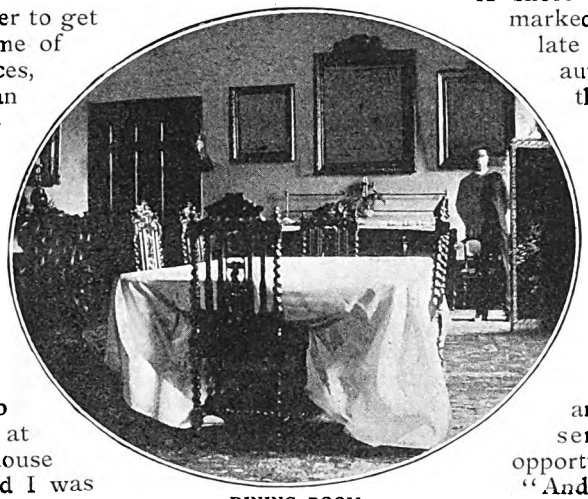
Farrar also possesses the happy knack of adapting his discourses to the congregation he addresses. As a temperance advocate and lecturer he is unsurpassed; as a writer he has contributed to commentaries both in Greek and English editions, and has written widely on various educational subjects. In order to get him to relate some of his early experiences, I asked the Dean whether he remembered the first sermon he preached. He smiled and said: "I preached my first sermon on the very day I was ordained at Salisbury. A clergyman who was to preach at Salisbury workhouse was taken ill, and I was asked to officiate for him. I remember it was a Christmas day, and that very afternoon I went to the workhouse and delivered my first sermon."



DINING ROOM.
Photograph by the Author.

"Have you any idea as to the number of sermons you have preached?"

"No, but ever since I was ordained, except in the holidays, there have been very few Sundays for a period of about forty-five years on which I have not preached. I have also preached on weekdays, besides delivering numerous speeches and addresses. I have preached in every cathedral in England except three — Carlisle, Exeter, and Lichfield. In regard to these three, I have often been asked to preach there, but owing to various causes I have been prevented. I have also preached in almost every great city in England and several in Scotland; also at the chief universities in both England and Scotland. At Canterbury I do not officiate so often. According to the statute, a Dean has only to preach three sermons a year, but I preach much more frequently than that, and I am constantly called upon to go elsewhere."

DRAWING ROOM.
Photograph by the Author.

"A short time ago" I remarked, "I read in the late Mr. Spurgeon's autobiography that the famous preacher used to devote a certain portion of each Saturday to the preparation of his sermons. Do you adopt a similar method?"

"No, my time is very limited, and I write my sermons whenever opportunity offers."

"And now as to your books. Which do you consider your *magnum opus?*"

"Oh, undoubtedly the "Life of Christ," which reached its twelfth edition in a single year. A remarkable feature of this work is that there have been two separate translations in Russia; it has also been translated into French, Swedish, Norwegian, German, Italian, and Dutch. Many of my other works have also been very popular both at home and abroad."

"But what about the works of fiction you have written?"

"You mean the boys' stories which I wrote when I was a young man—'Eric,' and 'Julian Home.' Yes, they also have been very successful. There is scarcely a week passes in which I do not receive some letters of thanks or commendation from perfect strangers who have read these books. My 'Eternal Hope' has also had a very wide circulation all over the

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world, and I constantly receive letters in regard to this book."

"Much has been said about the poverty of the clergy and the falling off in the number of persons admitted into Holy Orders. I should be glad if you will tell me what your views are as to the prospects of young men of talent who enter the Church?"

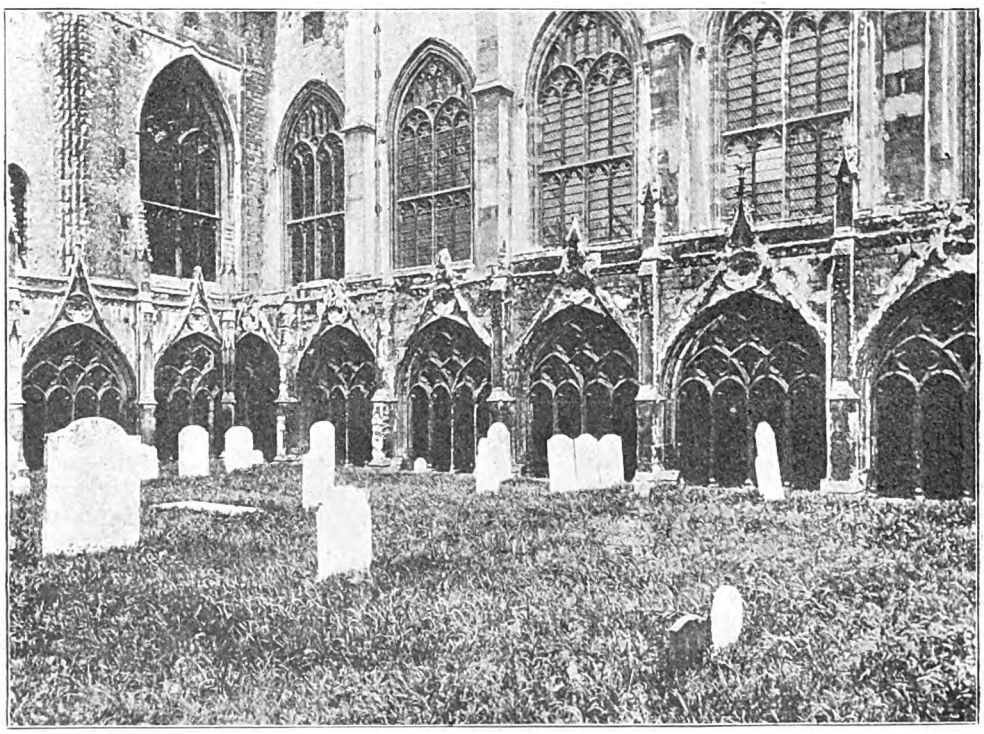
The answer of Dr. Farrar was significant. He said: "Any one who takes Holy Orders must do so from the highest possible motives. If a young man enters the Church merely to get rich he may be grievously disappointed, for he may be appointed to a country parish and stay there for years. I think the extreme poverty of some of the clergy is a very serious evil, and often leads to a vast amount of distress.

"A clergyman ought not to marry unless he sees some prospect of maintaining a family. Cases of destitute children of clergymen often come before me. We have an admirable school here—St. Edmund's—which provides education for the sons of clergymen without means. However, I think that a young man who has real ability and does his work thoroughly is not very likely to be passed over. He, in all probability, would be appointed to a living.

"One more question and I have done. What are your recreations?"

"Well," answered the Dean, with a smile, "I have not much time for recreation, and I am getting an old man. In the summer I occasionally join in the ancient game of bowls, and I sometimes play chess in the evening."

Dr. Farrar then pointed out to me the most interesting features of his beautiful home. During a period of 350 years—since the Reformation—there have been thirty-one Deans, and all their portraits, which are painted in oils, adorn the walls of the Deanery. No other cathedral has such a complete record. I was shown over the various rooms and gardens, and granted permission to take photographs of them. At the conclusion of my visit I shook hands with the Dean, and expressed my gratitude to him for his kindness in granting me the interview.



Photograph by THE CATHEDRAL CLOISTERS. *Colborne, Canterbury.*

WILLIAM SIDEBOTHAM.

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NELL'S MISTAKE.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

I.

"SHE is a dear child," said old Mr. Essendine kindly. "A little too frivolous in her tastes, perhaps; a little too much inclined to take things lightly. But, no doubt, seriousness will come with years."

"Who could think of wanting Nell to be serious?" said Richard Talbot, with a smile in his dark eyes. "She is sunshine incarnate. I would not have her changed, sir, for the world."

He was always more deferential to Mr. Essendine, the Rector of Little Easton, than to other people, and this, not because he had been the Rector's pupil in bygone years, nor even because he was betrothed to Eleanor Essendine, the Nell of whom they were speaking, and Mr. Essendine's grand-daughter, but because he had a thorough respect and liking for the dear old man, who seemed to him the perfection of a scholar and parish priest. Richard Talbot was a man who appreciated true worth whenever he encountered it; and since those days of his pupilage he had made it a frequent practice to appear at the Rectory for a Sunday or a longer holiday at Easter and Whitsuntide, pleading in excuse that it was to him the most home-like spot in all the world.

He was a barrister, with chambers in town. Everyone said that he was a rising man. He was fortunate enough to be tolerably independent of his profession, at which, however, he toiled as though it were his only means of procuring his daily bread. But at his busiest seasons Little Easton had periodical attraction for him; and it was during one of these visits that he engaged himself to Nell Essendine, who had lived with her grandparents at the Rectory since she was two years old.

"I believe he loves grandpapa and the Rectory a good deal more than me," Miss Nell had been heard to say, with a toss of her dainty head. But Richard Talbot repelled the accusation with a smile.

Nell was one of the most winsome little maidens in the world. She was twenty now, but she scarcely looked more than seventeen, for the little figure was wonderfully slight and lissome. The brown eyes smiled in company with the rosy mouth, aud the dark, short curls danced as if with glee about her broad brow and delicate pointed little face. It was not everyone who discerned that there was plenty of intelligence and thoughtfulness in the broad brow, or resolution in the curve of the pretty lips. To almost all, she appeared simply a child, happy in the pleasure of the moment but hardly grown to the full measure of her womanhood.

And Richard was a peculiarly grave and serious man; somewhat austere in manner, perhaps, somewhat more frigid than his good heart justified him in being, a lover of books and of what is best in literature and art, ten years older than Nell Essendine, and looking older than his years. Many a person said that the two were not very well fitted for each other, and wondered that the Rector and his wife were so well satisfied with the engagement. But Mr. and Mrs. Essendine understood Richard Talbot's nature, and were delighted to think that he would some day become the husband of their little Nell.

"Sunshine incarnate!" the Rector repeated slowly, when Talbot had said the words. "Well, it describes her fairly. But what if the sunshine should fade, Richard? What if tempest and storm should come?"

"I shall think of the sunshine behind the cloud, sir," said the young man with a smile, "and remember that even the clouds of life are not permanent."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not," murmured Mr. Essendine. "Yet some of them may last us all our lives."

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His fine, gentle face was overcast with a shadow that Richard could not understand.

"There is nothing wrong, I hope, sir?" he said, solicitously.

"Nothing is wrong that God sends, Richard. Still, some things are hard to bear. There is a trial coming upon me. God grant I may bear it patiently. My boy, I am fast losing my sight—I am going blind!"

Talbot uttered a shocked exclamation, and then asked a few rapid questions, the answers to which speedily convinced him that the Rector had had the best advice, and there was no possibility of mistake about the matter. No operation, no form of treatment, could avail. In a very few weeks the sight of both eyes would be gone for ever.

"But you must not say anything about it to my wife, or to Eleanor, Richard," said the Rector. "I have not told them yet. My wife knows that my sight is defective, but I have not dared to tell her that it is practically gone."

"You will have to tell them soon, sir."

"Yes, Richard, I shall. But I must take my own time. It is fortunate for me that my curate, young Gaylord, is such a capable man. He can help me a great deal. I know the service by heart, and I shall still be able to preach to my people."

Talbot was a good deal moved. He put out his hand almost involuntarily and grasped that of the elder man. "If there is anything I can do, sir, you will let me know."

"Thank you, Dick, but there is nothing. You will be kind to little Nell when she is your wife? That is all I ask."

And Dick Talbot's answer rang strong and true: "Kind to Nell, sir? I should be a brute if I were not."

They sat in silence for a little while after this, and then the Rector got up and moved away through the ivy-covered porch into the house, declining the arm which Talbot would so willingly have offered him.

"I can find my way as yet, Richard. By-and-by I may be glad of your help," the old man said.

And Richard sat down again on the bench upon the little terrace above the lawn, and wondered whether Nell knew anything about the misfortune which hung over the Rector's head.

She was flitting about in her white gown in the rose-garden beyond the lawn. And as the sun sank in a golden flood of glory, and the heavy scents of the tall white lilies and damask roses were wafted to Richard's nostrils, he was saying to himself, half-impatiently:

"She does not know. She does not guess what the poor old man is feeling. Is he right? Is she merely a child—too young, too shallow, perhaps, to grasp the meaning of life?"

He was ashamed of himself a moment later, as she came towards him with shining eyes and a great bunch of roses in her hand.

"I saw that grandpapa had left you alone," she said. "I waited until he had gone; he does so like a talk with you, Dick, dear."

She generally called him Dick. It had always been his name in those far-off days when Mr. Essendine had coached him for his examinations, and Nell had been only a plaything of a tiny girl. Somehow the name seemed less appropriate now.

"Have you not noticed that he is looking very sad, Nell?" he asked her, rather wistfully.

"Well, now you mention it," said Nell brightly, "I think he has been a little down in the mouth of late. What is the matter with him, poor old dear? It must be the prospect of losing me, don't you think so?"

Richard did not answer. He was a little jarred by Nell's manner. Perhaps, in spite of his declaration that he would not have her other than herself, he did feel at that moment as if she ought to be more serious. Yet, how could she know, poor child, that her grandfather had such trouble hanging over him? He reproached himself for his momentary impatience, and turned towards her with a caressing gesture and a smile.

"Who would not be sad at the prospect of losing you?" he said; and Nell laughed happily, as though she had not a trouble in the world.

But when he was gone, and the rosy glory of sunset was fading into the twilight of a summer's night, she stood gazing out across the garden and into the purple distance with a new thoughtfulness, a new, strange gravity upon her delicate little face.

"What is it?" she said to herself. "What makes him speak to me as if I were only a child? I feel sometimes as

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if he thought, as grandpapa thinks, that I am not in earnest about anything. Ah, well, some day they will know better. And after all," she added with a smile at her own complaint, "after all, it is better that I should laugh and joke and try to keep people merry than to sit down and weep, because Dick looks on me as a baby and grandpapa thinks me frivolous. I wonder what the oculist said to grandpapa about his eyes? Does he think I have not noticed how blind he is getting? Oh, of course, they think I never see anything, but that is *their* mistake."

And again Nell laughed rather ruefully, but there were tears in her eyes.

When she stepped into the old-fashioned little drawing-room, where her grandparents were sitting, however, her smile was as bright, her voice as joyous as ever.

"Did you think I was lost?" she said. "I have been for a run round the garden before settling down to read to you, grandpapa. And I shall read you a very interesting story-book to-night; for Margaret will read you all the grave and sober things when she comes next week, so we won't begin them now."

"Ah! child," said Mrs. Essendine, shaking her pretty grey head at the girl, "I wish you were like Margaret."

"You forget that Margaret is several inches taller than I am, grandmamma," said Nell good-humouredly. "I could not possibly live up to that height of wisdom"; and then she began to read.

NELL JUST CAUGHT THE SOUND OF RICHARD'S LAUGHING REPLY.

Her friend, Margaret Landor, who was about to pay the Rectory a visit, was the daughter of a clergyman who had lately left the neighbourhood and accepted a London living. The Landors had always been on friendly, even intimate, terms with the Essendines, and the visit that Margaret was to pay them had been arranged long beforehand. Otherwise, Nell could almost have wished that a comparative stranger had not been coming to the house just then, for her grandfather's depression and coming blindness, and her grandmother's increasing weakness of health, were matters to which Nell was quite alive, although she did not choose to betray her knowledge to the outer world.

But when Margaret arrived, Nell began to think she had been churlish in wishing her guest away. Margaret was a comfort in the house and not a trouble. She seemed to know by instinct what to say and what to do. She even understood Nell and Nell's difficulties in a marvellous way. Once she came up to the girl, laid her arm around Nell's shoulders, and kissed her softly upon the brow. "Poor

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Nell!" she said. "Poor little girl!" And the sob that rose in Nell's throat would not let her reply.

It was just then that the blow fell. Mr. Essendine could no longer hide from his family and friends the fact that his sight was gone. He had to he led from room to room, from house to house. It was less of a surprise to his parishioners than he had anticipated, for his failing eyes had long troubled him, and people had taken it for granted that he would soon be blind. But poor old Mrs. Essendine was curiously taken by surprise. She went out so little that she had not noticed how helpless her husband had become; and she was so distressed by the thought that he would never see her face again, nor the church he had served, and the garden-flowers he loved, that she fretted herself almost into illness, and was much more difficult than usual to please in consequence.

"Nell does not have an easy time," said Miss Landor to Richard Talbot as they walked round the garden together. They were old friends; their parents had known each other well, and both Richard and his younger brother were always welcome at the Landors' vicarage in town. Her remark seemed to surprise her companion.

"Not an easy time?" he repeated in a rather puzzled tone. "Why, she is as light-hearted and playful as a kitten."

"She is a brave little woman," said Margaret.

But Richard did not respond. He scarcely thought of Nell as a woman at all. She was his pet, his plaything—not his confidante and friend. Really Margaret was that, although he had not thought of it before.

Nell was very busy. She had to guide her grandfather's footsteps through the village, to read to him, to look out references for him by the dozen. The old Rector did not realise how much of her time he took up. Then Mrs. Essendine, who objected to paid nurses, made heavy demands on her granddaughter's strength. Nell had little leisure to bestow on Margaret, or even on Richard, who had come down to the village inn for a fortnight's holiday. She was glad that they, her visitors, were friends, for they could amuse each other. She planned excursions for them, she sent them out walking, she encouraged Richard to find his way to the rustic summer-house where Margaret often sat. And she was genuinely pleased to see how much they enjoyed each other's society.

Now and then she felt a trifle lonely. When the two old people were more than usually trying, or she had tired herself out with waiting upon them, the impulse would come upon her to lay her head on Richard's shoulder and cry her heart out in his arms. She had never done such a thing in her life, but she fancied sometimes that she would like to do it now. But she seldom had a chance of seeing Richard alone for more than a minute or two. He was walking with Margaret, reading poetry to Margaret, smoking a cigarette (Miss Landor did not object to tobacco) with Margaret at his side. There was no place for Nell.

"What a jealous little wretch I must be!" Nell cried, when she found one day that this fact gave her a stab of pain. "As if I were not pleased and proud that Richard should be kind and good to my friend! I must be degenerating sadly; I must be growing selfish and base! Be ashamed of yourself, Nell! I did not think you were quite so small-minded as you are proving yourself nowadays."

And in pursuance of her good resolutions she set herself to be so merry, so gay, so full of quips and cranks and youthful jollity, that her grave lover looked at her aghast, and the two grandparents murmured little criticisms to each other on her frivolity. The old people were very fond of Nell, but they had never loved her mother very much, and it sometimes happened that she reminded them too strongly of the woman who had won their son's heart against their will.

But Nell flagged occasionally, and felt so tired and weary that she would try to get away from everyone who knew her, and sit for a few minutes in some out-of-the-way nook, where she could recover her spirits before anyone knew that she had lost them. One of her favourite haunts was a rustic wooden seat beneath a spreading elm-tree at the extreme end of her grandfather's garden. Here the ground rose a little, and was softly carpeted with grass. Some clustering rhododendron bushes hid the seat from the house, and also from the lane which ran past the garden, so that a more secluded spot could scarcely have been found. In old days it had been a very favorite resort of Mr. Essendine's pupils, for they could

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see and hear all the persons who passed up and down the lane, while remaining themselves unseen.

Nell sat down and closed her eyes. She was not sleepy, but she wanted a moment or two of rest and peace. The sun was sinking below the horizon, and the shadows were very long. Scarcely a sound came to her ears save the twittering of birds in the trees above her head.

Footsteps were coming slowly down the lane. Two persons were speaking in low tones—lovers, probably. The lane was a favourite strolling-place with the village lads and lasses; and Nell did not even care to open her eyes in order to see the couple until, quite suddenly, a voice fell on her ear.

"We must be patient, Margaret."

Was it Richard who spoke?

"I know—I know," Margaret was saying, and there was a thrill in her voice which Nell had never heard. "But, oh, Dick, it is so hard! If I did not care so much——"

"Don't cease to care, dear," said Richard, very gently—and Nell's straining eyes could see that he had taken Margaret's hand within his own—"don't cease to love. Matters must right themselves in time. You surely cannot think that a man could care for a flighty, frivolous creature, who has neither mind nor soul, even though he may have been caught by her for a time. It is only for the sake of appearances that this engagement has lasted so long——"

"But I could not bear to think that anyone should suffer for my sake," said Margaret.

They were passing slowly out of hearing. But Nell just caught the sound of Richard's laughing reply: "*She* suffer!" he cried, "She's not capable of it; she can neither suffer nor love as you and I can do."

The voices died into silence. Nell heard no more.

II.

She sat motionless for a time, huddled together on the bench as if for warmth, and, indeed, she felt strangely cold. What did it all mean? Was it possible that Richard and Margaret loved each other. Was it of herself that Richard spoke in such contemptuous tones? Yet, who else could it be? The phrases rang in her ears: "A flighty, frivolous creature who has neither mind nor soul." "She can neither suffer nor love as you and I can do." "It is only for the sake of appearances that the engagement has lasted so long."

"It will not last much longer," said Nell to herself, with a sharpness which came of pain. "Have they to be patient on my account? Am I to wait until Dick jilts me? I will be beforehand with him there?"

And, smarting at the remembrance of her perfect trust in Richard, of the way in which she had thrown him into Margaret's company, and the faithlessness of the friend who could sacrifice her at the first moment of temptation, Nell dragged herself homeward, and was just in time to read prayers for her grandfather, and to hear that Richard had gone back to the inn earlier than usual as he had a letter to write.

"No wonder he did not want to meet me," said she to herself, with a little natural blaze of indignation. And she felt almost sick and faint when Margaret commented on her pale looks, and asked her whether she had not caught cold with being out so late.

"I wish I could stay longer and take care of you, dear," said Miss Landor, affectionately; "but you see I *must* go up to town to-morrow, and Richard Talbot is so kind as to say that he will escort me."

"He had better see me first!" flashed out Nell; and then she coloured hotly and tried to soften down her words. "I mean – he never said that he was going away so soon; and I want—I want——"

"A good long chat with him? Of course you do," said Margaret; and Nell hated her for her sympathetic tone. "We do not think of going until the afternoon train, so there will be plenty of time, and I will read to Mr. Essendine in the morning, if you like."

She could not understand why Nell looked so white and strange, and turned such a cold cheek to her nightly kiss; but Margaret had many things of her own to make her anxious at that moment, and it did not occur to her that Nell's pallor had any particular reason beyond a physical one.

So they separated, and Nell spent the night in wakefulness and tears. At first she wept passionately, but later the tears flowed more gently, and were less bitter

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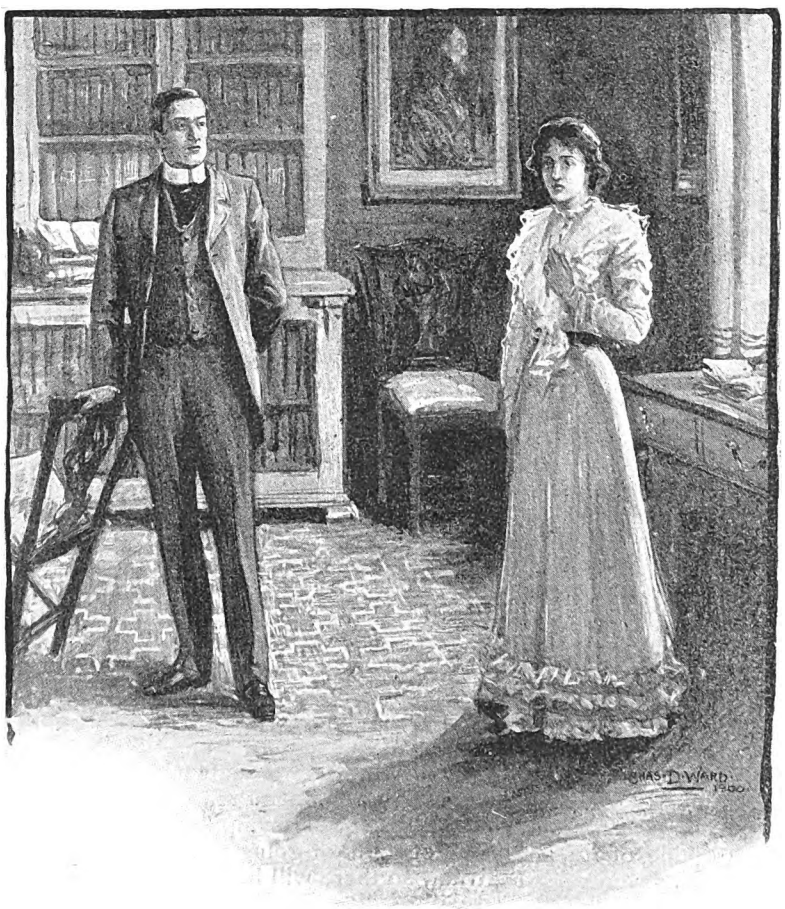
and resentful. It came to her mind that it was a better thing to know now that Richard did not love her than to find it out after marriage. "If I had been his wife, and found out that he had not cared for me, what *should* I have done?" she said to herself. "And, perhaps, after all, he is right. I am not worthy of him. Margaret is far more fit to be his wife than I shall ever be. Why should I be angry



"MISS ESSENDINE! NELL, DO YOU MEAN TO THROW ME OVER?"

because he loves someone better than myself? It is very selfish of me," said Nell, her tears again flowing at the thought; but the real sweetness of her nature prevailing more and more over her first hurt and angry sensation, "but I have fancied lately that I was growing very wickedly selfish, and now I know it. I will try at least to do what is right. How lonely it will be when Richard goes away and never comes back again!"

She thought of the weary days that stretched before her, of the ever-increasing solitude of her life with the two old people that were her care, and her heart sank at the prospect. By-and-bye a little gleam of comfort stole in: she remembered her own helpless condition as a tiny orphan child, and the kindness and affection with which her grandparents had received her into their home: it was her turn now to give them as much love and tenderness as she could and thus to make some sort of return for their goodness to her. She had already experienced certain qualms of feeling on this subject; she had wondered whether it would ever be possible for her to leave the Rector and his wife to the careless attentions of servants—now it seemed as if the way were opening out for her to remain with them as long as they needed her.

"Perhaps that is God's will for me," said Nell, staring into the darkness with wide-open, aching eyes. She had her serious thoughts, her lofty aspirations, this light-hearted little girl, whom people called frivolous. She would hardly be frivolous again, she reflected. How could she look gay and cheerfnl when she had thus learnt the meaning of loss and sorrow aye, and of treachery, too?

In spite of all efforts to obliterate the signs of her tears, it was a very woebegone, white-faced Nell who confronted Richard Talbot next morning, when, in accordance with her request, he met her in the Rector's

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library." Why, child, what is the matter?" he said, in his kindly voice.

"Don't call me 'child' please," she responded, with downcast eyes. "I am a woman really, you know, although you seem to think that I am so very young. And I wanted to tell you that I—I have changed my mind. I would rather not be engaged to you any longer, please, Dick. Will you let me go?"

She had spoken very childishly, and she had meant to be so staid and serious, and grown up! Richard almost smiled as he looked at her.

"My dear Nell, what folly is this?"

"It is no folly." The word put courage into her heart and words into her lips. "A woman has a right to manage her life for herself. If there is a change of feeling on—on either side, she is justified in breaking off an engagement before it is too late."

"Do you mean to say that you have ceased to love me, Nell?"

"I think it would be better if you began to call me Miss Essendine, Mr. Talbot."

"Miss Essendine! Nell, do you mean to throw me over?" said Richard, with a rather angry glint in his eye.

"I suppose that is what the world will call it."

"Ridiculous! I was afraid you were going to say your grandparents wanted you at home——"

"So they do," said Nell, quickly. "Now that they are so helpless, my duty is to stay at their side."

"There are plenty of people who could take your place with them. That cannot be the only reason. Someone must have come between us."

He spoke with astonishing heat, and Nell waited for a moment or two, the colour creeping into her cheeks, before she answered him.

"Yes," she said at last, very slowly, "someone *has* come between us. That is quite true."

Richard stiffened suddenly, and assumed a tone of extreme frigidity.

"You need not fear that I shall ever try to interpose myself between you and anyone you love. I am obliged to you for your frankness, Miss Essendine, I can only hope that you will be kinder and truer to your second choice than you have been to your first."

He bowed to her formally, and turned to leave the room. Nell stood looking after him with yearning, pitiful eyes. She could almost have found it in her heart to call him back; she longed to explain his mistake to him—to tell him that she was true and that he was false, and that it was for his own sake that she set him free. But at that moment her grandfather's stick sounded in the corridor; he was on the point of entering the library, where he would meet Richard Talbot face to face. It was too late to say anything. Nell turned and fled by another door.

So Richard Talbot went his way and pursued his own career. But he came no more to Little Easton, and he did not write to the Essendines. He had shown himself very much offended, very much hurt, Nell's grandfather told her; and the old people were extremely grieved and annoyed by the whole affair. Nell was in disgrace for a long time, but she brought her grandparents to confess at last that they would have been very miserable without her, and that she was the greatest blessing of their lives. She managed to settle down to her quiet country duties, without repining at her lot. But she found it better not to hear too much about the world outside.

"Talbot's married," someone said in her hearing one day, not knowing the history of Nell Essendine's broken engagement. "Married Miss Landor, daughter of the man who had the Chesterton living at one time. Doing very well, they say; though at one time things went wrong with him—some silly entanglement——"

Nell escaped into a crowd—she had gone with a friend to a flower show—and vowed to herself that she would never come out again. She read in newspapers of Richard Talbot's continued success, of his gaining a coveted legal appointment in Egypt, and she wondered sometimes whether his wife had gone to Cairo with him, and whether they should ever meet again.

They did. They met in a place where there was no chance of escape from each other—the deck of a Channel boat. It was a wet day, and the wind was sufficiently gusty to drive most of the passengers below. The vessel plunged and bounded like a restive steed, but Richard Talbot was a good sailor, and preferred the fresh air of the deck to the stuffy cabins and saloons. He had established himself and his belongings on a deck-chair, and was

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rather wishing for a cigar, when his attention was attracted by the movement—it seemed like a quick start, which caused a book to fall to the ground—of the passenger on the chair beside him. He picked up the book and was presenting it to its owner with a bow, when he too started—just as she had done. For he found that he was looking straight into Nell Essendine's face.

But such a face!—so changed, so white, so wasted, above the sombre black garb which she wore. He was changed too, but for the better; he was browner, more alert, less austere, perhaps, than he used to be. But Nell had changed for the worse.

Perhaps that was just why his eye softened a little as he looked at her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, involuntarily, and he saw the colour flash up into her thin face at the word. "I am afraid my things incommode you, I will remove them——"

"Oh, no. They are not in my way at all. Please sit down," said Nell, hurriedly. "I did not see who it was at first—I thought you were in Egypt."

"I am on my way to Egypt; I go by Marseilles. Are you bound for the South, Miss Essendine—at least, if——"

His eyes fell on the ungloved left hand which held the book. It bore no wedding-ring.

"Oh, yes, I am still Eleanor Essendine," said she, with a little smile. "I have been ordered abroad; I have been ill."

"I was afraid so. And—the Rector?" He began his question diffidently. He did not know whether the Rector was alive or dead.

"I have lost both my grandparents," said Nell, gravely. "My grandmother died first, about a year after your last visit to Little Easton; and my grandfather had a paralytic stroke, which made him almost childish. It was very sad to see him—but he is at rest now."

"You stayed with him? You nursed him?"

"Oh, yes."

"And nearly killed herself in the process, I suppose," he said to himself. "And then you were ill?" he said aloud.

"Yes, for a time. But it was nothing; I was only a little overworked. So I am going to the Riviera for the winter; I have some money of my own, and I shall be idle until I am well again."

"And then?"

"I don't know," she said, with sudden blankness. "You see, I have no relations, and during the last few years I have been too busy to keep up my friendships. I think I shall go back to London when I am well enough, and try my hand at slumming."

He sat dumb. He was angry with Fate, with Nell, with himself, because he could not mould life to his liking. He sat silent so long that she ventured on a question.

"How is Mrs. Talbot? I hope she is well, and that she likes Egypt."

"Mrs. Talbot? But she is not in Egypt," as if surprised by the question.

"She likes London better, perhaps?"

"Possibly, but I can't answer for her tastes. She is with her husband in Australia you see——"

"But I mean *your* Mrs. Talbot—your wife," said Nell with a nervous little laugh. "I mean Margaret Landor."

Talbot deliberately turned round and looked at her. "Do you really not know," he said, "that Margaret married my brother John?"

"And threw you over, after all?" said Nell with indignant eyes.

"You are under some mistake; I never thought of marrying Miss Landor," said Richard rather coldly. "Even when she visited the Rectory she was more than half-engaged to him. But he was, in those days, a very reckless fellow, and had been drawn into an engagement with a pretty, silly little actress, whose beauty had attracted him. I was then doing all I could to break off the connection, but I had great difficulties. We paid her a large sum of money at last to set him free. Margaret most generously forgave him, and they were married about six months after—after that visit—that unfortunate visit of mine to the Rectory."

How white she had grown! She looked almost ready to faint, and yet there was a strange little smile upon her lips.

"I beg your pardon," she faltered. "I made a mistake."

Richard Talbot kept dead silence for a minute or two. A perfectly new idea had entered his brain, and rather stunned him by its force.

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"You thought I wanted to marry Margaret? Did you think so at the Rectory that year?"

His voice had grown harsh and strained, but it was no longer cold.

"Yes, I did. I overheard you, accidentally, Richard," the name slipped out before she was aware, "and I thought you spoke of me."

"Of you!"

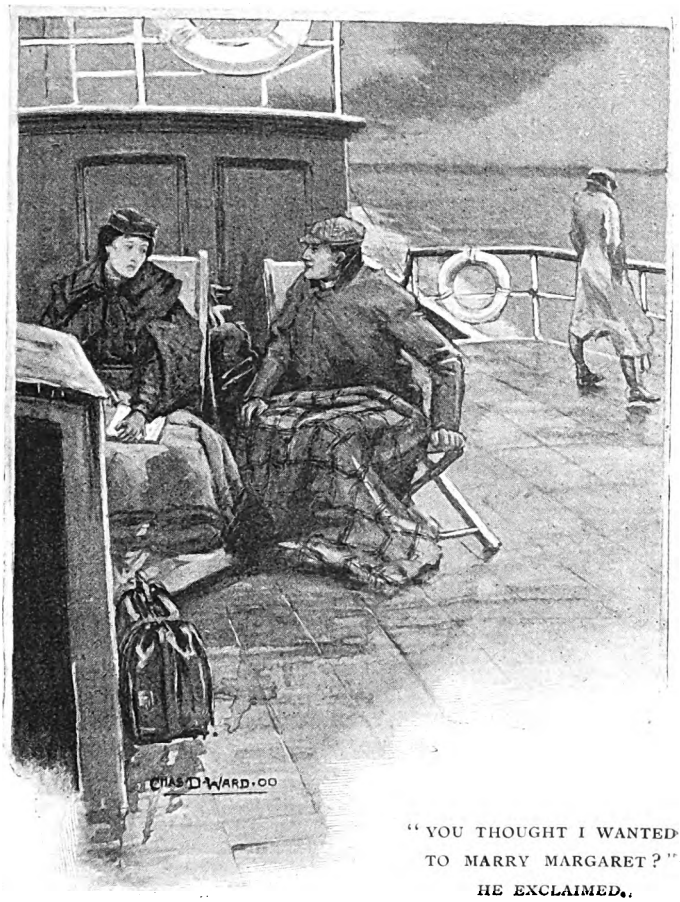
"Yes, of breaking an engagement, which had lasted so long only because of appearances——"

"I was speaking of John's wretched little actress. *How* could it apply to you?"

"You said she could not love or suffer—as you and Margaret could."

"Nell! Nell! is it true? You were jealous?" cried Richard, with a passionate rapture in his tone.

"I thought you were tired of me. I tried to set you free," said Nell softly.



"YOU THOUGHT I WANTED TO MARRY MARGARET?" HE EXCLAIMED.

"But what about the other man?"

"There was no other man, Dick. I thought Margaret had come between us, that was all."

"I have never loved anyone but you, Nell. Can you care for me still?"

"O Dick, I have been so lonely," Nell Essendine replied; and under the rug that was folded round her knees Dick Talbot's hand grasped hers in token of the love that was never to fail her for the rest of her mortal days.

And Nell did not go to the Riviera after all. She went to Cairo instead.

[THE END.]

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Four-Footed Philanthropists.

SOME DOGS WHO HELP TO MAINTAIN FATHERLESS CHILDREN.

By JOHN BELL.

THE railway dog has long been recognised as an institution. He hangs about stations, makes it his business to scrape acquaintance with every man and boy about the place, and is particularly anxious to keep on good terms with the porters.

There is no particular reason why he should regard himself as a permanent member of the station staff. He has no defined duties. He likes the place, the men, and, best of all, the morsels of bread and meat flung to him at meal times. That is all.

But there is another kind of railway dog—the railway collecting dog, who, it seems to me, is not so well known as he should be to those who do not happen to find themselves on his beat. For a dog who has certain duties to perform, who realises the significance of his work, and takes a real pleasure in doing it, is a dog to know.

I have made it my business to seek acquaintance with some of these dogs—with Tim at Paddington, London Jack at Waterloo, Bournemouth Nell, Basingstoke Jack, and Southampton Gyp, all of whom are cognisant of their exalted mission, and mighty proud, as is evidenced by their wagging tails when they hear the rattle of coins in the boxes on their backs. All these dogs are doing admirable work, copying as far as possible the brilliant example set before them by the prince of railway collecting dogs, Help, who long since finished his course and was laid to rest with all the honours befitting a dog who had laboured so unweariedly in the service of his masters — the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.

Help's record was indeed a noble one, and justifies the monument to his memory in Brighton Station. The dog's body was interred, but his skin was saved, and Help, in his habit as he lived, occupies a glass case, serving as a reminder to the philanthropic of what a dog can do in the

HELP'S MONUMENT AT BRIGHTON STATION.
Photograph by D. Blagrove & Son, 72, High Street, Lewes.

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cause of the fatherless. Help hailed from Scotland. He was a collie, bred by Mr. W. Riddell, of Haddington, and became a collecting dog through the instrumentality of the Rev. Dr. Macleod. The idea of getting a dog to collect on behalf of the orphans of railway servants killed in the performance of their duty originated with Mr. John Climpson, the guard of the night boat train on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway. The venerable Dr. Macleod was made acquainted with the project; he took kindly to it, and looked amongst his friends. Help was the result of his enquiries.

What a labour of love to Mr. John Climpson, now enjoying his pension, was the training of Help for his duties! There never was a more patient trainer, and in justice to Help it must be said that there never was a more obedient dog. He had no antics, was a very proper dog, sober and demure, with a great liking for children, as was only natural, since his mission in the life allotted to him was to help bairns who had lost their fathers. When off duty he liked nothing better than to romp with children and had frequent opportunities for this diversion in the course of his itineraries throughout the United Kingdom. Every railway man was his guardian and friend. His love for black corduroy and buttons was indeed ineradicable, and he would follow without leading any railway servant after a few hours' acquaintance.

TIM, WHO COLLECTS AT PADDINGTON STATION.
Photo by R. E. Dukes, Buller Road, Kensal Rise.

Help came into the world in 1878; he left it in 1891, but not before he had collected over a thousand pounds for the A.S.R.S. Orphan Fund. He travelled all over British and Irish railways, being invariably in charge of a guard. But he knew the Brighton line best, and Guard Climpson best of all guards. For a long time his weekly takings were over five pounds a week, and the sale of the song in praise of his work written by his trainer, and composed by H. Schallehn, also added to his receipts. The chorus was irresistible:—

My name is Help, the collie dog,
And I travel on the rail,
To canvass for the Orphan Fund
In slow train or the mail.
My post is trusty, you must know
The cause is good and true,
And worthy of the kind support
Which I now ask of you.

Help not only had a song in his honour; there were Help brooches, and Help watch pendants, which had a large sale amongst railway men and their wives and daughters.

Knowing the value of the dog, his masters used him well. He had a lengthy period of rest between each journey. He often made his home in London with Mr. Henry Mady in St. Luke's. And there he was at home, frisking with the children, as though he was one of the family by prescriptive right.

But every dog has his day. Poor Help, the railway dog of England, grew old like all of us. The time came when his masters considered that he had worked sufficiently long—that he had earned his right to spend the winter of his days away from the shriek of engines and the bustle of railway stations. And so he was sent to Newhaven, in the charge of a shepherd, to roam about the fields at his own sweet will. He liked the change, but he often yearned for the sight of his white-headed trainer, and of the men in black corduroy hurrying along station platforms. There was great lamentation

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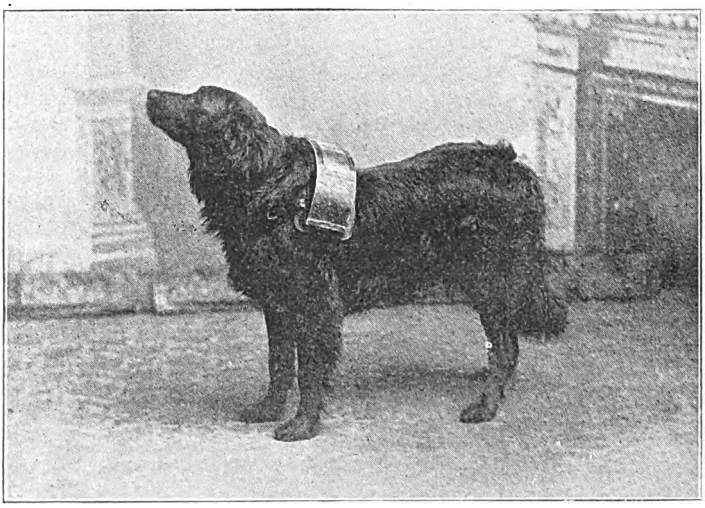
when he died. Children cried over his loss, and the railway servants of the United Kingdom felt that, as a collecting dog, they would never see his like again.

Twelve months after Help departed this life there came before the notice of the philanthropic public another railway collecting dog whose name at the present time, the heyday of his usefulness, is one to conjure with. I refer to Tim, the collecting dog at Paddington. For the last eight years Tim has been an institution at this busy terminus. He is an Irishman with a dash of the canny Yorkshireman about him. That is to say, he is an Irish and Airedale terrier. He has all the vivacity and drollery of the former, and the perspicacity and shrewdness indigenous to the county of broad acres.



SOUTHAMPTON GYP.
Photograph by E. Mentor & Co., Southampton.

Originally Tim belonged to a Great Western guard, who gave him to his present master, Inspector Bush. He was then thirteen months old, and in a weakly condition. It was some time before his new master could bring him round. But as soon as the dog became himself again, Inspector Bush saw possibilities in him. "There's money in that dog," thought the Inspector, who has been forty years in the service of the Great Western Company, thirty having been spent at Paddington—"there's money in that dog for the widows and orphans of our poor fellows who may lose their lives." The prophecy has been justified. There has been money in Tim—something to the tune of £700.

I cultivated Tim's acquaintance one sunny afternoon when the bustle at Paddington was greater than usual. The arrival platforms were strewn with luggage belonging to people who were just returning from holiday-making. It was a busy day for Tim. He had just returned from his holidays—enforced holidays, for he had been a little off colour, the result of the heat wave. He walked up and down the platforms as the trains came in, went the rounds of the waiting rooms, and comported himself as though he was the chief police inspector at the station. Only once did he lose his dignity, and give way to the curiosity of his kind. It was when he came in contact with a paper bag on the platform. Visions of ham sandwiches rose before him, and he applied his nose to the bag. But he got nothing; there was nothing; and when this fact became apparent to him, he stalked away, ashamed, as I thought, of his temporary aberration from the path of duty.

Tim is no ordinary collecting dog. He is intensely patriotic, most fervently loyal as befits a dog who has been privileged to have more than one audience of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen. When this fact is borne in mind need it excite the least wonder that his collecting box is decorated with the red, white and blue?

Thrice last year did the Queen show her high appreciation of himself and his mission. The month of May must ever remain a memorable one with him. It happened to be the month in which the son of Mr. W. Waldorf Astor, the American millionaire, attained his majority. Mr. Astor knew Tim, knew his worth and work, and clinched his friendship with him and also commemorated his son's majority by presenting to the Great Western railwaymen's fund through the dog himself a cheque for £200. One can imagine

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the surprise of Inspector Bush when he emptied Tim's box at the end of his day's labour—his best day's work.

It was during this same month that Tim was presented to the Queen by special command. A telegram from Windsor commanded him to be in readiness to enter Her Majesty's saloon carriage on her arrival at Paddington. Tim was duly led into the presence of his Sovereign by his master. The Queen patted him tenderly, said kindly words to him, and placed a bright sovereign in his box. Now Tim has a way of his own of showing gratitude for a special contribution. He does it by standing on his hind legs and giving three barks, short, sharp, and vigorous. But being a wise dog—almost human, as his master truly believes—he did not dare to bark in the presence of his Queen. It was an occasion when respectful homage was required; and so he swung his head from one side to the other, and then let it rest on the floor of the carriage for a brief space. That was his bow.

The audience did not end with the Queen dropping a sovereign into his box.

"I hope he is treated kindly," said her Majesty to Inspector Bush

"He is treated with every consideration, your Majesty."

The Queen smiled.

The dog and his master were about to leave the Royal presence when her Majesty, still smiling, said:

"Wait a minute, the Princess wants to give him something."

Princess Henry of Battenberg, pleased to note the kindly face of her august mother wreathed in smiles, also extended her patronage to Tim. Then her little daughter, Princess Ena, tripped forward and dropped a coin into the dog's box. The little Princess's brother, Prince Maurice, not to be behindhand, also made Tim's box heavier.

It was indeed a great day for Tim, and a further honour was in store for him, for her Majesty accepted his portrait, taken from the same negative as the picture of him which I reproduce. The Queen was much interested in the portrait, and moved nearer the window of the carriage, so that she might see it better.

Of all the dogs engaged in collecting, whether for railway employés' funds, hospitals, or lifeboats, probably none has had such an adventurous career as London Jack, who does business at Waterloo, and goes to other places where he thinks he can lend a helping hand. Jack, like Help, hails from beyond the Tweed. Probably this fact accounts for his keenness, for his trainer and custodian, Mr. W. D. Wickens, of Hartingdon-street, South Lambeth, will tell you that there is not a more willing worker than he is. You will have to travel far before you meet with a dog who more jealously guards his money once he has collected it.

Here is an anecdote showing his sensibility of his responsible position. When Jack's box becomes unduly heavy, he knows that copper has been plentiful, and he scurries to the stationmaster's office in order to get relieved of his load. Before access can be had to the stationmaster's office, a clerk's office has to be passed through. Jack's box is taken from his back in the clerk's office. He watches it with eagle eye—never allows it to pass out of his sight; in fact, he is close on the heels of the clerk who takes it to the stationmaster. Jack sees his box unlocked and emptied with his own eyes; and having assured himself that everything is right, he scampers away to his post of duty.

Jack achieved world-wide fame in the month of August, 1899. The newspapers told the story of how he was lost for a month and three days, decoyed away by dog stealers, and how he was found; but the true inwardness of the tale has yet to be narrated. In consequence of his being the instrument of running the Chelsea dog stealers to earth, London Jack became covered with glory. But the glory has been at the expense of his health, for he has never been himself since, and even now he is under more than one skilled veterinary surgeon. During his incarceration, his prison being a small back yard, where, with numerous other dogs, he was chained up night and day, he caught cold in the lungs which it is feared are permanently affected. Besides having the best veterinary attendance he has had a holiday at Ryde. He made many friends in the Isle of Wight, and was fêted and petted by the children who showed their love for him and his noble work by spending their coppers upon him in sponge cakes. The brightness returned to Jack's eyes; his step was more nimble, and he wagged his tail gaily as much as to say "I am all right again." But he is

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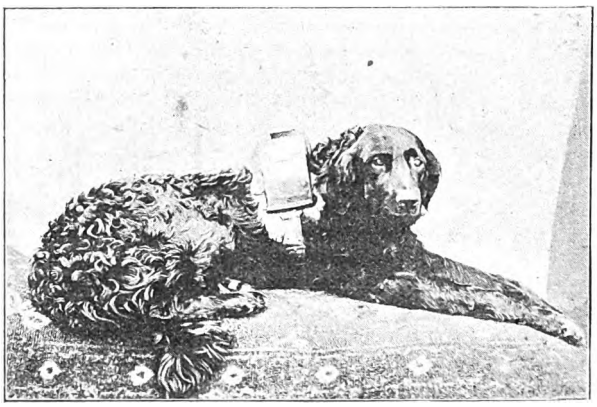
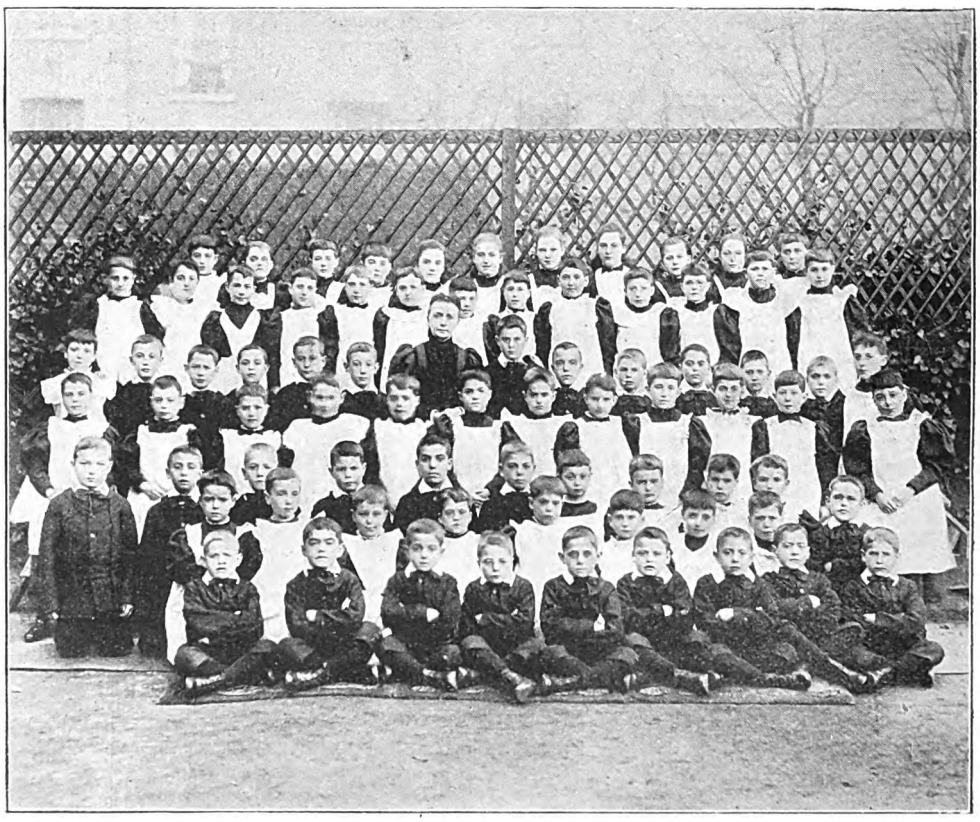
not all right, and his considerate trainer and his wife fear that he will never completely recover from the effects of the treatment he received at the dog stealers' hands.



LONDON JACK, THE ORPHANS' FRIEND.
Photograph by H. Holbrook, Battersea.

He has, however, not left off work. Far from it. He can collect between two and three pounds at Waterloo any Saturday. In spite of his illness the present year has been a record time for him. The war in South Africa has had injurious effects on many concerns, but it has been the means of bringing more patronage to London Jack. On his departure for South Africa Lord Roberts remembered in a practical way the noble retriever and his philanthropic mission, and so did the Duke of Connaught and his son Prince Patrick. The latter was much taken up with the dog. "Oh, papa, give me something for Jack," he exclaimed, and the Duke, whose interest in children's hospitals and orphanages is practical as well as sympathetic, noted his son's exercise of charity with delighted eyes.

Jack had a most successful day when Sir Charles Warren left Waterloo for



THE CHILDREN OF THE L. AND S.W.R. SERVANTS' ORPHANAGE FOR WHOM JACK COLLECTS.

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South Africa. The General put a sovereign in the dog's box. The officers who were with him were not slow in extending their patronage also, with the result that in less than a quarter of an hour money amounting to three pounds ten shillings had found its way into Jack's box. His largest collection is six pounds eighteen shillings, and this sum was collected in less than six hours.

London Jack goes about his work in a painstaking way. Platforms No. 1 and 2 are where you will find him, and no matter how crowded they are, he patrols them from one end to the other, unperturbed by the bustle and commotion. You never catch him crossing the metals; he reaches the other side by the proper way — the bridge. At the present time he is collecting every Saturday at Waterloo, and is invariably in the charge of Mrs. Wickens, who, since the adventure with dog stealers, keeps a watchful eye upon him as though he was one of her own children. The money he collects goes to the London and South-Western Railway Servants' Orphanage in Jeffreys Road, Clapham, an admirable institution, of which Mr. H. G. Warne is the energetic secretary. It has a splendid record in rearing and educating the children of London and South-Western Railway men who lose their lives while following their employment, or who die leaving children to be provided for.

BOURNEMOUTH NELL ON DUTY.
Photograph by H. Prin, Bournemouth.

But railway collecting dogs are not all of one sex. There is at Bournemouth a lady dog collector, who, according to her opportunities, is as zealous as the rest of them. She is Bournemouth Nell, and to know her is to admire her, not only for the great good she accomplishes, but for herself. For she is a handsome dog, a pure bred black retriever, with a beautiful wavy coat, which has attracted to good purpose the notice of the charitable.

Bournemouth Nell is seven years old, and she has collected since she was six months old. From the first she took kindly to the work, her trainer and owner, Mr. A. W. Williams, porter at Bournemouth Central, not having the least trouble with her. The dogs I have dealt with have collected for railway-men alone, but Nell is cosmopolitan in her sympathies. Her philanthropy is universal. She is willing and eager to go anywhere, but naturally has a predilection for Bournemouth. She has won golden opinions at Winchester, Salisbury, Southampton, Swanage, Weymouth, Parkstone, Lymington, Basingstoke, and even at Wimbledon and Clapham, and her collections on behalf of the Lifeboat Institution have also brought her into prominence.

Another black retriever who is in the collecting line is Southampton Gyp. Gyp is a most intelligent animal, quiet and very fond of children. He is four years old, and has been on duty since 1897, and during that time has collected over £70. Gyp is mostly on duty at Southampton Station, where he is in charge of Mr. Edward May, booking office, Dock Station. When, however, his master has occasion to meet the homeward bound boats, Gyp follows, and never returns with an empty box. Besides collecting for the South-Western Railway Servants' Orphanage at Clapham, he has done duty in behalf of the War Fund.

Basingstoke Jack, owned by Mr. Slark at Basingstoke, was like his namesake at Waterloo, a very knowing dog, making the most of his opportunities to swell the funds of the orphanage.

JOHN BELL.

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THE KEEPER - - - OF THE TRACK.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS.

IT was a still evening after a hot autumn day, and two sunbronzed men wearing blue canvas garments quaintly patched were glad of the coolness, as they lounged outside a cedar-bark shanty under the western edge of that giant rampart of broken peaks—the Canadian Rockies.

Aitchison lay with one elbow buried in crackling fir-needles, a young, toil-hardened Englishman, from whom, nevertheless, several years of very rough living had failed to erase a certain stamp of refinement. For the rest, he in no way differed from many others among the legion of broken men who, after laying the foundations of its future greatness, still bear a principal share in the harder work of the mountain-ribbed province of British Columbia. On his companion, Forsyth, the stamp was fainter, for he had long lapsed into the ranks of the forgotten, while the lines on his forehead and tinge of grey in his hair told their own tale of arduous labour as well as a hidden bitterness.

Aitchison glanced eastwards towards the saw-edged line of eternal snow, which rose serenely majestic against crystalline ether, a stupendous barrier dividing the sweep of whitened prairie from the forest garden of the Pacific slope. Sheer walls of a curious steely blue led his gaze downwards to the sombre green of climbing pines which were old ages before the first white man entered the mountain land. Then the slender fretwork of a trestle bridge caught it, and he followed the snow-fed torrent which foamed below into the dimness of a gorge. White mist rolled slowly out of its hidden depths, and across the wider valley's western end the smoke of a forest fire hung in heavy wreaths above the darkening pines, while the last flicker of sunset faded behind the peak that shut it in. There was a strange subduing sense of unearthly grandeur about it all which weighed upon Aitchison who was of a mercurial disposition, and he found it almost a relief to glance at the sinuous belt of metals winding through the pass with its accompanying litter of empty tin cans, which evidence of modern civilisation broke the spell of the primæval wilderness. That was part of the thin steel highway which binds the old worlds together across the breadth of the new, one link in the chain stretching from Shanghai to London. He and his companion were also section hands, whose present business—and each had followed many—was to watch over a certain portion of it, an occupation which, after deducting living expenses, netted them about one dollar a day.

"Makes one feel cheap, doesn't it?" said Aitchison, who had adopted the easy colloquialism of his new country, "the way one feels in an old cathedral, and yet it was a piece of low-grade comedy that sent me here. Did I ever tell you how we put off the director?"

Forsyth, who was meditatively watching the broken edge of a glacier which still scintillated under the afterglow, signified dissent, and Aitchison continued, "They sent me out from the old country with good advice and two hundred pounds to make my fortune on the prairie, but though I worked twelve hours a day that fortune couldn't be made; harvest frost ruined two crops and the gophers ate a third. Then when I hadn't a dollar, and wouldn't ask for more, an introduction

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landed me on to the C.P.R. There was a friend interested, and promotion followed—made me a full conductor, and I worked the Winnipeg section. We were ready to haul out from that city one night in winter when a man muffled in a fur robe came along, and said he was played out over a wheat deal and could sleep through an earthquake. Wanted to know would I put him off, by force if necessary, at a desolate flag station on the Assiniboia prairie. Gave me his berth ticket, number six, and I said I would.

"We reached that dismal station in the thick of a blizzard, and the engineer who was running reduced schedule with the Vancouver mail wouldn't stop two minutes to put off a director, so I and the coloured porter had no time to lose in rousing the man in number six. He wasn't quite half-dressed, and wouldn't get up, the loco whistle was screaming to hurry us, so not hearing what he said we just dragged him out and put him off. He didn't seem to want to go. Ran at the platform, and missed it when the train pulled out, while I told him what I thought of his obstinacy, and we left him alone, gasping in the snow.

"We made next stop at daybreak, and there was trouble, for a very angry man came along and called me unpleasant things for taking him a hundred miles further than he told me to. The coloured porter had mixed the berth numbers somehow, and I had put off the wrong man way back on the forlorn prairie; also, as it happened, he was a director or something of the kind, and the chief said he thought I might do better as a section hand. Still there are chances in a new country, and I am hoping to go home to the old one with that fortune yet."

Forsyth smiled a little, he was usually a silent man, indeed his former comrade hinted that eccentric fancies troubled him. The last shimmer of the afterglow had faded now, and the snows loomed solemn and ghostlike under the stars, while a deep stillness descended upon the mountain chaos, through which the boom of the river rose up brokenly. Aitchison felt the spell of the silence close round him again with its indefinite impression of unreality, and the presence of a power all-pervading, hidden, and yet far greater than any of the things he could hear and see. In this he was not singular, for other men who have lived under the twilight of the tropic forest, where no sunray ever falls, or amid the solitude of frozen peaks, know that feeling, and some have fled in blind panic from it.

Therefore he was glad to hear his comrade's voice when Forsyth said softly, "There are chances, and with a life before you they may come to you. Mine have gone with my strength, and I only wait the end, in a place I feel is good for me. Strange talk for a section hand, isn't it, but we were not all born navvies or choppers among the forgotten. There was no railroad in this province when I came into it, but seven in number we made our way up beyond Caribou—the gold was already failing there—into the snows of Cassiar. Two years we worked, and four of us returned, when I changed enough alluvial dust into paper at Quesnelle to start a store in Victoria. I was married when financial disaster drove me out from the old country, and with money already sent her my young wife had sailed to join me. There was no stage for several days, and the roads were bad, so three rode south by a shorter trail, and, as fate would have it, one had talked too much of our prosperity. We slept by the trail the fourth night, and the man who should have watched refreshed himself unwisely with bad whisky.

"It was an old story when we were awakened. Four masked men with Winchester rifles stood over us, and they wanted everything we had. They also got it—yes, we tried resistance—it failed, and I rode south at daylight a ruined man with a 44 bullet hole in my shoulder. Alice was waiting me at Port Moody, and when the wound was healed we went back together to try for fortune again, but this time I did not find it, and her strength gave way. Never complaining, smiling for my sake to the last, she died, and she lies alone far up there among the northern ranges. I went back to Quesnelle, hopeless, almost mad, and was known as the conceiver of many a rash enterprise which ended in disaster, but I saw two of the men who robbed me caught. Snowslide, frostbite, starvation, thinned out those I led, until even the most reckless adventurers avoided me, and when the new railroad came I took my share in its building. The past would not be forgotten, some whispered that I was mad, and promotion passed me, but it seemed good to live way back in the wilderness on a lonely section.

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Little by little I learned there was no use protesting against one's part in the business of the universe, and now I'm waiting —it will not be long, for Alice knows the end, and she is trying to tell me. Wild fancies—yes, I know, but in the great silence here one stands as it were on the verge of secrets no man may fully understand. Well, meantime I'm a section hand. Turn in and forget it ; I'm going to patrol the track."

He moved away, a shadowy figure, and Aitchison sat still wondering, for there were times at night when in that region of supernatural grandeur nothing seemed impossible, until at last from out of the frozen stillness far up under the stars a faint throbbing sound fell vibrating. The pine needles shivered as it swelled in long pulsations, growing steadily louder, and Aitchison lay still listening, held silent by something which was not physical fear. Riven by winter frost, softened by autumn thaw, shaly hillside and snowfield were coming down he knew, as at that season they sometimes do, and the valleys lay

'MAKES ONE FEEL CHEAP, DOESN'T IT?" SAID AITCHISON.

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hushed and trembling while the great peaks spoke. A crash of shattered pine trees, the roar of charging boulders joined in, and the hillsides flung the sound of their descent in reverberations from one to another, as it were the antiphones of a majestic Benedicite. Of all that ice-ground *débris* nothing would be lost, for the torrents would bear it south and west until a great river used it to spread new wheat lands of rich alluvial westwards into the Pacific.

Then suddenly the tumult grew fainter, fainter, and ceased, the last rumble of sliding gravel was lost in the echoes of a rocky valley, and soon the torrent which foamed beneath the trestle bridge diminished in volume. Now Aitchison was comparatively new to the mountain land, or he might have deduced several things from this, but instead, with faith in Forsyth whose watch it was, he crept into the shanty and fell asleep. He was awakened some hours later by a grasp on his arm, and saw his comrade bending over him with a lighted lantern.

"Get up; there's a log dam threatening the trestle, and the Vancouver express will be down upon us before long," he said. Aitchison lighted another lantern with hurried fingers, and following Forsyth down the track after stepping from sleeper to sleeper which trembled under him stood staring down bewildered into the gulf below the open trestle bridge. The torrent was many feet higher than it had been before, and roared in a mad, seething stream across the mass of drift-wood which stretched from pier to pier, while the slender timber structure groaned distressfully under the strain.

"It's a simple matter," said Forsyth. "Snowslide made a dam higher up. Now that dam is giving and the water is bringing the wreckage down, while one big log jammed in the trestle is holding up the rest. The bridge won't stand much more. Well, we'll go down and look at it."

Clinging to the spikes driven in, they lowered themselves into blackness, feeling with cautious feet for the next grip below, until the froth of the river was close beneath them. Then Forsyth, standing knee-deep in water on the submerged foundation, which rattled beneath him, said: "It's this pine, you can see the butt, that is keying them. I should cut it enough in twenty minutes for the stream to do the rest If I can't the bridge will go, and unless we stop the Atlantic express there will be a big accident. You'll run back to the top of the long straight and wait until she comes through —you can see my lantern there, and stop her unless I signal 'Open way.' Still, somehow, I must clear it; we've never held up a train on this section."

He stood erect a moment, a gaunt figure with the fitful light of the lantern falling on his bronzed face, apparently pitifully helpless against the mass of grinding timber which threatened the bridge, and Aitchison never forgot that picture with its background of tossing spray. Then a heavy pine log drove crashing against the pile, the trestle shivered in every beam, and Forsyth whirled the axe aloft. Aitchison climbed to the rails again, ran his hardest backward along the track, and only halted breathless on the edge of a natural gateway in the rock, from which down an incline the metals led to the bridge. With the lighted lantern so placed that its glare might not dazzle his eyes, he waited, watching the head of the bridge for the flash that might appear if, when Forsyth hewed through the huge log, the river swept the wreckage clear. It did not come, and the suspense grew trying, for he knew the driver of the huge mountain locomotive, trusting blindly in their watchfulness, would race his long train down the incline at headlong speed to save the time he must lose in the laborious haul through the passes of the Rockies.

For a space there was only the chafe of the river, while white mist rolled out of the gorge, and then at last a sharper note broke through its monotone. A distant yellow glimmer flickered for a moment and was lost among the pines, a vibratory rattle that was not the voice of the river grew louder, and when the glimmer reappeared it had increased in size to the fan-shaped blaze of a huge American headlamp. Streaming athwart the blackness of the towering pines, which appeared before it, and then vanished again, it reeled down the track with a comet-like rush, and already a tremor ran along the metals. The whirr of wheels swelled up into a confused roar, rolling repeated and magnified along the steep hillside, and Aitchison's throat grew dry under the weight of a heavy responsibility.

One of the Pacific liners had that day

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reached Vancouver, the extra cars would be crammed, he knew, while the blink of a lantern was a small thing to see. Should the driver's eyes one moment be turned from the glasses it would be too late, and yet somehow he must stop that train. Standing between the metals he waved the lantern above his head, and shouted his hardest, as with red sparks hurled high aloft and a wisp of wind-cut vapour streaming behind, the mountain locomotive running her part of a fierce race across two oceans and a continent thundered down on him.

He leapt for his life, still holding the lantern aloft, and was only just in time, for a storm of dust and shingle whirled about him, and a rush of wind drove him sideways while the long lighted cars lurched by. Then the tail-lamp glimmered through an eddying haze, and Aitchison felt suddenly cold and sick, for no answer to his signal reached him from the locomotive cab. Next moment the blood stirred in his veins again, for a hoarse-hoot of the whistle rang out through the dry grind of the brakes. Fire flashed from the metals, with a clang of slackened couplings the cars decreased their pace, then the whistle spoke again as a yellow flash, thrice repeated, signalled "Come on."

The huge engine snorted as the driver wheels bit the track afresh, the couplings clashed, then the short blasts from the funnel ceased again, and once more there was a vicious scream of brakes.

The tail-light became stationary, a clamour of voices rose up from the car platforms, and Aitchison ran forward with a horrible suspicion that there was something wrong. A group of excited men opened up at his approach, and hearing the cry, "His partner! Way for his partner!" he caught his breath as he pushed through them. Then the cold fear was justified, for the bewildered engineer stood holding a lantern over a limp object stretched beside the track, and a kneeling conductor silently beckoned him. Forsyth lay there very still, one hand still clenching an extinguished lantern, dust smeared thick upon his face, and the back of his head crushed in. Aitchison gasped and set his teeth, while the group of puzzled passengers, lighted cars, and clustering pines all reeled together about him, and like one in a dream heard the engineer say :—

"I can't figure all this out nohow. One man signals danger, and while we wrestled with the brakes—you can't bring up a big express all standing—we get the signal 'Open way' from his partner. I whistled 'Let her go' again, and I saw this poor fellow right under the head-lamp waving me on. Saw his face clear as daylight; he was running towards the track; didn't even seem to notice he was too near it—then the cowcatcher got him, and he never knew what hurt him. What's the matter with this section? I can't understand the thing any way."

Aitchison shook himself together, for the interests of a great mail service come before a private grief, and though his voice shook he said, "I think I can. Come with me and look at the bridge."

Then while some of the passengers followed with the railroad officials he stepped out on to the trestle, where all but the railway men declined to venture, because a bridge of that kind is difficult to cross even in bright daylight. The sleepers are spaced an awkward distance apart, and there is nothing but empty air between them. Then the whole story was made plain, for the dam had gone, and the bridge stood solid and firm above a falling stream. A few words were sufficient, because the engineer had seen such obstacles before, and peering down into the darkness he said, "It was like old Forsyth. A queer man, his late partner told me, but there was no one like him for keeping a high-class track. 'Clear-way-Forsyth' they called him in the round house. No man ever knew him hold up a train, and, as you have found out, this isn't a choice section."

They went back gravely silent, and reaching the scene of the accident Aitchison heard a British tourist wearing a solar tope and light garments that bore evidence of Chinese workmanship, say, "A Western railroad section hand! But there's something about him that curiously reminds one of an English gentleman."

"Nothing remarkable in that," broke in a Vancouver citizen drily, for something in the speaker's tone jarred upon him. "There are plenty of the kind grubbing stumps and shovelling ballast in this province, and I don't know that they work any the worse for it. That's not the question, however. I don't quite grasp details, but the poor fellow lying yonder and his partner somehow saved this train.

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Gentlemen, you'll assess a percentage on what you consider your lives are worth to cover a high-class funeral and—for the widow!"

Rolls of paper money fell into the stretched out hat, but with hot indignation almost choking him Aitchison waved the donors back, crying, "Stop. He was all that tourist said, and a very true comrade—the best I ever had. Alive no man dared have offered unasked help to him. He leaves neither child nor widow, and it's too late for anyone to do him a kindness. No—it's quite impossible. Take your dollars back."

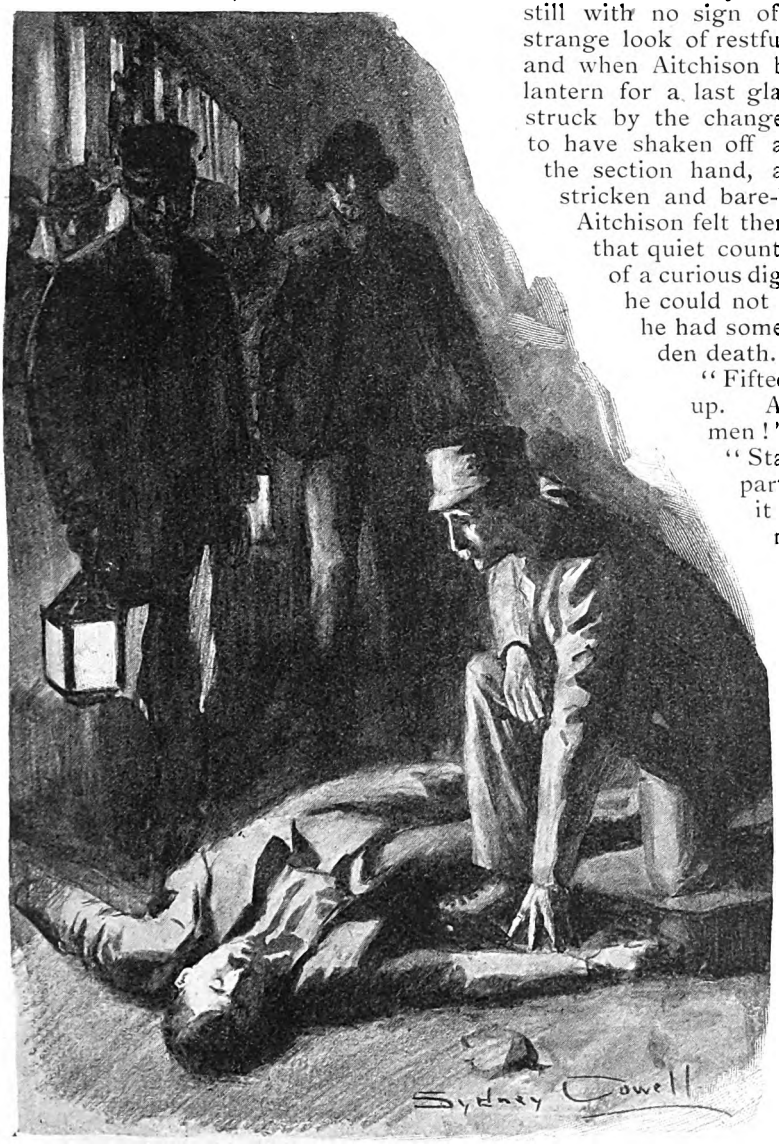
"Made a mistake, gentlemen — I apologise," the Vancouver merchant said, for under the fierce excitement Aitchison lapsed into his old well balanced English intonation. "Another gilt-edge Britisher —met your kind before, but why don't all you millionaires stay at home? Anyway, I'm proud to make your acquaintance; here's my card, and if after what has happened you want a change of air call right in on me."

Meantime Forsyth lay there silent and still with no sign of pain, but only a strange look of restfulness upon his face, and when Aitchison bent down with the lantern for a last glance at him he was struck by the change. Forsyth seemed to have shaken off all that pertained to the section hand, and, standing awe-stricken and bare-headed beside him, Aitchison felt there was frozen upon that quiet countenance the impress of a curious dignity whose meaning he could not clearly realise—and he had some experience of sudden death.

"Fifteen minutes to make up. All aboard, gentlemen!" said the conductor.

"Stand by to help his partner to lift him," and it was the Vancouver merchant's hands which grasped Aitchison's under the load; while the last the latter heard was, "I'll see all done fittingly at Calgary. Vancouver train, flag-station Carson's trail, Wednesday, I'll step off and talk to you."

Then the trestle rattled under the beat of wheels, sinking in long cadence the vibration died away into silence, and Aitchison sat down, strangely desolate, beside the track. He dared not leave



FORSYTH LAY THERE VERY STILL

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it unwatched even to follow a tried comrade to his last resting place. He flagged a train next morning, and transmitted a brief account to head-quarters, after which he was summoned to Vancouver, and there offered promotion. He did not take the position, for the Vancouver merchant had heard of a better one, and good fortune at last commenced to smile upon him. Still, sometimes amid the bustle of a Western town he looks back half-regretfully to the days he spent in the wilderness with Forsyth, the dreamer.

Up there in that wild region where primæval chaos was intensified yet softened by a grandeur and beauty which seemed beyond the rest of earth, he stood, as his comrade had said, upon the verge of a great yet hidden verity. Now the faint glimpse he had into it grew dimmer in the turmoil of the city. Forsyth had passed that verge, and, perhaps, understood all clearly, but he could not return to tell him so. He slept unknown, forgotten, save by one comrade, where the foothills melt into the prairie close by the straight-ruled track along which the tide of commerce flows from eastwards round half the world to the east again, and a wooden cross bears, beside his name, the one word, "Faithful."

A BIRTHDAY SONG.

Her years steal by like birds through clouded skies,
Soft singing as they go;
She viewed their flight with sunshine in her eyes,
She hears their music low,
And on her forehead, beautiful and wise,
Shine's love's most holy glow.

There is no pain for her in Time's soft flight,
Her spirit is so fair;
Her days shine as they pass her, in the light
Her gentle doings wear.
On her fair brow I never saw the night,
But Hope's glad star shone there.

It is a blessing just to see her face
Pass like an angel's by—
Her soft, brown hair, sweet eyes, and lips that grace
The smiles that round them lie.
The brightest sunbeam in its heavenly place
Might joy to catch her eye.

Dear life, that groweth sweeter growing old!
I bring this verse to thee,
A tiny flower, but in its heart the gold
Of lasting love from me;
While in my soul that deeper love I hold
Too great for man to see.

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MEN OF SILENCE.

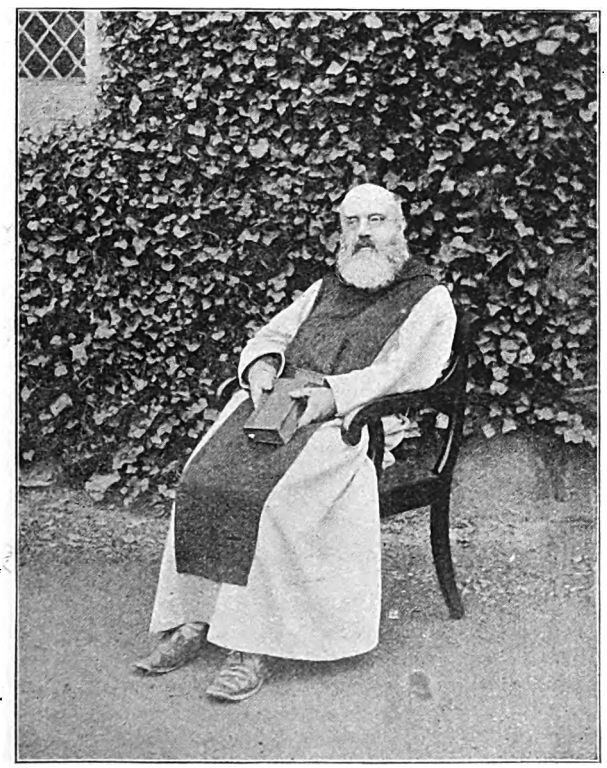
A VISIT TO THE TRAPPIST MONASTERY AT MOUNT ST. BERNARD'S, LEICESTERSHIRE.

By JOHN HULME.

ABOUT three miles from Coalville, two from Whitwick, and seven from Loughboro'; set in an environment of hills, and sheltered by the rocky summit of a hill; the spires of its Chapter House, Clock Tower, and Dormitory peeping from a nest of trees, and with sufficient wooded fringe to indicate the forest out of which its site has been scooped, is the Trappist or Reformed Cistercian Monastery of St. Bernard's—until recently the only mitred abbey in England. The Cross of its Calvary stands out well above its surroundings, a conspicuous object for miles; and it is neighboured by Grace Dieu, beloved of Wordsworth and breathing memories of Francis Beaumont, the poet.

Sixty-seven years ago, a Trappist monk from Waterford was over in this country soliciting aid for some building operations at Mount Mellary, and among other places, visited Grace Dieu Manor, Leicestershire. Two years afterwards, the owner of the latter residence, the late Mr. Ambrose Lisle Phillips, sending a warm invitation to the Trappist brethren in Ireland, asked them to come and establish themselves at Charnwood Forest. It was an invitation couched in material terms—the offer of 227 acres of land; hence it is not surprising that it was at once responded to by an Order seeking fresh spiritual fields and pastures new.

It would be difficult, however, for the survivor of the later thirties to recognise the wind-swept and heather-decked forest and moorland of that period in the agricultural paradise that now smiles upon guest and wayfarer who claim kindred with, and have their claims allowed by, the good monks of Mount St. Bernard's. Nor is it easy for the visitor, viewing the present substantial, ivy-clad building, to picture for himself its progenitor in the humble four-roomed hut, through whose roof the rain percolated, through whose walls the tempest penetrated, and which served as kitchen, refectory, dormitory and chapel for Brother Augustine and the five followers who, leaving the Abbey at Mellarie, France, joined



FATHER BERNARD, THE ABBEY PROCURATEUR.

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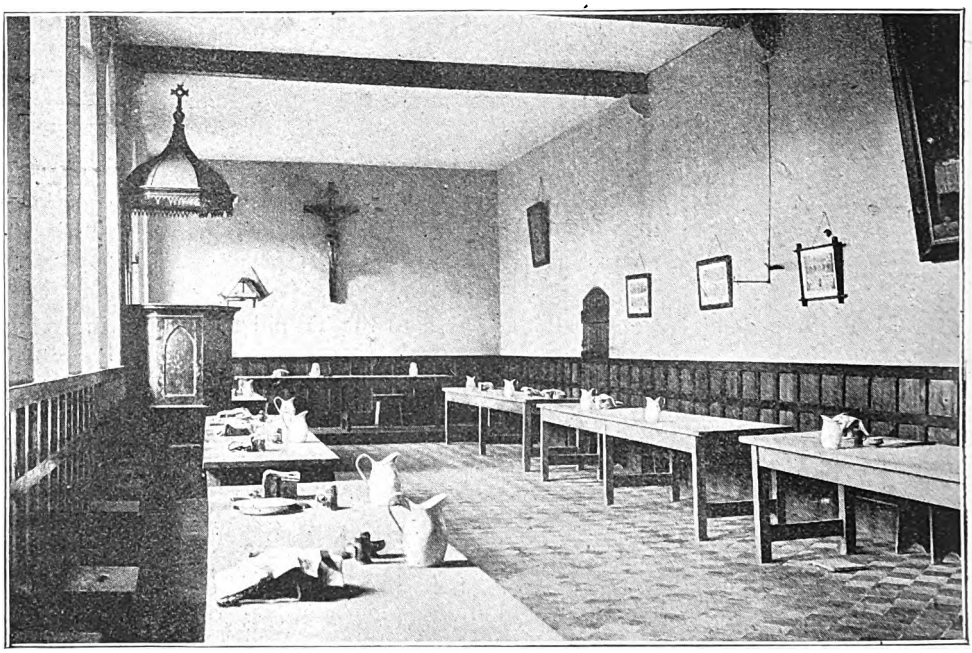

THE REFECTORY.

him here in 1835. Assiduous labour, for two years, saw them in a larger and more suitable building. Even this, however, owing to increase of numbers, in a very short time became too small. But Grace Dieu appears to have always been a name of good omen to the Cistercians, for during a visit to this family seat of the de Lisles, John, Earl of Shrewsbury, accompanied his host to service at the monastery, and was so much impressed with it, as well as the general life of the place, that he gave them £2,000 on condition that a new Abbey be erected, and on the present site.

Of course, the gift and its conditions were eagerly accepted, and in 1843 was laid the foundation stone of the present buildings, which, possessing an interest and beauty peculiarly their own, attract visitors from all parts of the world. There is scarcely an hour of the day that does not find some pilgrim turning in from the main road to the avenue which forms the main approach to the monastery, and passing through the ivy-crowned archway at the end of it, descending the well gravelled walk, from either side of which radiates floral and arboreal welcome, on his way to the porter's lodge. Few are the periods of rest when the bell is not sending its noisy message either to the brother porter, informing him that his presence is requested in the Poor-house for the relief of some needy wayfarer, or to the guest master, intimating that a party of visitors are desirous of being shown through the monastery.

They who wend their way St. Bernard-wards may be divided into three classes: Those impelled by the cravings of an empty stomach, and whose stay ends with the satisfaction of their hunger; those whose feelings are more curious than devotional, and who take their departure when there are no longer sights to be seen, or historical facts to be acquired; and those brought thither more by piety than pleasure, and who frequently remain as monastery guests.

The guests' quarters are situated in the front portion of the abbey, and comprise a reception-room (immediately to the right on entrance), a refectory adjoining (over the fireplace, in which are the abbey arms, as well as those of the Shrewsbury and de Lisle families), whilst, from each side, a staircase ascends to the sleeping rooms. These, though not pretentiously, are yet comfortably furnished, the occupant always finding writing conveniences to his hand, and a few suitable books in the tiny bookcase. On the refectory table will be seen all dishes in reason, and most

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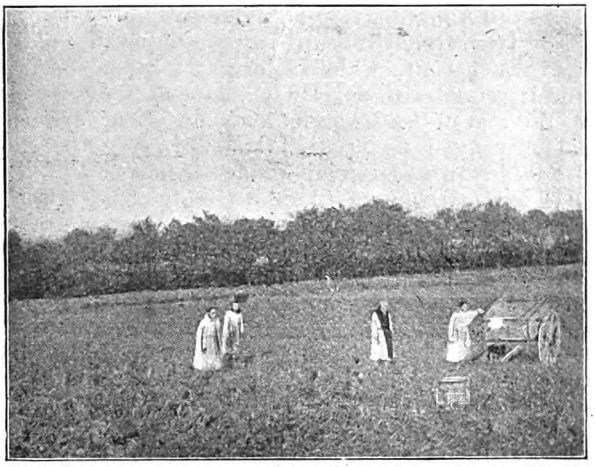
in season ; for however much the rule of St. Benedict forbids the pleasures of the palate to the monks themselves, this gastronomical self-denying ordinance in no way applies to the comfort of their guests, who may truthfully exclaim : Hospitality and St. Bernard's are convertible terms ; courteousness, thy name is Father Gerome !

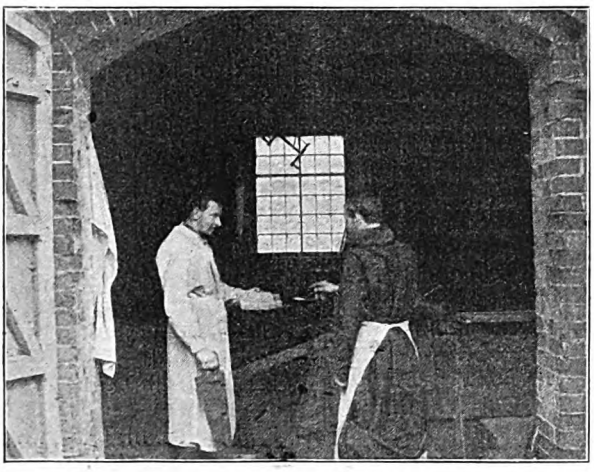
Having taken possession of his room, and with rest and refreshment repaired the effects of his journey, the visitor experiences a not unnatural longing to learn a little regarding the life of his hosts, to know their habits in health, their custom in sickness, their ceremonial at death. So, under the guidance of either the guest master (or one of the community specially permitted), he proceeds along the corridor leading from the guest quarters to the main portion of the abbey, the religious anticipating inquiries by mentioning that the infirmary is immediately overhead, and, after pointing out the kitchen, pantry, and one or two private rooms on the right, coming to a halt in front of a wooden door with a tiny eye-like window, through which can be obtained a glimpse of the library.

Emerging hence, and passing through the adjoining door into another corridor, the man of studious temperament or literary taste feels impelled towards a conversation on the works of theology, history, philosophy and general literature reposing on the well-stocked shelves of the room he has quitted ; but is astonished to find that his monk companion has suddenly become dumb, and gives no reply to his remarks save the raising of a warning finger or the bestowal of an admonitory look. Another of the brethren passes (walking close to the wall) when the astonishment is intensified on observing that no fraternal sound of greeting passes between them, and although a simple door only prevents the corridor he has just left from being directly continuous with the one he has entered, yet he realises that he has crossed from the realm of speech into the sanctuary of silence! It is only when he has reached the end of this second corridor, and passed through a door at the right into the refectory, that he learns from his Trappist companion, whose tongue has now become loosened, that they have just stepped out of one of the cloisters where conversation is never permitted upon any plea whatever, and whose walls echo no sound save the sacred chant and that of human footsteps. In other parts of the Abbey, however, and under special conditions, speech is occasionally allowed.

The Refectory is an oblong room with partly whitewashed walls and ceiling, and at its upper left hand side a pulpit, out of which one of the community reads whilst the rest are eating.



MONKS POTATO PICKING.



THE CISTERCIAN CARPENTERS.

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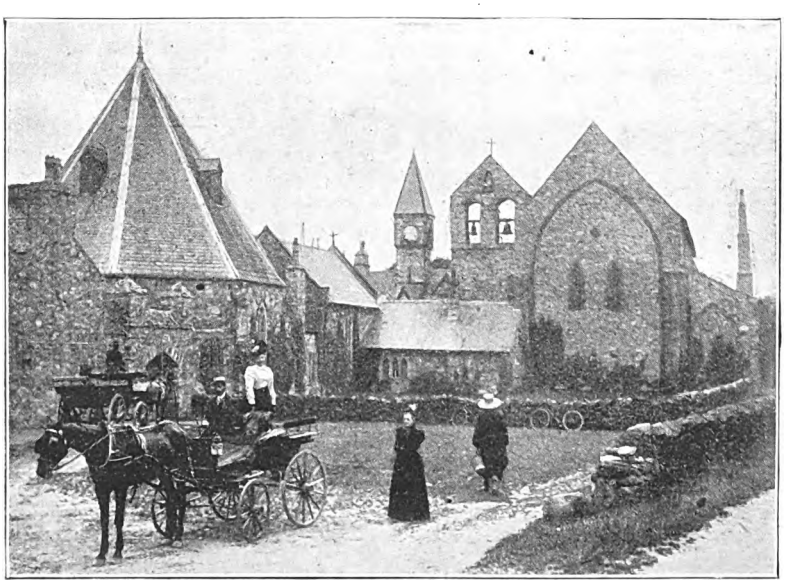
The Lord Abbot, having his Prior and Sub-Prior respectively at his right and left, occupies a seat at the head of the room and is served with exactly the same dishes as the rest of the community, who sit at tables ranged down each side. Laying the table for a Cistercian dinner is not a very exhaustive task, since it simply consists in placing on each member's tablet, *i.e.*, marked portion of the table, a wooden fork, wooden spoon, iron knife, two-handled mug and napkin. One of their number is appointed to wait on the lay, and a father told off to perform a similar office for the professed brethren.

No one is allowed to speak; but must communicate his wishes by means of an alphabet of signs. Even in this manner there are only two things for which he is allowed to ask—bread and salt. Flesh, fish, and eggs are forbidden; the dietary being such as would satisfy the most rigid member of the Vegetarian Society:—for breakfast, bread and coffee; for dinner, a selection from vegetable soup, potatoes, rice, pastries, and fruit; and for supper, a cooked dish, bread, and a glass of either milk or beer.

A staircase leads from the dining room up to the dormitory, where the sleeping arrangements for the community somewhat resemble those made for dining, downstairs: the couches consist of a straw mattress, coverlet spread, and resting on a board raised a couple of feet from the floor, a pillow, and second coverlet completing them. They are separated from one another by wooden partitions, which, fronted with an entrance curtain or screen (near which is placed the name of the occupant) constitute the cell. That of the Lord Abbot is in the middle, and all sleep in their robes, with the hood drawn. At the entrance to the dormitory is the bell with which a brother gives the signal for rising, at two in the morning, three minutes being allowed before assembly in church; for the monastery, day begins with the singing of *Matins and Lauds*, which is generally finished by about four o'clock. The saying of mass occupies some; work and meditation others, until half-past five, when they assemble in church to sing that portion of their daily office called *Prime*. Then, and for the purpose of chanting a portion of St. Benedict's rule, the choir repair to the Chapter House, an octagonal building having the Lord Abbot's, Prior's, and Sub-Prior's seats facing the entrance, the others being arranged on either side of the Abbot, those of the lay following those of the professed brethren.

Here, on Maundy Thursday, takes place the ceremony of washing the feet of the community by the Lord Abbot, it being also contained in the Rule that he shall, during the day, wash the feet of and entertain a number of the poor of the neighbourhood. Here, also, a brother accuses himself, or is reminded by his fellows, of any fault or deflection from the Rule of St. Benedict, and a spiritual lecture or reading is given every evening here immediately before *Compline*. But the lay brethren usually assemble in their own Chapter House adjoining, which was formerly used by the whole community, and where the first Abbot is buried.



ABBEY VISITORS, WITH REAR VIEW OF CHURCH AND CHAPTER HOUSE.

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THE ABBEY PORTER, BROTHER SIMEON.

The Trappist's next task, and before taking breakfast, is to arrange his couch. Half-past seven sees him again in church singing *Tierce*, followed by Mass (at which the guests are expected to be present), which over, the celebrant divests himself of his robes, and, taking hoe, or spade, goes to join the rest of the workers in the field, until half-past ten—the hour for *Sext*.

Dinner at 11.30 is succeeded by a recreative interval for reading, writing, or meditation, leading to the singing of *Nones* at one o'clock, and followed by work until half-past four. Then comes a short period of recreation until *Vespers* at five, succeeded by supper, assembly in Chapter for lecture, and *Compline*, at 6.30, in church—a ceremony at which the visitor is requested to attend.

The ringing of a bell, reminding him of this duty, brings him across the outer quadrangle, through the main building entrance, along the west cloister, past the north cloister, or Scriptorium, and into church, when, after having quietly ascended the staircase to the Tribune, or visitors' gallery, he can now look down upon a scene, witnessed once, never to be forgotten :—

The sombre aspect of the darkness-clothed Sanctuary (save for the solitary taper that continually burns in front of the altar) ; the dark habited lay brethren flitting like black spectres into their places, on the left hand ; the spectre-like white-robed monks gliding into their appointed stalls, in the middle ; the almost sepulchral tones of the responses ; the beautiful, instrumentally - accompanied rendering of the Salve Regina, followed by a period of meditative silence broken only by the rustle of a robe, or the click of a worshipper's rosary beads. Suddenly a spectral form rises from his knees, and silently moving away, vanishes in the darkness, and in a few minutes is heard the solemn vibrating tones of a bell, adding its share to the general impressiveness, and announcing that the devotional exercises of the Trappist-day are over, nothing remaining now but to receive the blessing of the Abbot and holy water sprinkling on passing out of the church ; after which, until two o'clock next morning, "darkness again and a silence."

The whole service is like a chapter from the middle ages, sending one's thoughts back to the old days of monastic England, and banishing, for the moment, all

TAKING A STROLL IN THE GARDENS.

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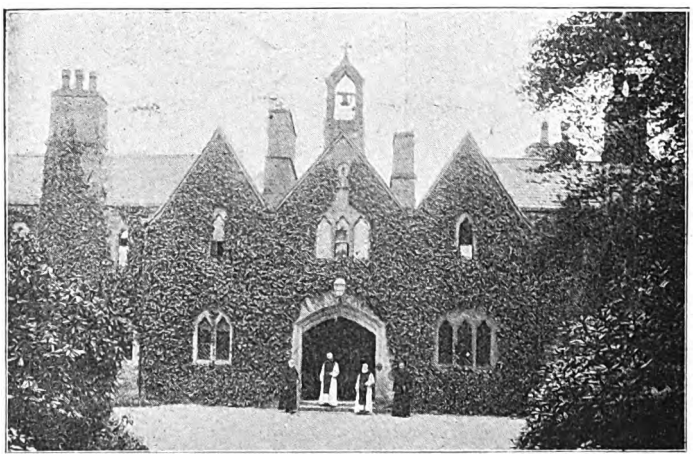
consciousness of the fact that we are living in the nineteenth century, and within a few miles of a large town.

The austerities of the Order are at once softened the moment one becomes sick or infirm; for then a brother is appointed to wait upon him tenderly, and his dietary may contain any dish whatever, except such as flatters the appetite without improving health, whilst close by the infirmary is a chapel for the especial use of the sick.

One day, many years ago, a certain gentleman, bidding his wife and family a temporary good-bye, announced his intention to spend Christmas in a unique manner—out of the world, as it were, with a body of Trappist monks in a corner of Leicestershire. At that time the brethren had charge of a boy's reformatory, situated on the monastery's former site. An expressed desire to see the inmates of this institution, and both guest and guest master have sallied forth into the night, and are making their way across the frost-bound fields towards the Colony, as it is called. Scarcely, however, have they arrived, when, and in the act of responding to the greetings of his young charges, the Cistercian suddenly staggers, is caught by and in a few minutes breathes his last in the arms of his visitor — none other than Charles Dickens!



FRONT VIEW OF THIS IVY-CLAD RETREAT.

The body, as is the case whenever a Cistercian dies, was washed, clothed in full habit as worn during life, and carried on a bier to the Chapter House, where it lay until the time appointed for burial, a lighted candle being placed at the feet and a crucifix at the head of the corpse. Arrangements were also made for continually having two monks to watch by the side of the corpse. This duty was taken in turns by the members of the community whose names and watch hour were written on a notice board.

From the Chapter House the body was then conveyed to the Church, where a solemn requiem Mass was sung previous to the transference of the body to the grave, whither it was borne in solemn procession, preceded by cross and acolytes, and accompanied by the Lord Abbot and brethren. After the body was lowered into the grave a brother went into it, placed a freshly-cut sod under the head of the deceased, and, after pulling the cowl over the head, laid a black cloth on the face. Each member of the community then threw a handful of earth into the grave before withdrawing and leaving it to the two brothers to whom had been entrusted the task of filling it up. A short time afterwards the usual small wooden cross bore the name and marked the last resting place of the beloved Father Lawrence.

To sum up, then, a Trappist's life, though certainly hard, is beautiful in its utter self-effacement and regard for others. *Laborare et orare:* They till the soil, bake, brew, make butter, keep poultry, build, do their own gas making and carpentry, besides smithing, working in the laundry, and on the tailor's board. The Abbey Poorhouse is always open for the temporary reception of the vagrant train. No one is ever sent away unrelieved, and many receive further assistance with money, whilst, in times of distress, it is a beacon light for the poor for miles around. The total of cases relieved every week averages five hundred, which speaks much for the open-handed charity of the monks of St. Bernard's.

JOHN HULME.

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DO THE CHURCHES NEED CONVERTING?

EVEN in the affairs of everyday life no greater misfortune can happen to a man than to lose sight of his ideals, and one of the most necessary attributes of success is a constant watchfulness lest unsuspected evils creep in to mar his undertakings. If this is true of material things, it is still more so in spiritual matters, but with this difference: that the interests involved are infinitely more important. There never was so great a trust given to mankind as that which is the heritage of the Church of Christ, nor one entailing such a heavy weight of responsibility, for to it our Divine Master assigned the task of carrying His Gospel to the world.

No men can, therefore, less afford to neglect constant self-searching, both in their individual and corporate life, than Christians who, in our Lord's own words, are the light of the world, and to whose lives mankind looks for a practical demonstration of the truth of Christianity.

Is the Church in need of a new revival, or is it as strenuous as of yore in combatting the forces of evil?

Has its influence on the world increased, or that of the world upon itself become more marked?

Does it, or, does it not, attach too great weight to mere material considerations, and prize earthly honours and rewards before the fulfilment of its own God-given mission?

These are weighty questions, and cannot afford to be lightly brushed aside, even when we feel that, as a whole, the Church has been true to her ideals. It has been the duty of Christians to face them in every age, for they indicate real dangers with which the Church has been threatened before, and to which she has sometimes succumbed—as, for instance, in that dark period preceding the Reformation, and in England after the Restoration—so that, with such examples before us, we cannot afford to abandon our watchfulness.

In a remarkable article contributed to the Symposium on the "Greatest Need of the Century," in the January issue of the TEMPLE MAGAZINE, the Rev. Silas Hocking said:—

> What is needed more than anything else is a genuine ethical revival—the creation of a finer moral sense, of a purer moral atmosphere. I would say nothing in disparagement of creeds or ceremonials, or modes of worship—these things are important, no doubt, but they are not of supreme importance—the one essential thing is character.
>
> . . . . .
>
> I fear we must hold it a truth that however successful the Church may have been in christianising the world, the world has been far more successful in secularising the Church. The merely rich man has far more influence to-day in Church Councils than the merely godly man. Big houses count for more than great souls, and small sins are winked at when covered by large contributions. If the Kingdom of Heaven is represented by the ecclesiastical organisations that we call the Church, then a golden key will unlock the door, and money will purchase the highest seats.
>
> The Christian Church to-day is suffering from precisely the same evils that affected and paralysed the Jewish Church in the time of Christ. The points of analogy may be easily traced by anyone who will take the trouble to do so. Hence the failure of the Church to meet and circumvent the growing evils of the land. The power of the drink-seller is steadily increasing both in the Church and in the State. The Stock Exchange gambler is to the front in ecclesiastical enterprises. The company-promoter, the money-lender, the jerry-builder, the rack-renter, have honoured places in the synagogue, and the result is that morally the nation stagnates. Even religiously we make no real progress. There are fewer

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young people in our Sunday schools than there were five years ago; fewer adults, relatively to the size of the population, attending our churches; fewer additions, in proportion to the agencies, to the roll of Church members.

As the question raised by Mr. Hocking was of such vital importance, we sent a proof of his article to some of our religious leaders and requested their opinion upon it, and we are now able to place before our readers the replies we have received, which are as follow :—

Rev. J. MONRO GIBSON, D.D.

Minister of St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church.

The Church of Christ in our time is certainly very far from what it ought to be; and in particular it needs a great awakening as to its duty to those who are outside its pale. It, moreover, especially requires to be very much more in earnest in fighting against the vices which are eating like a canker into the community. As to the character of its members, however, and especially of its leaders, I am happy to say that my experience has been quite different from that indicated as the general rule by Mr. Hocking. I have often found, when I have had the opportunity of close and intimate acquaintance with Christians whom many looked upon as worldly, that they were far better men than was supposed; and as to those who have been leaders, I have in the course of thirty-six years known only one case, in the churches with which I have been associated, that would come under the roll of infamy of those who are represented in the letter as having "honoured places in the Synagogue," and that one lost his position in the Church immediately; while the great majority of them have not only been men of the strictest honour, but even of a saintly and Christlike character. To refer to only one of the Christian graces, I am continually coming upon illustrations of brotherly love and helpfulness, which I dare not publish, as they were never intended to be known; and, on the other hand, I cannot at this moment recall any surprise of meanness or wickedness (except the one already mentioned) to set over against these. The experience of others may entitle them to bring severe indictments against the disciples of Christ, but for me to do this would be to incur the self reproach of the Psalmist, "If I should speak thus, I should offend against the generation of Thy children."

As to the need of ethical preaching, I heartily agree that Social Ethics have been left far too much in the background; but I do not think that in the last quarter of the century there has been much preaching of mere creeds. The experience of a man who is always kept preaching himself is perhaps not decisive; but so far as mine goes I can say that the main object of the preachers I have known, however unsuccessful they may have been in attaining it, has been to lift the people up to the righteousness of God and the self-denial of Christ. I confess, however, that I am not one of those who think the best way to do this is to omit what many call dogma, viz, the truth concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, His Person, His Work, His Atonement, His Resurrection, His Reign. I do not believe that the Apostle weakens his exhortation to "walk in love" by adding "as Christ also hath loved us and given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour"; nor do I think he was leaving the ethic of liberality for the dogmatic of a dry theology when he plied the Corinthians with the high motive, "For ye know the grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ that though he was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."

But the Church has, and all of us have, much need of new life and new power. May we all seek it and find it in the new century.

J. Monro Gibson.

REV. JAMES ORR, D.D.

Professor of Church History, and Editor of United Presbyterian Magazine.

One would require to answer this question with a *distinguo*. It could not be fairly answered with a blunt and indiscriminating "Yes," or "No." "Conversion" itself is an ambiguous word. If to deny "conversion" to church or individual means to deny all possession of a true divine life, I should refrain from describing as "unconverted" many in whose character and life I yet see many faults, one-sidedness, imperfections—even, often, tempers and passions—that, judged by themselves, must be pronounced decidedly unchristian. Man is

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a strange compound, a bundle frequently of contradictions, erring, unwise, inconsistent, standing daily in need of cleansing grace and charitable judgment. If, however, the word "conversion" is used as Christ uses it in Matthew xviii, 3, to denote the need, even in Christians sometimes, of change in the dominant temper of mind, I say emphatically that Mr. Hocking is right, and that there is clamant need for "conversion," both in churches and the individuals who compose them, if the work of the Kingdom of God is to be done in the 20th century. I do not think lightly of the churches or their work, or care to endorse all the hard things that are said of them. I believe the Spirit of God is in the churches, and that the influence of this Spirit is felt in unnumbered ways in private, social, philanthropic and public life. We have only to think of what society would be if all that flows from the spirit of Christ's religion, and the disinterested efforts inspired by it, were withdrawn, to see how much the Christian Church, with all its faults, means for our civilisation. But I cannot but feel that the Church, as a whole, is not at the present time rising to the level of its opportunity, or bearing the witness for "the mind of Christ" to the world, it ought to do. In this sense it undoubtedly needs "conversion." Instead of combating the world's secularity, materialism, aggressiveness, it has too often itself fallen a prey to worldly ideals and standards, and become their advocate, defender, or apologist. The Church at the present moment is *not* a potent witness for national righteousness. Even where it *feels* aright, its protest is feeble, it is afraid to speak. This timidity must be overcome. There must be more faithful, uncompromising, prophet-like utterance, if the Church is to make any impression on the world. This means that the Church must itself be aroused to a new and more just realisation of what the "mind of Christ" is. The pressing problem of the 20th century will be—How far is the Church able to fulfil its mission of translating the mind of Christ into concrete actuality in all the departments of our human existence? If it can do that, it will prosper; if it fails in that, it will lose its power and will *deserve* to lose it.

JAMES ORR.

REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A.,
Author of "How to be Happy though Married," "Doubt and Faith," etc., etc.

In all ages of the Church there have been those who, like Rev. Silas Hocking, were, and are, impatient to separate tares from the wheat. They cannot allow both to grow together until the harvest. "Wanted—perfection!" is their cry. If things are as bad as Mr. Hocking thinks, we fail to see how it would improve them to take away creeds, modes of worship, and the other crutches which those of us who are very weak and imperfect find helpful. If we are so wicked in spite of these things, what would we be without them? If the good were to separate themselves from an imperfect world they would become self-righteous, and the world would altogether decide for the devil. I agree with Mr. Hocking that the one thing essential is character, and that without the spirit of God nothing is strong, nothing holy, but God has appointed means for the building up of character, and because the end is more important than the means, that is no reason why the means should be neglected or despised.

A common reason why people with noble character do not profess religion is because they have a high standard of it, but surely the spirit of their lives, and the humility of their "Help, Lord, mine unbelief!" will be accounted for righteousness. On the other hand, I have known a professing Christian and a practising lawyer. People are better than they seem, and worse than they seem, and we should obey St. Paul's precept and judge nothing before the time.

As it was in the time of Elijah so it is now, there are many more than despondent people think who have not bowed the knee to Baal. Very often people are only ignorant when they seem to be wicked. They know not what they do on the Stock Exchange and as landlords. The Church should teach them broad principles of duty, but, as business matters are very complicated, she should be careful not to talk about details which she does not understand. The Church is quite right to try and get rich men into her fold, for it is possible that their money, which is a great power, may become consecrated to noble uses.

It is not my experience that there are fewer religious people than there used to

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be. Or that working men think all ministers humbugs. On the contrary, it seems to me that ours is a very earnest age, and that people in thousands, both clerical and lay, of all denominations and of no denomination, are battling very hard against drunkenness, impurity, gambling, etc. New manifestations of sin, however, arising from causes for which the Church is not responsible, are presenting themselves, and we have to plan new methods of warfare to oppose them. The churches are so good that we must all wish they were better. Certainly, without them, things would be much worse than they are.

E. J. HARDY.

REV. J. W. HORSLEY, M.A.,
Rector of St. Peter's, Walworth.

It is difficult to criticise, and even in measure to understand, the Rev. S. K. Hocking's utterance without a definition of some words and an explanation of some phrases therein used. "Do the churches need converting?" Here, *in limine*, something might be said as to what is meant by "the churches," and still more as to the interpretation of the word "converting." Conversion implies previous aversion, and I am not aware of any religious body that is wholly blind to the light once seen, while of course individuals in all churches may want conversion. This is no new experience, nor one ever unknown, while an organised body is made of units, and human nature and freewill remain. I suppose what he really means is to point out, as we all should and may do, that errors of excess or of defect are constantly arising which should be corrected by reference to the standard of "the faith, the whole faith, and nothing but the faith," and that these errors arise in many bodies and individuals from tenable pious opinions being made into matters of faith, and still more from the perennial difficulty of preserving the proportion and the balance of faith without unduly depressing one article of faith or morals, or unduly exaggerating another. So I find nothing new, nothing that has not always been the cause of a prophet's trouble in the subject of his animadversion. I think we are at one in insisting on the need of more moral teaching and more definite teaching of morality, without any fear of the scowl or the influence of the monied galled jade. Solifidian tracts must be accompanied by sanitary tracts, and commercial immorality denounced even in preference to those ritual practices or those religious phrases which others use and we, perhaps, have not tried to understand. But because we see evil we need not become pessimists; because we feel it our duty to hit at the devil wherever we find him (whether in adultery or in adulteration, whether in religious or in journalistic cant, whether in rack renting or in pew renting), we need not, therefore, omit to thank God for the general advance in the desire to know and practise truth and righteousness. I remember my wise and good old grandmother saying that she believed thoughts, words, and deeds were all better than when she was young. The nearer I get to her age the more I agree with her. It is because we have more light and more desire for its spreading that certain evils become more apparent. They are more visible, but not therefore more numerous or influential. Let us remember that Hope is to be cultivated as much as Faith and Charity. I know what he feels, and feel the same myself; but I think people may not appreciate the fact that he is putting forward a truth, one side of the truth, but not now the whole truth. Things are bad, but not so shocking as S. Hocking might seem to be asserting.

J. W. HORSLEY.

REV. J. C. BREWITT.
Ex-President of United Methodist Free Churches.

I am obliged to you for an advance proof of Mr. Silas Hocking's article. It is full of sweeping accusations. Some are true, others lose power by their exaggeration. The following sentence:—"When the Church herself has been converted to Godliness then shall we make our influence felt upon the nation," even the writer would hardly interpret in an absolute sense.

Surely, no man with experience of Church life in this country will say and believe that *all*—Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, and the rank and file of the Ministry of all Christian churches, and the *entire* membership of these churches—are without godliness, and need convert-

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ing as the first step towards the conversion of the whole nation to Jesus Christ!

Without doubt there is much formal religion, and therefore large numbers in the churches need to experience the renewing grace of God. The whole Church plunged into the power of the Divine Spirit, it seems to me, is the prime requisite for the work of the 20th century. Only this will enable her to resist and overthrow the power of wealth, luxury, and pleasure so rife inside the Church, as well as amongst those who are of the world.

J. C. BREWITT.

REV. W. CARLILE.

Founder of the Church Army.

Character creation is the chief object of Christianity and especially of the Church Army. Character can only re-create or re-produce itself. Here heredity binds it. Yes, indeed, the Church does need, not only a sudden conversion of will and affection both to good and to God, but also a thorough gradual conversion from long acquired habits of evil learned from the world, whereby she is taught to call bad "Good;" lust, "Nature;" greed, "Empire;" mammon, "Power;" drunkenness, "Bonhomie;" gambling, "Speculation;" goodness, "Goody;" piety, "Pie;" and the good liver, he who dies worth much. The democracy sees through the sham, having no quarrel with the devoted and self-denying Example from Nazareth, but only with us who are professors of his creed rather than possessors of his character.

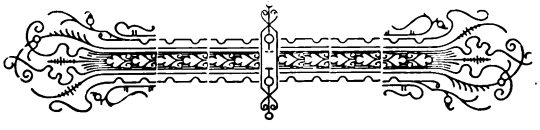
W. CARLILE.

DR. FARRAR.

Dean of Canterbury.

I think that what Mr. Hocking says deserves very serious attention.

F. W. FARRAR.



INTO THY HANDS, O LORD!

The Glow had faded from the west,
The splendour from the mountain's crest;
Stern Day's relentless task is done
And Nature rests at set of sun.
But ere she shuts her weary eyes,
Soothed as by airs of Paradise,
She softly prays on bended knee,
"In manus tuas, Domine!"

O silent hours, how dear ye are!
There is no light of moon or star;
The twilight shadows slowly creep
From rock to rock, from steep to steep;
The trees stand breathless on the hill;
The restless winds are hushed and still;
Only one prayer from land and sea—
"In manus tuas, Domine!"

And, O my soul, be sure when night
In God's good time puts out the light,
And draws the curtains soft and dim
Round weary head and heart and limb,
You will be glad! But ere you go
To sleep, that no rude dreams shall know,
Be this prayer said for you and me—
"In manus tuas, Domine!"

Julia C. R. Dorr.

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

FEW names are better known to the reading public than that of "John Strange Winter," the *nom de guerre* of the author of "Bootles' Baby," who is known in private life as Mrs. Arthur Stannard. Mrs. Stannard is the daughter of the late Rev. Henry Vaughan Palmer, and the gifted authoress was born at York. She early showed a predilection for books, high class fiction being her especial delight. Thackeray, Dickens, Charles Reade, and Whyte Melville were her constant companions. As a child, she gave indications of the waywardness of genius in her disposition, soon tiring of any task which she took up and leaving it before it was half finished. But, fortunately for her readers, "John Strange Winter" overcame this early tendency when she arrived at years of discretion, or our present-day literature might never have been enriched with those delightful books, which the great Ruskin characterised as "the most finished and faithful rendering ever yet given of the character of the British soldier." Her father died when she was twenty-one. Before that time she had made her first essays into the field of literature, having contributed stories to various periodicals. For many years she wrote serials as "Violet Whyte," and as such she became the third most popular contributor on the *Family Herald* (to which she supplied nearly forty novels before the more remunerative masculine pseudonym caused her to drop writing for them). She assumed the "J. S. W." because her first book was a collection of soldier stories and the publishers objected to a feminine name. Her first great work was "Bootles' Baby," a truly fascinating piece of fiction, and one of the most popular, though some of her subsequent writings contain even better work, as, for instance, "Houp-la," "Mignon's Secret," "My Poor Dick," "Good-Bye," and "Grip." Mrs. Stannard especially excels in her portraiture of the British officer,

MRS. ARTHUR STANNARD.
(John Strange Winter.)
Photograph by Alfred Ellis & Walry, 51, Baker Street.

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whose aspirations and class feelings she thoroughly understands. Her pictures of child life are also admirable, and every lover of children should read "Mignon." She is a most prolific writer, having sent out more than seventy novels. To all who prize truthful and inspiring fiction, "John Strange Winter" is a true friend.

IT is impossible to look on the noble head of Dr. Storey without recognising a leader of men. Physically and mentally he is a son of Anak. More than any other teacher, perhaps, the personality of the Principal of Glasgow University has influenced and fascinated the present generation of students. Feared for the biting wit which has laid many a folly low, his patriotism, his large sympathies, and the unflinching honesty of his character, have gained him a large measure of love and reverence. He has written some striking books, notably biographies, and is a familiar figure on the golf links. In spite of a certain hauteur of demeanour, and in spite of his position as one of her Majesty's chaplains, he has strong democratic sympathies. Not long ago he championed the cause of the working men of Scotland against Lord Overtoun, who required his employés to work on Sunday whilst at the same time denouncing the opening of museums and picture galleries on that day. The place he holds in the estimation of his brother ministers is shown by the fact that he has already been Moderator of the General Assembly. In the future he is destined to come yet even more to the front. With his indomitable will, and with his unrivalled powers of incisive and sarcastic speech, he will be the most formidable opponent of the *rapprochement* between the advanced section of the Church of Scotland and the Scottish Episcopal Church.

DEAN LEFROY is probably the only clergyman to whom belongs the distinction of having built an English church in a foreign land while away on his holidays. The Dean can, in fact, claim more than this, for he has founded two churches, both of them in Switzerland, the one at Riffel Alp, and the other at Rhone Glacier. Being an ardent mountaineer, Dean Lefroy has for years spent his vacation among the Swiss Alps,

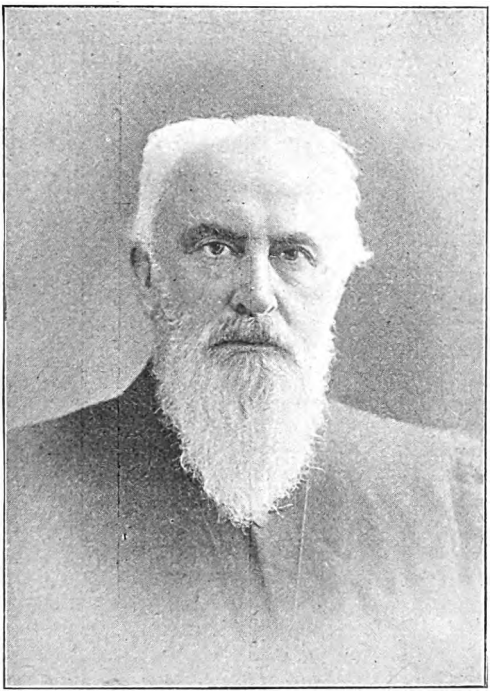

Photo by DR. HUGH STOREY. *Lafayette.*
(Principal of Glasgow University.)

and in this way he became acquainted with the fact that in these particular Alpine districts there was no English church where British tourists could worship. Some men would have felt it no part of their duty to concern themselves with a matter which was quite outside the province of their own pastoral work. Not so Dean Lefroy. As soon as he became convinced of the need, he at once set himself to supply it, and that not by applying to headquarters, but by his own exertions. He worked unremittingly on behalf of this object, and was at length successful in raising a sufficient sum to found the first church. This proved such a blessing to English holiday-makers that he undertook the task of raising funds for building the second. His eloquent appeals met with a hearty response, and so one more English church rose up among these mountain solitudes. Dean Lefroy has many notable achievements to record in the course of his brilliant and useful career. When incumbent of St. Andrew's, Liverpool, he formed a special divinity class for his young men, and of the members of this class, who owe their training to him, no less than twenty-five have subsequently taken Holy Orders. The Dean is a fine preacher with a very

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persuasive style, and the church that can secure his services on behalf of a charitable object has cause to deem itself fortunate. He has raised very large sums of money for Church purposes, and besides those in the Alps has founded several places of worship in Liverpool. It was he who, in connection with Mr. John Torr, M.P., founded the Bishopric of Liverpool, which under its late Bishop, the Right Rev. J. C. Ryle, became such a splendid centre of Christian work. He was also the originator of the Clergy Sustentation Fund. Dr. Lefroy is a great lover of music, and since he became Dean of Norwich has exerted himself most successfully in raising money for a new organ, and for completely restoring the Cathedral.

AN English clergyman in the East End of London has set himself to grapple with the difficult task of converting the Jews to Christianity by having sermons preached to them in their own language. This is the Rev. J. A. Faithfull, M.A., Rector of St. Mary's, Whitechapel, in whose parish the Hebrew population amounts to nearly 12,000 souls. Mr. Faithfull keenly felt his responsibilities to these alien parishioners, who are, perhaps, the hardest to reach of any class of unbelievers, because conversion to Christianity means with them ostracism even by their dearest relations and friends. There is an open-air pulpit built outside St. Mary's Church, and this Mr. Faithfull makes a means of drawing the people round him. On the front of this pulpit is a portion of Scripture in Hebrew written in bold characters. After a short service in the open air all are invited to accompany the Rector into the Church; an invitation to which many respond. Mr. Faithfull is not conversant with Yiddish himself, so his curate, Mr. Weinberger, himself a converted Jew, addresses them in their own tongue, which is much appreciated. Mr. Faithfull had a large number of copies of the Epistle to the Hebrews in Yiddish distributed among the congregation, after a sermon by the curate on this Epistle, and they were eagerly sought after. Every week a large Jewish congregation attends these services. Many come again and again, so that the work is undoubtedly bearing much fruit.

THOUGH still a young man the Rev. Hugh Black has earned the reputation of being one of the first preachers in Scotland, a land long famous for the eloquence of its ministers. He was born at Rothesay, a charming seaside resort on the West Coast of Scotland, and was educated first at a private school, and subsequently at Glasgow University, where, he graduated M.A. He entered the Ministry in 1891, and became minister of Sherwood Church, Paisley. Here he soon attracted the attention of a larger audience, for the eloquence of his preaching drew people from all parts to hear him. It was not long before he received a pressing invitation from Edinburgh to become the colleague of the celebrated Dr. Whyte, at Free St. George's, but the General Assembly did not think it wise for him to leave Paisley so soon, and it was not until January, 1896, when the invitation was renewed, that he came to fill this appointment, one of the most important in the Presbyterian Church. In this wider sphere, Mr. Black has become a power in the land, and Edinburgh is justly proud of her gifted young preacher, whose fame attracts many strangers to Free St. George's. When he married, his people showed their high appreciation of the work he has done among them by presenting him him with a purse of £600, and making his salary equal to that of his distinguished senior, Dr. Whyte. Mr. Black is also well-known as an author, and his books have passed through several editions. The best known are "The Dream of Youth," and "Friendship." Though one of the busiest of men, Mr. Black contrives to find time for his favourite recreation, which is cycling, and he may be often seen on the wheel after a hard day's work.

NAMES given by the people are generally deserved. The masses don't flatter, so when the people of Val-des-Bois near Rheims gave Léon Harmel "le bon père" for title there was something more in it than as applied to a mere distributor of village doles. I spent a day at his wool-combing works once. The "works" really include a small village, with church, theatre, playing fields, cottages, general store, infirmary, and schools, and "le bon père" is every-

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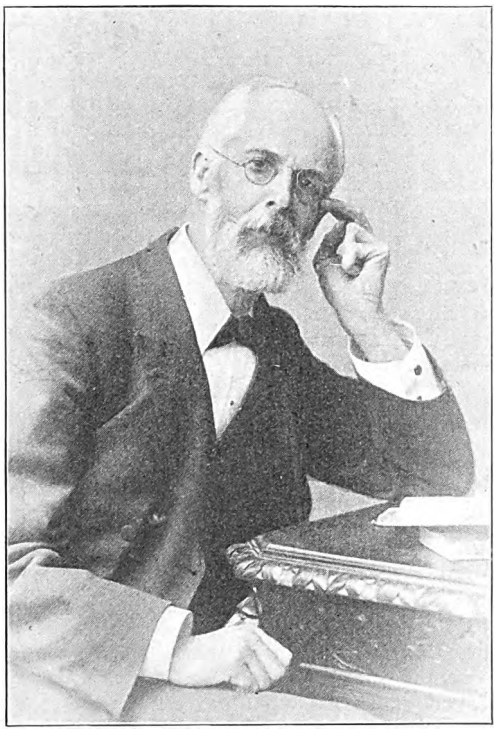
where. As we walked together the little children ran after him to explore his pockets for sweeties; he listened to a worried, garrulous mother with patience and interest; there was no change of attitude nor did anyone speak as we passed, but everyone seemed glad to see him. He does not believe in profit-sharing as between employer and employed, for to make the employed feel the failures seems unjust—yet to allow them to share success without taking risks seems illadvised charity. All the 1,200 workers have a fair living wage, good houses, marriage portions for the daughters and every encouragement to realise that *mutual* help is the surest road to self help. Léon Harmel is the Pope's strongest ally in France, and of him the latter said: "I approve of all you have done in the past, all you are doing to-day, and all you intend to do."



MR. W. R. BRADLAUGH.
(The Strenuous Opponent of Infidelity; Brother of the late Charles Bradlaugh.)
Photograph by Debenham, 12, Clarence Street, Gloucester.

NO two brothers ever presented a greater contrast in character and ideals than Mr. W. R. Bradlaugh, the doughty opponent of Infidelity, and his brother Charles, its most noted champion. Both W. R. and Charles Bradlaugh had a careful Christian training, but the latter early came under the influence of infidels, whose specious arguments seemed unanswerable to the inexperienced youth. His brother was so horrified with this result that he determined to devote his life to combating the insidious evil which lays its traps for the unwary. Mr. W. R. Bradlaugh has rendered great service to the cause of Christianity by the intrepid way in which he has carried on the fight for thirty years, though it has often been an uphill task, owing to that lack of funds which so frequently cripples a good work. Mr. Bradlaugh has allowed the Freethinkers no rest, and whenever he finds that they are arranging meetings he follows them all over the country, energetically bills the districts with warnings against Infidelity, and organises counter demonstrations. He has also to arrange for a Christian evidence debater to be present at each infidel meeting, in order to refute the arguments with which the atheist lecturer hopes to convince his hearers. Such success has attended the efforts of these Christian debaters that the stock infidel objections have become utterly discredited, and Freethinkers are ever at their wits' end to find fresh weapons, such as they are, to attack the truth of the Bible. Mr. Bradlaugh is the editor of the *Christian Armoury*, formerly known as the *Anti-Infidel*, and, in this and his numerous published books and pamphlets, his "answers to infidel objections" are most lucid and convincing, and form a valuable *vade mecum* for combating the arguments of atheists. Mr. Bradlaugh thinks that blatant atheism is on the decline, but that there exists to-day a certain laxity of thought even in the churches, which constitutes a greater, because more subtle, danger. Mr. Bradlaugh, I much regret to learn, has met with a severe stroke of ill fortune, and the work of his life is practically brought to a standstill. By the disastrous fire at Saffron Hill, the whole of the stereo plates of all his books, pamphlets, etc., the result of his labours during more than a quarter of a century, have been destroyed. It is most necessary that all who value the work he has been doing should now rally round him in this hour of trial.

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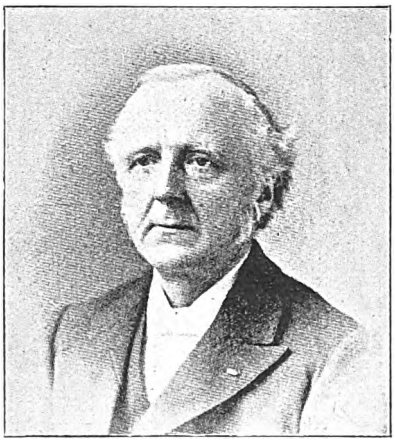

REV. F. B. MEYER.
(Pastor of Christ Church, Westminster.)

ONE of the most influential and widely beloved of Nonconformist Ministers to-day is the Rev. F. B. Meyer, pastor of Christ Church, Westminster. This he owes, not only to his abilities as a preacher and a writer, great as they undoubtedly are, but also to that deep earnestness which stamps every word he utters. The writer has spoken to people who, though making no pretensions to religion, have been deeply impressed by his great kindliness and the absence of all assumption from his manner, and have freely acknowledged the uplifting influence of Christianity as displayed in his character. This is what makes Mr. Meyer so beloved by the poor, who are quick to perceive in him a true and staunch friend, sympathetic with their sufferings, and gentle with, though never condoning, their failings. Mr. Meyer has travelled both in India and America. In the former country he was much distressed to find the pernicious influence which the Anti-Christian press exerts over the minds of the natives, and considers this one of the first evils to be combatted in the task of evangelising India's dusky millions. He has given his active support to the world-famous Christian Endeavour movement, and was Chairman of the English society at the great Convention last year. Mr. Meyer sees that one of the greatest dangers to be guarded against in the Christian life to-day is the undue love of pleasure, which is leading many young people to neglect the proper observance of the Lord's Day. Pleasure within its legitimate limits is not only allowab'e but necessary, but there is a growing tendency to permit it to absorb the best energies of our life. Mr. Meyer entered the ministry in 1870, when he became assistant to the Rev. C. M. Berrell of Liverpool. He next had charge of the Baptist Chapel, York. This was in 1872, and two years later he was appointed minister of the Victoria-road Church, Leicester. After working unremittingly among his people for four years his labours became so fruitful in results, and such large congregations were attracted, that it became necessary to build the Melbourne Hall, Leicester, especially for his ministry. Ten years later, in 1888, we find him established in London at the Regent's Park Chapel, and he has finally succeeded to the ministerial inheritance of the Rev. Rowland Hill—Christ Church, Westminster, having been built to carry on the work of the old Surrey Chapel. As an author Mr. Meyer is as widely known as he is as a preacher. "Israel: a Prince with God," "Elijah: tried by Fire," "The Bells of Isis," "Reveries and Realities," "Workaday Sermons," "Blessed are Ye," are amongst some of the best known works which have proceeded from his pen, and which have had great influence on the religious thought of the day.

IT was whilst a boy at Eton that the scheme of forming a polytechnic institute occurred to Mr. Quintin Hogg, the grand result of which is known all over the world. Mr. Hogg's description of the first "Class" that was held is pathetic in the extreme. "With an empty beerbottle for a candlestick, and a tallow candle as an illumination, two crossing sweepers as pupils, your humble servant as teacher, and a couple of bibles as reading books, there was practically started what finally grew into the Polytechnic." Working earnestly amongst the very worst boys of London for many years, it was not until 1881, when the Polytechnic came into being, that this great philanthropist was able to found an Institute which should be absolutely catholic in its tastes and aims, where any reasonable preference, whether athletic, intellectual, spiritual, or social, could be indulged. On the opening night over 1,000 new members were enrolled; to-day the number exceeds 17,000, whilst during the winter there is

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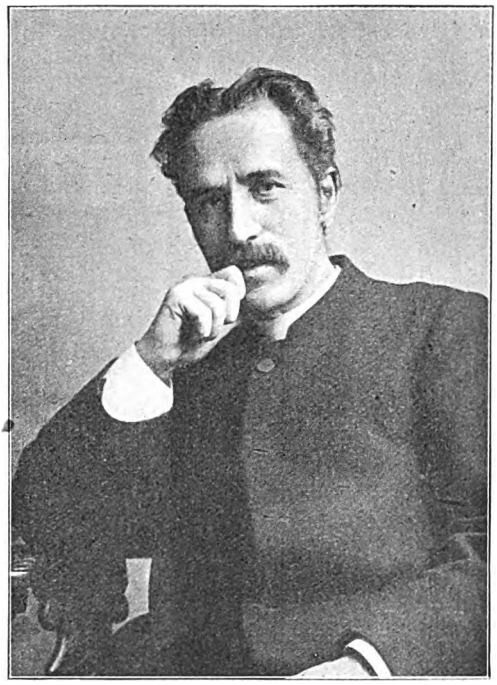
an average daily attendance of between 4,000 and 5,000 for the classes and societies. The effect for good that such an Institute must have had upon the young men and women of London can scarcely be gauged; but, underlying all the work, the secret of its success is held in the motto chosen by Mr. Hogg, "The Lord is our Strength."

WE are able to furnish our readers this month with a counterfeit presentment of the Rev. J. Reid Howatt, whom readers of the TEMPLE MAGAZINE have come to regard as a personal friend. Mr. Reid Howatt has gained this honour for himself chiefly by his unwearied efforts on behalf of the poor cripple children in London; and his pages "for the bairns" in the TEMPLE MAGAZINE have made his name something of a household word in many homes in Britain, as well as beyond the seas. The minister of Camberwell Presbyterian Church has, however, other claims besides that of being founder of the Crutch and Kindness League, to a place "In the Public Eye." It will perhaps surprise his youthful readers—and some, too, of mature years—to learn that the



THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.
(Who started the Crutch and Kindness League.)
Photograph by W. A. Brown & Son, Camberwell Road.

MR. QUINTIN HOGG.
(Founder of the Polytechnic.)
Photograph by Henry T. Reed, 16, Tottenham Court Road.

conductor of "Our Children's Corner" has actually passed his semi-jubilee as a minister. This event was celebrated in October last when Mr. Reid Howatt, among other gifts evoked by the occasion, was the recipient of an album containing the good wishes and autographs of from three to four hundred members and old friends of the Camberwell Presbyterian Church. Mr. Reid Howatt has the distinction of having occupied his first and only charge for a longer period than any of his brethren in the two Metropolitan Presbyteries; he has, at various times, had tempting offers to change his field of ministerial labour, but for a quarter of a century has loyally and courageously maintained the cause he took in hand as a young pastor in the summer of 1875. The gift of Mr. Reid Howatt as a preacher to children is well-known in Presbyterian circles at home and in the Colonies, and has received recognition beyond the confines of his own denomination. The faculty of speaking to children from the pulpit in a way that rivets attention and is both interesting and instructive is indeed a rare one, but it belongs in an almost unique degree to the Presbyterian minister of Camberwell.

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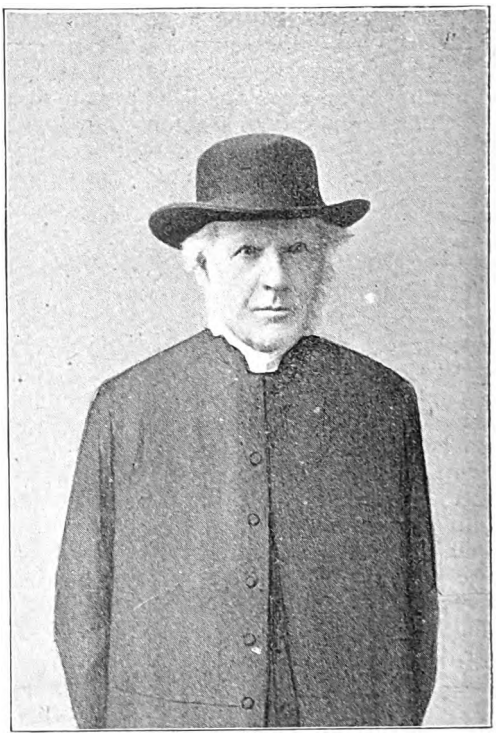
Many of his sermonettes or addresses to little folks have been published, the titles of some of his volumes—"The Children's Pulpit," "The Children's Angel," "The Children's Vow"—sufficiently indicating their contents. It was in a review of one of these that C. H. Spurgeon designated Mr. Howatt "The Prince of Preachers to Children." Other works such as "Agnostic Fallacies," "Jesus the Port," and "After Hours" have come from the facile pen of Mr. Reid Howatt, who was a journalist in early days and left Glasgow—he is by birth a west of Scotland man—when barely out of his teens to edit a paper in Dudley—a work he maintained throughout his theological studies and only relinquished when his settlement at Camberwell had been finally decided upon. He has contributed also to periodical literature, as the files of *The Young Man*, *Home Messenger* and other monthlies testify. A singular honour was conferred upon Mr. Reid Howatt in 1894; in that year he was asked to write the jubilee report of the Ragged School Union. His review of the fifty years' work of this noble philanthropic institution secured the approbation of the directorate of the Union, and the report, issued as a neat booklet entitled "Then and Now," had a wide circulation. When his work is finished—and may that day be distant—Mr. Howatt has no higher desire than to be remembered as one who "loved the bairns."

FEW clergymen can boast of such a unique record as the Rev. J. Glynn Childs, B.A., Rector of St. Dennis, Cornwall. Born on May 10th, 1810, the rev. gentleman has now nearly reached the good old age of 91, and has the distinction of being the oldest beneficed clergyman in Cornwall, though he has now decided to retire from active work. He was Curate of Tregony, 1835-37; St. Blazey, 1839-42; and Perranarworthal, 1842-44 (Truro diocese); also St. Paul's, East Stonehouse, Devon, 1844-47 (Exeter diocese), becoming the first resident Rector of St. Dennis in the year 1852, which living he has held ever since. The Church has recently undergone complete restoration at a cost of over £1,000. This ancient edifice dates back to Norman times. A convenient Rectory house has been built by Mr. Childs, and there is a small glebe, but the stipend is not large. The venerable rector enjoys excellent health, and has



REV. J. GLYNN CHILDS.
Photograph by Wheeler, Weymouth.

rarely been absent from his people during the long period he has resided with them, which extends to over 48 years. He at present carries a physique which would do justice to a much younger man. Greatly to the regret of his parishioners—both Churchmen and Nonconformists, the hearts of both of whom he has long ago won by his many kind acts and words—he came to his decision to relinquish the duties of his parish.

IT would be hard to find a philanthropic work undertaken on behalf of Tommy Atkins in which Colonel James Gildea, C.B., has had no share. Great as is the number of organisations which he has started and still continues to direct, he is never too busy to lend a helping hand to the inauguration of any new scheme likely to prove beneficial. Nor is his philanthropy confined to organisations; it is personal as well, and the Colonel's residence has been justly named "The Soldier's House of Call." Thither flock almost every day some of his

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humble red-coated friends, whose tales of distress are always listened to with an attentive ear, and who seldom go away without some mark of practical sympathy. The greatest work of his life was the establishment of the "Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association." This Association has branches all over the Kingdom. It was founded to meet exactly the wants that we have experienced during the last 12 months, and without such an organisation it is impossible to understand what would have happened, or the terrible distress that would have occurred. Little less than three quarters of a million have been given since the commencement of the war, and there are at the present time on the books of the Association 80,000 families, representing, with children, not less than 200,000 souls. This, as will be seen, is a truly national work. Colonel Gildea's active sympathies with those who pay the price of war in suffering were early manifested. The breaking out of the Franco-German war gave him his first opportunity. He proceeded to the seat of war and served as one of the agents of the National Aid Society for the sick and wounded in war, and was present at the capitulation of Metz. The terrible disaster of Isandlana in 1879 left hundreds of widows and orphans face to face with destitution, for no fund was available for their assistance. He raised no less than £12,500, and undertook the distribution himself. His efforts to form a permanent fund proved fruitless, but the Government undertook to render the necessary assistance. How inadequate this assistance has been, recent events have proved but too clearly. With his own hands the Colonel packed up 25,000 volumes and dispatched them for the use of the soldiers in hospital during the Afghan War. After the Maiwand disaster, widows and orphans again were many, and the help forthcoming scanty, but the Colonel, by his tireless efforts, raised £10,700, which he distributed amongst the sufferers, the work of distribution taking two years, as each case had to be carefully investigated and the necessary grant apportioned. The same story is repeated again and again in the successive wars which have broken out: the first and second Soudan Wars, the Burmah War, and lastly, the present South African War. Hospital comforts and books for the sick and wounded,

COLONEL JAMES GILDEA, C.B.
(The Soldiers' Friend.)
Photograph by Martin Jacolette, Queen's Gate.

and relief for the widows and orphans at home have all been generously provided through the Colonel's personal efforts and the effective organisations he has started.

DR. JANE WALKER has taken a leading part in introducing the open air treatment of consumption in this country. Miss Walker, who is a North Country woman, a native of Dewsbury, and has studied both in this country and the Continent, had her attention first drawn to the subject by a friend, who asked her if she had ever heard of Nordrach in the Black Forest. Up to the spring of 1892, in common with most of the medical profession, she had believed in the climatic treatment of tuberculosis. But here was a method that gave good hope of permanent cure, and a cure that could be carried out near home and for a comparatively small cost. At Cheshunt and in Suffolk Miss Walker has found suitable positions for two sanatoria where the treatment is now being carried on with wonderful success. Amazing quantities of food and no

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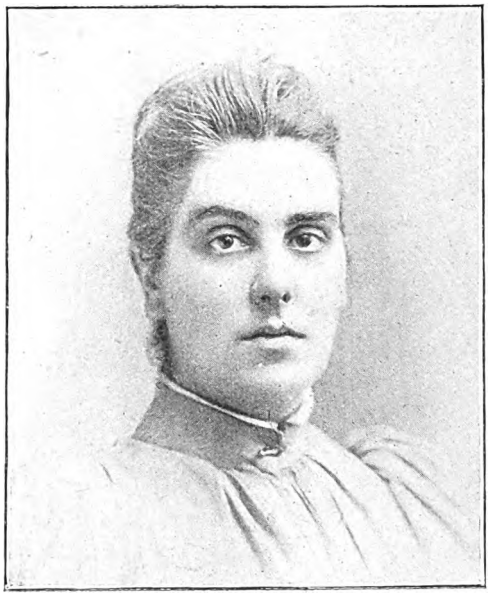

DR. JANE WALKER.
(The Advocate of the Open-Air Treatment for Consumption.)
Photograph by C. Vandyk, Gloucester Road, Queen's Gate.

windows seem to sum up the treatment. It is wonderful how people get used to the floods of fresh air, even amongst the poor people who formed the bulk of Miss Walker's first patients. "I wish I could get rid of the side of my room," said one poor woman who had at first been with difficulty persuaded to unfasten her window. Though all are not of course cures, yet a new era of hope seems to have opened for consumptives. No doubt Miss Walker's genial personality does a great deal to inspire her patients with confidence. "It is wonderful," she says, "how cheerful our patients are, indeed a stranger would hardly believe they were invalids."

MR. HENRY WHITFELD is a living illlustration of what a man imbued with an enthusiasm for humanity, and a strong spirit of local patriotism, may do for his town without the employment of any capital other than a powerful pen and an eloquent tongue. Mr. Whitfeld belongs to a very old Plymouth family, and one of his ancestors was associated with Winstanley in the erection of the first Eddystone Lighthouse. He himself began life as a reporter, and early gained distinction in that capacity by a series of articles on "Overcrowded Plymouth"; resulting from a personal tour of its slums. The outcome of his disclosure was the formation of a company by which several big blocks of artisans' dwellings were erected, and the preparation of the public mind for subsequent schemes of municipal housing on the immediate outskirts of the town. After serving the *Western Daily Mercury* for some years as a reporter, Mr. Whitfeld became its Editor, but he eventually left that paper to take charge of the *Western Independent* in the sister borough of Devonport. Here he found even worse overcrowding than had previously existed at Plymouth, the evil in this case being aggravated by manorial restrictions on the sale of land. This system Mr. Whitfeld denounced in a pamphlet entitled "The Curse of Devonport," purporting to express the thoughts, feelings, and experiences of an imaginary slum dweller, who figured in its pages as "A Boy from the Back of Morice Square." Twelve thousand copies were sold on the day of publication, and the "Boy's" revelations so profoundly moved the town that Mr. Whitfeld was expressly

MR. HENRY WHITFELD.
(Who has done so much to improve the Housing of the Poor.)
Photograph by John Hawke, Plymouth.

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returned to the Council to inauguarate a scheme of working-class houses, and he last year laid the foundation stone of the first of two extensive blocks of model dwellings already provided for under this movement. He has always enunciated the principle that such buildings should be occupied by the largest families with the smallest wage-earning capacity, and in the flats completed up to the present time this principle has been rigidly respected. Mr. Whitfeld last year still further earned the gratitude of his native place by publishing a quarto "History of Plymouth and Devonport in times of War and Peace," of so fascinating a character that a competent critic has declared the author to have done for his town what John Richard Green did for the country at large.

THE man who dares assert from a Presbyterian pulpit his belief in the Intermediate State, Ministerial Absolution, the real Presence, and Apostolical succession, has evidently before his eyes no fear of Jenny Geddes and her stool. Courage is the keynote of the character of Dr. Cooper, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Glasgow. Regarding himself as a member of the historic church of St. Ninian and St. Columba rather than of John Knox, he has laboured to bring back the sweetness and the light which he deems to have been lost to Scottish faith and practice through ultra-Puritanism. He it was who restored daily services in St. Nicholas', Aberdeen, discontinued since 1715, revived the ancient practice of having sermons every evening throughout Holy Week, and marked out such festivals as Christmas Eve, and the Ascension Day for special distinction. As a member of the Church Service Society he has done much to improve the worship of his own religious communion. At present he is best known as the leader of a remarkable

DR. COOPER.
(Who is trying to promote the Union of the Church of Scotland and the Scottish Episcopal Church.)
Photograph by Edmund Geering, Aberdeen.

movement in the direction of unity between the Church of Scotland and the Scottish Episcopal Church. A conference between the Bishops and some prominent members of the three Presbyterian bodies has taken place, but its result has been more a studied ambiguity of speech than a definite scheme of union. Dr. Cooper is in the prime of manhood, and of an appearance so ecclesiastical that he might easily be mistaken for Cardinal Perocchi or a younger brother of the Bishop of Winchester. In his youth he travelled much. He was in Rome when Victor Emmanuel made his state entry, and heard him speak from the Capitol. His experiences have been varied. He has been haled before the Synod by elders suspicious of heresy, and he has been commemorated in stone and glass windows, and presented with a jewelled chalice by the admiring citizens of Aberdeen.

THE ONLOOKER.

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COMMON SENSE FOR MOTHERS AND NURSES.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES

By Dr. Julia Holmes Smith.

NUMBER ONE.

Some Hints to Mothers, with Suggestions for the Baby's Wardrobe.

OBSERVATION always proves that women have been left too much the prey of sentiment—that, in the culture of the maiden, little attention has been paid to the possibilities which may tax her mature life; and that girls who are well read in literature, art and science find themselves many times at a disadvantage in the presence of a tiny baby whose distressing cries suggest disease, but really indicate a tight bandage or misplaced pin.

It seems a grave pity that our daughters, who in this present century are enjoying equal opportunities with our sons, should be in want of the definite instruction which will make them as thoroughly fit for their share of life's duties as are their brothers.

Some one has wisely said: "Every child has a right to be well-born." To this end it is full time that mothers, and fathers as well, were taught the responsibility they owe to their children; not only the duty which provides home and clothes, but the higher obligation to develop to the utmost the possibilities, physical, mental and moral, which may have been born in the infant.

It is the purpose of this series of articles to present some suggestions to those enjoying the dear delight of little children in their own homes.

The brain, in early infancy, is soft; its convolutions few and shallow, material ready for the hand of the moulder. Despite hereditary tendency, which must be recognised as a potent factor in the formation of character, that mother has much to answer for who fails to avail herself of all the aids to development which wise management can give. Children learn much by observation, and most profound impressions are made upon the sensitive organisation long before the child is able to speak a word.

How great, then, the responsibility of the woman who has the care of a young child! The very first requisite in preparing for such a vocation, either as mother or nurse, is to be quite well. A woman with shattered nerves is utterly unfit for the duties of the nursery.

Diffuseness is a sex characteristic. It should be the aim of educators to train women to concentration. I would emphasise this thought; for, if overtaxing of the nervous system be hazardous to the *débutante* who robs herself of a week's strength for a night's pleasure, or to the elderly woman who wears herself out in church or charity work, verily there is a fourfold danger to the young mother, who, by thus trying to do too many things, not only hurts herself, but robs of part of its birthright the child she loves; for a child has a right to a healthy, happy mother, who can make a happy home. Such health can be attained by attention to the ordinary rules of hygiene in eating, drinking, sleeping, and in the matter of out-of-door exercise, and last, but not least in importance, by attention to the construction of the clothing, which should be warm and light in weight.

No woman, under any circumstances, should wear a garment which will not admit of full respiration, nor should she overtax her strength by heavy skirts. Surely on this topic a word to the wise will be sufficient.

It is natural to woman to sew. The well-born child is as eager to make her own doll's clothes as the peasant maiden. In this century needlework is the recreation of the fortunate few, the support of the many. Thought is busy while the fingers fly; and sweet love grows in medi-

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tation. What so natural, then, as the impulse of most young mothers to prepare the dainty little garments for the baby? And this desire, within bounds, is as healthful as natural. But common sense will say there are in the shops, at a comparatively low cost, complete outfits for babies of every degree.

The mother whose income is small and who has in her home insufficient help and must spend many hours of every day in domestic affairs, should not tax herself to make everything her child may need. She should remember that upon her depends, in a large degree, the mental as well as physical well-being of the child; and while she cannot create in her baby a musical, artistic, scholarly or business temperament at will, she certainly can give to the inherited impulse a certain amount of encouragement. A few moments each day of music, half an hour of reading, possibly the study of a new language, will so keep in perfection the intellectual and artistic powers with which she commenced married life, that the child need not miss any of the elements which go to make up a well-developed boy or girl. Therefore, it would seem wisest that this mother should avail herself of the ready-made garments offered by the trade.

The woman of leisure can gratify her taste in many directions. She can do marvels of embroidery on dainty little garments, while her foot is on the cradle-rocker and her voice attuned to nursery song; but to rich and poor alike I would commend for every child when it is very young the use of a bandage round the body, a flannel pinner, and for ordinary wear a simple slip. These articles cannot be bought made after the pattern which I consider sensible, and which many mothers to whom I have suggested them most highly endorse.

Every little baby should have six bandages, six pinners and eight slips.

The bandage should be cut crosswise from a light weight of all-wool flannel, and should measure six inches in width by twenty-three inches in length. It should be overcast loosely all around with very fine cotton thread, because any hem or binding will be apt to chafe the tender skin, with which it must come in contact.

Midway from each end, on one side, should be sewed firmly a strap, made of double flannel, two inches square, to which is to be pinned the diaper. This strap serves to keep both articles of clothing in place, and prevents exposure of the lower part of the child's tender body to the air. The bandage should be loosely but evenly pinned at the back with tiny safety pins, and the child ought to wear it until at least three months old, when it may be exchanged for the knit band, on sale in all shops.

I think every baby should be thus covered, by flannel or knitted goods, until all its teeth have come. It is thus saved from colic, caused by cold, and many other maladies.

Grave enteritis has as often been caused by the accidental change in the amount of clothing covering the bowels of the child as by any other cause. It may be objected by modern theorists that the flannel bandage will confine the abdomen by not allowing the passage of food in process of digestion.

The answer is that in case of distention, from any cause, it is easy to loosen the bandage, which has length enough allowed to meet just such emergencies, and which is held together only by safety-pins.

The next garment, which cannot be bought of the shape I conceive best, is the pinner; the object of which is to keep the baby warm to its very toes.

To this end the garment should be snug around the body; sufficiently long to pin up over the feet, and at the same time be wide enough to allow the little limbs full play to kick and grow.

To make this pinner, take a square yard of flannel of light weight and cut from one corner a semi-circular piece, of which the straight edges shall be thirteen inches long. This will leave an open skirt of which the front sides will measure twenty-three inches, and the middle of the back will be on the bias, falling like the point of a shawl. The cut edge to be attached to the waist will allow two inches for fullness. The waist is made of flannel, high in the neck, with no sleeves, and in order that there may be no compression let it have a girth, when finished, of twenty-three inches, the same as the bandage. Stitch on the skirt, putting all the fullness in the back, and bind the whole garment on every side with silk binding.

Thus made, the pinner meets the needs of the baby until its body acquires larger

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girth than twenty-three inches, when a new waist will have to be made, and the fullness let out of the skirt.

This garment should be worn by every child until shoes and stockings take the place of long flannels; for in this way the feet and legs are kept warm, and there is one danger less for the little one.

The slip comes next on my list, and the ordinary pattern answers for this, except that I would open it the whole length of the front, and allow sufficient width to lap quite over, at least three inches, and have buttons down to the bottom of the skirt. The advantage of this device will be evident from the following description of my method of dressing a little baby:—

Arrange the clothes before the baby is taken up; open the slip; lay inside the pinner, and inside that the dainty, all-wool woven shirt, which must button down the front. Put the sleeves of the shirt inside the sleeves of the slip and then all is ready to begin.

Put on the bandage, fastening it behind, placing the pins a little toward the side of the spine, thus avoiding any accidental pressure when the child lies on its back, and being careful not to have the band too tight. While the child lies thus on its stomach take the clothing and slip on both sleeves; then turn the child over, pin diaper, button up undershirt, fasten the waist of the pinner well over in front, then take the shawl-like point, fold up and pin with large safety-pin, either to the waist or below, according to the size of the child. Button up the slip and the feat will be accomplished of an infant's complete toilet made with only two turns of its body, and in very little time.

The advantage of this simple method is very evident, when one recalls the discomfort of the baby, who frequently is turned over and over half a dozen times while dressing, and whose piteous cries protest against the infliction.

Little girls who read this article can try this experiment first with their dolls, and when all the difficulties are conquered, ask mamma to let you try to dress your baby brother or sister—that is, if the clothes are properly made.

Of course, I do not mean to limit all babies to these few garments. Far from it. Dainty dresses, pretty petticoats, comfortable wrappers, plain or embroidered flannel shawls are all needed; and of these the young mother will buy or make as many as suits her taste and her purse.

But few serviceable articles are for very wee folk, who, until they are two months old, should sleep three fourths of the time, and not be exposed to changes of temperature. One of the great mistakes is to keep a baby weighted down with clothes. Be sure it is warm, but never cover its head in the crib, or throw a blanket over it unless when it is exposed to a change of temperature.

Pretty comforters are very important; but no baby's outfit is complete without two woollen blankets, either knitted or woven, in which the child may be wrapped when ill, or covered for sleep. Nothing is so nice or so healthful about a child as soft woollen wrappings; and even the comforters should be made with wool wadding.

Experience has proved that too much handling is as bad for babies as for kittens; and a dainty receptacle can be prepared for the child at small cost. The materials needed are a good-sized, deep clothes basket, some coloured silesia, a few yards of dotted muslin and some lace edging.

Line the basket throughout with the silesia, which must be heavily wadded, especially that for the bottom, and make a ruffle of the same to fall on the outside, completely hiding the wicker. The muslin is plaited for the inside of the basket, and the muslin ruffle is edged with lace. Put in a little hair pillow and you have a bassinet fit for a prince.

Mothers who have well-filled purses can readily buy bassinets more beautiful and costly, but none more dainty or more comfortable than the one described above.

Whether every article a baby wears is bought or each made by loving fingers, there is no service in all the round of woman's duties so full of pleasure as this of preparing dainty things for her child. The mother's dreams are veritable poems as she idealises a future for the tiny son or daughter, who sleeps in sweet unconsciousness of her loving care. Self is forgotten, and although coming years may rob her of the presence of the dear one whom she so tenderly rears, neither time nor eternity can rob her of the memory of the exquisite happiness of these all too fleeting months when she watched for the look of recognition, the smile, the pearly teeth, the conscious, loving baby kiss.

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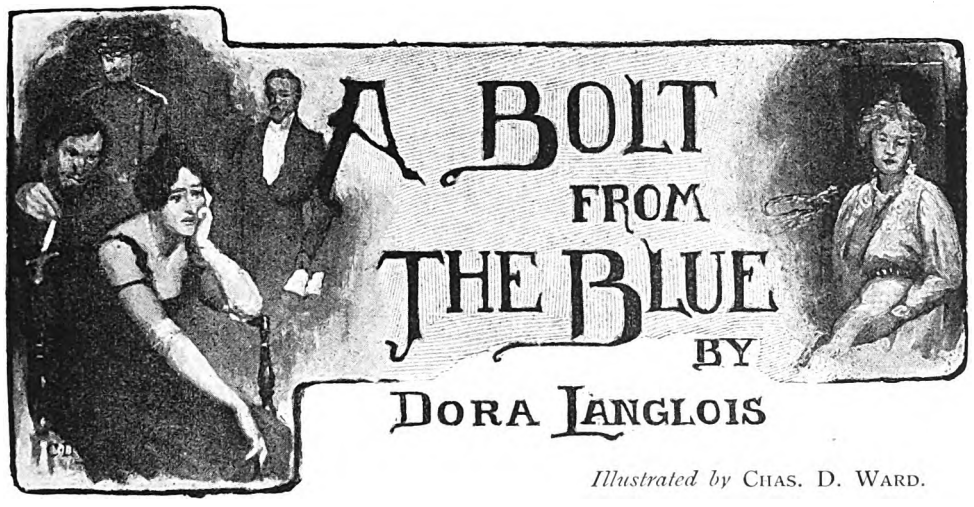

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE

BY

DORA LANGLOIS

Illustrated by CHAS. D. WARD.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEFORE a large canvas in her airy studio stood Eva Rayne. The two years that had passed since the memorable affair at Saratoff, when she had turned her eyes from the horror of death to look into her cousin's face, and see in it the glorious dawn of a new and sweet emotion, had robbed her of her lightheartedness, but had not deprived her of any of her girlish charm. The eyes alone were a woman's eyes, for they had looked with love into eyes that seemed to answer them; and then fate had dropped the curtain, and, like some harsh judge, declared the episode terminated ere it had well begun.

At that moment, when in the midst of flames and smoke Francis Osborne had kissed her with a sob, it had seemed to her that at last she had found in him not merely friend and comrade but something else; but through the sickness that followed, though he was almost a slave to her in his intense eagerness for her bodily well-being, he had held aloof. She noted in him a sort of feverish energy and restlessness which seemed to drag him from her side. He threw himself into all sorts of projects for the benefit of the sufferers about them with more than devotion, with absolute recklessness; and it was not till at last he was able to remove her and hand her over to Maria's care that he fell by degrees into the old style, and began once again to accept her presence just as a matter of course.

As she battled against sickness, for the sake of the work that life still contained, not for the sake of any joys or triumphs which it seemed to promise, so she battled against her disappointment.

On the morning when we find her again the picture on her easel was evidently perplexing her. She was not doing well with it, and with a deep sigh she was turning away to throw down her brushes, when a kindly hand was laid on her shoulder, and a masculine voice exclaimed:

"What is the matter, little woman? Has anything gone wrong?"

She turned with a faint blush of surprise, and faced the new comer.

"Nothing in the nature of a public calamity," she answered. "It is only that I can't manage to finish this picture without a model for my principal figure. The sketch I took is too faint and shadowy. Now that I have enlarged it the life is gone, the spirit of the thing is lost; it is nothing, nothing at all. I don't want a mere boy there in the foreground pulling on his jacket, I want a boy with a speaking face. If my picture can't repeat the tale I read on the face of the lad from whom the sketch was taken then I don't want the public to see it at all. It would be nothing but so much vulgar canvas to let."

Still with his hand on her shoulder the man looked at the picture. As he half-turned his head the light from the window, falling on his brow and eyes, passed over

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and beyond him to the same eyes and brow depicted on canvas with a masterly touch whose power came from the painter's absorption in her subject — the triple fidelity of eye, hand, and heart.

It was the portrait of Francis Osborne which Eva had commenced as a wedding present for his bride-elect. After the rupture with Helga in Paris she had not dared to ask him to give her the necessary sittings for its completion; and after the return from Saratoff it was he who had not dared to offer them. But that critical time was passed for both of them. A suggestion of Maria's had led to the completion of the picture. And there it hung in Eva's studio, the silent companion of her hours of labour, those painted eyes allowed to see the struggle and the suffering so carefully kept from the sight of the original.

The unfinished subject on the easel, together with its companion, a canvas temporarily occupying another stand, were to be entitled "Sweets to the Sweet."

The latter showed a dainty child accompanied by a well-dressed matron purchasing confectionery in a West End shop; the former one the tired, under-paid, ill-dressed, and shabby workpeople, hurrying out of the factory where such sweets are made. It was complete save for the principal figure, a boy pulling on his coat in the act of running straight towards the observer, as though about to step from the canvas in his hasty stride towards home.

"A model?" murmured Francis Osborne, for it was he. "Well, well, that surely is no great difficulty?"

"No, it's almost an *impossibility* down here," she said, "for, thank Heaven, Frank, you have no boys on the estate who are lean and hollow-eyed enough to answer my purpose."

"I hope not, but——"

"There's the workhouse, of course," she assented. "But it won't do, Frank. The agricultural tramp has not got that alert something, that keen expression typical of the toiling son of the town. No, no, I must go up to London to find a model."

"If I were to let you go," he responded, "I don't doubt but that some little arab and his family would have cause to bless your visit. But I can't permit it, my dear cousin, for Providence, evidently interested in the success of your picture, has sent a model to your very door."

"Produce your model, Frank," she said, with a gay laugh, "and I shall begin to think that you are capable of transporting us next to the realms of faery."

Osborne stepped to the door, and opening it called: "Come up, Blake. I want you."

"You mustn't thank me," he whispered, coming again to her side. "Your thanks are due to that warm-hearted girl, Di Trevor. I got this piece of city clay for moulding right out of the clutches of Porcher and Company this morning. I shall have a couple of words to say on the subject to Maria's friend and admirer, Monsieur Durand. But for him the boy would not have got into trouble. I don't like that man, Eva. He never looks one straight in the eyes. He is not trustworthy, I am convinced. But Maria is so taken with his foreign accent and manner that I suppose I must put up with his presence for a time."

"I beg pardon, sir."

It was Jim Blake, standing cap in hand at the door, very much awed by his surroundings, and not by any means recovered from his brief acquaintance with the myrmidons of the law.

"Well, my boy," said Osborne, kindly, signing to him to advance, "so they've sent you up here to me. Don't be frightened; you are among friends now. This lady wants to have a look at you. She thinks she may be able to find work for you at once."

"Thank you kindly, sir," muttered the boy, ducking his head and pulling his yellow forelock.

"Nay, there's nothing much to thank me for," Osborne answered.

"Oh, but there is, sir," the boy said, the old rebellious flash returning to his eyes, and the hand that held his touzled cap doubling itself up into a fist. "If it hadn't a-been for you I should have had fourteen days in quod."

"What did he do, Frank? How was it?" inquired Eva, *sotto voce*.

"Tried to sleep in one of my barns," Osborne answered. "Committed the unpardonable sin of wandering without visible means. It's a hard and cruel law, Eva, that punishes a man for having no roof to shelter him."

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"I has a roof," the boy struck in, "when I'm in Lundin. I ain't no tramp. I lives wif muvver and sister in Battersea. They works for the slops. But times was hard, and very of'en there wasn't grub enough to go round, and muvver got the influenzie, and my boots and things went to the pop shop, and I wasn't class enough to get a place as errand boy, and—and I hates them slop-shops and factories, so I come out to find my uncle. He was a gardener, and so was my grandfarver afore him; and that's what I'm a-goin' to be, I am, *if they'll le'me alone.*"

Again his young face—brightened for the moment by the announcement of his purpose—darkened with the recollection of what had passed, the knowledge that had come upon him in the cell of the lock-up, that he was only an Ishmaelite after all.

"Well, well," said Osborne, "I like a boy with an ambition, and, what's more, lad, I like your face—there's honesty written on it; and, if you are only willing to work, as I think you will be, your mother and sister shall come here and settle in one of my cottages."

"What, sir! In one of them there cottages wif flowers all up the front? Gawd bless you, sir! Gawd bless you! She's been ailin' this long time, has muvver; but she of'en said she'd be all right if she got dawn into the country for a bit."

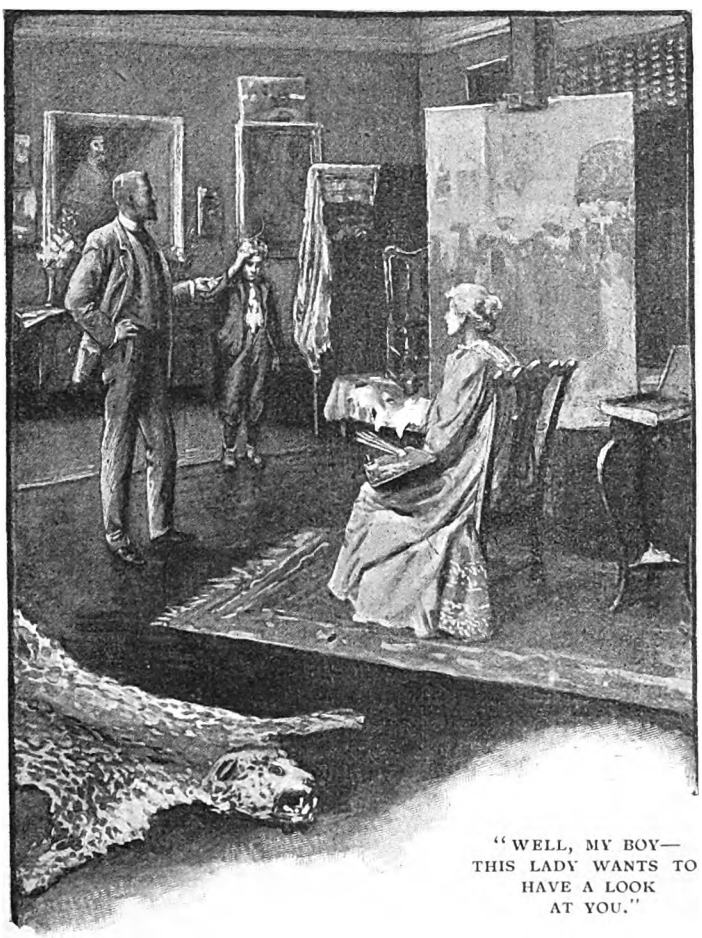
Osborne rang the bell.

"I am going to hand you over to my servants now," he said. "They'll treat you well, never fear. Have a good feed; you look as if you could do with it. I don't think a little fattening will spoil his beauty, do you, Eva? There you are now; trot along."

The boy moved to the door, held open by a smart maid, and turned. There was something he wanted to say; it was struggling from his heart to his lips, but he could not formulate it. Suddenly Eva advanced, laid her hands on his shoulders, and looked long and earnestly into his face. Young and a spinster—and voluntarily so, for she had had many matrimonial chances, and had them still—there was a mother's heart—the yearning of her womanhood—in her maiden breast. Slowly her hand moved from his shoulder to his brow, and pushed back the yellow forelock.

"You shall garden for me, Jim Blake," she said; "and together, if I'm not mistaken, we shall raise some noble flowers."

The boy but half understood her meaning, but the light in her eyes, the ring in her voice, were simple enough in interpretation. From that moment he was Eva Rayne's slave.



"WELL, MY BOY—THIS LADY WANTS TO HAVE A LOOK AT YOU."

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"Are you satisfied?" Osborne asked. In some slight perplexity he was holding to the light a piece of millboard a few inches square, on which, in charcoal, she had roughed in two thumb-nail heads. Both represented Jim Blake, and both were speaking likenesses; yet they were paradoxically most unlike each other. She had drawn them absolutely while Osborne and the boy were talking.

"I am quite satisfied," she said. "Don't you understand these, Frank? Look again! Which is the *real* Jim Blake of to-day?"

"This, I should be inclined to think," said Osborne, touching the brighter picture of the two — the one which showed a youth with a frank and sunny face; "and yet, I do not know."

"That," she answered, "is the Jim Blake who said: 'I mean to be a gardener'; this one"—touching the other, in which the brow was lowering, the lips sullen, the eyes furtive—"is the Jim Blake who added: 'If they'll on'y le' me alone.' There, they are the same face; they tell their own story of a destiny as yet unworked out; the issue lies with fate. What shall it be, Frank? Shall Mr. Porcher have a chance to suppress in this boy what Victor Hugo calls 'the never completely out-trampled divine'?"

"You have depicted a possibility, Eva," he answered, gravely, laying the picture down. "Thank God, it was only for a minute that the boy looked like that!"

As he spoke, a sharp voice without exclaimed:

"A nice state of things this! A nice state of things, indeed! There; don't talk to me, girl. I simply don't believe you," and the next minute Miss Maria Osborne was upon them.

"Are you aware, Francis," she asked, advancing, "that a ragged, dirty, disreputable creature is sitting by the kitchen fire and wolfing food like a hog?"

With a slight air of vexation, suppressed as far as possible, Osborne replied, quietly:

"No, Maria, I was not aware of that."

"I thought not," the lady answered. "You are master of this house, of course, and I am careful never to go against your wishes, even when they don't coincide with *my* ideas; but I thought you could not be aware of this last piece of idiocy; and, now I am sure of my ground, I'll put a stop to it at once."

"Stay—stop, Maria!" Osborne exclaimed. "I *am* aware that a poor, half-starved lad, who was locked up last night for trying to get a night's shelter in one of my barns, is warming himself now by my kitchen fire and eating food which I shall never miss."

"Then you might have said so before," was the curt retort. "It would have been more courteous on your part. I won't interfere, and I don't wish to; but I should have thought you had enough to do to feed your lazy, idle, pampered servants, without keeping open house for beggars."

"The lad's no beggar," Osborne interjected, "and even if he were I see no reason why you, Maria, should grudge him a few broken meats."

"Broken meats, indeed!" Miss Osborne exclaimed. "Of course I should not object to anything reasonable, though it is just like you to pretend that you think I would; but they have *not* given him anything of the sort. I positively saw him with a cold sirloin before him, pickles, cheese, and fresh butter, fast helping himself."

"And what if he was?" said Osborne. "Last week, Maria, when your cat was ill it had a salmon cutlet to tempt its appetite; and shall I refuse a slice of cold meat to a sick and suffering child?"

"Thank you, Frank! I am much obliged to you for recalling that little piece of fish. In looking over the week's account, I will see that that item is debited to me personally, and then I shall not feel that the poor defenceless animal is a drain on your resources!"

"Hush, Maria! What nonsense!" laughed her brother. "I hope I can afford to keep Tabby, though he *is* an expensive luxury."

"Well, one never knows," she answered sententiously. "With a house full of greedy servants, who have little or nothing to do but eat all day, a man's income goes nowhere!"

"My servants work for their wages, and have as much right to the food they eat as I have," he retorted, sharply; then he added, checking himself and speaking more mildly: "Ah, Maria, if you could open your eyes a little wider, and see what goes on in the world around us, you would understand my motives better."

He turned away, with his breast heaving and a sombre light in his eyes. Those

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Russian experiences of his, of which he never spoke even to Eva, had left an indelible mark on his life. Eva knew nothing, or next to nothing, but that he had not found Helga, and that somehow his passionate love for her had waned, though it seemed to have left only a void, not a heart capable of loving again. She did not know how day and night he had before him the grim procession of the workers at the Vitinsk mines, picturing in some one or other of them that lover of Helga's who had gone straight from the sunshine of Naples and the warmth of her simulated passion, to the snows and the biting cold and misery of a Siberian exile.

"I don't know what all this tirade is about," Miss Osborne remarked. "It seems impossible for me to make an observation, or ask a question, but an argument is immediately commenced by somebody!" and she looked sternly at poor Eva, who had said nothing. "However, I have done. Bring anybody you like into the house, Frank; though some fine day you may repent it, when we wake up in the morning to find ourselves all murdered in our beds!"

With this parting shot she was about to retire, the dignity of her exit somewhat marred by a hearty laugh from her brother and a smaller one from Eva.

He held the door open for her, and whispered quietly: "Don't be uneasy about the boy, Maria. I extend hospitality to your favourities, though I don't know where they come from or what are their credentials; and I must ask you, my dear, to extend the same consideration to my *protégés*."

CHAPTER XIX.

Hubert John Tressilian Spencer Trevor was a young man who had suffered the misfortune of having too many feminine relations. Of a sturdy though rather diminutive physique, with healthy moral tendencies, and at least normal brain-power, had he had the luck to be born, let us say, the unfortunate tenth, in some struggling professional man's bear-garden of boys, the chances are that he would have knocked about himself, and been knocked about by his brothers, till he had successfully completed that masculine course known as the process of being "licked into shape." No woman yet ever succeeded in doing that for a boy; and Heaven help the unfortunate, fatherless man-child who is taken in hand, as Bertie Trevor was, by a weak and silly mother, a Puritanical grandam, and a couple of spinster aunts!

In short, just at a time when a boy ought to think well of himself, if he is to make the most of such gifts as nature has given, poor Bertie came to the pitiful conclusion that he was in very truth the ugliest, most awkward dunce who ever soiled shoeleather. And but for his sister Diana, who worshipped him and always showed him to himself in his best light, it is probable that he would have become a sulky clown instead of an amiable and warm-hearted nonentity.

At breakfast on the morning which saw Jim Blake installed at Beverly House, Di, looking across the table at her brother, demanded:

"What shall we do to-day, old fellow?"

"Oh, anything. I'm not particular," he responded.

Now, Di knew by experience that when Bertie said he was "not particular" he meant that he had some cherished idea, so she immediately set to work to discover and propose it.

"The river?"

"Too hot."

"Shall we cycle to Overdean for some new books?" This by way of giving Bertie half-an-hour out of bounds.

"Haven't finished the last yet."

"I know. Suppose we go over to Beverly House and find out about that poor little boy?"

"I'll come, if you like."

Di smiled. She knew that she had hit on just what her brother wanted. Mrs. Gunter and Mrs. Trevor exchanged a meaning glance, and Mrs. Trevor, unable to back out of the situation, cleared her throat and remarked:

"You will do as you see fit, Hubert, of course, but I must really request you to discontinue taking your sister into houses which are not fit for her."

"Houses!" stammered Bertie. "What houses?" A guilty spasm of conscience seizing him at the recollection that on their last cycling trip he had inveigled his sister into a lonely roadside inn, and there persuaded her to take with him a glass of cider and an abernethy.

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"I refer to Mr. Osborne's house," retorted his mother.

"If Mr. Osborne's house is good enough for Miss Rayne I should think it was good enough for me, mother?" Diana interjected.

Here Mrs. Gunter cut in, to give her hostess moral support. "Miss Rayne is, no doubt, a very clever woman, but that does not imply that she is a fit associate for you, Miss Trevor."

"Since when have you formed such a poor opinion of Beverly House, Mrs. Gunter?" Di demanded, pertly.

"Since just before I withdrew myself from the circle there, Miss Trevor," that worthy individual answered, speaking in this case neither more nor less than the truth, as it certainly was not till she had received her *congé* that she had found the place objectionable at all.

"Do you mean, mater," Di asked, turning a disdainful shoulder on Mrs. Gunter, "that you are absolutely forbidding us to hold any intercourse with Mr. Osborne and Miss Rayne?"

"That is precisely my meaning," Mrs. Trevor responded, fearful of jeopardising her dignity and unable to back out with Mrs. Gunter's eyes upon her.

"But why? Why, for goodness' sake?" demanded Di.

"That is a subject we can hardly discuss at present," said Mrs. Gunter, with a glance at Bertie.

That individual, very red in the face, got up.

"I'm going outside," he said, "to have a smoke, and I'll wait for you, Di."

He moved to the door, and then turned round and delivered himself of this rather remarkable statement:

"Di will do what she likes, in fact, of course she'll have to; but I certainly will not."

"Will not what?" demanded Mrs. Trevor, who did not quite follow him.

"I will not insult a lady," answered Bertie. "No. I'd—I'd rather lose my allowance, or—or give up smoking than do it," and with this heroic determination he left his sister to the solemn conclave of petticoats, which that irreverent girl was wont to term a "hen convention."

At the time Diana was seeking an explanation from her mother and Mrs. Gunter, across the common Mr. Porcher and Mr. Lechlade were walking together in earnest talk.

"Something has got to be done, my dear Lechlade," said the mighty man. "If you are inclined to submit to his hectoring, I am not."

"I must confess," said the vicar, "that he has seriously annoyed me. An insult to myself I hope I could forgive in a proper spirit, but when he tampers with the morality of my flock then it is my duty to put my foot down."

"Is he still opposed to the motion you laid before the reading-room committee, then?" inquired Mr. Porcher.

"Why, yes. He not only refuses to give his sanction to having the sporting items blocked out of the dailies and weeklies before they are placed on the reading desks, but has couched his refusal in what I may call an insulting form. If I move the amendment I propose in committee he assures me he will move his counter-amendment; and, really, it places me in such a position that I don't know how to act."

"What, in the name of commonsense, is this wonderful proposal of his, man?" demanded Mr. Porcher, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets and squaring his elbows and shoulders viciously.

"Simply that on deciding to block out the sporting items in the news-sheets intended for the public, we all agree to have our own private papers similarly treated, not only with regard to those items, but with regard to the dealings on the Stock Exchange also. Now, I ask you, how could I possibly countenance such a suggestion?"

"It's out of the question — out of the question altogether; it's absurd," answered Mr. Porcher. "It would give mortal offence to Sir Henry Flowerby, with his racing stables absolutely in the vicinity; while as to the money market news, I never heard such utter rot in my life."

And the great local man, who had made his pile in stocks and shares, never caring who bought the worthless scrip he parted with, or who sold the good stuff he cheapened in the market and then bought in at panic prices, waived the idea away with his stubby jewelled fingers.

"It seems to me," he added, "that this fellow Osborne will soon make the place too hot to hold him if he goes on like this.

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There's no arriving at a proper magisterial decision when he is on the bench. He has got that young scoundrel of a tramp hanging about his place now. Well, I wish him joy of him, that's all. Mark my word, Lechlade, that boy will repay him some day!"

"It is my wish to live in charity with all men," answered Mr. Lechlade. "Osborne has ideas, and, as this is a free country, I suppose he has a right to air them; but I wish he would restrain his ardour a little and would pause to reflect. How are the majority—the common herd, I mean—likely to regard this last move of his with regard to Abel Price's widow, for instance?"

"What's that?" demanded Mr. Porcher. "I haven't heard of it."

"Well, it's a very painful story," replied the vicar, "and really one I don't care to have to handle, but, unhappily, these things come in our way. The woman has six young children all bound to attend school, and unable to earn anything themselves, and of course she has been receiving parish relief: six shillings and six loaves per week. Now she is in the way to lose that assistance, and Mr. Osborne has made her case the theme of one of his tirades against our national poor law."

"Oh," said Mr. Porcher, not much interested, "the fool of a woman has got into trouble, I suppose? Well, she knew what the law was and what the consequences might be, and now they've come she must take them. I suppose even this Osborne isn't going to try to tell us that she deserves sympathy?"

"GOOD GRACIOUS!" EXCLAIMED THE VICAR. "IF THAT COULD BE PROVED AGAINST HIM."

"He is so astute," returned the vicar, with vexation. "I never saw such a man for skating round thin ice. He has such a painful way, too, of making every question personal. Now, in my opinion, the personal element ought to be carefully avoided in public matters if we are to be free to act at all. As regards the woman, he said he didn't feel equal to the task of throwing stones; but that her children (her husband's children, of course, I mean) would be the same a fortnight hence, when she will lose the parish relief, as they are now, and that it is a monstrous and iniquitous law that leaves them no alternative but starvation or the workhouse. Miss Rayne, his cousin, has sent the woman's only daughter to that cottage home of hers at Dryfield, and Osborne has promised to do something for the two eldest lads if the man will marry Mrs. Price."

"In my opinion Mr. Osborne is putting a premium on that kind of thing," sneered Porcher. "I daresay there's many an honest widow who will begin to envy this fortunate Mrs. Price."

"I represented as much to him," said Mr. Lechlade. "I pointed out the grave public danger, but he only wanted to know if such scandals were unheard of before in our district. If so, he said, he would stand by and let us make an example, even though the dead man's children had to go to the wall. If not, he saw no reason to alter his course."

"Look here," cried Mr. Porcher, "the man's insufferable! Who wants to make an example, I should like to know?"

The fact of the matter was that Mr. Porcher had long had, as the ambition of

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his life, those magic letters M.P. To affix them to his name, Samuel Porcher, was his dream. Little by little he had hustled his way into society, just as he had in the times gone by hustled and elbowed his way into the inner commercial ring. The borough of Overdean was his by right of purchase, he thought, as his was the greatest landed interest; and now in one short twelvemonth another man had arisen whose popularity was so certain, so assured, that he dreaded the conflict he had looked forward to so eagerly, for he knew that if Osborne thought fit to oppose him by standing himself, or putting up another candidate, failure for himself was almost inevitable.

"I believe he is sailing under false colours, too," he went on, prompted more by what was in his own mind than by what they had been discussing. "I have heard a whisper that he is a married man. Now he has most distinctly given himself out to be a bachelor. What sort of conduct do you call that for a person who aspires to hold a public position?"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the vicar. "If that could be proved against him I should think it very dreadful. I should really feel it my duty to warn the parents of young women. But, no, it can't be. He and Miss Rayne——"

"I think it would be as well to make inquiries," remarked Mr. Porcher. "I vouch for the truth of nothing. I only say what I have heard. It doesn't matter to me whether he is married or single. I have no daughters. Good-day, Lechlade. You may rely on my support over the library business."

"'Little drops of water, little grains of sand'"—muttered the magnate, recalling some lessons learnt, no doubt, in his youth—"'make the canals and rivers and the something or another land.' You're in the way, Osborne, my boy—confoundedly in the way; and if there's any means of getting up a public cry against you before the next election, I'm the man to start it."

CHAPTER XX.

"Bertie, I can't stand it! She is a meddlesome old cat, and she ought to be——"

"Shot!"

"I mean she ought to be ashamed of herself!"

"There's no shame in her, Di. She's forgotten how to feel like that."

The speakers were Mrs. Trevor's rebellious offspring, who were crossing the common land which lay between Beverly House Estate and the Overdean Manor. Diana's eyes were very red, for the "hen convention" had been stormy, and there had been much ruffling of feathers; in fact, as Bertie put it, "Di had made the fluff fly," in seeking an explanation of the taboo placed on Mr. Osborne's house and family circle.

"I don't believe a word of it's true, Bertie, do you?"

Poor Bertie Trevor gave a groan that seemed to come from the very depths of his sporting waistcoat. "I don't know," he said, hopelessly. "I don't believe in the scandal, and all that rot. But, oh Di, if she really does care for Osborne like that, you know, I — I shall cut my throat!"

"Bertie!"

"Yes, I shall!" this with the deliberation of a man pledged to one course. "I shall certainly do it, Di. Miss Rayne has been my—my—what do you call it?—my guiding star for—for months; and if the devotion of—of months—is to go for nothing, I shall certainly!—I mean, there will have to be an end to it."

"Oh, Bertie, dear, how dreadful!" and Di stopped, unable to keep pace, in her astonishment, with her brother's gloomy srides.

"Of course, it's dreadful!" admitted Bertie, the lovelorn. "The serpent's tooth—no, I mean the monster's fangs—preying on one's—preying here, don't you know. Well, it's not agreeable, Di, of course. But I tell you candidly that my course is fixed. I am going to Osborne as man to man, and I am going to say to him—

"Yes, old fellow, what are you going to say to him?" It was Francis Osborne himself who had overtaken the pair, and slapped Bertie on the shoulder in his own frank, hearty way. "Good afternoon, Miss Trevor. Are all well at home?"

"Mr. Osborne, I—— Oh, dear!" and Di, ever and always a good little creature, stopped short, and drew back the hand she had offered, fearful of wounding her conscience by a direct act of disobedience.

Frank Osborne's face clouded a little. "I'm afraid I've interrupted you at an unfortunate moment," he said. "I must

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apologise. I was coming over to ask you from Eva to come up and see how the picture progresses; but perhaps some other day."

"Oh! There's isn't to be any other day for us," poor Di blurted out. "Mamma has forbidden it, Mr. Osborne, and so we can't help ourselves. At least *I* can't, because I am a beastly girl instead of being a boy; but do give Eva my fond love, and tell her my heart is broken—and—and I hope you won't bear malice, that is, I mean I know you won't. I'm going now. Bertie needn't see me home, and you mustn't—so you can talk it over," and trembling, blushing, and crying, all at once, but with unshaken belief in her brother's ability to carry out his resolve and speak to Osborne as man to man poor Di darted into the adjacent shrubbery.

"I'm afraid I know what that means," said Osborne, "so I need not ask you to explain, Trevor. I'm the last man in the world, I hope, to make disunion in a family, though nothing will alter my feeling for yourself and your good little sister. This is not the first time I have been coldly received in various quarters lately. However, I won't give my friends the trouble of telling me why. What was it you had to say on your own account?"

Poor Bertie. Deserted by his staunch ally, he stood voiceless for the moment—but though a bit of a fool, he was certainly no coward, and the thing had to be faced.

"I wanted to speak to you as—as man to man," he began, that phrase being ready prepared and formulated.

"As man to man, of course. Well?"

"It will possibly surprise you to know that for months—in fact, ever since I met Miss Rayne again—— Hang it all! I mean is there any objection to my—my presenting myself—in that sort of a light to a lady who—who——"

"Do you mean, Trevor, that you are seeking permission to pay your addresses to my cousin?"

"Yes, that's my meaning. That is—er—the—the point of the affair."

"My sister is her guardian, not I, Trevor."

"I wanted," objected Bertie, "to speak as—as man to man; and I couldn't very well say to Miss Osborne that way, don't you know."

"Besides, Miss Rayne is of an age to make her election for herself."

"Then that means that you see no reason why I shouldn't pay my addresses and all that sort of thing?"

"If you insist on trying your fortune, you may do so, of course, but——"

"Oh, it's all right, so long as you don't advise me *not* to. If there is no obstacle, except of course, my not being worthy of her——"

"She is three years your senior, Trevor."

"Well, I hope I'm man enough not to mind that, if she doesn't."

Osborne looked down at the youth of twenty beside him with a queer mingling of pity and envy; pity for the lad's short-sightedness, envy for his freedom and his high hopes, the royal prerogative of untried youth.

"She has had many offers, and has refused them all."

"Well, I may have better luck than a better man, Mr. Osborne. Anyway, I don't mind so much once she knows. What I wanted to ask—as man to man—was whether there was any prior engagement."

"There is not."

"Or—or any prior attachment?"

"I have not heard of any," this more slowly and in a lower voice.

"And *you*, personally, have no objection to my trying my luck?"

"Personally, no. I'm afraid you will not succeed, that's all."

"I don't expect success, unless years of devotion—and that kind of thing—help me along. I know I'm not fit for her; but, hang it all, if she can't marry till she finds one who is—she'll have to be a spinster all her life. Unless"—and Trevor threw a glance up at his companion—"unless——"

"I have had a wider experience than yours," Osborne interrupted, quickly, "and I admit unhesitatingly that I know no man worthy of her. If you are ready to risk a refusal take your chance. So far as it goes, I am able to tell you that no one is at present paying Miss Rayne any attention of that sort."

"Look here! You're a thundering good fellow, and always were!" Bertie exclaimed. "You—you couldn't say now, could you, just to encourage a fellow—that you wished him well?"

Osborne was looking in front of him steadily. Still with his eyes fixed on the horizon, bounded by the trees which

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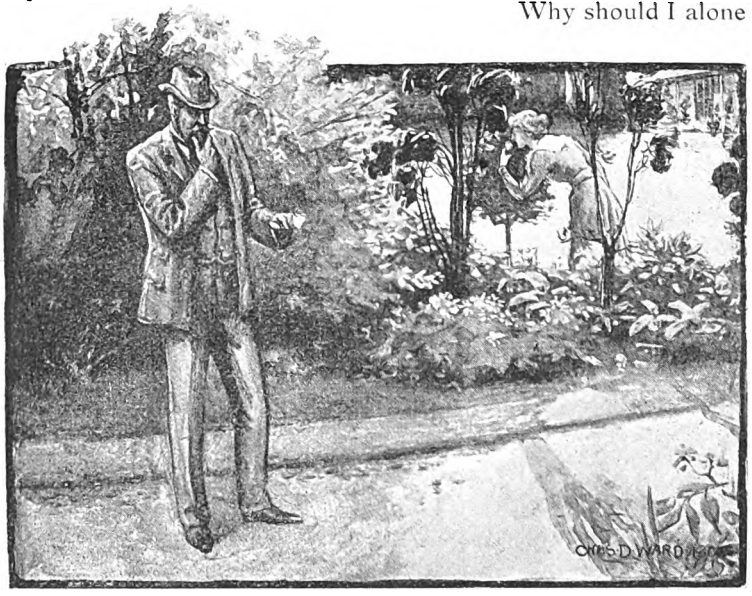
surrounded his house—the casket that held the jewel of which they spoke—he replied:

"I wish to see Miss Rayne married to the man of her choice some day. I would give her—gladly—to a worthy man, provided I could ensure her happiness that way. I don't know that I can say any more, Trevor. Let the best man win."

"Well, even the worse can only lose," said Bertie; "and it's something to have tried. Good-bye, Mr. Osborne, and thank you."

Once more alone, Osborne drew a deep breath. "A boy, a youth like that, to aspire to her," he mused, "while I——



"NO, NO," HE SAID. "IT WOULD BE A SACRILEGE."

Pshaw! He has no chance; I should rather pity him. God knows I ought to; I have been through it all. Of course he has no chance—yet there are others; it will come sooner or later, I suppose, and I must school myself to bear it like a man."

He went tramping on over the rolling common land of growing grass flecked with pure white marguerites, but the brightness of the June morning was gone for him; his face, even his carriage, were full of agitation now there was no longer any need for him to mask his feelings.

"As a man makes his bed, so must he lie on it," he said; "and mine was made in Paris three years ago. It will come; it must come, but I have at least a respite; she has not found the man as yet. Trevor is out of the question—it's ridiculous; and yet if he has the power to shake me like this, what shall I do when the time arrives? But I shall have to see it; I shall have to see it some day!"

His face had darkened with a lowering expression happily uncommon to it.

"Why should I?" he said. "Why should I, after all? Past question, I could make her happier than this Trevor, or perhaps any man. It is not just to her that she should not have at least the chance of election. Who knows anything about that farce in Paris? And if it were known, it could not be a legal bar. Why should I alone suffer? Why should I live like an anchorite? Helga has forgotten long since, and *visited Naples again*, and many another city, too, no doubt. I'm past my youth; there will be very little left in life for me if I do not snatch it now."

He turned again towards his house and went on quickly, a bronze flush on his cheeks, and his eyes glowing. As he turned in at the little lych gate and came up through the shrubbery, a sudden gleam of white garments caught his eye, and Eva, fair and sweet as a madonna, passed without seeing him across the lawn to the house.

He paused in his hasty stride, the flush left his cheeks, his eyes fell, and he faltered.

"No, no," he said. "It would be a sacrilege. *She* would not call the affair in Paris a farce. She believes that what is styled the *ceremony* of marriage is a non-essential, or at least, a thing framed by its publicity to influence those who could not be held by the moral obligation alone. To her the essential thing is the calling on God to witness a pledge of faith; and we did that on that night in Paris. If I dared this

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thing, if I won her, and she learnt the truth, if Helga by chance returned and told the tale, she would leave me at once, and despise me and herself."

"I'll tell her, though," he added, moving forward again. "I will tell her everything. And yet no—it could do no good, and it might do harm. She would think it her duty to leave me at once she knew my feelings towards her, and I am not strong enough to part with her yet.

"That's one of the very reasons why I ought to tell her; better to part now and get used to it, before I have to face the other kind of parting. That's my side of the case. But what of her? If she knew, she might never marry; never give me that insufferable pain. It would not be fair to influence her, to interfere that way in her fate. No it must go on; we must drift."

So with a heavy step and a still heavier heart, Osborne made his way back to the house.

> He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small;
> Who fears to put it to the touch,
> And win or lose it all.

So poor Bertie, not usually a poetical moral, was saying to himself, as after his interview with Francis Osborne he started for home and lunch.

"Look here, Mrs. Gunter, he said, on presenting himself in his mother's drawing-room again, "it's all tommy-rot, you know, about Mr. Osborne being married to one lady and paying attentions to another. He a jolly good fellow, is Osborne, as we've told you all along; I can prove it, and some day I will."

Into his boyish head he had got the idea that Eva needed protection, and that he was the man to act. He pictured himself in a graceful attitude on his knees before her (an attitude he could never have assumed) pouring out words he might think of, but would never be able to speak. He saw himself in fancy beside her in society, her accepted suitor; and heard people recanting and expressing their entire belief in Mr. Osborne's innocence of ever having played fast and lose with her affections. About any matrimonial entanglement on Osborne's part he was not quite clear, but that was only a detail. The great thing was to prove that Eva had not stooped to love where her love was not returned.

"Of course he hasn't got his eye in that quarter, or he wouldn't have given another fellow a look in," he mused. His mental picture was marred by one expectancy truly.

It was probable, he thought, that Eva would preface the action of yielding to his entreaties by some such remark as this, "I can't pretend to love you, Mr. Trevor, though you have my esteem; but in my present painful position I accept your manly proposal, etc., etc."

Of such things Bertie dreamt all that day and the next, till his head whirled. It was enough to unsettle any young fellow, especially when added to it was the necessity of making a suitable choice of neck-tie and waistcoat in which to take the plunge gracefully.

Poor lovable, foolish Bertie! He was only "a silly bounder," of course; but silly bounders such as he develop sometimes suddenly, by some unknown process, into the men who make our island glorious in the annals of the world.

His bright tie and horsey waistcoats would not do, of course; in fact, a careful examination of his wardrobe showed him that he had nothing to wear suitable to the occasion. It was absolutely necessary to go up to town to rectify the deficiency; but how to find an excuse—that was the question? In this sore strait fortune favoured him. The Tower Bridge was to be opened on the 30th of the month. It was then June 28th. He could not have a better opportunity of getting up to London.

Bertie eagerly embraced this exceptional chance, with the result that early on the morning of the day on which the Prince of Wales was to open the new pride of London town he found himself on his way to his tailor's.

He felt that something ought to occur to baulk him in the purchase of the waistcoat; that it would have been only natural to find himself surrounded by difficulties; but none fell to his lot. A long interview with his tailor, a rattling drive from West to East, grand weather, a grand position from which to see the notable sight, and he returned to Paddington in time, but only just, to catch the down express. It was a case of a run and a jump, with guards shouting and porters trying to bar his way. He had no time for selection, of course, and as he tumbled into a first-class "non-smoker" a lady, the only

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occupant, started nervously, and caught at a nice little kodak camera which his hurried entry might have injured.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "Shall I put it up on the rack? It will be quite safe, don't you know."

She thanked him, but replied that it was as well where it was, as there was so much room. Then she relapsed into silence, and Trevor himself into thoughts of Eva. He thought so much of her, in fact, that it took him longer to discover that the lady opposite him was beautiful than it would have taken most young men privileged to sit opposite her in a railway carriage alone. When he did find it out, however, it came on him with a certain force, not only as a surprise, but because of the peculiar nature of her beauty. Certainly she was not young; but then Bertie's fancy did not run to sweet seventeen; and, though he judged this lady to be fully thirty-five, he found her better to look at than any girl under twenty he could have named off-hand. She was so sad-eyed too, so pale, so wan. "A good long stay down in our part of the world would do her no end of good," he mused. "Next to Eva—of course—I think she is the sweetest-looking woman I have ever seen. She hasn't got any papers; I wonder if it would be out of place to offer her some?"

He had just decided that perhaps it might be when she threw an accidental glance at the journals beside him, and the next moment, with a shy bow, he had handed them to her.

With a smile of acknowledgment she took them, but very soon her glance wandered away again and rested on the ever-changing landscape.

"The—the country looks very jolly just now," said Bertie, feeling that the long silence was becoming unbearable, seeing that he might not smoke, and was beginning to be unsettled by the haunting look in the bright eyes opposite him.

"Very well, indeed," she answered, and her glance returned idly to the papers he had given her, and, cutting the leaves of one which contained an insurance coupon, she caught sight of his name and address duly scribbled in—*Hubert Trevor, Overdean.*

"Is it far from the station to Overdean?" she asked, with just the faintest foreign accent.

"Oh, no," he answered, delighted at being allowed to indulge in small talk. "You will have to change at the junction. I'm going there myself. I hope you will allow me to help you. I ask because I see that you are particular about your kodak. May I?"

"You are very good," she answered, by which Bertie definitely understood not only that he might help her, but that she was bound for Overdean.

"I think you'll like our village. It is really a grand place for health and all that sort of thing," he went on. "There is a foreign gentleman staying at Beverly House who is quite enchanted with the place."

"Indeed!" There was just a faint ring of interest in her voice now. A foreigner, did you say?"

"Yes, a Frenchman," volunteered Bertie. "His name is Durand. Perhaps you know him?"

"Durand is a very common name," she answered. "What is this Durand like?"

"Well, he stoops, and his hair all stands up off his head, and he has lost a front tooth, and has a big, black moustache."

"I fear I am not assisted," she murmured with a brief, swift smile that lighted her countenance like sunshire and made the young fellow think that when this woman used to smile habitually she must have been well nigh irresistible.

"Oh! Well, he has funny, long thin hands, and when he thinks he puts his forefinger and thumb together and holds the tips to his lips; then when he gets hold of an idea he holds his forefinger up like this," and Bertie clumsily pantomimed the actions he described.

"Many Frenchmen have the habit," she answered again. "The description is vague to me."

"Perhaps you never met him? He is always washing his hands—I mean he seems to be always doing so. It's not a matter of any importance, only he is said to be rather a noted scientific fellow, and I thought he might be a compatriot."

"I am not a Frenchwoman," she said, and lay back upon the cushions of the seat. Noticing that her face was drawn as if with sudden pain, he demanded:

"Are you feeling ill?"

Moistening her dry lips she answered that she was not. He left her alone for a

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time, but at last, impelled by a desire to hear her soft, musical voice again—a desire which he himself could hardly understand—he demanded:

"Did you see the opening of the Tower Bridge to-day?"

"Unfortunately, no," she answered.

"It was a grand sight," Bertie went on. "I daresay they do things better, more artistically, on the Continent. Still, as far as my experience goes, it was a very memorable scene."

It was noticeable that Bertie was more at ease with some strangers than when in the family circle, where he was always dimly conscious that he might "put his foot in it," and not be quite proper enough. He was proud of the Tower Bridge as a great national achievement, and proud of his nation, too, as every young Englishman should be.

"I thought you might have been there, you know, to get a few snapshots. There were lots of kodaks about."

She laid her small hand on the camera beside her and answered: "I do not understand the working of the machine as yet, but I shall master it in time, and then—why then I hope to take some pictures."

"Well, I wish you had been in the crowd to-day," he persisted. "I am sure you would have agreed with me that it was the sort of thing to remember all one's life."

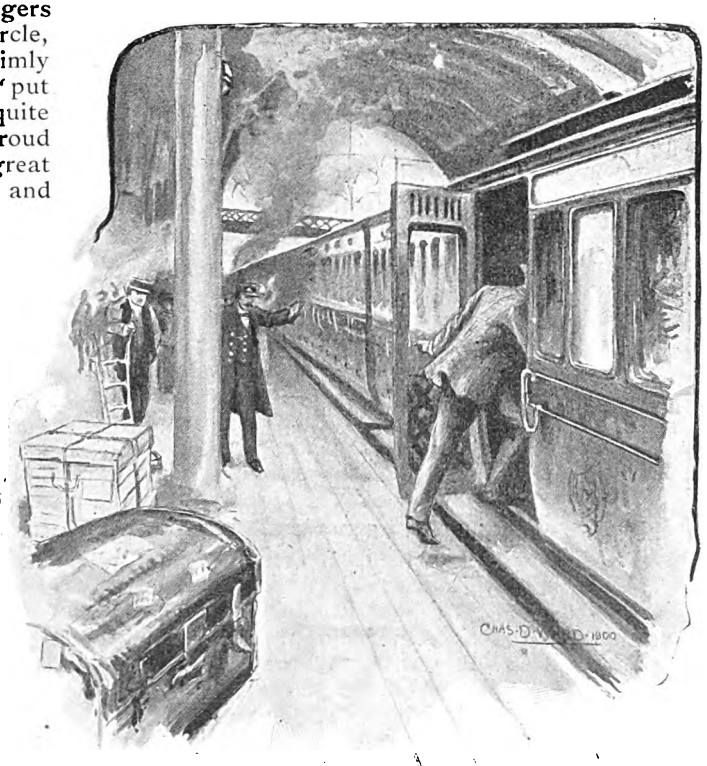
"No doubt," she assented, with just a faint smile flickering on her lips. "No doubt I should have thought so *if I had been there.*"

The smile arrested him. Was she mocking—in the sarcastic way common to foreigners—his insular enthusiasm? He couldn't for the life of him decide; he only knew that this last smile was not as dazzling, as fascinating, as the one which had gone before. How did the woman learn to smile like that?

"There was an awful scare about Anarchists," he said; "but it came to nothing. For my part, I don't believe there are any such people in England."

"Have you, then, no discontented persons here?" she asked.

"Oh, lots," he answered, afraid he had unwittingly offended by vaunting the superiority of his native land. "I only mean that we are more slow going, less impulsive, don't you know, than other races. That kind of thing, I suppose, is a crank, or madness, of a sort.



IT WAS A CASE OF A RUN AND A JUMP.

Discontent just doesn't develop that way in the Teutonic blood."

"There are plenty of Anarchists in Germany," she retorted.

"Oh, yes, of course," he admitted, feebly, beginning to feel himself at a loss for Di to take the solos in the performance. "By Jove, though," he added, brightening up, "as you are going to Overdean you ought to meet a man there who will interest you. He doesn't spare our national faults. If there were more men like him there wouldn't be an Anarchist on the face of the globe. He is just

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the very best fellow alive. You're sure to meet him. His name is—— Hullo! Oh, here's the junction. Do let me carry the camera. Right? Thank you. Sure I've got everything? I'll be very careful, never fear."

Thus Bertie (he recalled the fact later) carried her kodak for her, and, having put her safely into the train and received, as an acknowledgment, one of her puzzling, enigmatical smiles, was taken (being so near home) once more with a sudden fit of shyness, and drifted away into a solitary smoker.

"My eye! What a stunner! Looks like a real lady; but she wouldn't have a keb, and she's got no luggage. Wonder whose house she's for?"

The local porter made the remark to the newsboy as he watched the retreating figure on the high road carrying the camera, her only parcel.

That she was on strange ground was evident from the fact that she stopped from time to time to observe the points of the road—a wayside house here, a clump of trees or other land-mark there. When she came to a fork in the road a hundred yards beyond the mile-stone she took the path to the right and walked on with less hesitation. Once only she paused to change her burden from one hand to the other. "It is seventy-four," she muttered to herself. "I think so, I feel sure of it. I am to take the camera to its maker."

The road was white with dust, bordered with flower-bearing hedges, exhaling their sweetness in the falling evening breeze. But she had no thought for the beauties of the way; her eyes were searching the road before her. They rested at last as she turned a bend on a solitary figure walking slowly toward her—the figure of a man who stooped, and walked with his head thrust forward and his hands clasped.

There was no need for any introduction between them. She simply walked straight up to him and said: "Companion Durand, you sent for me and I am here."

The man was in a tense state of excitement. "What has happened?" he asked, speaking in French. "Say, then, how is it? There are no papers yet in this hole, this corner; but it should have come with you in the train, in the guard's waggon, on the engine. They should have shouted it to the stations as they passed through. The very air should rock with it, and men and women hurrying to and fro should tell it to each other. But I hear nothing, I feel nothing. Say, then, what has happened?"

"Nothing," she answered, wearily. "The cause must wait for the dawning of another day. Nothing has happened."

"Then the master——"

"Is under arrest!"

"And you are free to tell it?"

"Yes, I am free. The only thing unprovided against by precautions, monumental in their elaboration, has occurred. He was arrested late last night on a trumpery charge of having picked a man's pocket. So much for the futility of a great effort. Need I tell you that the man who made the charge was a plain-clothes official? This morning early he was remanded, without bail, on the pretence of sending for provincial witnesses to speak to a former conviction. To-morrow, when all is over, the case will fall through, and they will release him. He will be free too late."

"But they will search his lodgings——"

"Possibly. They would find nothing, for he had nothing. All that was required was sent to me. I was to hand him what was necessary in Thames-street, five minutes before the appointed time."

"Bah!" he cried. "It is a great chance thrown away. Why did *you* not take his place?"

"You forget," she said, pointing to the camera, of which he had now relieved her. "I do not understand this child of your brain. It is new, untried. I cannot work it. The part allotted to me was only to guard that which might have brought danger to others. Why were *you* not there, comrade—you who understand this thing? If *I* could have taken the picture, then, indeed, there might have been something to tell."

"I will teach you," he said, hurriedly, colouring at her words. "As you are here it follows that you received a cypher from the leaders. How did you read it?"

"That failing what was proposed in London this morning there must be lesser demonstrations elsewhere to-night. I followed my instructions in coming here. But why have you chosen this unlikely spot?"

"Because it *is* unlikely," he answered, "and out of the world. After all, to let men find us at their doors here, in this peaceful country, will prove effectually

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that we exist and must be reckoned with."

"And why this solitary place more than another?"

"Because I have the *entrée* here through a woman, a ridiculous old woman, who believes she has enslaved me. I met her, strange to say, in Paris on the eve of the day that saw our first meeting. I sowed the seed then of the harvest we shall reap together. Her folly engendered that day has sheltered me of late."

"And you are about to repay her?"

"I have my reasons."

"I thought so," she answered, glancing at his darkling sinister face. "Private reasons are discountenanced by the cause, but in this instance selection is left to the individual. It is no matter."

"My reasons are *not* private ones," he affirmed. "The father of this man, this man in whose house there is to be a demonstration to-night, condemned a patriot to death, here in this country. Because that patriot was *my father*, is that any reason why I should spare his son? What house so fit as this that I have chosen for what must be to-night? In my father's person the cause was injured by his father. Upon the son of the one the cause shall be avenged by the son of the other. It is a great thing to be master of my craft. In this hand I hold the lightning that shall launch my bolt from the blue."

"Enough of reasons," she answered, carelessly. "I asked for none; my part is to obey. Tell me only how and when the thing is to be?"

He paused, and his furtive eyes turned sideways on her.

"There is the demonstration to be arranged for," he said, "and there is also the escape."

"Be frank," she replied. "I know your *forte*. The demonstration is to be worked by me, the rest you understand. Is not that so?"

"It would be better," he suggested. "In three minutes I can teach you all you need to know; but not here, not now. Observe the path beyond us to the right; it leads to a little gate, of which this is the key. You will find a summer-house near the entrance, which is in a straight line with the windows of the house. To the second row of windows there is a balcony led up to by stone steps. I shall excuse myself from the table this evening. Wait in the summer-house till you see the lace curtain flutter from the window near the steps, then come up boldly. At that time all the servants in the house will be engaged on the service of the table. I shall be there to explain all that is necessary. I myself will set and time the thing; you will have nothing to do but drop in the drops and touch the spring. The latter you will not do till I whistle to let you know that I am below with the horse and trap. There will then be five minutes for us to get beyond reach of harm. Are you satisfied?"

"Quite satisfied," she answered. "A demonstration is ordered; I am to assist. Where or how is of little moment. Do you take the camera? So—I am to keep the drops," and she pointed to a porcelain phial with a silver screw-top hanging from her waist with a few other meaningless gewgaws. "I shall wait in the summer-house for the summons."

He passed the key of the gate into her hands, and watched her take her way across the field as calmly as though she were on some ordinary mission, and then, carrying his camera with tender care, he returned by the high road and the drive to the house.

(*To be continued.*)

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French Protestants in England.

By SYBIL C. MITFORD.

THE coming of the Huguenots constitutes a by no means unimportant chapter in English history.

Those unhappy refugees, who at different times found here a safe asylum from religious persecution, numbered amongst them some of the best and noblest sons of France.

Scions of great houses, men of genius and learning, the cunning handicraftsman, skilled in the arts of industry, and the patient tiller of the soil, were alike driven to seek a new home, where they might unmolested pursue their peaceful labours, which add so much to the strength and riches of a nation.

Although the French emigration to this country is generally associated in our minds with the memorable year, 1685, which saw the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, its commencement is to be looked for at a much earlier period.

Both Edward VI. and Elizabeth accorded a ready welcome to the Huguenots who fled from the fanatical tyranny of their fellow-countrymen, and granted them full liberty to worship according to the faith of their fathers.

The memory of the religious persecution which they themselves had suffered was not likely to be soon effaced from the minds of Englishmen, and their keenest sympathies were aroused on behalf of the Protestant French who were received not as foreigners but as brethren.

There was, it is true, a class of people who not unnaturally looked rather askance at this alien invasion, as they regarded it.

These were the workers in certain trades, such as weaving, who found that the superior skill of their French competitors made it hard for them to get a living. But in the long run this proved of great benefit to our industries, and England doubtless owes something of her eminence in manufactures to the lessons taught by her Gallic foster-sons.

The secession of Henry of Navarre, the avenger of St. Bartholomew, to the Romish Church, undertaken from motives of policy, is one of the most humiliating sacrifices of principle to expediency ever recorded.

This undoubtedly paved the way for the sanguinary proscription which, nearly one hundred years later, followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

It is true that Henry would not allow the Protestants to be personally molested while he lived, but they were shorn of all political power and influence, and were thus left to the mercy of their enemies after his death.

Year after year their treatment grew steadily worse, and after a century of savage persecution Louis XIV. perpetrated the culminating crime, the Revocation of the Edict which guaranteed their lives and liberties. A second St. Bartholomew followed, not, it is true, like the first, a massacre of a day, but a long course of organised murder carried on with relentless cruelty day after day, and year after year.

Six hundred thousand French Protestants went into exile during the next twenty years, and great numbers found their way to England, where every assistance was given them. James II. issued orders in Council for general collections to be made in the churches of the United Kingdom for their aid. A fund called the Royal Bounty was formed and administered by clerical and lay committees com-

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posed of the chiefs among the emigrants. French churches were also organised and positions in the Church, in the army and navy, and in the learned profession were found for many, who, by previous training in France, were qualified to hold them, while employment in various forms was provided for those who were artisans and workmen. Many of the younger men were helped to emigrate to America. In all these, and other ways, the English people showed themselves ready to help those who were in distress and worthy of their assistance.

The Huguenots soon settled down in their adopted country, and after a few generations the majority became more or less assimilated to the people among whom they had made their home.

But there are still many who to this day preserve their Huguenot traditions and in whom their original nationality is very clearly discernable. For them services are still carried on in French in the chapel attached to Canterbury Cathedral, granted to the Huguenots by Edward VI., and in the Huguenot Church at Tottenham Court Road, the Church of the Savoy, Blooms-

HENRI DE MASSUE, EARL OF GALWAY,
First Governor of the French Protestant Hospital.

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THE LATE EARL OF RADNOR,
Whose Family has given six Governors to the Hospital.

bury and some others. We find them in Spitalfields still pursuing the once famous but now decayed industry of silk-weaving.

The French Church in Canterbury Cathedral is one of the most remarkable memorials of the Huguenots yet remaining. The Black Prince's Chantry has been used for this purpose since 1892, but previous to that the church occupied part of the crypt of the Cathedral, though this was not the original site granted by Edward VI. It was Archbishop Cramner and Bishop Latimer who urged the young king to extend his protection to these godly French Protestants, who had many able preachers among them but no place to worship in which they could call their own. They were calculated to prove a great source of strength to our own Reformed Church in its struggle against Romish influences, which had by no means been eradicated, even by the drastic measures of Henry VIII., and so, while preserving their own forms of worship, they were received into the bosom of our national church. The French weavers in silk and wool, who were settled in large numbers in Canterbury, formed the great part of the congregation, which, in Elizabeth's time, numbered between two and three thousand. But as better times dawned for the Protestants in France, and the greater part of those who had settled in England became one with the people of the soil, the congregation grew less and less.

Before the close of 1824 the dwindled congregation found the south aisle of the crypt large enough, and this was shut off from the main body by walling up the arches of the piers. The further erection of a barrier across the east end of the aisle took away the vestry in St. Gabriel's Chapel, a protest to the dean and chapter proving ineffectual.

In 1846 preaching and communicating was only held four times a year by ministers from London, on other Sundays the liturgy being read by an elder. Thus, from a congregation in Elizabeth's time of 2,500, the church consisted of only twenty communicants, with a reader, an elder, and a clerk.

In 1875 the Charity Commissioners presented a scheme for diverting what they considered an almost extinct endowment into other sources. But the French church found a warm friend in Archbishop Tait, who ably opposed this measure in the House of Lords. Opposition seemed to restore a little life into the congregation, for, under the pastorate of M. Martin, who discontinued the Anglican liturgy and used a service book compiled by himself, the numbers increased.

No opposition was made to a very reasonable demand in 1892 from the Dean and Chapter that the Black Prince's chantry be used instead of St. Ernulf's crypt, they being anxious to unblock the south aisle in the latter church to admit daylight. A promise was given to provide more space if required. The Rev. J. R. Barnabas, of Canada, was elected pastor in 1898.

But the memories of the past are nowhere more fitly enshrined than in an

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institution whose beginnings may be traced to the eighteenth century. I refer to the French Protestant Hospital, which owes its rise to the generosity of one of the Huguenot leaders.

Amongst the distinguished men who had been obliged to flee the country was Monsieur de Gastigny, "heretofore Master of the Buckhounds in Holland," a soldier who subsequently fought at the battle of the Boyne. As a member of the Royal Bounty Committee, M. de Gastigny was greatly interested in the aged and infirm among his countrymen. He bequeathed £1,000 for their benefit, and from this bequest, largely added to by the contributions of the more prosperous refugees, sprang the French Hospital. In 1716, a piece of land in the parish of Saint Luke, to the North of London, was purchased from the Ironmonger's Company. Here a hospice, or, as it was then called, a hospital, was built and fitted up for eighty of the most aged and poor among the refugees—a veritable Hôtel Dieu to those whom steadfastness of faith in their religion had deprived of home and country. Two years later the hospital was dedicated, "in the midst of a great concourse of French refugees" and their families, according to the use of the Church of England, by Mons. Philippe Menard, Minister of the French chapel of Saint James' and first secretary of the corporation. At the same time a charter of incorporation was granted by George I., Henry Ruvigny, Earl of Galway, being appointed the first governor. A suitable appointment, for Lord Galway had always taken great interest in his Huguenot brethren. When one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, he founded the French Protestant colony of Portarlington, and encouraged the formation of other similar colonies, and he lost no opportunity of finding employment for the Huguenots as cultivators of the soil or as workers in the linen and other industries of Ireland.

As time went on and funds flourished, more ground was bought in St. Luke's parish, the hospital was increased in size, and a special wing was provided for those who from the sufferings they had undergone were deprived of their reason, and so the place became known far and wide among the refugees as "La Providence," to which all French Protestants could turn when in need of help or sympathy.

About the beginning of the reign of George III. the active persecutions of the Protestants in France were slackened, and fewer and fewer families found their way to England. By this time too many of the original immigrants had died, while others who were prospering in their trades or professions had made themselves independent homes in the land. In this way the number of the destitute Huguenots was greatly diminished, and so large a building was no longer needed. The west wing was, therefore, pulled down, and part of the garden ground was let on building leases. The names of the streets alone preserve in that district the memory of the founder and of various governors of the hospital. The reversion to the Corporation of the houses then built enabled the directors about the year

MR. A. GIRAUD BROWNING,
Deputy Governor of French Protestant Hospital.

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1862 to move the hospital to the more suitable neighbourhood of Victoria Park, where it now stands in its own grounds of about three acres. A new hospital indeed it is, but bound by the old constitution and maintained for the original purpose of helping the descendants of the Huguenot refugees and other poor and aged French Protestants. So thoroughly does the spirit of the founders pervade the place even at this day that none are admitted inmates except upon proof of their eligibility under the provisions of the charter of 1718, while almost all the governors and directors are representatives of old Huguenot families.

REV. PHILIPPE MENARD,
First Chaplain and Secretary of the Hospital.

Some time ago the writer paid a visit to the present hospital. It stands on the north side of Victoria Park and is a large imposing building—set back from the noisy stream of carts and omnibuses which continually passes its gates. A pretty lodge leads into a large garden where the trees and flowers flourish so well that even in winter they offer a pleasant contrast to the monotony of the surrounding houses. The building is in the style of the French chateaux of the time of Francis I., with large mullioned windows and many pinnacles, the red brickwork decorated by the introduction of a design carried out in blue. Passing through the garden I at last arrived at the front door, and here I made my first acquaintance with one of the old ladies who live in the hospital. She opened the door and, with a word of welcome, showed me into the large stone entrance hall, leaving me there for a time whilst she called the steward to conduct me round the hospital.

As I stood there waiting I had time to look at the old prints that embellish the walls of the long corridor, many of them illustrating the persecutions of the Huguenots, whilst others show the hospital first established in London for the refugee families whose names are now so familiar to us that we almost forget their origin.

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As I stood in the hall looking at the old prints, the steward came to show me the rooms and everything that was of interest in the place. He himself was a cheery sailor, full of life, with a kind word for all the old people we came across. He was the only person in the house, it appeared to me, not of Huguenot descent, though his opinions seemed to be as uncompromisingly Protestant as were any of those who in less happy days went to the stake for their religion.

On beginning my journey of inspection I was first taken into the Court-room, a large and lofty room panelled to about five feet from the ground. Above the panelling a band of armorial bearings of the earlier governors and directors was carried round the room, and from above the band looked down the portraits of M. de Gastigny, the Earl of Galway, Philippe Menard, Lord Ligonier, the Earl of Radnor, whose family has given six Governors to the Hospital, and other governors and directors. It is a fine room, but not to my mind so attractive as the library, which contains a large collection of books bearing upon the history of the Huguenots and their flight into England, besides engravings and other relics, all of them most interesting and in many cases almost unique. One of the inmates happened to be in this room, looking over the books. An intelligent old lady she was, quiet and refined, saying nothing of herself but only talking of her books. Her face seemed to tell the story of a life of much suffering paitiently borne, perhaps even without wonder that her lot should have fallen on rough ground when others had lives full of pleasantness and peace.

JACQUES DE GASTIGNY,
Founder of the French Protestant Hospital.

She talked to me about the treasures of the library which were under her special care, showing me the rare books with just pride, for there are many in that collection that cannot be matched in England.

Beyond the library is the chapel, with its beautiful stained glass windows and arranged with a gallery at the west end,

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that is entered from the upper floor of the building, by which means the sick and infirm can without too much exertion attend the daily morning and evening services.

From the chapel we went into the dining room or refectory, where all the inmates take their meals together, separate tables being arranged for the men and women. And then we passed to the men's day room, where two of the old people were playing chess, others were reading or talking, whilst another came in from his walk to a neighbouring shop where he had been making purchases for his friends, both men and women. Such is the way in which their afternoons are passed. In the morning the house work has to be done, those of the inmates helping who are able to do so; in the afternoon the old people spend the long hours in any manner that seemeth best to them. The old ladies also have their share in the household duties, helping chiefly in the mending of clothes and household linen. This particular afternoon being cold and foggy, I found them all busy in the day-room, sitting about in little groups, and most of them talking as fast as they worked. But they were all glad to see a stranger and to have a chat with someone from the outside world. So we talked together until tea-time, when the bell rang to summon them to the dining-room to which they all trooped off, whilst I made my way upstairs to see the sick people in the convalescent room.

All the rooms upstairs are built round a gallery, so that the house is quite open from the hall right up to the glazed roof ceiling. On one side of this gallery are the old ladies' rooms, on the other those of the men. All these I passed as I went to the convalescent room, where I found one poor invalid who had suffered from paralysis for the last two years. But, for all that, she was bright and cheery, making the most of the kindness that was shown to her, and grumbling not at all at the suffering that of late has been her lot. Other invalids were sitting about having their tea. Amongst these was a French lady who could not or would not speak a word of English. To her own tongue she was devoted, and no other would she adopt, even though this determination cut her off from much intercourse with her companions. Here, too, one of the old men entered, bringing little parcels he had been commissioned to buy for a friend, and they all had a bright word for each other, and it was only from sad voices and still more sad expressions of countenance that it was possible to see the marks of struggles and sorrows that life had brought to many of them.

Then two sisters took me into their bedroom, a pleasant, bright room which they shared between them. But to their minds it was much more than just a bedroom. The very fact that it belonged to those two alone made it home to them in a manner that no other part of the hospital could ever be. It made them happy to be together, they said, and they gloried in the privacy they could enjoy, and the sunshine that poured in through their windows whenever the sun appeared in the sky. So there were many hours that they spent there working and talking—a happy couple depending entirely on each other's companionship and love, and feeling themselves rich in those blessings which Fate had denied to others in the hospital.

Another old lady was going, as I met her, to lie down and rest after hours spent by the bedside of a sick companion. She knew a great deal about nursing and she had been only too glad to use her knowledge for the sake of her friend, whilst the work provided her with much more real interest than can be found in the ordinary daily routine of an institution of this description. Monotony is an evil that it is extremely difficult to avoid in such public homes, and in talking to the men and women I could see what pleasure they had in the concerts and entertainments that are from time to time got up for their amusement, whilst even a stray visit from one who would take the trouble to talk to them was a pleasure they greatly enjoyed. "We are always glad to see a new face," one of them said to me, as she wished me good-bye with a smile and a shake of the hand as she opened the great front door. And so with those words my first visit to the French hospital came to an end, and as I went down the dark and quiet drive and through the prètty lodge, I felt glad that the poor old people, though no longer possessing homes of their own, had found a real haven of rest in "La Providence" where they received every care and attention that old age and infirmities demand.

SIBYL C. MITFORD.

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Ashville College, Harrogate.

By A. P. EASTON.

FOUNDED twenty-four years ago for the education of the sons of ministers and laymen of the United Methodist Free Churches, Ashville College, Harrogate, has won a deservedly high place among denominational schools. Its Executive Committee comprises some of the most prominent Free Church members of the North of England, and this is in itself a guarantee that the religious life of the school is as zealously looked after as its educational.

Four ministers and three prominent laymen constitute the Executive Committee, viz., the Rev. E. Boaden, the Rev. E. D. Cornish, the Rev. John Mather, and the Rev. John Moore, the secretary, who form the ministerial element, while the laymen are Joseph Briggs, Esq., A. J. Chippindale, Esq., and Robert Bird, Esq., J.P., the treasurer.

The object which the founders had in view was summed up in the following brief statement made at the opening of the College; it was, they said, "purely educational—to give an education broad, simple and comprehensive; one that would meet all the essential requirements of the students, the intellectual, moral and physical elements of human nature."

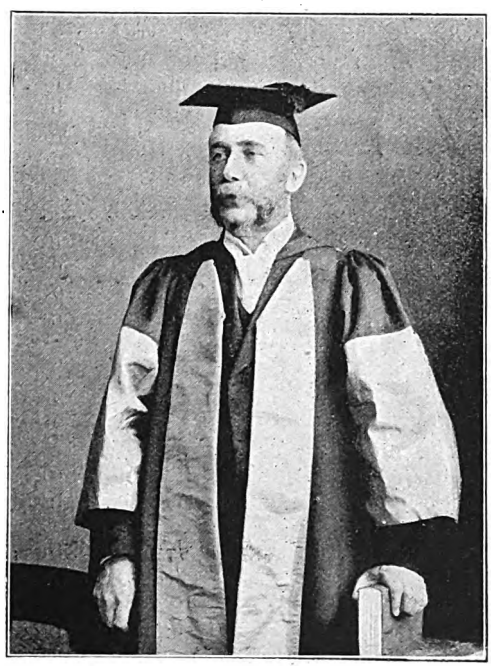
This ideal which the founders placed before them has proved no mere visionary one. It has been fully realised, the School being noted not only for the excellence of its scholastic training, but also for its high physical and moral culture.

It would be difficult to imagine a more delightful situation than that of Ashville College.

It occupies a position on the outskirts of Harrogate, itself a famous health resort, and stands on a plateau, 600 feet above sea level.

The air is pure and bracing, and the view from the College extends over twenty miles of varied and beautiful scenery.

The School is surrounded by 30 acres of land, part of which has been converted into cricket and football fields. It is approached by a fine drive, bordered with beautiful trees, and, as one emerges from this shady avenue, the majestic building, with its detached wings, forms a fine *coup de'œil.*



MR. JOHN BOWICK, M.A., LL.D.
(The Headmaster.)

The imposing exterior of the School raises high expectations of the interior arrangements, nor are these disappointed. All the rooms—dining-room, school-rooms, class-room, and dormitories—are spacious and well ventilated, and what strikes one especially is the general air of home comfort which is sometimes sadly lacking in scholastic establishments.

There is a fine library and reading-room well stored with books and periodicals, a recreation room where the boys play all sorts of games—a

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bagatelle board, chess, draughts, and dominoes being provided.

A great feature of the school is the splendid chemical laboratory which occupies a house to itself.

There the boys are taught to conduct experiments in chemistry, and the numerous scientific instruments and the endless rows of glass phials testify to the completeness with which the laboratory is fitted up.

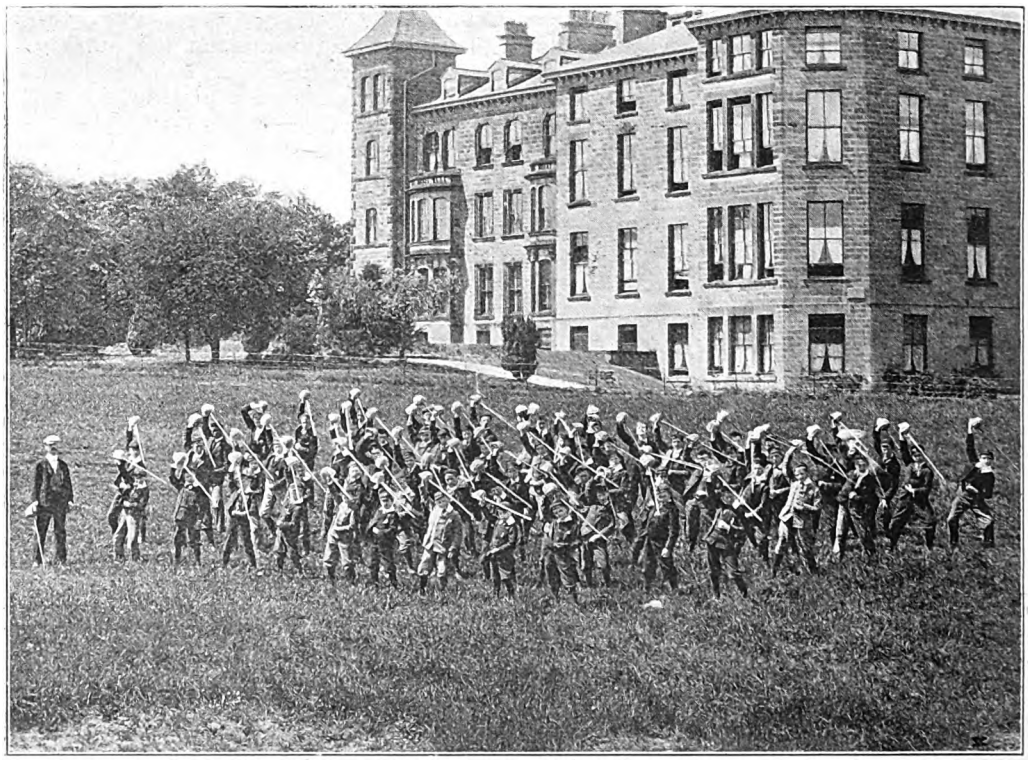
There is a lecture-room attached where the science master explains the full significance of the object lessons given in the laboratory.

In another building the gymnasium is located. There we find high bars, horizontal bars, trapeze, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, and all the apparatus of a completely furnished and well ordered gymnasium. The place presents a most animated sight when all the exercises are in full swing. The bars, trapeze, and swings are alive with pendulous figures going through all kinds of complicated feats, while fencing and boxing go on merrily between various combatants on the level ground. A very imposing sight is the assault at arms, when all the boys who are "cunning at fence" are drawn up on the college green and perform their evolutions in sword exercises, and cut, thrust, and parry in unison.

Another special feature of the School is the Sanitorium, which is also detached from the main building.

The health of the School has been remarkably good, no cases of serious illness having occurred during the present head-master's tenure of office, but should any infectious disease make its appearance the patient would be immediately removed to this infirmary, and here he would be completely isolated from the others. The wonderful success of the School is due in no small measure to the present head-master, Dr. Bowick, who has held the position for the last eleven years.

Though a scholar of the highest academical distinction, the Doctor is one of the most modest and unassuming of men, and there is not a trace of the pedant about



THE ASSAULT-AT-ARMS.

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him. His remarkable success in dealing with his boys is due to the confidence he inspires in them. Thoroughly kind and just he is firm withal, and knows how to exact their unquestioning obedience.

He is a man of deep religious convictions and teaches the boys to love everything that is pure and noble and manly and to despise whatever is underhand and mean.

Such a training can only be efficiently carried out if the teacher has a broad mind and sympathetic nature, both of which Dr. Bowick possesses.

Boys may be driven into obedience by force, but it is impossible to raise their moral tone by this means. One must understand a boy's failings and temptations, and, while condemning the fault, try to effect its removal gently and in a sympathetic spirit.

Harshness never pays, for outward conformity often means rebellion working within.

The Doctor tries to enter into the individual life of each boy, both moral and intellectual, and often he summons one or more of them to his study for a quiet chat, when he gives them words of counsel and encouragement.

With regard to school studies, it is no uncommon experience for a boy to seem utterly unable to obtain a grasp of a certain subject, although he may be neither lazy nor generally stupid.

If he gets no more attention than is possible in ordinary class teaching it is very probable that it will remain a mystery to him all his life.

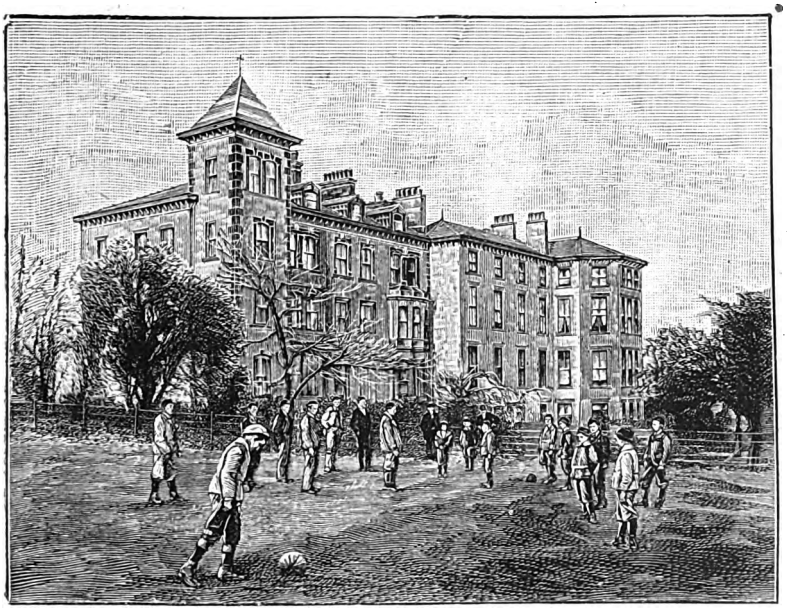
He has little natural aptitude for the study in question; its terms perplex him, and the rules appear a hopeless tangle of meaningless phrases.

Now Dr. Bowick makes it his business to acquaint himself with the mental capacities and peculiarities of every one of his boys, and consequently he is able to see just where the difficulty lies, and to present the subject in the light that is best calculated to appeal to his comprehension.

Dr. Bowick's academical career has been in every way most distinguished. He has reaped high honours at three Universities, Glasgow, Dublin and London. He gained the University scholarship at Glasgow and became Mathematical Prizeman.

He took his B.A. in mathematics, mathematical physics, and experimental physics, and M.A. in civil and constitutional history. He also took the legal degrees of LL.B. and LL.D. with honours in arts and law.

Before coming to the College Dr. Bowick had several notable achievements to record. He was head-master at a school at Burntisland, near Edinburgh, and his pupils were most successful in the local examinations of St. Andrew's University, while some gained high places at the bursary competitions of Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities.



PRACTICE IN THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

Afterwards he became head-master of the Collegiate School Camberwell, London, and in the Jubilee year a pupil of his gained the prize in an English Essay Competition open to all the high-class schools in London.

Her Majesty the Queen herself

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MR. JOSEPH BRIGGS. MR. A. J. CHIPPINDALE.
REV. E. D. CORNISH. REV. JOHN MATHER.
REV. E. BOADEN.
REV. JOHN MOORE. MR. ROBERT BIRD.
Secretary. *Treasurer.*

presented the prize, a life of the Prince Consort in five volumes, and afterwards sent the boy a photograph of herself.

Of the assistant masters at Ashville College, Mr. A. W. Priestley, M.A., who teaches classics and foreign languages, is Exhibitioner and Classical Honourman at Queen's College, Oxford, and holds the Society of Arts first-class certificate for French and German.

Mr. King, B.Sc., F.I.C., the Science Master, is an Honourman of Victoria University.

Other masters are Mr. G. Goodfellow and Mr. W. V. Haigh, and there are music and art masters (certificated) and a drill sergeant. The results of the labours of Dr. Bowick and his able assistants, as shown by public examinations, have been very gratifying, the pupils of this school having gained more successes than those of all the other local schools put together.

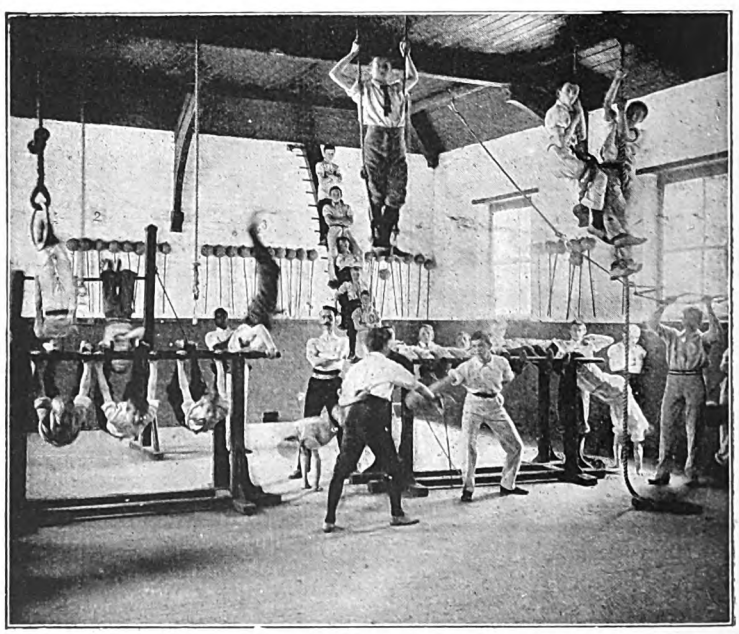
From 1891 to 1898, ninety-two passed the Cambridge Local Examinations, 43 with honours, 24 with distinctions, and 2 gained medals.

In 1900 nine were entered for the Cambridge Locals, and all passed, several with honours. At the College of Preceptors' Examinations, 27 were presented, and here again there was not one failure.

Out of 88 who have passed during the last few years, 75 were in the first division, and one of Dr. Bowick's pupils took the first place in arithmetic out of 12,000 competitors.

Two Ashville College boys have won the Geographical Society's medal, and no less than 250 certificates have been granted to pupils of the school by the Science and Art department. For music the School has also scored heavily, gaining honours and certificates both for the theory and practice of music.

These are only some distinctions gained by the School, the list given being by no means complete, but, as it stands, it is a grand record and bears eloquent testimony to the thoroughness with which the work of the College is carried out.



THE GYMNASIUM IN FULL SWING.

A. P. EASTON.

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THE GREATEST NEED OF THE NEW CENTURY.

Some Further Opinions.

Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

I think that the greatest need of the New Century is really to remember that "man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God." The fundamental curse of our time is an idolatrously exaggerated estimate of the value of money. We need to be reminded by another St. Augustine that a golden key will open every door—except the door of happiness. And by another St. Francis of Assisi that the absolute needs of human life are astonishingly few, and that our real happiness is to be found in communion with God and with nature, and in seeking the welfare of others. In one word, to quote the supreme Teacher, our greatest need of all is to realise that "a man's life" (his real life) "consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

Mr. W. T. STEAD.

The greatest need of the New Century, that seems to me most pressing just now, is that Christians, especially eminent dignitaries of the Church, both Established and un-established, should open their eyes to the fact that, although it may be their duty to kill their brother, they ought never to take in hand the killing of him until they have tried, by means of arbitration, to discover some other method of fulfilling their duty to God and Man.

Mrs. ORMISTON CHANT.

"At the close of the nineteenth—this splendid century, our country is suffering from a bad attack of sordidness. Our rulers are afraid that, in spite of Divine providing through all the countless ages of mankind, God will have to be supplemented by human sagacity, and His probable inability to do the best for the British section of his family is forestalled by ways and dodges that are making a high mountain of disgrace and infamy for the future to be appalled at.

"Is it anything but sheer unmitigated sordidness that lets the trade in a maddening drink tempt and cajole the credulous multitudes to their doom?"

And to the same debasing cause Mrs. Chant goes on to say we owe "the long and popular run of plays that unconsciously 'hold up the mirror to nature' in a 'way not intended by the management.' 'These be your gods (amusements), O Israel'! the foul intrigue, the moral cancer carefully gowned, groomed and perfumed, and sinning to sweet music and loud applause."

Rev. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B., D.D.

Two Dozen Rules of Life for 1901.

Fear God.
Follow Christ.
Love mankind.
Speak truthfully.
Live honestly.
Pray constantly.
Work diligently.
Cultivate purity.
Be manly.
Be womanly.
Embrace goodness.
Abhor evil.
Forgive injuries.
Do good.
Emulate nobleness.
Respect poverty.
Assist weakness.
Wait patiently.
Cultivate peace.
Advocate righteousness.
Go forward.
Look upward.
Live godly.
Be heavenly.

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For THE BAIRNS.

Conducted by
THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

"OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS."

Because of some rather severe remarks that were made at an educational institute as to a growing tendency for sisters to become unsisterly, and brothers unbrotherly, in their home-life dealings with one another, I thought I would get my young friends to decide whether the charge was true or not.

I have had several answers, but it would be difficult to see what most of them have to do with the matter!

The fault is entirely mine; I should not have expected the youngsters to sit in judgment on their own brothers or sisters, let alone those in other families. It is a fine arrangement which has dealt out the critical faculty very sparingly to children; it leaves more room for appreciation and affection, and these are better.

As all the letters are very concrete—giving sketches, more or less pleasant, about the writers' own brothers and sisters—they have all such a strong family-likeness that a couple of them may be taken as fair samples of all the rest.

The first is very nicely written :—

Sunnyside, Otley.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—As this is the first time that I have written to you I scarcely hope to be successful in obtaining a prize, but I thought that I would like to try. I have no sisters, and only one brother, two years my junior, who lives at Detroit, in the United States of America. I am very sorry for this, because America seems such a long way off. I know all about Fred, though, nearly as well as if I lived with him. He writes me such nice long interesting letters, and never sends just a short one saying that he will write more next time, as I know a lot of boys would do. I think that brothers, if they liked (especially elder ones) could be great helps to, and nice friends for their sisters. I don't know what I should do without mine, although he does live so far away, and I am quite sure that there is not a better boy or a nicer brother in all the world than mine.—I am, yours truly,

UNA MANN (*Aged* 14 *years*).

The next is fuller than the last, and is a fairer test, for the boys are there to tease, it they want to tease, and sister is there, too, to be nasty, if she wants to be nasty; but none in this family have any wishes in these directions, beyond, perhaps, what is just needed to give a little spice to all else!

This letter has been reckoned the best of all sent in; to the young writer, accordingly, I have sent a handsome book as a prize :—

Sawley Grange, Derby.

DEAR MR. HOWATT.—To-day I saw in the TEMPLE MAGAZINE your competition about brothers and sisters, so I thought I should like to do it. I have three big brothers, all older than myself—Joe, Frank, and Rupert. They are very kind to me, and I love them very much. I have no sisters. Joe and Frank go to boarding school. I always look forward to them coming back for the holidays. I am a daily boarder at school and go by train. We live at a lonely house in the country. If the boys break up before I do, one of them generally comes to meet me at the station till I break up. The other one, Rupert, goes to school at the nearest town; he is a day boarder, so if I go out anywhere and come home at night when it is dark, he sometimes comes to meet me. At Christmastime they take me out to buy Christ-

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mas presents and play with me. They help me tidy my garden and dig it for me, and Rupert helps me with my lessons. Frank plays the piano, and he gave me music lessons in his last holidays. They give me nice birthday and Christmas presents. They are polite to me sometimes, but I cannot say they are always. They take me out skating and sliding. Joe has a magic lantern and sometimes gets it ready in a dark room and then asks us to go and see it. When I go to stay with my grandma one of them often comes with me, and we have such good fun! Joe and Frank sometimes write to me from school; they come back on the 19th, and then there will be a row in the house! I do not know much about other people's brothers, but I know father is very good and kind to his sisters, and mother says that her brothers were always kind to her.—I remain, yours truly,

ELSIE BOWMER *(Aged 11½ years)*.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE.

When it is fast day in one's own parish it is good to get a bark from a neighbour's dog, and—with all apologies for the metaphor—I am under obligation to Mr. Anderson, the kindly editor of *The Reaper*, for such a service. He has started in Glasgow a "Children's League of Kindness," in the hope of doing for the poor cripples in the great northern city what, to my wonder, God has enabled me to do for those in Londen by the Crutch-and-Kindness League. May his success be even greater than mine!

In an interesting account he gives of the starting of his branch, he says the movement has been organised on the same lines as our own, which he explains crisply and clearly in the following words, which may serve for all further explanation this month of the nature and objects of the Crutch-and-Kindness League:—

London is kind to her cripples. The Ragged School Union, under the guiding heart and head of the secretary, Mr. John Kirk, keeps a complete register, at present numbering over 6,000 cripples, or handicapped children—and sees that everything possible is done to cheer and brighten the lives of the young sufferers. And this is through the kindly ministry of a band of 1,000 voluntary workers, drawn from all parts of the city and suburbs. With this object in view the city has been mapped out, and small clusters of cripple children are grouped around conveniently chosen centres, each little group having a staff of workers usually connected with a local Church, Mission, or Sunday School, and each group being supervised by a local superintendent, responsible to the parent Ragged School Union. The workers in each local centre arrange for stated meetings, to which the cripples come or are carried—meetings for Bible study, singing, sewing, fretwork, story-reading and play. The most popular meeting is that known as the Cripples' Parlour, which, as often as possible, is ushered in with a cup of cocoa or tea, and biscuit or bun, followed by suitable games, dolls, toys, scrap books, and the like, and a short address, bright hymns, and prayer. Flowers, when possible, are handed round, so that each little cripple may carry home a sweet aroma as a token and memory of a happy hour spent with loving friends.

Cripples who are bedridden are visited weekly at their own homes, and made the recipients of flowers, pictures, and at least a kindly greeting. The parents of the cripples are advised as to the best medical aid, surgical appliances are procured for the cripples through the combined help of the Sunday Hospital Fund, the Ragged School Union, and friends specially interested in the local centre.

Sometimes the interest of Suburban Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavour is enlisted, resulting in little groups of cripples being treated to special evening entertainments in winter, and to garden parties and excursions in summer. Some churches and Sunday schools regularly provide speakers for one of the usual weekly meetings. Others become responsible for seeing that cripples of a certain group are regularly visited at their own homes. At Christmas most of the cripples get a hamper of good things. This year there will be about 5,000 hampers sent out, containing plum pudding, meat pie, plum cake, ½ lb. tea, and sweets. The funds to meet this expense are contributed by the puhlic, in response to an appeal by Alderman Sir William Treloar, to whom the London cripples owe so much, and whose interest in them is untiring. In addition, there is the "Crutch-and-Kindness League," instituted by the Rev. J. Reid Howatt, through which 4,950 correspondents throughout the United Kingdom, Ireland and the Colonies, have each been introduced to a little cripple, to whom they undertake to write a letter regularly once a month. The postman's knock is quite an event in the life of many a London cripple. It brings a gleam of sunshine, and the glad consciousness that a kind heart somewhere is thinking of it. For the moment, the ache, the crutch, the deformity are forgotten, the little world is enlarged, a fresh interest is awakened; and who can tell how often the presence of the Master Himself is suggested, is welcomed, through this simple and tender ministry to "one of the least of these." Some correspondents take quite a deep interest in their cripples. As many

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as 700 provided the means, this last summer, to give their little friend a fortnight's holiday.

When cripples become of age, and are fit for work, the resources of the Ragged School Union are placed at their service for a lift to some partly or wholly self-supporting industry.

All further particulars concerning the Crutch-and-Kindness League may be had for a stamp from *Mr. John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John-street, Theobald's-road, London, W.C.*

New Members for the Month.

Miss Jessie C. Kettle, Hampton Wick; Mr. Raymond Legg, Cirencester; Miss Elizabeth Foster, Birmingham; Mr. Albert J. Jacobs, London, N.W.; Miss N. Sibley, Cornwall; Miss A. Swan, S. Croydon; Miss L. Porter, Forest Gate; Miss R. Hargreaves, Burnley; Miss R. Charlton, Mr. Charlton, Tunbridge Wells; Miss Eleanor Franklin, Miss Dorothy Riggall, Thirsk; Miss S. R. Mintey, Christchurch; Mrs. E. D. Paton, Glasgow; Mrs. Wray, Kingston Hill; Miss N. Baker, Harrogate; Miss Ethel Livens, Miss Emily Livens, Gosforth; Miss Verena Twycross, Miss Minna Twycross, Worthing; Mrs. Foster, Bedford; Miss Alice Weeks, Ryde; Miss Mary B. S. Lang, Johnstone; Miss A. Greenham, Manor Park; Mrs. Froud's Sunday-school class: Mr. Albert Foulkes, Mr. Albert Cochrane, Miss Lucy French, Miss Caroline Gillard, Miss Katie Broom, Miss Edie Galton, Miss Elsie Giles, care of Mrs. Froud, Christchurch; Miss Sophie E. Griesbach, Leeds; Mrs. Roby, Leyton; Miss M. Batty, Belgrave-road, S.W.; Miss K. M. Hawes, Ealing; Miss S. J. Dunn, Burnley; Miss H. Westwood, Forfar; Master John Leale, Guernsey; Miss Amy Roberts, Dibsbury; Miss Mary Hostop, Bude; Miss Ellen Smith, Cottenham; Miss S. C. Mangin, Chathill; Mrs. Phillips, Miss Mabel Phillips, Miss Grace Phillips, Ipswich; Miss Hilda Edgerton Hall, Miss Cicely Hall, Bow; Miss Annie Stedman, Miss Stedman's Sunday-school class, Wanstead; Mr. T. Bridgland, Chalfont St. Peters; The Y.W. Circle, per Miss Reynolds, Witney; Mr. Willie Pearson, Mr. Joseph Pearson, Middleton; Miss E. M. Sadd, Wangford; Miss E. Henderson, Bracknell; Miss Florence Marshall, care of Mrs. Froud, Christchurch; Miss Maude Lucas, Bedale; Miss Bella Day, Ilfracombe; Miss Alice Ralls, Bridport; Miss Elsie Leyton, care of Miss Medway, Hendon; Miss N. Jenkins, St. Austell; Miss Heppell, Aberdare; Miss Emily Pettit, care of Miss Armstrong, East Finchley; Miss Edith Walker, Carlisle; Miss Enid Davies, King Williams Town, S.A.; Miss Alice Pigott, Cape Colony; Miss M. Hutson, Barbadoes; Miss Dora Hurford, Miss Eva White, Cornwall; Miss E. M. Barnard, Tasmania; Miss Elsie Tejar, Miss G. Hardy, Miss Alice Thompson, care of Miss Richmond, West Hartlepool; Miss Nellie Cotchin, Miss Dorothy Burgess, Miss Louie Underwood, care of Miss Underwood, Luton; Miss Embling, care of Miss Wright, Westgate.

NIGHT'S LULLABY.

When the day is done and the tired old world
  Goes wearily to its rest,
There's a crooning song, in a whisper soft,
  Comes dreamily from the West;
And it brings us peace and a restful calm,
  It sighs in the fading light—
'Tis the evening hymn to the wornout,
  The lullaby of the night.

"Come to my breast,
  I will give you rest,
As 'round you my cool arms creep,
  The cares of the day
  Are far away—
Oh, poor, tired world, go 'sleep."

And the night breathes low as the shadows come,
  And troubles fly away,
While dreamy peace fills the heart at last,
  With the twilight cool and gray.
And the tired, tired world wears a sleepy smile—
  The smile of a calm delight—
As the zephyrs bring in a soothing voice
  The lullaby of the night.

"Sleep to my croon,
  'Neath the silent moon,
While my drowsy stars all peep;
  And forget the day,
  For it's far away—
Oh, poor, tired world, go 'sleep."

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The beauty of Silver, Plate, and Brasses, is entirely dependent upon the brilliance of their polish, and it is of the utmost importance that these goods should be treated with a really good polish or paste. There is nothing better for the purpose than Globe Metal Polish or Plate Powder, both of which are magical in effect and produce a mirror-like surface without the slightest exertion.

The Globe Furniture Polish is the equal of the Globe Metal Polish, for its specific purpose, and still remains uneclipsed for imparting an incredibly brilliant and lasting polish to all kinds of Furniture, Papier Maché, Patent Leather, Varnished and Enamelled Goods, &c. These Polishes are obtainable at all Grocers, or Stores, at prices to suit everybody. RAIMES & Co., Stockton-on-Tees, and Bow, London, E.

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WHEN BUYING A BICYCLE

look at the tyres.

If they are not

DUNLOP TYRES

the machine is not cheap at any price.

THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY, Ltd., Alma Street, Coventry.

BRANCHES.—London, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Nottingham, Manchester, Glasgow.

THE OLDEST AND BEST.

UNEQUALLED FOR ITS BRILLIANCE AND CLEANLINESS.

ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH

FOR FURNITURE, BROWN BOOTS, PATENT LEATHER, OILCLOTHS,
AND ALL VARNISHED AND ENAMELLED GOODS.

THE QUEEN says: "Having made a fresh trial of its virtues after considerable experience with other compounds of the same nature, we feel no hesitation in recommending its use to all housewives."

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FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

ADVISE GENTLY.

Our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it by a proper vehicle, and to qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which nature is apt to revolt, by a mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients.

STORIES OF QUEEN WILHELMINA.

Queen Wilhelmina even as a child possessed inflexibility of will, and in those early days a consciousness that she would one day be Queen of the Netherlands. "I do not allow you to entertain your friends in my presence," she remarked to a lady-in-waiting, upon whom an acquaintance had called one day, when the Princess had attained the mature age of four. And later on, when she was about thirteen years of age, there was an amusing scene between the Queen Regent and her little daughter, arising out of a strong desire of the latter to be present at a banquet given in honour of the German Emperor. To all the pleadings of her daughter the Queen Regent turned a deaf ear, repeating that she was too young to attend a State ceremony, no matter of what description, and more especially a dinner. "You are too young, and must go to bed." As, however, the child-Queen persisted in her demands, and would take no denial, there remained for the Regent but one alternative—to herself conduct the recalcitrant young lady to her bedroom. This she did, but not without one final energetic protest from the disappointed Queen of the future. "I will go on the balcony and tell the Dutch people how you abuse their Queen!"

THINKING FOR ONESELF.

There is nothing which so adds to the treasures of the mind and increases its power as its own thinking. Learn to think for yourself. It is all very well to hear and to read the wisdom of others. But one should not let this take the place of one's own thought. Many persons are like cisterns, they are good to hold the thoughts of others. But when the time comes that they are forced to rely on themselves they have no power to do so. The outside supply is cut off and the cistern runs dry. But if one, like the river, is constantly fed by its own springs, then, as the learning of others comes to him, it unites with his own waters and the stream widens and deepens.

MAIDS OF HONOUR.

Some misapprehension seems to exist as regards the duties of Maids of Honour. These ladies "wait," two together, for a period of a month, three times a year. They have, of course, no menial duties to perform, but they are expected to be active, willing, very punctual, and entirely devoted to the Royal service. They are required to be discreet, and for ever silent concerning the private life and possible secrets of their Sovereign's Palace. There is an old story of a Maid of Honour who, being closely questioned on the daily doings of Royalty, refused any information, saying: "If I told you these things, I should be no longer a Maid—of honour." The "dressers" are just ordinary servants, holding exactly the same position, and fulfilling the same duties, as the lady's maid of everyday life.

The voids in our hearts and lives are often made for God's angels to stand in, for from the hard hands of the angel Experience we may take a purpose which makes life more worthy and beautiful than it might have been had our hearts and hopes not been broken to let her in.

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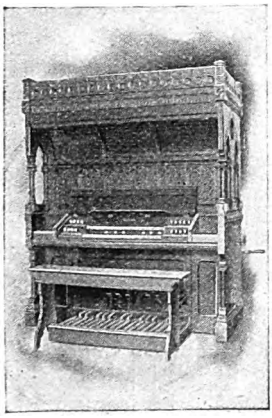

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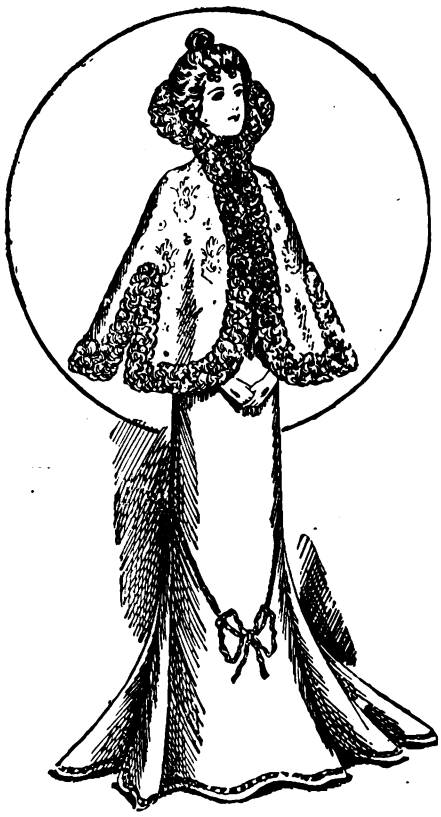

full as possible. To vary the ordinary roundabout monotony, try cutting up the lower edge of the cape into somewhat square tabs. These tabs should reach at least seven or eight inches from the lower edge. Then let the whole be outlined with a good black, white, or grey feather trimming. The lining of the cape should be as good as we can possibly afford, and should contrast happily with the colours already employed. If any doubt is felt in the matter a white lining is always safe. Among the best materials to employ for the making of a cape of the kind are a plain satin or bengaline, or a floral brocade. Of course, a grey foulé or cashmere can be employed, if preferred.

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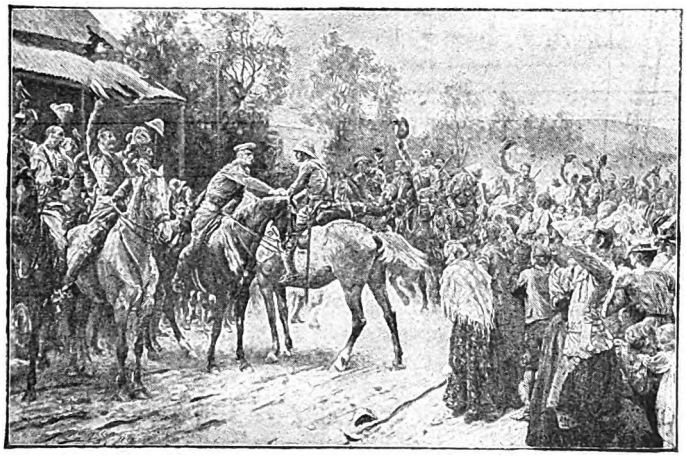

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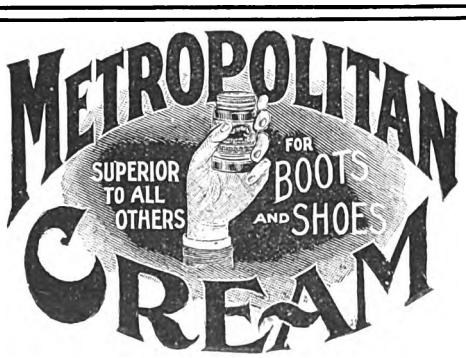

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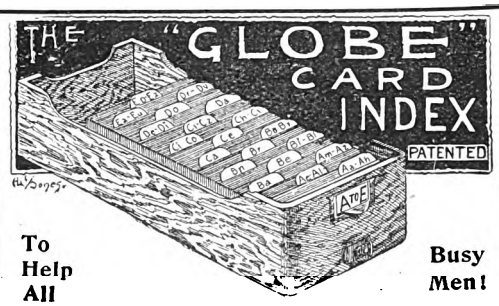

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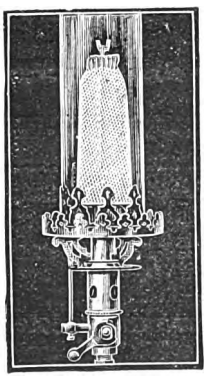

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

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A CHAT WITH JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

By A. FREDERIC WHITE.

TO pass from the dark murky streets on a dull winter's day to the cheerfulness and warmth of an English fireside is a contrast so pleasant to our insular ideas that we would not exchange it even for perpetual sunshine.

So I thought as I found myself in the cosy drawing-room of that delightful novelist, Mrs. Arthur Stannard, who, under the pseudonym of "John Strange Winter," has endeared herself to so many hearts by her buoyant and cheery fiction, which always has a true ring, and in whose own life, as well as in her books, there is so much to appeal to the sympathies of the home-loving Englishman.

Like another famous woman in a different sphere, the late Madam Patey, Mrs. Stannard is as great in the domestic circle as she is as an artist.

MRS. STANNARD AND HER SECOND DAUGHTER, "VIOLET MIGNON."
Photograph by Alfred Ellis & Walery, 51, Baker Street, W.

She is perfectly happy in her home life, and never allows her literary work to encroach unduly on her duties as a wife and mother.

After the necessary amount of "copy" has been reeled off, with what facility her stenographer can testify, she throws bookish cares aside, and there is nothing in which she so much delights as to spend a quiet evening by her own fireside with husband and children.

At four o'clock Mrs. Stannard was still engaged upon her latest novel, but shortly after entered and gave me a cordial greeting; and as soon as the grateful steam had begun to ascend from the freshly-filled teacups, I asked my hostess what form her latest literary efforts were to take.

"Just now," she said, "I am engaged upon writing a serial story for

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the *Echo*. It will be published in daily instalments. The idea of daily serial publication has always been a favorite one with me, and I am very glad to have an opportunity of testing it myself.

"You see there are so many people in England who live narrow lives—people with absolutely fixed incomes, where every farthing counts.

"I think that the majority of these cannot afford to subscribe to a library, and perhaps there may not be a free library anywhere near.

"The man, of course, has his newspaper, but many women care nothing about newspapers, and so the husband does not trouble to bring them home. Women are very unselfish and you seldom find one in the circumstances of which I am speaking buying a woman's paper for herself.

"I think if it became the custom to run serials in the daily papers there would be something for both husband and wife to read, and the paper would not be left in the train so often as is now the case.

"Another new undertaking of mine," continued Mrs. Stannard, her expressive eyes sparkling with enthusiasm, "is play-writing.

"You can't imagine how delightful it is to have an entirely new field in which to work. I have been writing novels for years and years until it has become almost a habit to me, but in this new branch I shall begin all over again with new ideas and other methods.

"Of course there is a great deal to be learnt in the art, but I think I have overcome the technical difficulties now. Some years ago I wrote a play, the idea of which was pronounced very good by competent judges, though they pointed out several faults of detail."

"Why don't you recast it?"

"Because I have better stuff here," replied Mrs. Stannard significantly, tapping her forehead.

"As to the influence of the stage, I think, on the whole, it is for good. Of course there is much that I should like to see removed; but I feel sure that plays are an education to people who seldom read. They make no great demands on the attention, and no time is lost in describing dresses and scenes; you see it all before you. In my novels I never allow much space to description, it spoils the interest; nobody cares for a minute description of personal appearance and dress in a novel, not even women. What we want on the stage are plays which will amuse, fresh breezy plays, not overweighted with moral, but such as bring out a certain nobility of character. It has been too often the custom to laugh with vice and sneer at virtue. But vice is not the only thing that is attractive even from the artistic standpoint; there is a great attraction in goodness.

"I don't care for the fashion in plays obtaining just now. I think the stage can be made a tremendous teacher; but that is not quite its *raison d'être*.

"It is a great mistake to force the moral too rigidly, both in books and plays.

"I have two plays nearly ready, and my aim is the same as in my novels, to make them as bright, cheery, and wholesome as I can, containing nothing but what any young girl may read or listen to, yet striking some note of real human passion or sentiment. Humanity and wholesomeness are—to my mind—the most desirable characteristics of all artistic work.

"My ideal play? Well, I think the most beautiful plays I ever saw, and which have held in my memory longest are 'David Garrick,' 'Lord and Lady Algy,' 'Sweet Lavender,' and 'Pantomime Rehearsal.'"

I had come to interview Mrs. Stannard on a subject which has not transpired, and which will not do so, for upon it the gifted authoress protested she had no ideas to offer. She contended that it was supremely ridiculous for people who were made the subjects of interviews to offer opinions on topics in which they took little interest and had no expert knowledge.

"I know nothing of anything but pots," she broke out with a sudden flash.

"Well tell me something about pots," I said, and in response she showed me her fine collection of china and curios. Not a collection that you could buy up for yourself in the first second-hand dealer's shop, but one that is the delight of the genuine curio lover, and the result of years of patient devotion to this fascinating hobby.

There were wonderful little portraits painted on ivory which, when bought, were so defaced with ill-usage and neglect that the untrained eye would have passed them by. A beautiful box of finest Japanese

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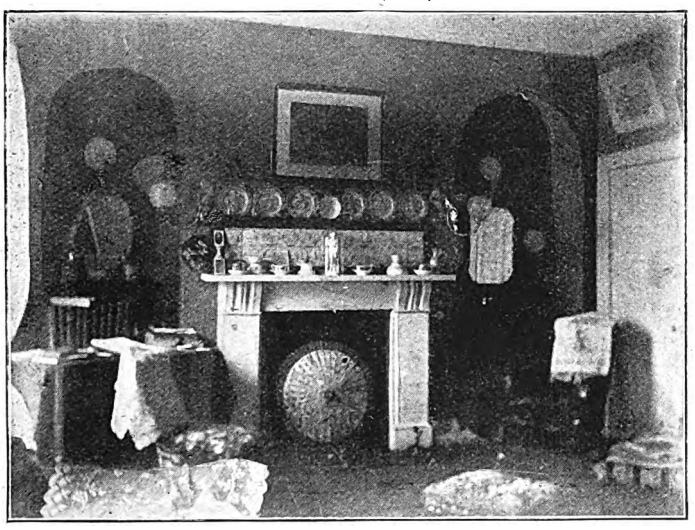
lacquer also caught my eye. This had been originally so encrusted with dirt that the pattern had disappeared, but the superior make of the box at once suggested to Mrs. Stannard that it was not a common article, and buying up this treasure for a few pence, she was delighted to find her anticipations realised, after a careful application of salad oil, which disclosed no fewer than seventeen dainty paintings under the dirt.

Then there is a splendid set of real Worcester china, this being a family heirloom; a fine collection of old blue Spode ware, not the feeble imitations of these degenerate days, but massive pieces of crockery, off which our forefathers loved to feast.



THE ROOM IN WHICH JOHN STRANGE WINTER WROTE "BOOTLES' BABY," HER FIRST FAMOUS NOVEL.

There is also a good deal of blue of various kinds—Nankin, Delft, Worcester, etc.—some good Chelsea, several very old Satsuma bowls, and some valuable pieces of glass (including an altar ewer 600 years old). Another very interesting possession is a set of old Dutch tiles, 300 years old, bearing pictures of Bible incidents, which Mrs. Stannard has identified, though the vagaries of the artistic mind made this no easy task.

Mrs. Stannard often attends auction sales at Dieppe (where she still retains her house for holiday use), and the many beautiful knick-knacks which she has picked up, often for a mere song, are testimonies to her success as a curio hunter. Among them I noticed a wonderful old fan, a tea service of great beauty and value, some fine old prints, and various ivory and silver treasures.

"The author of which I think most highly is Charles Reade," said Mrs. Stannard, in reply to my question, "and Henry Kingsley is another great favourite, his writing is so instinct with vitality; and, of course, I love Dickens. He was my first love in the way of novelists.

"I will tell you an anecdote I have never related before:—

"When I was six years old my elder brother had a fearful illness, which lasted many weeks. They always read to him all day long; and I remember especially that they were reading 'Barnaby Rudge.'

"I was six years younger than my brother, and as there was nobody for me to play with in our rambling old house I would not stay downstairs alone, but used to creep up into his room.

"I would listen to them going through 'Barnaby Rudge,' and the minute my brother went to sleep they used to sink their voices into a murmur, and shortly after cease altogether. Then I would get possession of the book and go on reading where they had left off, so that when they commenced next time I was miles ahead.

"I was only six years old then, and I had read 'Dombey' before that."

Mr. Arthur Stannard is as thoroughly kind and genial as his gifted wife, of whom he is very proud. She owes him a great debt, as he has relieved her entirely of the business worries connected with the publication of a book when the author's literary work is done.

He arranges all these details, and the marvellous fertility of production which has characterised her literary career, and enabled her to send out more than seventy novels, besides innumerable short

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stories, is due in no small measure to this fact.

Mr. and Mrs. Stannard have four children, three girls and a boy, and the great ambition of the latter is to be a journalist.

Mrs. Stannard was very quaint about her children, and confessed that she was often amused at the utter rubbish written about them and her from time to time.

"My kiddies are quick and good and bright," she said, "but there is nothing abnormal about them—it would be a great trouble to us if there were. I think that is one of the penalties of being well-known—one has so many injudicious friends, and among them they do make one out such an idiot. I was described in a paper the other day as having brought my boy up from his birth to do exactly as he likes! If I had, he would have been in his grave long since."

MISS AUDREY STANNARD, THE NOVELIST'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.

All the children are remarkably quick-witted, and the youngest little girl, as soon as she had been brought down from the nursery, and the ceremony of introduction had been gone through, quickly turned the occasion to her own advantage, and with story-book in hand, sought her mother's knee, and coaxed her into reading out a tale.

"Do you ever tell your children stories of your own?"

"Not very often. I did commence telling them one some time ago, but never finished it, and the children have been carrying it on by themselves in chapters ever since."

"You do not write soldier stories so much now?"

"No; but you would not believe what a trouble I have had to get away from them. Once you make a name with a certain kind of story, the public will scarcely allow you to write anything else.

"Another curious experience that I have had is that my best books have not always had the most recognition, but I suppose there has been something in the others which has just taken the public fancy."

"Do you make many alterations in composing your novels, or can you hit it off the first time?'"

"No, I never alter what is once written. I dictate to my stenographer, who afterwards types out her notes.

"All the alteration I do is while dictating, when, if a word or sentence does not please me, I change it. This only refers to my novels; of course, in writing plays, I am not so much at home, and I have to spend more time and care on them."

Here my talk with John Strange Winter came to an end, and fearing I might have made too long a stay, I commenced to murmur an apology, which was cut short by the cheery voice of my hostess:

"We are always glad to see interviewers," she said heartily, "and we don't refer to you as 'those horrid people.'"

A. FREDERIC WHITE.

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THE LOST BRIDEGROOM.

By SYDNEY WATSON.

Author of "Jack Tremblett's Fairy," "The Sea Chimes," etc.

I.

GEORGE HENDERSON, sitting alone in his private office, glances up at the clock as it chimes the half-hour after two. He smiles as he murmurs to himself:

"In another hour I shall have finished; then hey ho! away to Marion!"

His mental mention of his *fiancée's* name was sufficient to stop his working, while he rhapsodised for a moment or two. Not that the man was given to spooning, only he happened to be human, and very much in love.

"Ah, Marion, my darling!" he murmured; "tenderest, sweetest of women, how came it to pass that among all who have sought you I should come to be the one upon whom your choice fell?"

For a smart, good-looking fellow, well-to-do and prosperous, it will be seen that George Henderson had a considerable streak of humility in his composition. He was a fairly tall man; dark rather than fair; with a face above the average for good looks and intelligence; an eye that was at once keen and kind; his hair was a very dark chestnut, his long well-kept moustache the same colour. He was nearly forty years of age, but did not look a day over thirty.

Just when we find him alone, soliloquising, he is sitting without waistcoat or coat—for the heat in London is intense; a ten-inch crimson silk band about his waist obviates the need of braces, and his wide shirt cuffs are unfastened, laid back, and held in position with a patent clip to the fuller sleeve, just below the elbow. All this *negligé* has been adopted to obtain the maximum of coolness amid the abnormal heat of an almost tropical season.

Just for a moment longer he indulges in soliloquy, murmuring: "And to think that this time to-morrow Marion will be all my own, will bear my name, and will start away to wander with me for a month over all the loveliest spots of Europe, and——"

He glanced swiftly at the clock, checked his foolish heart in its love talk, and with a happy, satisfied smile, settled down to work again, for he had many little items of business correspondence to clear up before leaving London, since he was to be married next day and start for a calendar month of honeymoon.

Several times during the next three-quarters of an hour he pressed his left hand tightly to his forehead, while his right hand raced across the various letter sheets he filled.

He was very much overwrought in brain, consequent upon months of overwork and not a little anxiety.

Suddenly he paused in his writing, gave vent to a low, sharp note of pain, lifted his hand to his head, and dropped his pen.

The expression of sharp pain passed away quickly from his face, and a weary, vacant look crept into it. He lifted his head high, turned it on one side in a listening attitude, then smiled.

The smile was a different thing to that which had filled his face an hour ago, when he mused upon his coming marriage; this new smile was almost idiotic.

In his ears there was sounding a drumming, singing noise, but above the drum-

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ming and singing he heard a voice calling him by name. The vacant smile spread over all his face, as he rose to his feet, the voice calling his name still sounding in his ears.

Turning to the wide hat and clothes rail, he took down a comparatively shabby coat; he had not worn it for a year, and it had a greeny look from the accumulated dust that was upon it. There was an old soft felt Colonial hat hanging upon the peg above that from which he took the coat. He took down the hat, and donning both it and the coat, he stood still a moment, with the same listening pose of the head that had marked his conduct a moment or two before.

The calling was sounding again in his ears, and with the poor, weak smile that seemed now almost a part of his face, he said softly: "I am coming."

Slowly he passed out of his own and through the outer office. Here a dozen or more clerks, waistcoatless like their master, sat driving their steel bars as well as the suffocating day would permit them.

A low, little more than whispered, exclamation of surprise from one of them caused every eye to glance towards the master. He took no notice of any of them, ignored the questioning look of Hackett, his chief clerk, and with a dreary eye and vacant grin he passed out into the street.

II.

Nina Dupuis stood at her long white-twill-covered table, busy ironing. She spent her life at this occupation, for she was accounted the best hand at getting up fine linen in all the old picturesque city of Quebec; as a consequence of which she never touched any but the very choicest work, and commanded remarkable prices for her deft handiwork.

Her back was to the open door of her ironing-room, which looked out and down upon a view as quaint as it was picturesque. Her little house was upon one of the heights, from which could be caught glimpses of the dark flowing waters of the mighty St. Lawrence, into whose depths the Canadian lakes poured their floods, seeking consort of the river to the great Atlantic. The lovely Isle of Orleans, with its simple cots and its vivid green meadows, beyond the river; the peaked roofs of the quaint old church of Notre Dame des Victoires; the University, and many other massive buildings, together with whole herds of tinned roofs, that flashed in the light of the evening sun; of tapering spires; of black and gilded crosses: of narrow, winding streets and high, narrow, quaint houses; of Frenchy folk galore, with nuns and priests in saintly and sombre garb—these things, with a never-ending view of rocky heights, and precipitous, zigzag stone stairways to houses and streets, were what Nina could always see from her ironing-room door. Not that she ever looked at the scene, or thought of any part of it, save only as it might at times connect itself with the one topic which alone filled her mind—her lost lover.

When Nina was eighteen—she is thirty now, though still young and fresh-looking, and very pretty—she had had an accident while walking on the river bank one evening. A part of the bank gave way, she was too near the edge, and in a moment she was struggling in the water, and in imminent danger of drowning. At this critical juncture a young man some distance above her, hearing her cry, sprang downwards swiftly and surely as some chamois, and leaping into the rolling stream, rescued her.

When she had recovered herself sufficiently to speak, she was naturally profuse in her thanks, ; then, as she was still very shaky from her recent shock, she accepted the help of her rescuer's arm, and thus her acquaintance with Paul George began. It seemed a case of mutual love at first sight; certainly she loved him, with a love that came to be, as time went on, a species of idolatry.

He was a clerk in one of the wharf stores, he said, and she, of course, believed him, though she never knew exactly where he was employed. For six weeks every day he visited her, and they began to arrange for their marriage.

Then one day he did not come, and Nina learnt, for the first time in her life, how Time's slow wheels could torture.

She sat up until midnight, ever hoping that he would come; then when she went to bed she could not sleep, and her pillow was wet with her tears.

The post in the morning brought her a warmly-worded, hurriedly-written letter, saying that his principals had sent him

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suddenly to England on important business; that he had no time to do more than scribble a line before the ship sailed, but that he would write her fully when he arrived.

That was the last she ever heard of him, and that was twelve years ago She had tried, but could never learn anything about him in the city below, and no one in any of the offices on the wharves knew anyone of the name of Paul George.

Nina grieved for two years with a grief so great that she became at last very ill; then, when convalescence came, and she faced her old life of waiting again, she grew more patient, more philosophical—more stoical we had almost written; only that she was not stoical, for her poor tender heart ever yearned with an unutterable longing for the return of her lover.

WHILE DONNING A SHABBY COAT, HE STOOD FOR A MOMENT IN A LISTENING ATTITUDE.

Like Evangeline, she believed that her absent one lived, and would return. It is not given to every woman to possess such unshaken faith and constancy to a missing lover, and Nina Dupuis was rich in that her heart held the man she loved beyond all reproach. Why he had not returned, why he had not written, she did not know; enough for her that she believed him still true to her. Such a conclusion was not after the logic of the world; it was the groundless logic of a great love.

When other suiters came—and Nina was too pretty not to have suitors by the score—she had no words of encouragement, scarce even fair speech, for them.

While her hot iron passes swiftly over the snowy linen to-day, her thoughts, tinged with their usual hope, go back again to Paul George. She finishes the last frill of the dainty garment she is ironing, and turns to hang it across the wire line. Her eyes travel through the door to the street, when, with a low cry, she pauses, with the linen piece held in her hands, and stands as though transfixed, staring at the figure of a man who is passing by on the opposite side of the street. The man's head is bent; his eyes are upon the ground as he walks; there is a general droop in his whole pose. Over his round shoulders is swung a bag of carpenter's tools.

Another moment, and he has passed from her line of vision. Racing to the threshold, she watches to see if he will turn his head, if he will look back; but he does not, and in an instant she conceives the notion of following him, for her heart assures her that this sad-faced carpenter is her long-lost lover.

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A bare minute is occupied in casting off her apron, putting on her hat, and locking her door ; then she speeds on swift foot after the slow-moving mechanic. She is soon within three yards of him ; then, slackening her pace in accommodation to his, she follows on behind him.

Half a mile away, in a kind of crevice of the rock, there is a quaint-built and very old wooden building—a hybrid structure, part house and part workshop. The man with the tools paused before the place, and taking a key from his pocket, opened the door and passed inside.

From where she stood watching Nina could see that the room he entered was a workshop, and over the doorway was a painted board, bearing this legend : "Paul, Carpenter and Joiner. Odd jobs performed at reasonable charges."

THE YOUNG MAN SPRANG SWIFTLY AS A CHAMOIS, AND RESCUED HER FROM HER PERILOUS PLIGHT.

"Paul!" she gasped, as she read the name ; "I was sure it was he."

When he passed through the door he had left it wide open behind him, and Nina, watching him with feverish, restless eagerness, sees him drop into a half-finished chair, rest his left elbow on his knee, and cup his chin in the upturned palm of his hand, his whole attitude suggestive of profound thought, wedded to an utter weariness.

With an uncontrollable impulse Nina, with soft, swift steps, swept across the intervening space, crossed the threshold, flung herself upon her knees among the shavings at his feet, and looking upward into his dark eyes, cried : "Paul, Paul ! O my love, my love !"

As she had swept before him and dropped at his feet, he had lifted his face and gazed at her. Now, as her voice fell upon his ears, he smiled upon her, stroked back her beautiful hair with the fingers of his two hands—the nails were red, and enamelled with French polish—while a look, as of some sudden awakening intelligence, passed into his face, and he whispered : "Nina."

With a burst of tears she wreathed her arms about his neck, and sobbed :

"O Paul, my love, my love ! Why did you not come to me ?"

He rose to his feet, lifting her with him, drew her into his arms and kissed her passionately. Utterly overcome now by the sudden shock of joy, she buried her face in his breast and sobbed aloud. Gazing down upon her bowed figure, a strange perplexity filled his face, which increased rather than diminished. When the violence of the storm of her weeping had passed, Nina looked up, and began mildly to upbraid him, crying :

"How could you leave me, Paul, through all this time, and never let me hear from you? Where *have* you been? And why did you pass my door just now, and never, never, never once look up ?"

With a vacant stare at her, he said, in a timid, apologetic, questioning voice, as though he did not understand her meaning :

"Long? Have I been away long ?"

He sighed heavily, caressed her face with his fingers, and with an increased perplexity he said : "Where have I been ? I have been ill, I think ; I feel so strange to-day, and seem to have lost all count of time. I remember now how I tried to recall where you lived, but I could not.

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I could not even remember your name, and yet I heard you calling me. I came here from somewhere, I don't know where; and I wanted you—oh, so much!"

She gazed at him wonderingly, marvelling much what this strangeness in him could mean. While she watched him, she saw his eyes close in what looked like a sudden sleep. His body bent and swayed, and she gently lowered him into the chair.

He *was* fast asleep. An instinct prompted her to close the door, lest anyone passing by in the road should see her and wonder, and perhaps gossip.

Returning to his side, and seeing how deep was his sleep, she thought: "If only I could lay him down on that couch!"

An old couch, waiting to be re-covered, stood close by. Wheeling it close up to the chair, she managed to roll him from the chair seat to the bed of the couch, pillowing his head comfortably. Taking the chair for her own resting-place, she began her strange vigil. Did woman-lover ever have a stranger vigil? And while she watched, her thoughts were full of much perplexity.

"What does it all mean?" she mused, as she gazed down upon the man whose face she had hungered to see for twelve years and more. "He is quite twenty years older in looks," she told herself; then again came the torturing question: "Where has he been all these years; How comes he to be a carpenter? How comes it that he forgot my name and where I lived?"

A hundred times these questions, and many others, passed through her mind, yet never once did she mistrust his loyalty to her.

The sun set, and he slept on. She remembered words heard in her chapel once on a great saint's day: "If he sleep he shall do well," and she smiled with hope as she listened to the regular breathing of her long-lost lover.

Before the workshop became quite dark she sought for the means to make a light. But, though she found candles and a lamp, she could find no match to kindle a flame. She sat on in the darkness, holding his hand in hers. Slowly, all unconsciously to herself, as the hours passed on thought merged into sleep, her eyes had drooped and closed, and her head sank slowly upon the padded arm of the sofa.

The crowing of a cock awoke her. It was day dawn. She was stiff and chill, and amazed that she had slept. Her lover still slept; she called him:

"Paul, Paul! Are you ill, my love? Awake, awake!"

He opened his eyes, stared at her, then, with a look of intelligence such as she had not seen seen on his face overnight, he cried rapturously:

"Nina, my darling, where are we, that we are together again? I've had an awful dream."

. . . . .

It was a month later. The lovers were as happy as they could well be, short of being in Eden itself. No recollection of his past had come to Paul George, but both had decided, and were satisfied with their conclusion, that some strange illness on his part, with a lapse of memory following upon it, had been the cause of all Nina's weary waiting, and of his present inability to recall the lost years.

He took up things exactly where he had left them twelve years before—as regarded their joint relations one to the other—and began all the preparations for their wedding.

But sudden, swift sorrow came upon him. Nina sickened with diphtheria, and in three days she died. Bareheaded, and wild of eye, he rushed from the house when the nurse told him she was gone. At daybreak he was found by a watchman wandering in the streets, full of fever, drenched to the skin it had been raining all night—and muttering incoherently. The man led him away to the hospital, where Death fought with the doctors for three whole weeks for the life of Paul George. Then came the great crisis, and with scowling brow and low mutterings Death left the battle-ground, and the doctors rejoiced in another life won back by science, skill, and patience.

No one knew who the sick man was; no one came to inquire for him. When at last reason returned to him, with the feeble voice left in him he asked: "Where am I?"

"In hospital," the doctor replied.

"Guy's or St. Thomas's?" he asked.

The medical man smiled as he said: "Guy's and St. Thomas's are in London; you are in hospital here in Quebec."

"Quebec!" he cried. "But how—when—what can it mean? I only left my

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office to-day; it was half-past three when I left; my office is in Thames Street. I was to be married to-morrow at twelve, and——"

He was growing excited; the physician laid his hand soothingly upon him as he said: "You have been very ill here for the last three weeks—very near to death; you must not agitate yourself, or I will not answer for the consequences. Your life, even now, depends on your keeping your brain quiet."

. . . . .

The particular doctor who had had most to do with Paul George had grown strangely interested in him, scenting, doubtless a rare case of mental aberration.

As soon as the patient was really strong enough to be trusted to talk freely, the doctor himself broached the subject of the other's identity, offering to hear the story and to communicate with any friends whom his patient might wish to apprise of his whereabouts.

A calendar that hung upon the hospital wall, and the dated sheet connected with his own case, had both made known the startling fact to the strange patient that the date was August 17th, 18—.

"According to these dates," he began —"and I suppose they are correct"—the doctor nodded. and the patient went on— "I have been away from home a year and a month and five days; but where I have been, or how I got to Canada, I have no idea. My name is George Henderson. I am, or I was, a wholesale shipping and provision merchant, in Thames Street, London. It was the day before I was to be married that—I have remembered it all during the last few days—overpressed and overwrought with work, I was clearing up some correspondence before leaving business for the last time until my return from my honeymoon, which I had planned to last for a month. Suddenly I felt something like the snapping of a tight string in my head, while a voice called me: "Paul, Paul, come to me!"

"But you said your name was George?" said the doctor, watching his patient keenly.

The latter smiled. "That belongs to another story, as Kipling says, which I am now coming to. When I was quite a young man I was in Quebec for nearly seven weeks. I had only purposed to stay a week, but an adventure befell me which changed my course. One day I saved a pretty little girl from drowning in the St. Lawrence. An acquaintance began, and I grew very fond of her. I never told her I was only a visitor to the city, but made out that I was a clerk in one of the wharf offices. In six weeks we had arranged to be married; I was for the time thoroughly infatuated, though she was but a laundress. Then suddenly I got a wire from home: my father was seriously ill, and I was to go immediately. There was a vessel sailing that day; I packed up and departed, leaving a letter to go by post to Nina, promising I would write her on my arrival in England."

George Henderson's face flushed with a shame that had often filled his soul in the past as he continued:

"Nothing can excuse my folly, my sin, but I never sent the girl a line. Away from her presence, with other interests around me, the power of her personality waned. My father died; this made me very busy for a year; then, as the years went on, and I became more and more engrossed in business, I tried to utterly put from me the memory of the pretty Canadian laundress. But I could not. Hundreds of times I have awaked from my sleep at night, hearing her call me: 'Paul, Paul, come back to me!' (I had called myself Paul George to her, and it was by this name only that she knew me.) Then came the time when I met the lady to whom I was to be married, when this strange calamity fell upon me, and I left my office, as I told you, to go to my *fiancée's* house."

George Henderson looked up humbly, penitently, at the doctor as he continued:

"'God's mills,' doctor, 'grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small,' is an oft-quoted phrase, and I recognise the judgment of God upon my heartlessness in deserting that poor Quebec girl. Now, will you be my friend, as you have said you would? Will you have private inquiry made for one Nina Dupuis, a laundress, who lived somewhere on the Heights, and let me know the result before I write to my lawyer in England to tell him I am alive?"

That evening the doctor sought his patient, with some strange news, which in substance was much as we know it, and was as follows: Nina Dupuis had never given up hope of her lover's return;

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had refused all marriage offers made to her during a period of more than twelve years. Two months before George Henderson's arrival at the hospital she had found her lover working as a carpenter and repairer of furniture in a little out-of-the-way house, where he lived by himself. He had lived there nearly a year, people said, but always seemed strange and vacant. The pair were on the point of getting married when Nina died almost suddenly of diphtheria.

Arrived at this point in his narrative of discovery, the doctor was stopped by George Henderson, who, with a shuddering cry, buried his face in the bedclothes, and sobbed like a whipped child. It was some little time before he recovered, the doctor, recognising the value of tears to his patient in the overwrought state in which he was, giving no check to the emotion. When, after a time, the weeping man recovered, he said:—

"It all comes back to me. I don't remember how I got back to Quebec, but I remember living in a house and working as a carpenter. I must have chosen this trade in my demented state because it has always been my hobby. I had a splendid workshop in my father's house at home, where I have always lived; for since he died the place became mine.

HE SMILED UPON HER, STROKING BACK HER BEAUTIFUL HAIR WITH THE FINGERS OF HIS TWO HANDS.

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Yes, I remember now how Nina found me, and all the rest."

Great tears welled up in his eyes again, and he ground his teeth in an agony of soul, as he cried:

"Poor Nina! God forgive me for all I made her suffer!" A look of abject misery and disgust crossed his face as he added: "I feel as though I should loathe myself as long as ever I lived for being the brutal, heartless cur I was to that poor dead girl."

. . . .

It was a year later. George Henderson, with his newly-wed bride, Marion, stood by a pretty little grave in a Quebec burial-ground. On the marble stone were carved the words: "Nina. Faithful unto death."

. . . .

That which we are writing is an embodiment of facts given to us a few years since. Had the story been purely fictional we should have preferred to have allowed Nina, faithful, noble, loving Nina, to have lived, and to have wed the man she loved! —though *he* did not deserve it.

The strange case of mental aberration of George Henderson is not strange in its principles to the medical faculty, since it is *known* that an average of three hundred people disappear from their homes every year, from London alone, and scarce ever appear again. Those who do are usually proved to have been victims of some such aberration as recorded here, and, having suddenly, swiftly, recovered their memory, return to their friends. Sometimes the absence extends over many years; and in all such cases some old-time incident shapes the course of their life during their temporary dementia, and and in every case they forget their name and the name of the place where they dwelt when the calamity fell upon them.

[THE END.]

MEMORY AND THE FULL MOON.

O Nights of silver memory—O Nights!
  Here at this casement (as of old) I stand,
  And greet the moon at full, flooding the land
With mystery and unmeasured dream delights.
But they who with me gazed on those green heights—
  Distanced in moonlight—while the night wind bland
  Rare incense from deep forest altars fanned—
Ah, whither gone, with giddy seasons' flights?

Intenser than of old thy burning orb,
  Thou planet lone in star-forgetting skies!
    Each ray from thee with tender purport smites;
Say, didst thou not those love-lit souls absorb,
  Wherefore thy splendour aches against mine eyes?
    O Nights of silver memory—O Nights!

Edith M. Thomas.

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My First Sermon.

By the REV. ARNOLD THOMAS.

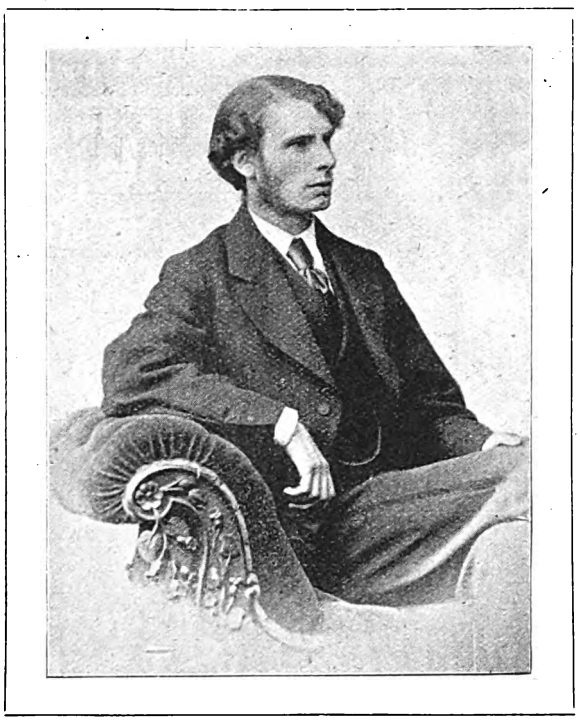
(Ex-Chairman of the Congregational Union.)

I PREACHED my first sermon when I was an undergraduate at Cambridge.

I was asked to take a service one Sunday evening at a mission hall connected with the Congregational church, then in Downing-street, and I felt it my duty to accept the invitation.

Being a very shy youth, and especially in regard to all religious matters, the anticipation of making my first public appearance was not without its horrors. I remember lying on the bank of the river in the Trinity walks on the May afternoon of the day fixed for the service, with an agony of apprehension in my mind, and am not sure that I did not feel tempted to slip into the sluggish stream and disappear finally from view.

However, I braced myself as best I could for the tremendous task, and duly turned up at the appointed hour. If I remember rightly I had prepared a sermon which I supposed would be more or less appropriate for the congregation I expected to find awaiting me, but I have no recollection whatever of the text or the subject. I only know that that excellent sermon was never preached, at that hall or anywhere else; for I found, on arriving on the spot, that the congregation consisted of a few small children who would most certainly not be able to make anything of my thoughtful little essay. I contented myself, therefore, with giving those youngsters a talk. What it was all about I am sure I cannot tell. From the sermon-class point of view it was probably the worst discourse that was ever delivered. I cannot recall a syllable of it, but good, bad or indifferent, that was my first sermon.



REV. ARNOLD THOMAS IN HIS EARLY PREACHING DAYS.

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SIFTING THE CONTENTS OF THE RAG-PICKER'S BASKET.

TREASURES IN THE GUTTER.

LOUIS PAULIAN AND THE RAG-PICKERS.

By WARD MUIR.

WHAT is a *chiffonnier?*

To most folk the word *chiffon* conveys a vague impression of the summery frills and furbelows of the fair sex. They have probably forgotten how they learnt at school that it is the French for "rag." And even in the school days few could have told off-hand the meaning of *chiffonnier.*

A *chiffonnier*, then, is a rag-picker.

There are several thousand chiffonniers in Paris. They form an interesting and by no means uninfluential class of the population. Their calling, though a squalid and poorly paid one, at least possesses the merit of honesty. Indeed, the prison returns of the French capital indicate the striking fact that there are a smaller percentage of criminals from amongst the rag-pickers than from any other similar sized section of the working community.

There is one man in Paris who can tell you all about the rag-pickers, though he is of gentle birth, holds a high Government office, and is a Professor of the *Institut Commercial.* He is M. Louis Paulian. The reason why he is an authority on rag-pickers is because he has been one himself.

M. Paulian, who is a native of Nice, has now held the arduous post of Secretaire Redacteur to the Chambres des Députés for thirty years. From the very first he interested himself in social problems. The prison laws especially claimed

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his attention, and in the pursuance of his investigations in that line he repeatedly caused himself to be incarcerated in order that he might not pass judgment upon the systems then in vogue until he had viewed them from the felon's standpoint. Later, the existence of the mighty chiffonnier class dawned upon him, and, in his usual journalistic way, he resolved to study them personally. So for several years off and on all his holidays, and even his short spare hours were occupied in the actual work of rag-picking, or (as it might be more correctly termed) searching for marketable rubbish. He often spent days at a time with the chiffonniers; labouring with them, eating with them, living in their houses, and earning his bread just as they did. What Louis Paulian cannot tell you about them is not worth knowing.

The industry is an astonishingly extensive one. Not a few important manufactories depend entirely for their raw material on the contents of the chiffonnier's basket.

Empty sardine and fruit cans are perhaps the most valuable everyday plunder. These are collected in heaps, under which a fire is lit. The solder that forms the joins is thus melted, and may be collected.

THE CHIFFONNIERS ALWAYS HAVE BENT BACKS.

LOUIS PAULIAN VISITING ONE OF THE RAG-PICKERS' QUARTERS OF PARIS.

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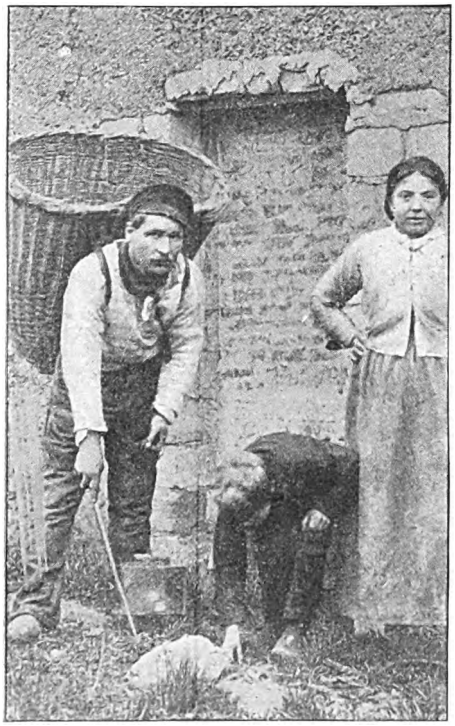
LOUIS PAULIAN VISITING HIS OLD FRIENDS THE CHIFFONNIERS.

The tin itself remains intact. Tin toys—railway trains, carts, etc.—are cut out from this; while the wheels are cast in the solder. Metal soldiers are made similarly. The output of these latter is something immense.



PAPA, MAMA, ET BEBE—ALL RAG PICKERS.

M. Paulian found out that many of the poorer rag-pickers had built their own houses almost entirely of sardine boxes. Each box was filled with mud. They were then piled, two or three deep, one on the top of the other to form the walls, clay being used to fill up the interstices. The whole was whitewashed; and consequently it was quite impossible to discover, except by close examination, the ingenious way in which the construction had been carried out. Hundreds of the Paris chiffonniers are living to this day in hovels built of sardine boxes and clay.

Old posters and other pieces of waste paper form another of the chiffonnier's staple articles of commerce. The paper is sent to a mill, where it is placed under enormous pressure, and turned into a kind of very hard papier maché. This is then cut by machinery into buttons of all kinds. The bullet-like boot buttons which we use so much are made, in this way, of compressed paper. The casual observer might suppose from their hardness that they were some form of bone or crockery.

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Speaking of crockery brings us to another odd branch of the subject. Broken plates and cups are, of course, very common in the rag-picker's hoard. Plain pieces are of but little value; but those ornamented with gold lines or other devices are carefully sorted out and placed on one side. There is a company whose sole business it is to chemically remove the film of gold-leaf from these bits of china, and collect the infinitesimal quantity of the precious metal thus produced. Gold is gold all the world over, and the remains of one of your best dinner services is a miniature Klondike to the residue collector.

Bones, too, have a very fair market value. So have bristles. The reader's toothbrush was once a portion of the jumbled mess in the basket of a diligent, if dirty, rag-picker. The thousand and one other bone articles which minister to our daily comfort are all—or nearly all—obtained from the same source. Every bone in a horse's or cow's body has its special value to the manufacturer. M. Paulian once drew up a chart of a cow's skeleton showing the various uses to which each of its portions are put. The tiny bits, it may be mentioned, are turned into toothpicks. The big markets are a happy hunting ground for the rag-pickers. They are admitted after business hours, and their search for rubbish lasts practically till opening time on the following morning. At the Halles—the most important public mart in Paris—the best "find" consists, oddly enough, of butter. This is procured in a decidedly strange way, for, needless to say, no saleable butter is ever left lying about after closing time. The explanation of the matter is this. There is an official, and a rather important one too, who is called the butter taster. His duty consists in doing for butter what a tea-taster does for tea. That is, he tastes each batch of butter that is brought to him and classifies its quality accordingly. But he cannot actually swallow all the butter which his office compels him to place in his mouth. Instead, he spits out each morsel almost as soon as it has touched his palate, and it falls on to a heap of straw. Quite a quantity collects there during the course of the working day. This straw-heap is subsequently gathered up by the chiffonnier. The whole mass—dirty, wet, and altogether loathsome—is plunged into a cauldron of boiling water. The straw floats, and the butter does so also in the shape of oil. The straw is first carefully picked off and

A YOUNG APPRENTICE.

A RAG PICKER'S HOARD.

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A CHARMING YOUNG RUBBISH SORTER.

placed on one side, to be used when dry as fuel. The oil is then skimmed off and set aside to cool. When thoroughly cold it is eaten as fine fresh butter by the thrifty rag-picker and his family, to whom it is a great treat. Sometimes they sell it to their neighbours, who know quite well how it was made, but have no delicacy about using it.

Cigar stumps form yet another treasure of the gutter. M. Paulian proved by actual experiment that sufficient tobacco to earn a modest living could be picked up daily on the streets of Paris. It may be pointed out, however, that few Frenchmen smoke pipes. It is doubtful whether cigar-stump collecting would pay in England, where the more economical form of smoking is generally practised. Be this as it may, no Parisian chiffonnier would pass a half-burnt cigarette or cigar without adding it to the highly miscellaneous store in his basket.

The rag-picker is equipped for his work in a simple but efficient manner. Strapped to his back is a wide-mouthed basket. In his right hand he holds a stick, the end of which is armed with a sharp-pointed bent nail. In his left is a hanging lantern with a broad glass face, designed to cast a large area of light. He never picks up anything with his hands; the hook stick is always used, and with it the object, whatever it be, is thrown over the shoulder into the basket. Every chiffonnier has a crooked back, partly due to the weight of the basket and partly to the constant leaning forward to look for rubbish on the ground. The deformity is noticeable almost from birth in the children who come of a chiffonnier stock, the trade descending from father to son and mother to daughter through many generations.

The whole of the family, however, are never occupied in the perambulatory portion of the business alone. The searching is only half the matter. For when the full baskets are brought home they must be carefully looked through, and their cargo sorted. This sorting—which is no mean job—is generally done by the women. The rubbish is all classified, and placed, according to this classification, in the crates, with which the chiffonnier's work-

THIS OLD LADY HAS BEEN A RAG PICKER ALL HER LIFE AND HER GRAND-DAUGHTER IS GOING TO BE ONE TOO.

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room is furnished. When a crate is full of its particular *specialité*—paper, broken crockery, bones, or what not—it is carried to a neighbouring manufactory, the manager of which pays cash according to the weight of the crate's contents.

Louis Paulian, as has been said, lived the life of a chiffonnier for months at a time. He came back to "civilisation" convinced of one thing, viz., that these despised rag-pickers had decidedly interesting personalities beneath their grime. Honesty, and an inborn genius for thrift, were their most striking characteristics—characteristics which redound greatly to their credit, when we consider the squalid surroundings of their lives.

M. Paulian became the champion of the chiffonniers through the medium of the press. He introduced them to the

RAG-PICKERS' DWELLING WHERE LOUIS PAULIAN LIVED.

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Parisians. He gave the proud ladies and gentlemen of the French capital a glimpse into the existence of the "other half." His purpose was not that of eliciting charitable aid. He merely wanted to gain justice for his poor friends. In this he was successful. The laws, which were severe (and in fact practically classed the rag-pickers as vagrants), have now been modified. The chiffonnier—formerly a kind of leper—now takes his proper place in the scale of society. He is a legally acknowledged member of a respectable community.

It is hardly necessary to add that M. Paulian has won the sincere admiration of his protégés. They recently expressed their gratefulness by presenting him with a model lantern, adorned with an inscription, testifying the fact of their affection and esteem. Whenever he goes to visit their quarters of the city he is enthusiastically received. He has often conducted eminent artists and philanthropists thither on a tour of inspection, and it was on one of these occasions that the photographs which illustrate this article were taken. They are reproduced by special permission of M. Paulian himself.

W. WARD MUIR.

THOUGHT.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

C. P. Cranch.

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Do the Churches Want Money?

By SILAS K. HOCKING.

SOME time back the heads of the Presbyterian Church in America, casting round for some method of celebrating in a suitable manner the dawn of a new century, came to the conclusion that money was not the thing most needed, nor even churches for the accommodation of the people, for there were already more churches than were comfortably filled. The thing that appeared to be most desirable was to get hold of the young life of the nation, to educate the children in the principles of the religion of the New Testament. So they decided that they would make a great and simultaneous effort to increase the number of children in their Sunday schools. If they could get half a million more children under religious instruction, how much that might mean in the future life of the nation. So their churches throughout the States took the matter up, and the desired number was reached by the close of the year.

This was a very notable and noble achievement, and if, now that they are gathered into the schools of the country, the same intelligence and enthusiasm can be thrown into their training, the good that will result therefrom in the future no man can estimate. In this country the heads of the various Churches have come to the conclusion that the great thing needed is money, and so nearly every denomination has started its century scheme for raising guineas. Our country is wealthy, we have passed through a period of great commercial prosperity, and so it seems only fitting that some of the surplus cash should be given to the various denominations for the purpose of Church aggression. Speaking for myself, I cannot honestly say that I think that money is the great want of the Churches to-day. What the Churches need is something that money cannot purchase. We may build huge churches and rear lofty spires and decorate with artistic skill, but if we cannot get the masses of the people into those churches, and so bring them under the influence of the Gospel, then our expenditure is very largely in vain.

It may be a wise thing to go on building more churches and still more churches, yet one cannot help asking sometimes whether it would not be a wiser thing to try and devise some means by which the churches we have already built may be filled. I am not sure that the heads of the churches in this country are doing the wisest thing in dunning the people for money. Many people are already beginning to grumble, and cynical folks look upon Church organisations as just so much elaborate machinery for getting shillings and sovereigns out of the pockets of the general public. Most of the century schemes for raising guineas secured a very enthusiastic start and had a splendid send-off, but enthusiasm of that kind quickly dies down. Fears are being entertained that the schemes will fall short of what was intended; consequently very frantic efforts are being put forth to galvanise these money-raising enterprises into life, and to get the people to double or even to quadruple their subscriptions.

When the Weslyan fund was started to raise a million guineas, the idea was that there were in England a million Methodists who would be willing to subscribe a guinea each and have their name placed on an historical roll. At first it seemed as it this idea would be realised, but as time went on it became evident that there were not a million people who were prepared to take a guinea's worth of interest in the matter. Then the rich laymen were appealed to, and they subscribed right nobly. Sums of £1,000 and £2,000 and £5,000, and in one or two cases £7,000 or £8,000, I believe, have been subscribed by single individuals. Conference having wisely decided that the payment may be deferred until the end of 1901, I sincerely hope that all the money will be raised, though it is very clear that a number of people who could well afford to contribute, for some reason or other, are holding back. Various reasons have been given in explanation of this.

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A wealthy layman in the Midlands told me some time ago that he declined to give anything to the Century Fund because the names were published, and the Scriptural injunction was that we were not to let our left hand know what our right hand did. I pointed out to him that because the majority of people did not object to see their names in front of the amount they had contributed that need not prevent him from giving his mite anonymously. Had he been a close-fisted individual I might have come to the conclusion that it was a mere excuse for saving his pocket, but as he happens to be one of the most liberal men in that part of the country, and is always giving in a quiet and unostentatious way, I was, of course, bound to conclude that he had a conscientious objection to this way of trumpeting the names of those who give to the fund. Then there is no denying the fact that a large number of people are opposed to spending a quarter of a million of money on a huge building somewhere in the West of London.

The Church of England, some time ago, spent a vast sum of money on what is called a "Church House," and I believe that its uses are not at all commensurate with the amount of money expended upon it. The Congregationalists, also, many years ago, put up a great buiding in Farringdon-street, known as the Memorial Hall. It is not a particularly beautiful building, nor is it particularly convenient. I should say that, in the main, the place is more or less of a white elephant. The bulk of it is let off in offices, from which, no doubt, a good income is derived, but that was not the idea when the building was erected. Religious denominations do not build for the sake of letting offices. The public rooms, however, in this building are very rarely used; and, with these examples before them, many people among the Wesleyans think that to put up a building somewhere in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar-square, costing two hundred and fifty or, it may be, three hundred thousand pounds, would be largely a waste of money, and would prove in the end of little practical value.

Then, again, there can be no doubt whatever that the war has played its part in diminishing the number of subscriptions, not simply because there has been such a drain upon the pockets of the people, in support of the various funds for the relief of the wounded, and for the support of the widows and orphans of our dead soldiers, but because feeling has run so high between different sections of the community. It seems to me that if a movement is good, then it ought not to suffer because we may not agree in all things with those who are at its head. Moreover, our views on one question ought not to be permitted to interfere with our actions in another matter which is of an entirely different order. It is quite true that the question of war is ethical quite as much as it is political—in fact, it is much more a religious question than an Imperial one. The central note of Christianity is brotherhood, which war from its very nature entirely ignores. On the other hand, appeals to force seem, to the very large majority of even Christian people, not only to be necessary, but quite justifiable on ethical grounds. Hence it would be a thousand pities—to say nothing of its inconsistency—to allow any differences which have arisen on questions of policy or of politics to interfere with our duty as religious men. The kingdom of God should be placed before all other things, and no personal predilection or prejudice should be allowed to interfere with our duty to our Maker and to our fellow men.

There is yet another reason I have heard advanced why the million-guinea scheme somewhat hangs fire at the present time. I give it for what it is worth, which may not be very much; but it is usually understood that foreign missions are to share in this golden pie, and very rightly so. But there is no denying the fact, and it is one that the Churches will have to face, that there is no enthusiasm to-day for missionary enterprise. If it were known that all the missionaries who have been labouring for the past ten years in foreign lands were going to land at Southampton next week, and would come to town by a special train, I don't think London would turn out to give them welcome, or that the City Fathers would spend £3,000 in entertaining them. They might be able to tell of heroisms, of patient endurance, of souls by the hundred brought out of darkness into the light, but London would not heed, and the country would not care. Enthusiasm does not run in that direction to-day. The reason given by Lord Salisbury may be the true reason, or it may be that Majuba has overshadowed Calvary.

SILAS K. HOCKING.

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SOME ANGLICAN SISTERHOODS AND THEIR HOMES.

By ANNIE GOODENOUGH PIKE.

This article will be interesting to all Denominations. Written by an admitted admirer of Anglican Sisterhoods, it reveals the life followed by ladies who devote themselves to celibacy and good work.

CELIBATE community life is an accepted feature of Roman Catholicism, and in that connection excites little curiosity in the mind of the ordinary citizen. Its existence in the Church of England is, on the other hand, still popularly regarded with a wonder not altogether devoid of suspicion, though half a century has passed since the Oxford movement led to its revival in that Communion.

Of the many fallacies entertained concerning it one of the most common is that every Anglican Sister of Mercy is trained either at Clewer or at Wantage. As a matter of fact, however, the Anglican Church contains at least seventeen distinct communities of women, each of which has its own parent house, its own Mother Superior, its own code of rules, and its own organisation. In essentials the whole seventeen are as one. Thus they are all bound by the three vows of Poverty, Obedience and Chastity. They all fulfil the law of Christ, or at any rate strive to do so, by devoting themselves solely to worshipping God and working for God's creatures, and in every sisterhood personal inclinations, tastes, and even talents, are subordinated to the interests of the community as a whole.

But when it comes to non-essentials we have this uniformity relieved by considerable diversity. In some convents you will find absolute silence at meal times. In others the refectory will buzz with cheerful conversation. At some claret and light ale are provided for the guest table (I never saw anything more stimulating than weak tea consumed by the sisters and novices themselves), and at others the choice of drinks is limited severely to milk, or water, for visitors, while members of the community are afforded no choice at all; they drink the product of the pump or they drink nothing.

The manner of admitting and training postulants

Photograph by McHattie Smith.

THE FOUNDRESS AND MOTHER SUPERIOR OF ST. KATHERINE'S SISTERHOOD.

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and novices, the mode of conducting the community work, and even the "make-up" of the sisters' habits, and the way they wear their crosses, give rise to differences in nearly every religious order of women in communion with the English Church.

Most sisterhoods have a speciality. With some it is the reclamation of fallen women; with some the care and upbringing of orphan or destitute children; with some educational work of all grades—elementary, middle class, and advanced; with some nursing and the training of nurses; and with some the feeding of the sick and hungry poor. This latter is a great feature of the work of the Kilburn Sisters, who, every Sunday morning, provide a hot breakfast for 600 of the most destitute of their 6,000 school children, and every week-day, during the winter months, send two truckloads of hot nourishing food to the entrance of London Docks, where it is sold at nominal prices to the men and boys hanging about the gates for work. The pre-eminent strength, both numerical and financial, of the Wantage and Clewer Sisterhoods enables them to each undertake several of these works, and carry them out in distant parts of the Empire as well as in Great Britain—which probably accounts for the prevalent impression that they constitute the head centres of all community life and labour.

Turn in from that very dreary and commonplace thoroughfare, the Fulham Road, and behind a long thick wall which dates from far before the birth of the jerry builder, you will find the habitation of St. Katherine's Sisterhood, the only community founded for the express purpose of prison rescue work. It is a curious house, half early sixteenth, half late nineteenth century. The refectories, dormitories, and workrooms, all lofty, airy, and well lighted, are typical examples of the latter period. The private room of the "Reverend Mother," the visitor's parlour (where, by the way, a quaint spinning-wheel and distaff stand beneath the narrow, diamond-paned casement), and a few other rooms are distinctly Tudor; having the low ceilings, oak-panelled walls, deep, wide fireplaces, and high mantelpieces, beloved of the architects who flourished in the time of good Queen Bess. To walk down a rose staircase, old and beautiful, and find that this short and simple proceeding has transferred you from a scene which would be a fitting frame for a company of stately dames in farthingales and ruffs, and sturdy gallants in laced doublets and silken hose, to one that smacks in every detail of the present utilitarian and unpicturesque age is somewhat bewildering to an impressionable mind, and calculated to induce hankerings of a retrospective and impossible character.

Interesting as Normand House is in every particular, it contains nothing more interesting or attractive than the personality of the "Mother Superior." Twenty years ago, when she was still living in the world, and answering to the name of Miss Granville, the terrible difficulties of earning a respectable livelihood experienced by girls once convicted of theft weighed so heavily upon her heart that she resolved to make a systematic effort to cope with them. The adoption of the religious life and the foundation of the Order of St. Katherine was the result. For five years the Mother Foundress and her little company of sisters worked in a hired house at Hammersmith, there being no suitable freehold property in the market

CONVENT OF HOLY CROSS, HAYWARD'S HEATH.

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to afford the Order a habitation in perpetuity. Then Normand House was put up for sale. Miss Granville bought it, and for fourteen years she has been making modern additions to the original Tudor building, with the result that the house now provides accommodation for thirty girls, who come straight from the prison gates at the expiration of their first sentence, and after two years' training in house, needle, and laundry work, are provided with outfits and situations, and sent forth to resume the battle of life under fair conditions.

Photograph by W. Atkinson.

MOTHER FOUNDRESS OF THE SISTERHOOD OF THE HOLY CROSS.

A beautiful little chapel by Sir Arthur Blomfield is the sisterhood's latest achievment in bricks and mortar. It possesses silver sanctuary lamps of Italian workmanship, and a handsome reredos having a full length painting of the Redeemer in the centre, and figures of St. Katherine and St. Elizabeth in the side panels. Fine needlework and washing are the chief industries at Normand House. Trousseaux and layettes are turned out by the score to help defray the expenses of the establishment, and if you pay the laundry a visit on any Thursday you will find Sisters, with the ends of their veils knotted out of the way behind them, ironing and goffering away for dear life in the midst of the girls; while the Mother Superior, blue-eyed, smiling, and intent, is busy in the packing-room seeing that the contents of each basket tallies with the written records thereof, and so obviating that disturbance of mind and intemperance of language which so often follows upon the arrival of the family washing.

CONVALESCENT HOME, SISTERHOOD OF THE HOLY CROSS, HAYWARD'S HEATH.

Under the shadow of the Malvern Hills nestles the Convent of the Holy Name, a handsome modern house which, with an equally handsome and up-to-date Penitentiary, called the Home of the Good Shepherd, forms a quadrangle of red brick surrounded with pleasant private grounds, wherein *religieuses* and penitents alike spend much of their recreation time. The Sisters work in the parishes of St. Peter's, Vauxhall; Christ Church, Marylebone; St. James', Wednesbury; St. Alban and St. Patrick, Birmingham; and even so far afield as Canada, where they have established a branch house in the parish of St. John's, New Brunswick.

But their principal object in life is the social and moral salvation of fallen members of their own sex, and in this they are wonderfully successful. The Home of the Good Shepherd affords accommodation for forty penitents, and since its opening in 1879 it has been the channel through which no fewer than 500 young women and girls have passed from the stormy and fathomless ocean of vice to the pleasant harbour of virtuous respectability.

"Are there many backsliders?" I asked the Sister who superintends the Penitentiary work.

"Practically none among

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the girls who remain with us the full two years. There is always a small percentage who either leave of their own accord, or have to be expelled for persistent turbulence long before their term of probation expires. But if they are sufficiently in earnest to remain their full time, experience shows us that they may be depended upon to keep straight afterwards."

"Trying work, I should think."

A smile, half humorous, half tender, flitted across Sister Ruth's charming face. "Yes," she rejoined, "often trying but never wearisome, because the girls are so lovable. Even the naughtiest and most difficult among them, the ones whom we eventually have to get rid of because of their mutinous spirit, are in their better moments so responsive to sympathy, so affectionate and contrite, that they twine themselves about one's heart-strings unawares."

Here I may remark that I never yet came across a religious worker of varied experience who did not say that of all social wreckage the Magdalen is the one that most endears herself to the soul of the salver. Not strange either when one remembers that in so many sad cases the cause of a woman's fall is not innate wickedness of heart but weakness and folly, a lovable trusting disposition uncontrolled by fixed religious principles.

The Community of the Holy Name has its foundations settled with unusual firmness and solidity, thanks mainly to the late Mother Frances Mary, a lady remarkable alike for spiritual and intellectual gifts. Its rule is rather strict. Breakfast follows directly upon the Communion Service in the private chapel, and is always a silent meal; as, indeed, it is in most convents. It consists of porridge, home-made bread and butter, tea and coffee. But the guest-table which, by the way, is generally presided over by the Assistant Superior, has an additional dish in the form of boiled eggs, at the rate of one for each visitor. Dinner is served in the middle of the day, and again absolute silence reigns at the tables, but a Sister, seated at a desk just inside the refectory door, reads from one of the Fathers all the while the meal is in progress. One dish of meat and two of vegetables are placed on each table directly in front of the Sister seated in the centre. She helps herself to a modest portion and passes each dish as it is dealt with to her left-hand neighbour, who again passes it on in rotation, and thus it goes round the table.

At a signal from the Mother Superior two white-veiled novices rise from the table sacred to novices and postulants, and go noiselessly round the room collecting first the dirty knives and forks, and then the plates and dishes. The second course, consisting of some simple sweet, is brought in as noiselessly as the first one was removed, and the ladies, having served it, resume their seats and their meal. Tea is a very informal affair. An urn and some plates of rather thick bread and butter are put upon a side table at half-past four, and from then until half-past five members of the household drop in to the refectory as inclination prompts, or duty allows, pour themselves out a cup of tea, drink it in silence and depart. Supper comes at eight, and generally consists of a choice of hot soup or cold meat as a first course, and milk pudding to finish with. During Penitential seasons such as Lent and Advent this also is a silent meal, but at all other times talking is permitted, though not, I fancy, warmly encouraged. After supper, visitors make for the cosy guest parlour, while the professed Sisters not on duty in the Penitentiary, and the white-veiled novices and white-capped postulants repair to their respective sitting-rooms. The social hour is, however, but a short one, for at half-past nine the Silence Bell rings each person to her cell, and from then until the Calling Bell sends forth its rousing clang at six next morning no sound is heard within the covent walls.

The Community of the Holy Name does not seem to be so troubled as are most religious organisations by that "eternal lack of pence" which is apt to weigh upon the spirits of sisterhoods as well as to "vex the souls of public men." The household expenses of the convent are defrayed by the Choir Sisters, and the laundry generally contrives to pay 80 per cent. of the "keep up" of the Penitentiary. The remaining 20 per cent. is met partly by the profits from boarders who stay at the convent as a house of Retreat during June and September, and partly by the ecclesiastical and art needlework executed by some of the Community under the direction of Sister Grace.

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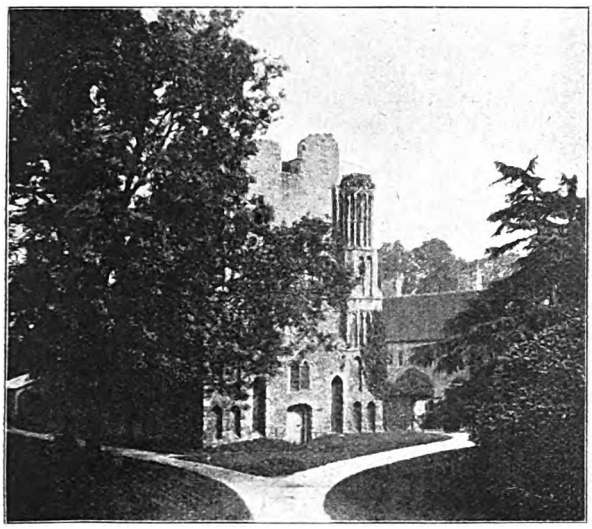

ST. MARY'S ABBEY, WEST MALLING.

To this little band of skilled embroideresses was entrusted the copying of St. Thomas à Beckett's vestments at Sens, when it was determined that a new set, similar in every detail, should be presented to Canterbury Cathedral, and their raised work in gold thread is held by experts to have no equal in the whole world of art needlework.

In addition to all this the Community has contrived to build itself a chapel such as is possessed by no other Anglican sisterhood with which I have any acquaintance. Simple even to severity, yet dignified to the point of grandeur, this building, with its sanctuary floor of red and white marbles, its noble windows, and perfect proportions, appeals powerfully to the imagination, and conduces most strongly to that spirit of reverence which every sincere soul must wish to bring to the worship of God.

The Community of the Holy Cross, which now has its headquarters at Hayward's Heath, Sussex, also came into being with the intention of making the reclamation of fallen women its chief concern. With that end in view it was no sooner founded in 1857 than it settled down, under the late Rev. Charles Lowder, in the district which now forms the parish of St. Peter's, London Docks, and tried its 'prentice hand on the reformation of the brutalised Phyrnes who then swarmed about Ratcliffe Highway. Never, probably, was such a colossal task undertaken by a few delicately nurtured ladies, and though they had penitents—genuine and spurious—in plenty, it is scarcely surprising that they gradually came to the conclusion that in moral as well as physical diseases prevention is better than cure, and eventually decided to employ their energies in training the rising generations to virtuous conduct and honourable industry, instead of practically wasting them upon adults grown prematurely old in vice and degradation.

They began their preventive work in 1858 with six little girl children, and the labour of love has increased in scope proportionately as the Sisterhood has increased in strength, so that Holy Cross House now regularly contains sixty children; some rescued from destitution,

ANOTHER VIEW OF ST. MARY'S—A CONVENT WITH A HISTORY.

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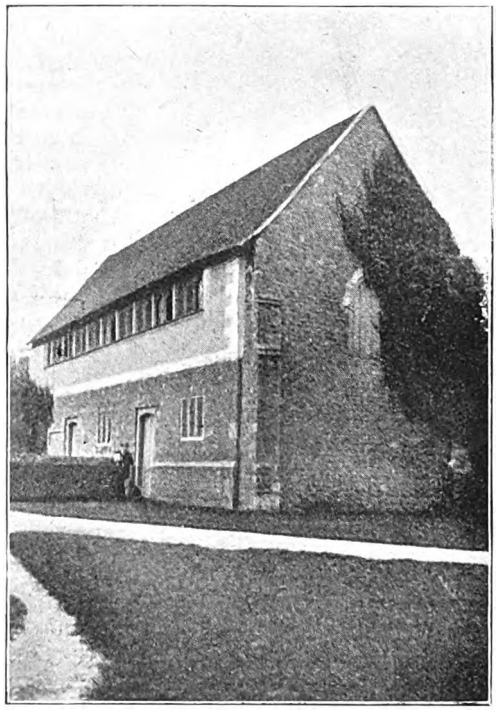
some plucked from the dens of vice and haunts of crime that infest our great city. They are received at any age after actual babyhood—the youngest member of the establishment at present is a rosy little dumpling of four, who came to it a wan, woe-begone mite, six months ago, through the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children—and they remain until they are eighteen. The latter fact causes much vexation of spirit (to say nothing of violence of speech) among many parents who display but a perfunctory interest (if any) in their offspring during the helpless years of their life at the Home, but develop a fervent solicitude about them directly they reach a wage-earning age. However, the plan of not sending the girls out into the world until they have been thoroughly trained for service, and the foundations of their characters settled, works well for the girls themselves, and while it does that the Mother Superior is likely to let the representations of belatedly fond parents pass her like the idle wind.



OLD GUEST HOUSE, WEST MALLING.

It is scarcely possible for girls to grow up under happier conditions than they do at Holy Cross House. Their schoolrooms and dining-room are spacious and cheerful; there is a cosy playroom well stocked with toys and games for evenings and wet days, and their light, airy dormitories are models of nicety and neatness. Each girl has her own bed, with a large red cross embroidered on the holland counterpane, and her own wash-basin and towel-rail, from which hangs a toilet-bag to match the bed-cover. The beauty of orderliness pervades every part of the house, and a sense of home reigns supreme therein

The Holy Cross Sisterhood was the first Anglican community to take up work of any sort in the East End, and how it did work there during the cholera visitation of 1866 probably only the Sisters themselves and Father Lowder really knew. Some idea of their labours during that terrible time may be gathered from the fact that as soon as it was found that good nourishing food was a great preservative against the disease, they cooked and distributed from 150 to 300 meals a day, besides nursing the sick and comforting the dying. Ever since then the Sisters have given a good deal of attention to the weak and suffering, and when they first entered into possession of their beautiful Sussex home they set aside one of its wings for the accommodation of poor convalescents needing country air. Three years ago they were able to buy a house in an adjoining field still better suited to this purpose, and here in sunny rooms, pretty as ivory paint and brocade papering can make them, the convalescents regain health and strength amid invigorating breezes blown from the Brighton Downs. The Convalescent Home affords accommodation for five ladies as well as fifteen poor patients, and a constant resident is the Foundress of the Community (a sister of the Rev. J. M. Neale of Sackville College), whose days of usefulness being done, now waits for everlasting rest near the home of the Sisterhood which her love of God and humanity brought into being just forty-three years ago.

Holy Cross Home has recently enlarged its programme of activities by two items. One is a school for the daughters of gentlemen. The other is the manufacture

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SCHOLARS AT ST. MARY'S ABBEY, WEST MALLING.

of electric light! The Community, being fired some time ago with an ambition to adopt the latest thing in illuminants, and having been assured that a spring of water strong enough for its manufacture was to be found beneath a tower in their grounds, started digging operations. They dug and dug until patience ran low and hope had nearly flown. Then they summoned to their counsels the most noted expert in the use of the divining rod. This gentleman, after duly examining the ground, preached perseverance and encouraged the Sisters to penetrate still deeper into the recesses of the earth, with the result that a fine well was eventually tapped, and Holy Cross House and its oratory soon supplied with electric light by some Sisters with a turn for modern science as well as a vocation for the religious life.

There is only one Anglican sisterhood that has adopted the rule of St. Benedict, and lives the enclosed life—which being interpreted means that it carries on its works entirely within its own walls. It was founded in 1868 by a descendant of the unfortunate House of Stuart, and after dwelling first in a farmhouse at Feltham, and afterwards at Twickenham, has now found in St. Mary's Abbey at West Malling a permanent home well in keeping with the ancient lineage of the lady who was its foundress and has been its Mother Superior ever since.

St. Mary's Abbey is one of the oldest religious houses on record. It had its genesis in 945 when Edmund, King of the Angles, and brother of Athelstane, gave three ploughlands at Malling to the Monastery at Rochester, with the ulterior motive of benefiting his own soul. In 1077, Bishop Grandulph of Rochester, a monk great both as a builder and an ecclesiastical reformer, decided to build a habitation for consecrated women in the midst of these fields. He was evidently a man of rapid action as well as of enterprise, for 1078 saw a wing of the new convent up and filled with Benedictine nuns. Filled with nuns of this Order the Abbey continued to be from that time until Henry VIII. laid his iron hand upon it and drove them forth. As compensation he "did of his clemency" grant the Lady Abbess £40 a year for life, and bestowed upon each of the ten nuns

OLD PEOPLE AND CHILDREN KEPT ON CHARITY.

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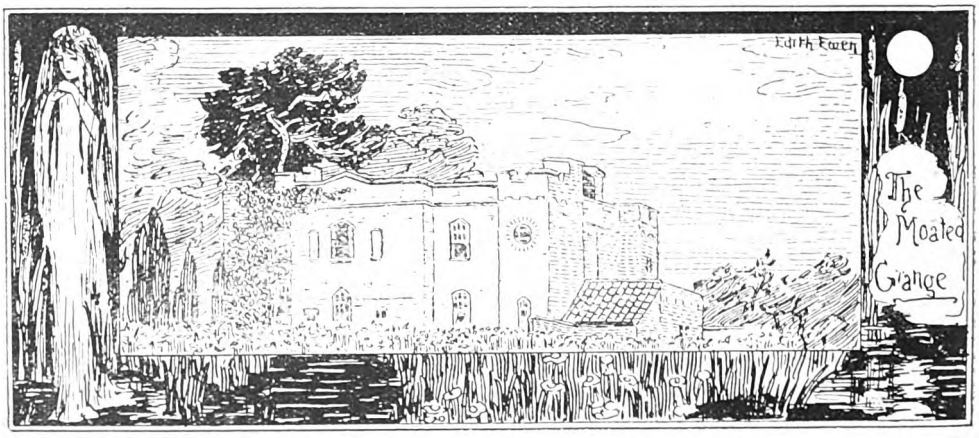
a yearly pension ranging in value from £2 13s. 4d. to £3! I mention this little matter as evidence that no amount of matrimony will enable some men to form any adequate idea of a lady's monetary needs.

St. Mary's Abbey remained a secular house from the day that it and its revenues were confiscated by the Crown until 1889, when its habitable portions were reconsecrated and taken possession of by its present occupants. Thus has it resumed its original character and purpose, and once more become a Home of Benedictine Nuns.

Life there is not strenuous. The Sisters spend much time in meditation and intercessory prayer, and labour diligently at church embroidery and plain needlework in order to support their works of charity. These are the care of a few aged women, who at the close of a respectable and industrious life would have to seek refuge in the workhouse were it not for the kindly hospitality thus provided; the training of a few friendless girls for domestic service; and (dearest, I think, of all to the hearts of these gentle nuns) the nursing up of a few little sufferers from city slums, whose only chance of healthy life lies in such a pure and peaceful atmosphere, and such tender care as they here enjoy. For the delight of these fortunate little unfortunates the Abbey maintains a donkey who, it is pleasant to relate, has a sufficient sense of the befitting to show a considerate and obliging spirit not always conspicuous in his kind. On this animal's back the happy youngsters amble along the ancient Nuns' Walk, which affords a rare spectacle in the shape of a hawthorn tree crowned with mistletoe; up and down the cherry orchard, and through the shady paths of the Walnut Grove, where still stand two of the trees which helped pay the Abbey's annual quit rent of walnuts and flax to the Crown in the time of Henry II.

As an illustration of the fact that mighty products often spring from modest sources I know nothing better than St. John's Home at Clewer. The Clewer Sisterhood carries on work in no less than seventeen parishes in different parts of England. It nurses and teaches in Calcutta, Bombay, and Darjeeling. It has established a large daughter house in New York, from whence Mission Sisters are sent to all parts of America. At Clewer it keeps sixty-eight orphan and destitute girls under training for domestic service; has always upwards of 100 penitent women striving more or less earnestly to work out their salvation in the House of Mercy; and is responsible for a large Convalescent Hospital and a smaller House of Rest, to say nothing of the heavy educational work it undertakes in connection with St. Stephen's College. And the place from which all this work is directed and controlled, the Home where novices are trained, to which professed Sisters return from time to time for rest and nursing when overwrought, and to which they come back for good when capacity for active service is over, is just a simple, one-storey house with rustic porch and gabled windows, set around with old-fashioned flower-beds and laburnum trees.

ANNIE GOODENOUGH PIKE.



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JOHN ARDESHIR'S COAT.

by

SYDNEY TRAVERS.

Illustrated by JAMES DURDEN.

IT was of black velvet, well cut and little worn, and it had hung, off and on, from the same peg in a dingy, dirty shop, amongst many dingy, dirty second-hand clothes, ever since I came to London, and took lodgings just round the corner. I say off and on advisedly, for occasionally the coat would disappear, and, passing, I would miss its conspicuous, high-toned jet-black from the closely-hung row of plebeian, dull-hued garments displayed for sale.

But however often it disappeared it always came back to its old place.

I thought at first that the elderly Jew who owned the shop, and was usually to be seen lounging in the doorway, took it within for a few days, for reasons of his own. But one evening I saw a young fellow pay for the coat, and take it away over his arm. Two days later the coat was once more hanging on its accustomed peg. I then wondered if he had a stock of these black-velvet coats, and put out only one at a time, but that seemed very unlikely.

I entered into conversation with the old Jew one evening, and I asked him the price of the coat.

"Seven-and-sixpence," he answered; and he puffed away at his pipe, without turning his head either towards me or towards the coat.

"Cheap," I remarked.

"Ver' cheap," he grunted.

"And yet it remains on your hands."

He did not answer; he was not conversational.

"I thought I saw a young man buy it the other day, and take it away?"

"Ver' likely. It did not vit him."

I bade him good evening; an old-clothes shop is not a cheerful place for conversation, nor was the old Jew an interesting companion.

One morning, after one of the periodical disappearances of the coat, I met another man going towards the shop with the coat over his arm.

When one lives alone in a great town, where one can count but few friends, one seeks interests almost morbidly from the common occurrences in the daily round. I made no excuse for myself for so doing—I turned, and followed him back to the shop. When I overtook him he was explaining rather volubly to the Jew that it didn't fit.

The old man made no comment; he paid his late customer five shillings, and hung it back on the nail.

I accosted the man as he turned away. The Jew had gone inside, and was out of hearing.

"Nothing wrong with that coat, is there?" I enquired, carelessly. "Forgive me for asking you, but I've rather a fancy to have it myself."

He turned to me quite civilly, though he seemed to hesitate. He was a pale, worn-out-looking fellow, with dark, heavy lines about his eyes. He looked as though he had been up all night.

"Oh, no! nothing wrong—that is, not exactly—I mean, it's a bit dirty—yes, a little dirty; don't buy it."

He had stammered at first, but his last words came out with a rush. I thanked

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him, wished him a very good day, and went on to my office.

I thought a good deal about that coat as I did my work. It had grown to be a landmark in my comings and goings. There was something interesting in seeing its sleek, glossy surface among those shabby old coats, and something friendly in the way it turned up to catch my eye once more after I had missed it for a day or two. It occurred to me that I would be quite sorry if one day it fell into hands that did not care to part with it, and I should not see it again. Why did it always come back, I wondered?

Seven-and-sixpence was not, in those days, a sum I could afford to throw away, but as I walked home in the chilly November dusk I said to myself that I must buy that coat. I had taken a friendly interest in it for so long, and I did not want another man to have it.

The old Jew took it down, and I examined it. It was not in the least dirty. The velvet was unmarked, and looked almost new, the white silk which lined the sleeves was unsoiled, the buttons in perfect condition. There was even a faint perfume of "White Rose" clinging about it.

"Seven-and-sixpence?" I asked.

"Seven-and-sixpence," he replied, and then he added, "and if it does not vit you, I vill return you six shilling for it."

"It will fit well enough for my purpose," I answered as I paid him.

He pocketed the money.

"Others have said the same," he returned, indifferently, "yet it hangs in my shop."

Smallpox and scarlet fever occurred to me on the way home, so I stopped at a chemist's, and bought some pastels, and I fumigated the coat before I had dinner. After the process I noticed that the scent of "White Rose" was just as distinct as it had been before.

I had an engagement that night; I had promised to go to the theatre with some friends, so I hung up the coat on a nail at the back of my sitting-room door, and left it.

We had a very lively evening, and I came in late. When I threw open the door and walked into my sitting-room, I had the strangest sensation of a rush of cold air on my face—cold, damp air that seemed to have curled itself out of the other air and broken on me, bringing with it a sickening, repulsive smell, which was very distinct, though faint. I shuddered from head to foot, but it all passed away in a moment, and I went through to my bedroom, and slept soundly all night.

The next night I came in early, hurried over my dinner, lit my pipe, put on the coat, got out my law books, and sat down to read. The coat fitted me very well, and was remarkably light and comfortable. And one feels more of a personage in a black velvet coat than in a shabby old college blazer. I was in very good spirits as I sat down, and, with my pipe to keep me company, I looked forward to getting through a very good night's work.

I read steadily for about half an hour, then I found myself unexpectedly distraught and tired. My spirits had vanished, an uneasy depression began to torment me. I found myself neglecting the book, which lay open before me, and staring dejectedly into vacancy, thinking of gloomy things.

It had been a quiet, mild night when I walked home, but now a strong wind seemed to be getting up. I heard a dull, low wail outside, which I took for wind, and which filled me with the restless anxiety of those who live by the sea, when a night storm threatens.

I crossed to the window, and pulling aside the blind, looked out. It was a clear, very still night, with the stars sparkling brilliantly in a luminous, cloudless sky, and the young moon sinking down behind the housetops. There was no movement amongst the trees which grew round about a church, standing a little way up on the opposite side of the road. The branches did not rustle, the tree-tops hardly swayed.

And yet when I let go the blind, and turned away from the window, I heard the moaning sound rise and fall and rise again more clearly than ever.

The windows were loose and ill-fitting; there was an old cowl on the chimney which threatened to fall off; the slightest breeze was wont to set the windows shaking and the cowl jangling harshly, but to-night no sound came from either.

Yet, if not wind, what was that swelling, heavy wail?

I went back to the table, and, leaning my head on my hands, tried to read again. I resolved to give my whole mind to the subject I was studying. I took a pencil,

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and began making elaborate notes in the note-book beside me.

But as it grew later, the noise, with its unceasing rise and fall, grew louder in my ears. It was like the roar of a heavy sea breaking on distant rocks.

And the atmosphere of the room grew foul with the nauseating smell I believed myself to have imagined the night before.

The weight of depression which bore me down grew heavier. I was wretched, unhappy, oppressed — and at last afraid.

And then, ah, how that fear grew on me!

Does any man know what it is to be held and conquered by fear, and not know what he fears? To have his own reason assuring him that there is nothing to fear, and yet to know that craven, miserable terror is making him crouch and shudder, is overpowering his will and his senses, turning his blood to ice, making his flesh shrink and his hair rise, setting his teeth chattering, and stiffening his every limb?

All this I knew, and more!

I cringed before that awful, mastering fear. I dreaded each moment with a ghastly terror no words can express.

Terror of this unbidden, uncaused fear assailed me —horror at the madness it must be or bring. Far, far away sank every memory of previous days or years—all my life was merged in this moment. There was no yesterday, no to-morrow, no memory, no hope. Fear followed on fear, possessing me, and increasing, while I lost my youth in its cruel hold, and grew old—old, like a man who is tired with long suffering.

IT WAS NOT IN THE LEAST DIRTY.

I was mad now, I said to myself—mad, who had been before the sanest and healthiest of men.

The sea roar had grown louder; I could hear distinctly a noise like that of waves rushing into narrow creeks and gulleys, and falling back again. And the foul, sickening smell which I seemed to recognise, yet could not name, grew stronger and stronger.

And all this time no faintness came to relieve me, no unconsciousness to stop my agony. Every nerve in my body was alive to suffer, my brain clear and strong to realise this hideous, horrible fear.

And then suddenly—did I try to get my arms out of that coat, and did cold, strong hands prevent my movement? I have brought back no memory of that moment which was, perhaps, the most terrible of all that night. I felt that I fell — the rush of air that I seemed to cleave sounded in my ears: yet with no shock of concussion my fall came to an end. I found myself still sitting, though no longer in my own room.

Light seemed to come and go before me—light in such brilliant flashes that I was blinded by it—and then darkness.

But after a prolonged period of absolute darkness, I became conscious that it was lifting—that a pale, faint twilight was taking its place. The fear had not left me, but still held me trembling and shrinking, as I tried to peer into the darkness of my surroundings.

Close to me a window had begun to loom out of the darkness—a white,

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luminous window, with small panes and heavy framework, and gradually from that window the light strengthened, and suffused the room I found I was in.

Gloom still hung heavily in the corners and about the roof, but looking round with terrified, eager eyes I saw that the walls were hidden with high bookcases, filled with large, strangely bound books, with quaint signs and letters on their bindings. Some of them lay on the floor, and gaps in the even rows above marked their places. The few chairs and a great writing-table were of massive carved oak. From a nail on a closed door hung an ill-shapen skeleton, with abnormally large skull. I could see the white bones gleaming in the faint light.

Then suddenly, as if my eyes were forced to cease their wanderings and fix themselves where they were bidden, I became conscious that I was not alone in this dark room. A solitary, tall man's figure stood erect in the centre of the uncarpeted floor. Round his feet, on the bare, unpolished boards a heavy shadow lay, forming a complete circle. I cannot say what threw it there, but when he moved it moved with him.

Fascinated, as some small field-mouse may be when a bird of prey hovers above, I felt all my being centred in this tall figure. My eyes once resting on it had perforce to stay there. My life-force seemed to be drawn out of me by some subtle power emanating from it.

The face had been turned from me, but now he moved, and looked towards me.

Shall I ever forget the features I saw, ever lose the haunting power of the eyes I looked into? It is before me yet—will be before me, I believe, when I die—the ghastly, livid hue of the skin, cast in innumerable, infinitesimal wrinkles, covering cheek-bones so fleshless that verily it seemed a skull and not a face I saw; the lank, black hair that fell damply upon the high, bleached, lined forehead, the scant, harsh moustache, which straggled about the drawn, blue, bloodless lips, and the horrible, lashless, dark eyes, that looked into mine with a red gleam in their repulsive orbs.

I believe, if craven fear had not so strongly held me, I should have pitied the awful thing before me, man or spirit or apparition, whichever it might be. For the look in those eyes told alike of hatred and despair, of melancholy and wrath, of deep anguish and venomous revenge.

He moved—the black shadowed circle that lay about his feet moved with him. Though the eyes had looked into mine, I felt that he did not see me—that, indeed, I had no part in the drama enacted before me. I was but an unwilling witness of a reflection and an echo of the past. He knelt on the floor, and opened one of the great books that lay there; it seemed to be a manuscript book, the characters in it were small and black, and intermingled with large, cabalistic signs.

The uncertain light that filled the room was strong enough to plainly reveal that emaciated figure resting on one knee, with the book supported on the other, and behind him the misshapen, large-skulled skeleton against the dark, carved door.

A long time seemed to elapse before he let the book fall again, and raised his black, sunken eyes, with the red gleam shining in them more fierily than ever, to look at me—no, through me—with a mad, revengeful exultation.

One quick movement—I could not follow it—and suddenly the room was filled with the red glare of quickly-mounting flames, coming from a deep recess I had not noticed before.

He threw up his arms with an awful cry. Heaven and earth! how it rang through the room and echoed in the rafters, sending thrills of horror through my shrinking body!

I watched him still. I longed to shut my eyes, to shut out the sight of his dread face and form, but watch him I had to, whether I would or no.

He gathered up the books that lay on the ground, and tossed them towards the recess, where the red flames blazed fiercely. He took the skeleton off the nail from which it was suspended, opened the door, and went out.

Of the next moment I have no memory. Perhaps I walked out after him, perhaps the scene faded and changed before my eyes, perhaps he drew me unconsciously where he had gone. We were no longer in the darkened room, but out in the open air, with a moonlit sky above us, and the rocky, grass-grown ground of a high sea-cliff beneath our feet.

The grey, angry sea rolled in below us, breaking with hoarse roar among the jagged, fantastic, water-worn rocks, and retreating with low-voiced gurgle. There

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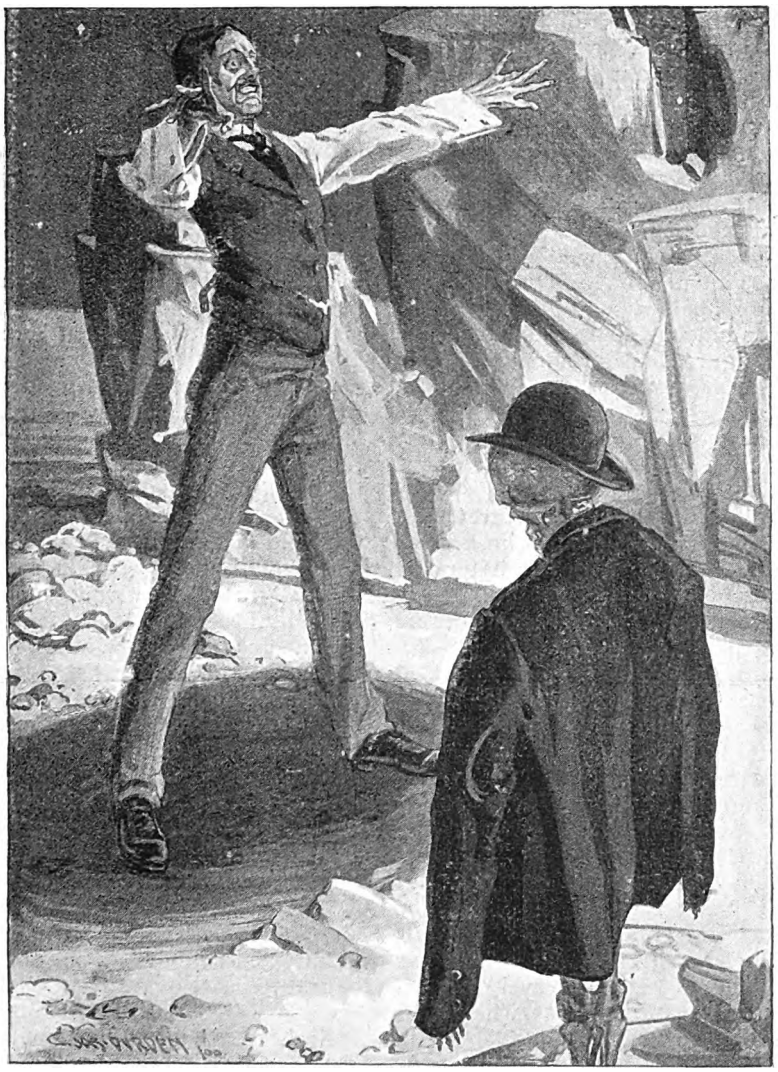

STRETCHING OUT HIS WASTED HANDS THE MAN BEGAN A TERRIBLE INCANTATION.

was no wind. The waves came from the huge, steady swell that follows a wild storm.

I do not remember looking about me, yet I know that I faced a wild stretch of sea-washed, rocky cliffs, that the open sea was to my left, and that just behind me the waves rushed into a long, narrow creek up to a small, stony, sloping beach, and that, about a hundred yards away, a high house stood alone, its turrets and gables looming black and weird against the clear, moonlit sky.

And up from the rocks and beach came the sickening smell of hundreds of jelly-fish, broken and thrown up by the recent storm, rotting where they lay.

How it permeates the memory of that night—the loathsome, charnel-house smell of decaying sea-produce.

Close to where I crouched the man stood, facing the deformed skeleton, which had been fixed up, how, I cannot tell, but it stood like a horrible caricature of Death, dangling its long arms, with the empty eye-sockets glowering into the distance.

The man took off his coat, lifted a hat he had evidently thrown down near him, and, approaching the skeleton, he placed

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the hat upon the great skull, and drew the long arms into the sleeves of the coat, buttoning it so that it hung loose upon those gleaming bones.

The coat was of black velvet!

The moonlight fell on the strange scene —that gruesome, grinning remnant of man, clad in velvet coat and round bowler hat, for all the world like some foolish student's trick, in that wild place where the hills rose round about and the sounding sea beat down below.

And more hideous, more hideous far did the other figure look—remnant of man that was he seemed to be no less than the skeleton.

And they two stood facing each other, the heavy circled shadow still lying about the tall man's feet.

Then raising his head, and stretching out his wasted hands, the man, in a voice to make angels tremble, began a terrible incantation—

"I am John Ardeshir—thou—thou art every man that inhabits this earth——"

The name, as he spoke it, seemed to awaken some faint, unrecognisable memory in my mind.

His awful voice went on. I heard its cruel tones rise and fall above the incessant roar and splash of the waves, but the words he spoke I could not follow, so quickly did he hurl them out, so madly drown them in the growl of malignant wrath. I knew that every syllable he uttered was a devilish, venomous curse, and that the grotesque parody of man was fixed up there to represent every fellow-creature upon earth, against whom this vile imprecation was directed.

It was not always English that he spoke—every language that I could recognise came into that wicked flow of words, and many, many strange tongues I had never before heard, as if—and truly I believe this was the case—he had called upon all languages under the sun to yield him every ill-wishing word they held, and lend them to envenom his horrible curse.

Can any words describe the nightmare horror of what followed? Can a man's soul be bandied about, be tossed from place to place, from habitation to habitation by the strength of another man's words, like a feather on the breeze? At one moment I crouched, a trembling, terrified, shaken spectator—in the next I seemed to inhabit that air-riddled, grotesque skeleton, and every cruel, venom-laden word from that demoniac figure before me sent indescribable tortures into my wretched being. And then, again, it was I who stood with a mania of long-pent hatred and malevolence burning within me, striking my very life into an intoxicating revenge.

And back and fore, from the subjugation of fear to the nethermost depths of torment, and the insanity of hatred, my personality seemed tossed to and fro, with never a pause or a moment's relief—till at last it ended.

The shadow upon the ground on which the man who called himself John Ardeshir stood had shrunken and grown paler as those volleyed execrations rang out into the night, had faded till it could hardly be discerned, and now, like a flame, it flickered and went out.

And with the last pale flicker on the dusky grass, the loud, strident voice ceased, the cruel gleam died out of the black, sunken eyes, the outstretched hands dropped to his side.

Released now, I seemed to kneel at the extreme edge of the cliff, and in one sudden, awful second I saw that tall, dread figure fall heavily backwards into the chasm, dashing from rock to rock in its headlong flight, till, with a sickening splash, it struck the water that was befouled with the putrefying jelly-fish.

Still the moments passed. The very air seemed filled with the poison of that mighty curse. I made one desperate effort to rise—one mad plunge forward——

And I found myself in my room—leaning out of my window through the glass pane I had smashed, the cold wind piercing my white shirt-sleeves, and the coat lying huddled in the furthest corner of the room.

The dawn was beginning to illuminate the east. A passing policeman flashed his lantern up at me. I staggered from the window, and, throwing myself upon the sofa, I sank into a long, blessed unconsciousness.

When I came to myself the full light of day flooded the room—my landlady was standing in the doorway, wondering, no doubt, what had induced me to spend the night on the sofa instead of in bed.

I made my way to my bedroom, and tried to make some sort of a toilet. The face I saw in the glass was drawn and

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haggard, the eyes bloodshot, with heavy shadows about them. As soon as I had swallowed a hasty breakfast I hurried to the rooms of the only intimate friend I had in London, a young Scotchman, who was assistant to a doctor in the neighbourhood. I believe I neglected even to send a message to my office.

Mackay was having breakfast as I strode into his room.

"Alec," I said, abruptly, "who was John Ardeshir?"

"Good heavens, man! what have you been doing to yourself?"

"Oh, never mind me. Did you ever hear of a John Ardeshir?"

"Ardeshir? Don't you mind? The chappie who was let out of prison a year or two back, after serving a life sentence for ridding himself of his wife in a primitive fashion."

"Did he murder his wife?"

"He was run in for doing so, but many people believed him innocent, and I fancy the doubt got him his reprieve. He killed himself after he got out of prison."

"How?"

"Tumbled over a cliff on purpose, after setting a match to the home of his ancestors. Now sit down, man, and tell me the reason of your extraordinary excitement, and still more extraordinary looks."

I took the chair beside Alec's, and stumbled incoherently through the whole story of the coat and the terrible night I had passed.

Alec listened patiently, and, moreover, he did not laugh at me. He was a Scotchman, and Scotchmen know many strange secrets.

"Well," he said, meditatively, when I had finished, "you won't ask me to comment on it, so I'll thank you to bundle on to my bed, and I'll give you a sleeping draught."

I did what he asked me. I was too tired to resist, and was only too thankful to fall peacefully asleep and forget the night that was past.

The day was far advanced when Alec woke me again. The autumn sunset was gleaming through the narrow window, and Alec's landlady was coming in with a tray of tea-things.

"I have made a few discoveries," he said. "I thought I should, for I know a fellow who comes from Ardeshir's part of the world."

"Well?" I enquired, eagerly.

Alec took the big brown teapot in his hands, and began to pour out tea.

"Yes—his wife died mysteriously, and he was accused of her murder, but the people round about firmly believe him innocent, and say that the girl made away with herself—out of fear, the women add, of her rather peculiar husband. Anyway, he was sentenced to penal servitude for life, and was released at the end of the customary twenty years. He came straight back to his castle, and, after living there a few months—during which time the country folk got hold of all sorts of rumours anent black magic and deep-rooted plans of revenge—he killed himself one night by throwing himself over the cliffs, and the castle was burnt down the same night. My man tells me they found him in the water the next morning.

"Your idea of the curse tallies with the people's story of revenge," he added. "We won't gain anything by discussing it, but we'll destroy the coat after tea. I took the liberty of fetching it from your digs."

The day was dying rapidly when we turned to undo the parcel that made me shudder. I am not ashamed to own that it was with fear and trembling I saw Alec build up the fire about that glossy velvet coat till the flames roared half-way up the chimney.

But the flames wrapped and curled round it, just as if it had been any ordinary piece of cloth, and no breath of that strange, living fear touched either of us. Before very long only a mass of thick ashes remained of the coat that had aged men ten years in a single night.

Alec lit his pipe, and left me to dream, as I gazed at the fast-blackening ashes, of the weird, terrible legacy left to mankind, of which I might tell, but find no man to believe.

They would say, as long as John Ardeshir's story was told, that he had drowned himself over the cliffs on a moonlight night. I alone would know that death had come to him in another way, that his spirit had fled before he reached the water—that there was no life in the helpless form that had fallen backwards over the rocks.

Was this heap of ashes the end of John Ardeshir's story?

When the village people came up, and found that awful corpse in the rotting

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water and those whitened bones on the cliff, did they carry away the skeleton and give it burial, simply and reverently, as they did the worn frame of John Ardeshir? Did the wind catch the hat and blow it into the wide sea to be there lost? Or is there an accursed hat in other second-hand shops, and a skull and bones going from hand to hand among students and doctors? But somehow I think not. The skeleton that stood there to represent mankind, coated and covered like a man, was resting somewhere, and the curse, meant to spread among all that wore human shape, had been lost in the innocent earth—the curse, that had taken the life of the curser, had been a great failure, for the coat, sole bearer of its blighting shadow, lay a mass of ashes in Alec's grate.

GROWING OLD.

A little more grey in the lessening hair
Each day as the years go by;
A little more stooping of the form,
A little more dim the eye.
A little more faltering of the step
As we tread life's pathway o'er,
But a little nearer every day
To the ones who have gone before.

A little more halting of the gait,
And a dullness of the ear;
A growing weariness of the frame
With each swift-passing year.
A fading of hopes, and ambitions, too,
A faltering in life's quest;
But a little nearer every day
To a sweet and peaceful rest.

A little more loneliness in life
As the dear ones pass away;
A bigger claim on the heavenly land
With every passing day.
A little farther from toil and care,
A little less way to roam;
A drawing near to a peaceful voyage
And a happy welcome home.

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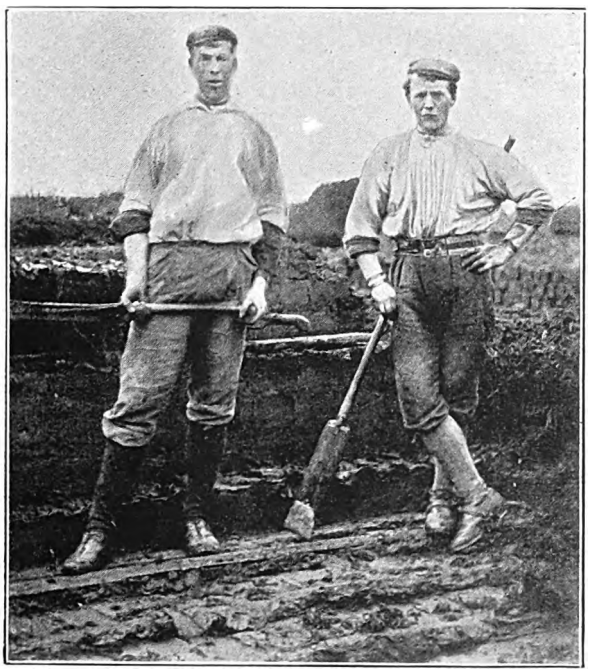
A Dutch Colony in England.

By M. RANDAL ROBERTS.

Photographs by C. Constable, M.A.

A BLEAKER or more unpicturesque region than the great tract of moorland which lies between Doncaster and Goole it would be difficult to imagine. For mile upon mile the flatness of the vast Yorkshire veldt is unrelieved by even a solitary kopje. A stranger finding himself on any of the roads that intersect the moorland might fancy that he had been plumped down into a vast desert. Human beings here seem as rare as hillocks.

It is a region of paradox. Geographically the country is Yorkshire, but in all outward semblance it is the fen land of Lincolnshire. It looks the embodiment of desolate unproductiveness; in reality these moors have given rise to a most profitable and interesting industry. Step off the road and tramp a couple of miles towards the heart of the moor. Soon tall chimneys loom in sight; you will hear the rattle of machinery and the hum of voices, and as the men come swarming out to dinner at the sound of the shrill steam whistle, you can imagine you are transported back to Leeds or Bradford.



TWO PEAT MOSS CUTTER

The chimneys and machinery belong to the works of the British Moss Litter Company. Some fifteen years ago an enterprising genius discovered that there were great possibilities in the peat which formed a surface of these moors. By the simple process of cutting this peat out of the moor to the depth of about three feet, and subsequently drying and chopping, there was ready to hand one of the most excellent materials for litter for horses and cattle, etc. As a matter of fact, for more than a century this operation had been well known in Holland, and a great part of the litter bedding for cattle in England used to come from the Dutch marshlands, but as a home industry the moss litter trade in this country only dates back fifteen years. The discovery that the peat from the Yorkshire moors could be worked up to litter every bit as cheap and as good as the Dutch commodity proved a profitable one, and some three years ago all the moors in this part of Yorkshire and some in Lancashire were taken over by the "British Moss Litter Company," which now works as peat farms nearly 8,000 acres of moorland.

However, the most picturesque fact about these

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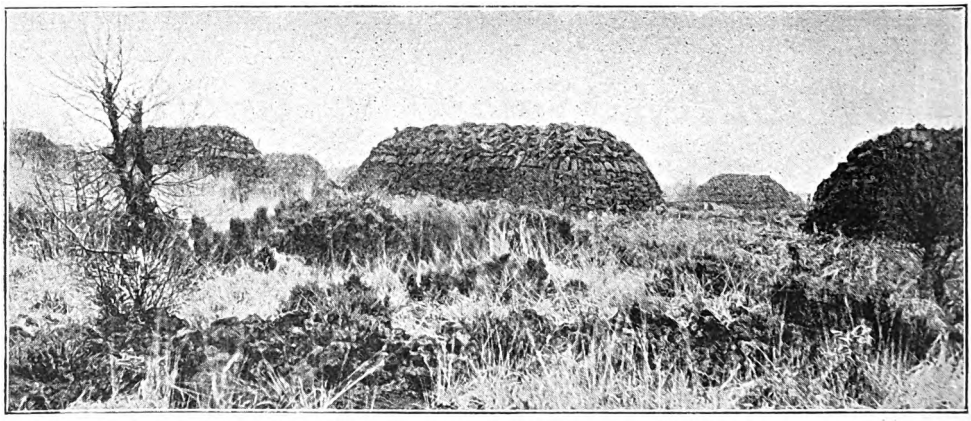

HOW THE PEAT MOSS IS STACKED.

moors is not the process by which 8,000 acres of apparently waste land are converted into little gold mines, but that this novel industry has led to the formation of a Dutch colony in England. One of the moors belonging to the Company—Moor Ends, as it is called—is a hundred miles from everywhere. Native labour here is naturally scarce, so the Company have imported Dutchmen to work this particular moor. These Dutch workmen form a veritable colony of their own. The nearest village to "Moor Ends" is Thorne, some four and a half miles distant from the Company's works. When the Dutchmen were first imported they were housed among the other villagers at Thorne. But this experiment did not run smoothly. Some of the habits and manners of the Dutchmen were not in accordance with the niceties of the etiquette of the British workman; anyhow they did not form a harmonious blend. In political disputes in the tap room, the Dutchmen, when they found the argument going against them, used to apply the closure of the knife, which led to police intervention. Not that the Dutchmen were altogether to blame; they were mostly peaceable enough, but they could not quite appreciate the highly-seasoned jokes of their English fellow-workmen, and thought their lives were in danger where only rough horse play was intended. Finally the Company put an end to all such collisions by forming a special settlement for the Dutchmen by building houses for them half way between Thorne and the moor. In this settlement, known as "Moss Terrace," the Dutchmen can conduct their households on their own native lines unmolested and unmolesting.

When I paid a visit to the settlement for the purpose of this article, I found that my path bristled with difficulties. Not that the Dutch colonists resented the intrusion into their houses of two strangers, one armed with a note book and the other with a camera. They simply preserved an air of impenetrable stolidity. Englishmen under similar circumstances would probably have ejected us into the street, but in the end I should have got some facts out of them. The Dutchmen did not seem to care a jot whether I came in or went out, as long as they were not compelled to talk to me. Fortunately, the women were more communicative, and most of the facts here related I gathered from the *vrows* of the taciturn workers in peat moss.

LISTENING TO THE STREET MUSICIAN.

The House Beautiful is

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apparently unknown among these Dutch women. At any rate in all the houses I visited the only furniture to be seen in any of the rooms was a plain deal table and a few chairs. In two of the houses a card party was going on. Round the deal table the players sat, each with a small black cigar between his lips and a mug of beer at his elbow, absolutely indifferent to the bitter cold (it was in the early part of February and there was no fire in the room) and to the presence of a stranger. Card playing and the consumption of English beer and weird-smelling Dutch cigars seem to be these Dutchmen's solitary idea of amusement. They spend most of their leisure time in one or all of these three recreations. But the stakes must be small and the native cigars cheap, because one of the officials of the Moss Litter Company informed me that the Dutch workman is the thriftiest of individuals and generally manages to save half his wages for his annual trip to Holland. This holiday trip to his native land, by the way, is taken at Christmas and generally lasts for six weeks. One of the Dutch women I interviewed was reading a Dutch newspaper most attentively. I risked wounding her sensibilities and asked her what she thought of the war. My scruples were quite unnecessary. *Tante* wasn't in the least a pro-Boer, or if she was she concealed the fact wonderfully well. "The English will win," she said, "they always do." Was she sorry for this? Not she. "Why should I like the English to be defeated?" she said; "they give my husband good wages and work all the year. I know the English are good, and I don't know anything about the Boers."

ONE OF THE OLDEST INHABITANTS.

One house in the settlement stood out distinct from all the rest. There was nothing Dutch about it except the name on the signboard which hung over the door. The bottom storey formed a small shop of the general dealer type, a medley assortment of tobacco, soap, sweets, tea and sugar being displayed in the window. The furniture, too, in the house was comparatively comfortable, and it could be seen at a glance that some English influence had been at work there, and I could have told at first sight that, whatever the nationality of the husband, the housewife here was not Dutch.

The Dutch settlement consists partly of a floating population, but many of the immigrants, when once they have found work at Moor Ends settle down here for good, and take unto themselves English wives. This, of course, was the case in the house referred to above, and as far as could be judged from the air of superior comfort and prosperity, this system of inter-marriages answers well.

The children of some of these Dutch fathers and English mothers are most fascinating little mites, with their curious *patois*, half of their small

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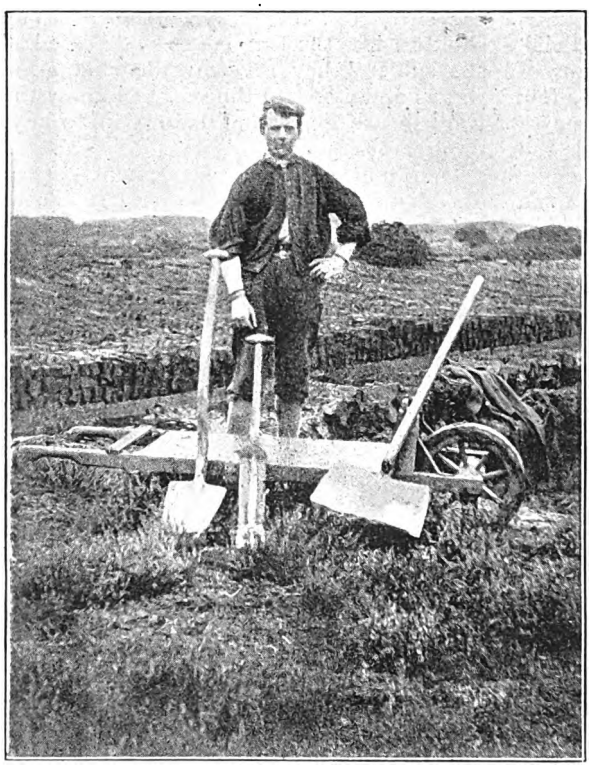

VIEW OF A PEAT MOSS FIELD WITH CUTTER AND HIS IMPLEMENTS.

vocabulary being Dutch, and the other half English.

The tiny wooden shoes—the regular *sabots* of the Dutch peasants—and the voluminous saque blouses which most of them wore, produced a quaintly picturesque effect. The shoes looked somewhat weighty affairs, but the discomfort was counterbalanced by the saving in boot leather, from the parents' point of view, anyhow. For all their stodgy appearance, some of these little children are wonderfully agile dancers. One mother, for my special benefit, made her little daughter execute a breakdown in the kitchen. The little thing was really quite a skilful step-dancer, and her baby feet, notwithstanding the heavy clogs, positively twinkled with the rapidity of her motion.

The Dutchmen in the Yorkshire settlement are mostly Roman Catholics. There being no chapel in the district their spiritual wants are attended to by a priest from a neighbouring town who holds mass for them every Sunday in the Town Hall at Thorne. Oddly enough there is a native Dutch pastor in the village not many miles from Thorne, but as none of the settlement are his co-religionists, the care of spiritually administering to them devolves mainly on an English priest. Probably, as time goes on and the Dutch settlers increase and multiply, they will form a congregation large enough to require a place of worship of their own at Moor Ends and a native priest. One of the Dutch women told me that she liked living in England all very well except for one thing, and that was the absence of a school where her children could be taught as they would be in their native country. Still, the system of English education is not altogether a failure, because the son of one of the settlers, who got most of his schooling in Thorne is now a local preacher of some renown.

Quite apart from its Dutch settlement, the British Moss Litter Company is one of the most interesting industries in England. The methods by which this vast track of apparently useless moorland is made to yield a most

AFTER THE DAY'S WORK.

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valuable article of commerce deserves an article to itself, but I must be content here with describing briefly how this work of transformation is accomplished. Anyone who has ever seen turf-cutters at work in Ireland will easily understand the process.

Armed with an implement called a graver, the Dutch workman proceeds to cut out the soil of the moor to the depth of about three feet in bricks some sixteen inches in length. As he cuts them out he throws each of these brick-shaped clods on to a sort of wooden stretcher. When the stretchers are full they are carried off to the drying ground, where the bricks are "stacked" for some months till they are thoroughly dried by the combined influence of the sun and wind. This process of "stacking," by the way, is not nearly as simple as it seems. "Stacked" by an unskilled hand, the bricks would remain for a year a heavy damp mass, as the peat contains an enormous amount of water. The Dutch workmen, however, build up each stack in such a way that there is a perpetual through current of air which helps to dry the whole stack rapidly. After the drying is accomplished, the bricks are removed to the chopping room where they are converted by machinery into the litter bedding with which everyone is familiar. Removing the bricks overland from the drying ground to the chopping room proved so tedious and laborious that a few years ago the Company cut a canal through the moor, and the removal is now affected by canal boats. From an artistic point of view, too, this canal is highly to be commended, as it gives an additional Dutch flavour to the surroundings of the moor.

There seems to be no end to the resources of these prolific moors. The supply of peat moss, even from 8,000 acres, is not inexhaustible, though it is estimated, I believe, that at its present rate the output will last for another fifteen years. At the end of that time, however, the moors will merely blossom into another form of usefulness. The moorland lies so low that it will be perfectly easy to flood it from the river Don. The deposit left after each successive flooding will not only raise the moors to their original level, but will convert them into most fertile land, especially for potatoes. What will be the next scene no one can tell. The adaptability of these moors seems endless.

M. RANDAL ROBERTS.

TO JESUS.

"Si honoras, O dulcis Domine
Inimicum amici nomine,
Quales erunt amoris carmine
Qui te causent et modulamine?"

Hondenius (*De Pass*).

If Thou, O Saviour sweet
Didst traitorous Judas meet
And hail him *Friend*,
What shall our greeting be
Our song of love to *Thee*
When we in harmony
Our voices blend?

Wm. Thos. Adey.

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In the Time of Her Wealth.

By ELLEN A. SMITH.

A LARGE hotel on a little island; the island such a gem and so tiny that one expected to see it rock gently on the swelling bosom of the clear blue waters which seemed to bear it up. A place of loveliest natural beauty; a cradle to lull all care to sleep and dream it into nothingness; an oasis for the spent and weary; and, if it were not a paradise where death might not enter, a place where one might choose to die.

But to enjoy the peacefulness of this favoured spot it was extremely necessary to get away from the noise and bustle of the big hotel, and the still more distracting scrutiny of fellow boarders, which often seemed to suggest little that was flattering to the object of their curiosity.

There was one man staying in the hotel, however, who seemed popular with all the inmates. Why, it was difficult to say; in a quiet, unobtrusive way he was good looking, but apparently no halo of wealth enhanced these good looks; and when a real lord endured a week at the hotel, James Grantley was the only man in the big dining-room who did not turn a hair as the lord entered to satisfy his noble appetite. He was not much of a lord to look at, being under-sized and of a sporting make. His father had been a highly fortunate brewer, having attracted royal favour by aiding handsomely in royal benevolence; in fact, he had honestly paid for the title that his son now enjoyed, and his memory was duly honoured.

Unlike the rest, Dr. Grantley was singularly little interested in his lordship, but her ladyship was quite another matter, and, although she did not appear until the next day at luncheon, James Grantley scrutinised her even more intently than the rest. But she was quite accustomed to be looked at, for she had been, and still was, an operatic singer; nay, more than that, for she had composed an opera, singing the title-rôle as no other singer had been able to do. She not only acted and sang the part, but she was the part, and as the poetically-conceived heroine of her own opera, "The Legend of a Dream," she had scored a great success. So rarely are composers able to interpret their own work that her genius was recognised far and wide. But even genius is none the less thought of under the mantle of a title, so for that reason she had married Lord Selhurst, whose knowledge of the divine art of music could not soar above comic opera. But he was really very good-natured, though pleasure-loving and indolent. He was very fond of Lilian and very kind to her; but, he was hardly an ideal match for the artistic temperament; and in spite of his title, peopled wondered a little at such a marriage. Dr. James Grantley was one of those who wondered, even at first sight, for he was a keen observer of character; as so many learn to be who feel themselves merely onlookers at the game of life. He had not caught her name then, and did not know what a celebrity he was looking at. But he saw power in her face which no weariness could cover up; and she did look very weary. Her fair face had that languor in in it, which so often indicates that the springs of life and energy are running low. Watching her, Grantley thought she had come to the right place, if only her fussing little lord would leave her in peace. She looked at no one in the room, but out of window, where a seagull, made captive by clipped wings, waited to be fed. Grantley had often pitied this captive, but she seemed to forget everything else as she looked compassionately at it. The watcher concluded that at least half her pity was for herself. Being newly arrived, a titled celebrity and most exquisitely dressed, she was well observed by nearly all in the room, but as her eyes left the dingy spiritless bird, they glanced swiftly upon James Grantley's, so swiftly that he made no pretence of not having

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watched her, and returned her look steadily. He was a quiet man, but rarely afraid of anything, and this gave people —and especially women—great confidence in him. For a few moments she studied him, wondering if he were some acquaintance to whom she ought to bow, and then a sudden consciousness made her wrest her eyes from his, not from embarrassment, but because she felt that in some manner he had divined more of her hidden self than was expedient. It is bad enough to exhibit to our friends those ailments of the mind which we cannot hide, even if we would, but it is intolerable to have strangers guessing at them, and obviously pitying us. She felt scared at the interpretation of herself, mirrored in this stranger's eyes, and a faint red flickered into her pale face. Her husband was pleased to take note of it.

"You are looking better Lil. I am glad after all that we came to this absurd little hole of a place. See that pretty girl over there? By Jove, she is leading those two young men a life, and I cannot tell which is the favoured one."

With an interest, purely vicarious, she directed her attention to the fluffy-haired girl who was evidently enjoying a good time. She was with her father, and thus safeguarded had no scruples about her holiday task of flirtation, if flirtation it was, and not the real thing, for she looked a nice girl, and at least one of her admirers appeared serious enough for even matrimony.

"I know the favoured one," answered Lilian. "She is infinitely less civil to him than to the other one, but I suspect there is a better time in store for him, and the papa looks eminently substantial."

Selhurst nodded, "She's a jolly little girl, and we'll make their acquaintance," he said, good naturedly.

They left the room then, and Grantley went out fishing, to see them no more that day. The next morning various informants had satisfied him that Lady Selhurst and Lilian Carew, the singer and composer, were one and the same person, and his interest in her deepened considerably. He had always thought there would be a day of reckoning between them, but he felt strangely unready for it. To war upon a woman—to wrest the weapons of offence from her hand and strike her with them, seemed alien to his chivalry. Besides, had he not forgiven the woman, by remembering her only as the artist who had so magnificently created the title-rôle of "The Legend of a Dream." Moving about from one foreign station to another, the fame of this opera and its most able exponent had reached him; and he had wondered why an air played on the regimental band was so strangely familiar to him. When he returned to England he wondered still more, and certain castles in the air which he had built hopefully through years fell straightway into ruins about him, and he had never had the heart to rebuild. Some years ago he had heard Lilian Carew sing, and although he had half forgiven her on the spot, the affair remained as great a mystery as before. He could not fathom it and dared breathe no word to anyone, for proof was needed, and he had little or none—and she was a woman, and he was emphatically a gentleman. He thought it strange that he should not instantly have recognised her the day before; but years had elapsed since he had heard her sing, and her stage dress had completely altered her, so that Lady Selhurst's identity with the professional singer was an utter surprise to him. And now the mystery would be explained; he felt so certain of it and was content to bide his time. Where was the hurry now, with his chances reaped by another?

Strolling absently along, full of thought, and beating down all bitterness as it rose, he came suddenly upon her. She was alone and had evidently lost her way, as all fresh comers do; she was studying a map of the island with a wandering attention which proved her indifferent as to lunch, but on recognising him, she asked her direction as though perfectly satisfied to have him for a guide. He inspired this feeling even in strangers, and she was much at her ease with him.

"If you would tell me my way back, please? There are so many ways, and the sea being all round, is worse than useless as a guide." With a gravity hardly suited to the occasion (as she saw it)—he took the map from her, and pointed out certain landmarks.

"The sea is not a safe guide; but notice there is only one windmill on the island, and it stands right in the centre; it is a reliable landmark even when it is standing still."

She regarded the windmill obediently, but evidently the importance of returning in time for the hotel lunch was a matter

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of supreme unimportance, and she remained seated on her rock. "Do I know you? I half felt yesterday as though I should have bowed."

There was such trust in her look, that he felt half ashamed of his almost certain knowledge; but he shook his head with a grave smile; "The moon looks on many brooks: the brooks see but one moon! Fortunately for you, you need not bow to all those who know you."

"You mean that you have heard me sing? What did I sing?"

"You were 'Ursula' in 'The Legend of a Dream.'"

She looked away restlessly out to sea. "I have sung in so many other operas, but it is 'Ursula' that people always mention; I suppose I am a failure in all the other rôles, for it is always 'Ursula.'"

And then he knew quite well that even the enchanted isle could give her no peace until she had laid her burden down. He saw how unrest had well-nigh outworn her beauty, and he was sorry for her. He was sorry for himself, seeing her evident trust in him.

She rose unwillingly as he offered to show her the way back to the hotel, and the silence that reigned between them might easily have been the pleasant familiar silence which falls between those who understand each other well.

That evening, after dinner, an impromptu musical entertainment was enjoyed by the hotel guests. Miss Sibley, the bright young lady who had attracted the favorable notice of Lord Selhurst, was a good pianist, and her youthful good spirits and pretty face made her a general favourite. Lord Selhurst, in his genial way, found her good company, and willingly joined the group of smokers, who were clustered round the music-room window. He and Grantley had joined the same bathing party in the morning, and had already exchanged civilities; so he was quite content to see him looking after Lilian, as the two sat out on the lawn listening to the music. As far as he went he was an excellent husband, and could not have enjoyed himself after his own fashion without first seeing her comfort well provided for. In common with the rest, he saw Grantley was of a trustworthy sort. Mr. Sibley, as responsible caretaker of a very charming daughter, remained on duty until lured away to a certain cosy corner, where whist awaited him.

"He has left his lamb among the wolves," said Lady Selhurst, on seeing how Mr. Sibley had succumbed to temptation, "but they seem harmless sort of wolves."

Grantley laughed. "I saw the beginning of the comedy, and I fancy one wolf—the blue-eyed wolf—has an excellent chance of annexing that particular lamb. She is a most fresh and unspoilt little girl, and I take it he's in luck."

Little by little the beautiful, many-coloured lights of sunset slipped out of the sky, and, set clear in space, large

DR. GRANTLEY SCRUTINISED HER LADYSHIP INTENTLY WHEN SHE APPEARED NEXT DAY AT LUNCHEON.

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bright stars sparkled and shone. But for the noises of laughter and singing they might have heard the dew fall; even the sea, in gently murmuring of rest, had fallen asleep.

The silent woman by Grantley's side did not speak; her white gown looked wraith-like under the stars, and Grantley thought he knew at least a little of what was passing in her mind. But how strange that they two, of all people, should be drawn together into the silence of friends! And yet, perhaps, not so strange, for she had caught the very echo of his soul and given it magnificently to the world. Presently from the lighted window came two figures, invading their dual solitude. They were Selhurst and the fluffy-haired Miss Sibley, and they seemed on excellent terms.

"Lilian, Miss Sibley wants you to sing to the people; will you?"

"Oh do, Lady Selhurst, it you don't mind. It would be such a treat," the frank young voice rang pleadingly out, not realising how even *primâ donnas* object to wasting their sweetness in unremunerative toil; but Lady Selhurst seemed to require no pressing, only rising as though she would rather have remained where she was. Seeing that she was willing to sing, everyone followed her into the music-room, and she turned very kindly to the radiant Miss Sibley: "What would you like me to sing?"

"If you only would! Ursula's farewell from 'The Legend of a Dream.'"

"I cannot sing that!" answered the singer with sudden, painful sharpness; "is there nothing that will please you but that most dismal and unhappy thing? Let me sing you a little Hungarian love-song—one that ends happily."

With her enthusiasm a little checked by the manner of the other, Miss Sibley accepted the amended programme; and the onlookers reckoned Lilian up as being, for all her gentle looks, no less imperious and self-willed than other singers equally successful. With the power that belongs only to the artist, she threw herself heart and soul into her song, and they forgot immediately that they had ever wished to hear anything but just the song she was singing, with apparently all her heart in every impassioned note; and without doubt this was so for the time being. The gracious gift of song is as wings to the captive, letting him escape far enough to at least view the promised land, outside which his best longings remain for ever unfulfilled. She was artist enough to forget herself and her audience, and she sang to them so beautifully of Love that the wings of that fleeting angel seemed to beat the air throbbingly as it passed.

They found her very good-natured, for she was willing to sing to them every evening; but no selection from her own work, "The Legend of a Dream," was ever rendered by her, to the general disappointment; she seemed utterly to ignore it, and they accused her of the pride that apes humility. But one evening they got what they wanted, and this through no option of hers. It had come on to rain during dinner, so the inmates of the hotel were thrown entirely on their own resources for amusement. They tried music, dumb crambo, thought reading and various other assuagements of a wet evening. They tired of these things in turn however, and then someone laughingly suggested that Grantley should try his hand at hypnotic suggestion. To amuse them, he had done it once or twice before more or less successfully, and nothing pleases a holiday crowd better than something mysterious and exciting. It was useless that Grantley protested, saying he was not in the mood, and in all probability could influence no one in the room sufficiently to make them even pick up a pin at his bidding. His good-humoured refusals merely heightened their persistence, and to avoid being a wet blanket he allowed himself to be persuaded. His first victim proved very amenable, and the blue-eyed wolf gravely presented a Spanish onion to the lady of his affections under the hallucination that it was a rose. Shouts of delighted applause startled the young man back into himself, and he looked half scared.

"How the dickens did you manage that, Grantley?"

"It was quite easy, because in your case you made no resistance to my suggestion. For the amusement of the company you yielded your will to mine; otherwise I couldn't have done it."

Grantley spoke in good faith, and the young man looked relieved; but no one volunteered immediately for further trial.

"It seems to me you're no quite canny," remarked a grave Scotchman, as he eyed the doctor not without suspicion.

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"Surely that is a dangerous gift for ony mon to have?"

Grantley shook his head reassuringly. "Not in my case, whatever it may be in the hands of others. I never remember being able to make an unwilling victim succumb; indeed, I have never used the gift or knack or whatever you choose to call it, except as a pastime; to do so would not be justifiable."

"It's wonderful, by Jove," cried Selhurst, quite eagerly. "Have you ever tried to hypnotise a woman?"

"Never. Not even to the extent of picking up a pin; a thing they will so rarely do."

"I wish you would try your skill on one now," persisted his lordship, who had dined sufficiently well to make him extremely desirous of having his own way. "Miss Sibley won't mind, I know; she is much too kind."

But it appeared that Miss Sibley did mind, even if Grantley had been willing, which he certainly was not. Probably the affair would have died a natural death but for Selhurst, who being a lord was not accustomed to being disappointed of his whim. He crossed over to his wife, who was nearly always merely the quiet onlooker. "Come, Lilian, you won't mind, I know, and I am curious to see if feminine wits are not more than a match for this modern magic."

Strangely enough at the suggestion Grantley felt his scruples vanishing. It was as though fate were helping him, and he meant her no harm, quite the contrary; he wanted to forgive her, but to receive forgiveness she must open her heart to him first, and this seemed a step on the way. He waited to hear her protest, which was smilingly in the negative, although her faith in the power of hypnotism was little or none. Even the Spanish onion had failed to banish her scepticism. Seeing at last that her husband was inclined to make a fuss over a trifle she yielded, and sceptical though she might be, both she and Grantley knew that she would have permitted no other in the room to make such an experiment with her. So well, indeed, had he studied her during the few days' companionship, that he warned her frankly about the probable success of his attempt. "In this instance, of course, I may be wrong, Lady Selhurst, but I have noticed that the artistic temperament is the one most easily influenced by hypnotic suggestions."

He felt almost certain of success, and when he saw her smile of unbelief he almost wondered at it. Drawing Lord Selhurst a little on one side he whispered a few words, and the listener nodded, well satisfied; then Grantley approached the faintly smiling sceptical woman, "Now, Lady Selhurst, if the worst come to the worst, Lord Selhurst approves of what I shall ask you to do."

"Nothing very dreadful, Lilian, I assure you," smiled his lordship, "but I don't suppose for a moment that you will do it."

Without using his hands at all Grantley held her eyes steadily with his own until her look of smiling indifference changed suddenly to a dismayed recognition of some unknown power. Intent upon her as he was, he saw her will leap into her eyes to combat his, which was so set upon subduing it. He felt that she was resisting him to the utmost of her powers, and for some moments he did not know which would prevail. Then he saw her eyes flicker suddenly, as though dazzled by a strong light, and she half put up her hand as though to shield them, dropping it again obediently at his unspoken command. She strove faintly a little longer, and then Grantley spoke to her: "Lady Selhurst, we have often asked you to sing 'Ursula's Farewell.' Will you sing it for us now?"

Amid dead silence she rose at his bidding and went to the piano, but Grantley himself sat down to play the well-known accompaniment, and at the right time she began to sing, softly, sweetly, with all the mournful tenderness of a last parting. It was a beautiful thing, and she rendered it beautifully, and robbed by her state of every atom of self-consciousness, she might have been some sad spirit telling her grief upon some strange and lonely shore. The effect was weird, and the frivolous party was awed and silenced by it. After the last note had fallen softly like a sigh, the singer moved mechanically back to her seat again, and Grantley followed her, and stood waiting until she looked slowly about her as though waking from sleep. As she did so there was a general murmur of relief. Grantley spoke to her first, in cheerful everyday tones: "Thank you, Lady Selhurst, you have given us a treat. I hope you feel none the worst for it?"

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But she was a little dazed and bewildered: "You have failed then; or did I——? What has happened?"

He returned her perplexed look with a very kindly one. "Nothing happened, except that you sang to us very beautifully; don't you remember?"

"Don't you remember, Lilian?" echoed Selhurst, looking almost as bewildered as his wife. "I wouldn't have believed it!"

"I remember nothing," answered Lilian. "What was it that I sang?" She turned enquiringly to Miss Sibley, who had often accompanied her.

"You sang 'Ursula's Farewell,' but Dr. Grantley played the ending quite differently, and you never hesitated over one note! It was simply wonderful!"

"Merely hypnotic suggestion," remarked Grantley, lightly, "and now I propose the assembly break up. The heat has been trying and the ladies look tired."

He was right, for on one woman at least a great paleness had fallen.

The next morning Selhurst and the doctor went together to bathe, and the former, full of that confidence in him which Grantley nearly always inspired in others, unbosomed himself freely about the nervous indisposition of his wife, which had brought them to such a quiet place. "You see, of course, that she is out of sorts, doctor?"

Grantley assented, glad to see that the little lord was genuinely concerned and anxious. He answered reassuringly.

"Speaking merely from observation, I see nothing really wrong. How long has she seemed not quite herself?"

"About a couple of months ago, as nearly as I can recollect. She had been singing in that thing of hers, which everybody raves about. I daresay you recollect the name; anyhow, you made her sing a bit of it last night. Well, ever since then she has been nervous and depressed, and why the dickens she should be I can't say. One would think that of all women she had nothing to worry about."

"They are often the ones who worry most; but Lady Selhurst has abundant occupation in her profession—and you say her depression came on suddenly?"

"Yes; and although it seems ridiculous to say such a thing about such a talented woman as my wife, I believe she dreamt that her life would come suddenly to an end some time during this month. It has occurred to me, after seeing what you did last night, how easily you might suggest to her that she never dreamt such a silly thing. Can't you make her forget all about it? I paid a professional man five guineas for an opinion, not worth twopence from a practical point of view; but I'd willingly pay any amount to have my wife her old self again."

The offer was not too delicately made, for under his title there was only the plain man of business, but Grantley liked him far better so than as the somewhat indolent, self-indulgent lord. He liked the man's honest concern for his wife's welfare; but he knew that something far heavier than the shadow of any dream weighed down the spirit of the woman, making life a weariness to her. He knew, moreover, that strange chance had made Selhurst apply to the only one who could touch Lilian's malady with the finger of healing—he, the one wronged and cheated of his best by an unscrupulous woman, and yet he had no anger for her, quite the contrary.

"I cannot take any money from you, Lord Selhurst, that is impossible, but having received your permission I will try to find out more definitely what is troubling Lady Selhurst, and remove the cause, if possible."

Selhurst did not quite understand the refusal of his money, but he was willing to accept the proffered kindness, and said so frankly.

"Of course, Grantley, I understand that these cures and suggestions are rather ticklish things to meddle with; but you're a gentleman and a thorough good sort. I trust you."

"Yes," answered Grantley, quietly, "I do happen to be a gentleman. Moreover, my hypnotic suggestions begin and end in the drawing-room. The cure, if any, shall be plain sailing, I promise you."

Rather mystified, but still full of confidence in this new physician, Selhurst set off shortly after breakfast for the main land, where some races would take place in the afternoon. But, although the coast was clear, Grantley had no chance of speaking to his new patient through the day. It was plain that Lilian avoided him, nor was he surprised; but it was extremely necessary that he should speak to her, so as soon as dinner was disposed

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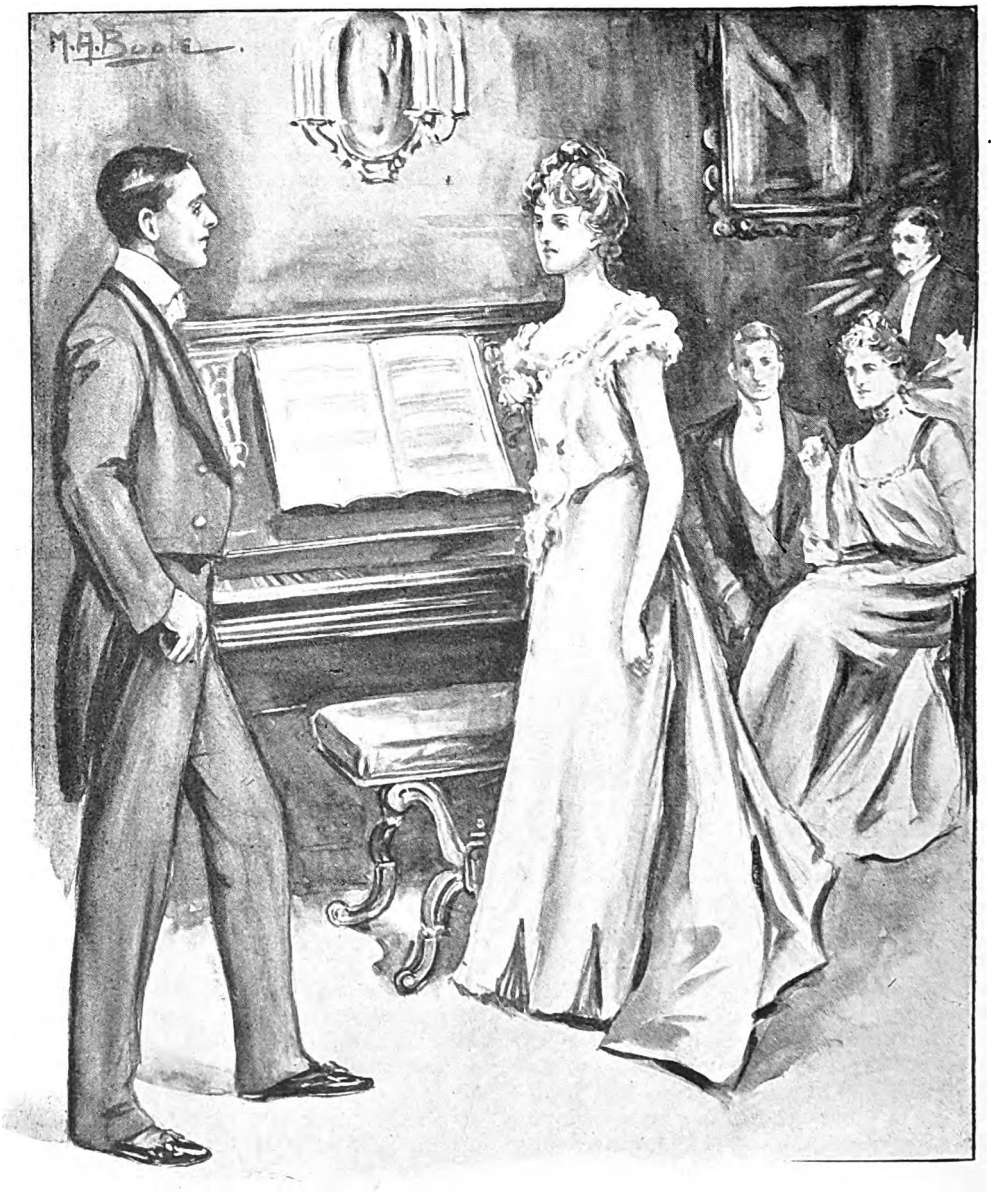

SHE ROSE AT HIS BIDDING AND WENT TO THE PIANO.

of Grantley left his own table and approached hers.

"Lady Selhurst, there is going to be a wonderful sunset. Will you come out and see it?"

She looked very white and troubled, and was plainly more than half afraid of him; but she did not refuse. He fetched a wrap for her, and wordlessly they walked towards the west, where the sun was sinking gloriously, the sky blazed with colours, which were faintly mirrored by the calm summer sea. Gently and caressingly the evening tide crept in upon the shore, and a pale, transparent new moon was waiting for the sun to go down. Some reapers, late at work, were reaping in yellow patches of corn, using their primitive sickles, and the great, ponderous sails of the windmill stood sharply outlined

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against the opal sky. Here and there amongst the reaped corn gleamed poppies, but the fading light had stolen their brilliant colour, and all the earth grew faint before the glory of the sky. It was rarely Grantley's way to hesitate over the thing that had to be done; but he was silent awhile after finding her a resting-place, where the changing beauties of sea and sky could best be seen.

It was she who spoke first. "You have brought me here in order to say something to me. What is it?"

"I will tell you. Lord Selhurst is anxious about your state of nervous depression; he thinks that some imaginary fear is troubling you and wants me to 'suggest' to you that this fear has no existence."

"And would you do this—if you could?"

She was so far mistress of herself that she was perfectly quiet, but suspense had quickened her breathing and roughened the softness of her voice.

"I would not in the way your husband wishes. Who would dare to juggle with jewels of priceless worth? Not I, assuredly; but there are other and more honest ways of quieting a troubled mind, but to enable me to do this I need your confidence."

"It is kind of you," she cried bitterly, "to seem to make terms with one who is already at your mercy. Why stand on so much ceremony?"

"I know more than the world does of what is troubling you; but I know very little even now. The thing is still a mystery to me, and I want you to tell me the whole story."

"You talk of honest ways! Was your way 'honest' last night; even to unmask a cheat?"

"You shall ask me that a little later. Meanwhile, confide in me."

Her impotent anger fell back, ashamed before his gentleness, and she began her story almost like one glad to lay a burden down.

"You know so much that it is well you should know the whole. As a young girl I was talented, good-looking, ambitious, as only ignorant youth can be, and extremely poor. My talent, which was real enough, struggled hopelessly with my poverty, and got worsted. I studied as long as I could, living from hand to mouth to do it; and then my father, who had helped me to the best of his limited ability, fell ill, and into debt. The man to whom he owed most was a rich tradesman, and it was proposed that I should render my services as governess to his family, and so gradually work off the debt. I was quite willing, thinking that in so wealthy a situation I should find ample opportunity for pursuing my studies, for I was very industrious. But in this hope I reckoned entirely without my employers. Do you know the sort of people, where the governess is less thought of than the cook; where her position of dependence is thrust upon her a dozen times a day, and she is made the victim of small indignities from morning to night? Although I lived in the house, I rarely knew as much as the names of the visitors who came and went, and, if by accident I encountered them, I was never introduced. All my scanty moments' leisure were spent in hating those people with all my heart and soul, for I was shy and sensitive, and every stroke of their contempt drew blood. Moreover, as regards myself, I was wasting precious time, for I was only permitted to teach music, not to study it. My talent was wasting, and the pain of this knowledge stung me by day and by night. Knowing myself in a measure chained to the oar, I made no complaint, even to my father, but secret brooding and sleepless nights brought me to desperation, and I was quite ready to be tempted and fall. Then a distant relative of my employer's came to stay in the house. He was young and musical, intensely musical with a gift of expression which was recognised only by me, for in that house music was a dead letter and had no meaning. Without knowing even his name, I heard him composing, and knew I was listening to a masterpiece. The household in general thought the visitor was merely amusing himself by strumming aimlessly upon the piano. But I knew better, and at night I would creep down and examine his written scores, for he was untidy and would leave them about. I was often tempted to go to him boldly and make myself known as a fellow artist who could understand the beauty and value of his work. But I never did, for he was a relative, although a distant one. The children liked him too, and I was always afraid of those they liked, for they were such horrid children."

"They were," agreed Grantley emphatically, "wretched selfish little beasts."

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Her remorse turned suddenly heart-broken, as his words let in the truth upon her. "Was it you? Oh God! the one I would least have injured!"

"Never mind; tell me the rest. I was called suddenly away, leaving my work unfinished; it was you who completed, and gave it to the world. How could you remember it so well?"

"I had followed it note by note, and copied it down; doing it at first purely for love of the thing, and with no dishonest idea. To this day it is difficult for me to remember that my brain did not give it birth, and surely I finished it with more power than even you could have done?"

"I grant it, and yet because you took the first fruits of my labour of love from me, I thought bitter things of you. Like you I had my ambitious dreams, in which a purely medical career had no part, not that I am unsatisfied with a less brilliant one; it has, probably, been quite as useful. And now having told me this, you will feel less sorry. That is what I wanted."

"Not less sorry, but more so if it were possible. The full knowledge of what I had done came suddenly to me as I was singing 'Ursula' for the last time—of course I shall never sing it again—and suddenly my soul felt naked and ashamed before the people; they seemed to be grinning and mocking at my humiliation, and I did not know which way to turn. I saw then that the art I so loved had been my bitterest enemy, and it could console me no longer. I am very sorry for my husband, but of course I ought never to have married him."

She had spoken with an emotion all the more intense for being resolutely suppressed, and her lips were tremulous although she had not shed a tear. Against the rapidly fading sky her face looked white and drawn. Neither spoke until the increasing darkness warned Grantley that they must be returning, and then his words fell sadly.

"It is said that sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things. Surely this is a mistake; for it seems to me that just looking back and seeing how we have marred God's gracious plans concerning us is far more grievous. I think what He meant was for you to have come frankly to me, when we were inmates of the same house, and told me your difficulties, making a friend of me. We could have helped each other with sympathy by mutual toil at an art so precious to us both. All you wanted would have been yours without the asking, save that our names would have been associated together, with each sharing the other's fame and honour. Looking back, I seem to see clearly that we were to have met the joys and sorrows of life together, walking agreed and hand in hand. But we have lost our true way and can never find it, for you are a married woman and I am a lonely man. Let us go now, but before we turn back let me tell you how from my heart I forgive you. I have been waiting years to tell you this. And I would have you find solace, as of old, in your beautiful gift of song; find hope and comfort in it, and no bitterness at all."

They turned away then from the last remaining glow, and the land lay dark before them. But their faces were set towards the east—towards the dawn; and if a deep repentant sadness reigned in the heart of the woman, there was also peace—that peace which the world knoweth not.

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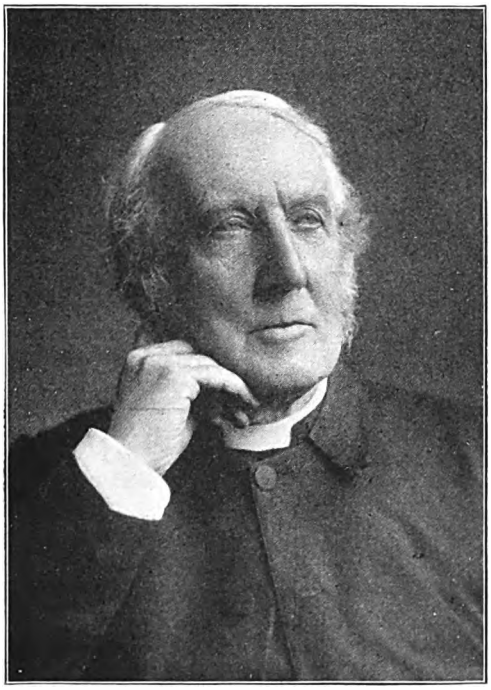
In the Public Eye

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

IT is not given to every man in this world to reach the pinnacle of his ambition, but at the advanced age of seventy-five, Principal Rainy has attained the highest ecclesiastical honours that Scotland can bestow. The exalted position he occupies is all the more noteworthy from the fact that he is the first to fill it, and that it is mainly due to his zeal and genius that such a position has been made possible. The new century has opened gloriously for the Church of Scotland. Never before has it been so strong, for never until now has it been united. The name of Principal Rainy will ever be linked in history with this glorious epoch. For a quarter of a century he has been supreme in the Free Church of Scotland, which seceded from the Established Church in 1843, and the dearest wish of his heart, which has at last been realised, has been to unite the body for which he has done so much to that great bulwark of religious freedom in Scotland, the United Presbyterian Church. Principal Rainy is one of the grandest of a grand type of Scotchman. His magnificent intellect, wedded to a lofty purpose and strong religious fervour, have wrought a splendid victory. All who know anything of religious work must realise the immensity of Doctor Rainy's achievement. The amalgamation of two religious bodies is almost without precedent. Unfortunately, perhaps, the tendency is all the other way, namely, the multiplication of sects, and that the churches of Scotland have responded to the wishes of the distinguished divine who has now become their Moderator, in this matter, is a magnificent tribute of confidence such as man could hardly expect greater in this world. May he long live to control the destinies of this great Church.



PRINCIPAL RAINY.

(First Moderator of the United Free Church of Scotland.)

Photograph by I. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow.

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MISS HONNOR MORTEN.
(Who lives the life of the poor in the slums.)
Photograph by H. Goulton May, 11, Hill Rise, Richmond.

MISS HONNOR MORTEN has been described as "one of the most satisfactory of modern women who work." She makes no fuss; is never in a hurry. The interested and leisurely way in which she can sit and chat with you shows that this niece of the late William Black and ex-student of Bedford College has mastered the art of gracefully laying aside the worries and cares of her busy life quite as completely as the art of working with might and main. Her work is so expansive and all-embracing that it is really difficult to know where to begin. At the last School Board election she was returned as a Progressive member for Southwark. Before that she represented Hackney, a stronghold of Congregationalism. The Independent clergy and Liberal associations rallied around her there and gave her loyal support. By reason of her experience as a hospital nurse she is an authority on matters affecting the health of children and teachers in schools. She asserts that Board Schools have emptied the prisons of youthful convicts, and by greater attention to health and cleanliness they can empty the children's wards of the fever hospitals. Miss Morten is health lecturer under the London County Council, and is the author of several large and important works on sick nursing, besides many charming sketches of hospital life. Believing that prisons should be places of reform and instruction, as well as of punishment, she goes to Wormwood Scrubs, and there tells the women prisoners how "when they go home" they can best nurse a sick husband, child, or friend, as well as themselves; how to cope with fever and other ills to which flesh—especially poor flesh—is heir, and how to meet sudden emergencies in cases of accident.

She hopes the Government will one day soon make a special grant, and arrange for practical instruction for criminals, as it arranges for their food and clothing.

Leaving for months at a time the comfort and refinement of her beautiful old-world house at Richmond, Miss Morten has gone down into some dreary, terrible slum, and in one room has lived, scrubbed, cooked, washed, and marketed, like all the rest of the denizens, and gone about all day nursing the sick poor. "If you want to see how the poor live you must live as they do," she says, "and reduce your expenditure down to theirs, and then see how you like it." Now, this truly sympathetic, but cool-headed, lady has founded a settlement in one of the grimiest and most uninviting streets of Hoxton, where, with a few other cultured women, she feeds, mentally, morally, and physically, all the toil-worn, weary, and heavily-laden ones she can get hold of.

Whilst doing all this, and helping to breakfast regiments of hungry babies, she finds time to give Sunday afternoon addresses in London and the suburbs, and also to flit abroad to the Continent and America, there to gather fresh strength and new ideas for her work at home.

Miss Honnor Morten was the originator, the secretary, and heart and soul of the first of those now famous literary annual functions, the Women Writers' Dinner.

The beneficent work accomplished by Miss Morten and other highly-cultured ladies conclusively proves that the higher education by no means tends to deprive "the girl graduate" of those true womanly instincts which must ever be her chief charm, but simply gives a clearer insight and a wider view.

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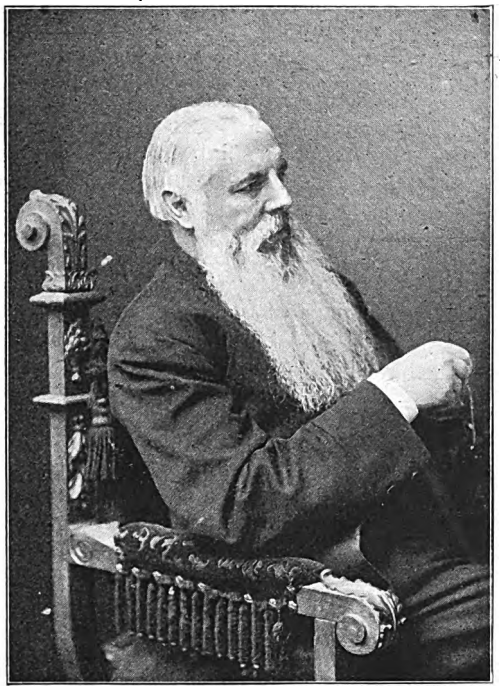
IF one were to put down a list of the most indefatigable workers in the Christian Church, Canon W. Hay M. H. Aitken would take a very honoured place. He has preached over 16,000 sermons, a record which surpasses that of any other English preacher, whether of the Established Church or among the Nonconformists, and at a farewell meeting just before he sailed for Canada in 1895, he told his audience that for several years he had averaged more than 500 sermons a year. His recent appointment to the Canonry of Norwich has been an all too tardy recognition of a lifetime of untiring devotion to the work which has claimed him, and for which he has qualifications possessed by no other revival preacher in the Church to-day—the task of awaking the conscience of the people to a new and keener sense of their duties and responsibilities, and of penetrating the insensibility of the hardened sinner. In 1898 a memorial signed by the two Archbishops, and nearly the whole of the Bishops, besides other great dignitaries, and 200 clergymen for whom he had conducted missions, was presented to the Prime Minister praying that his splendid services might now meet with some worthy recognition. He was accordingly offered the Residentiary Canonry of Gloucester, but was forced to decline it for financial reasons. When the Canonry of Norwich became vacant this was offered to him by the Lord Chancellor, and the fine old cathedral city has been honoured in the appointment.



REV. CANON W. HAY M. H. AITKEN.
(The Great Revival Preacher.)
Photograph by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

To Mr. Aitken, more than to any other clergyman of the time, is due the keen interest in, and sympathy for, Home Missions, which has been a feature of our Church life in late years. Truth to say that before the celebrated Twelve Days' Mission in 1869, in which Mr. Aitken took so conspicuous a part, the value of this branch of Christian work was but scantily recognised. It gave Mr. Aitken his opportunity, and he showed conclusively what a splendid Christian force the Home Mission could be made, and from that time he was continually in request by clergymen in all parts of the country, for whom he conducted revival services. In 1871 he was appointed to Christ Church, Everton, Liverpool, and held that charge till 1875. When Mr. Moody came to Liverpool in the latter year, Mr. Aitken became associated with the great American evangelist in his work. He preached several times at the Agricultural Hall, Bow Hall, and Her Majesty's Opera House, and had many distinguished people among his hearers, one of whom was the late Mr. Gladstone. His wife's health failing, Mr. Aitken had to leave Liverpool, and from that time he has devoted himself to evangelistic work, which is his true vocation. Mr. Aitken has conducted two great missions in America, the first in 1885-6, and the second in 1895-6, his labours in both cases being very fruittul of results, and even more so in his last visit than the former.

LADY BATTERSEA, who is a warm temperance advocate, is a prominent figure in society, and has used the influence of her high position to the great advantage of the cause which she has at heart. To her is due the

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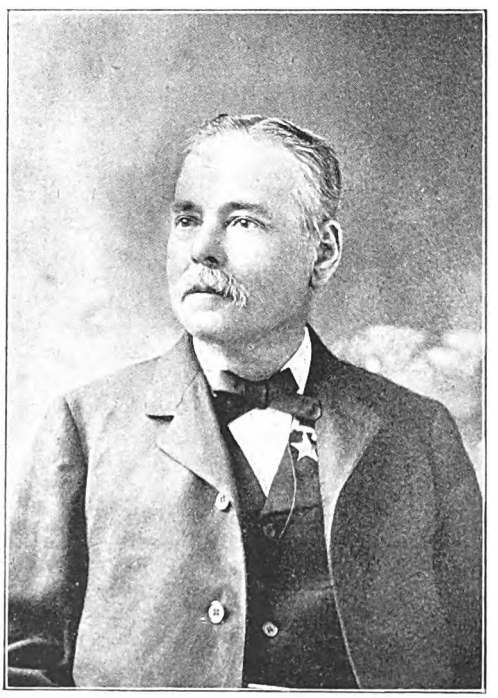
founding of the Chiltern Hills Temperance Association, the members of which belong to twenty-five Buckinghamshire villages, and which has done much to promote temperance principles in the county. Lady Battersea is constantly holding temperance meetings in her beautiful house in the West End, and some little time ago she organised a concert on behalf of the Church of England Temperance Society. It took place at her private house, and was largely attended by fashionable people. A large sum of money was realised by the sale of the tickets, and, as all the performers gave their services free, a substantial amount was added to the funds of the society. Lady Battersea not only helps the temperance cause in this way, but she also takes an active part in the meetings, and is a very effective speaker. Her devotion to the work is no new thing, for she has been a teetotaler for twenty-five years, and has long been engaged in actively advocating her principles.

A VERY unique position is held by the Rev. and Hon. D. T. Phillips, of Cardiff—namely, that of Baptist Minister and Consul of the United States. Although not an American, but a Welshman, by birth, Mr. Phillips has spent a large part of his life in the States, which he has adopted as his native country. He was appointed to the Baptist Ministry before he left England, his first pastorate being at Lantwit Major, in Glamorganshire. Afterwards he went to Bristol, but somehow he became discouraged with the progress made, and, emigrating to America, settled in Philadelphia. A few years saw him back in England again, owing to the state of his wife's health, and he repaired to Swansea, where he founded a new Baptist Church. He eventually returned to America, and remained there for twenty years, holding ministerial appointments in several of the most important cities of America, his labours being crowned with great success. His introduction into the political arena was very sudden and quite unanticipated either by himself or his friends. He had always taken a strong interest in politics, and on that account was asked to speak at a political meeting on behalf of Mr. McKinley. The effect on his hearers was electrical, and revealed to himself and all who heard him the fact that he was a born political orator. He readily responded to the invitation of the Republican party to further assist the principles which he had at heart, and conducted a most successful campaign in Kentucky. Afterwards, when the United States Consulship at Cardiff became vacant, Mr. Phillips applied for it, and, after passing all the required tests, was selected out of one hundred candidates.



REV. AND HON. DANIEL T. PHILLIPS.
(Baptist Minister and United States Consul.)
Photo by I. Holyland, 7, W. Lexington Street, Cardiff.

Although the holding of two such offices as Minister and Consul is unknown amongst English Ministers, yet the connection is not at all inappropriate. A Consul's duties give plenty of scope for the exercise of benevolence, and who than a Minister of the Gospel is better able to assist in a sympathetic spirit poor foreigners in distress, to arbitrate on disputes, and protect his fellow countrymen from oppression. Amongst his other duties are writing reports to his Government, giving bills of health, certifying to invoices, and generally promoting the interests of the States in that part of the United Kingdom.

Mr. Phillips frequently receives invitations from fellow ministers to occupy their pulpits.

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MISS CAROLINE EDITH RIGG, Principal of the Mary Datchelor Girls' School and Training College — the chief educational establishment for girls in South London—is the daughter of Dr. Rigg, ex-President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, and Principal of the Westminster Training College. The school, which has an old endowment, was opened in 1876, when Miss Rigg became head mistress. Under her care the numbers quickly increased to more than four hundred pupils annually. Her whole heart is in educational work, and, to make the school still more efficient, about eleven years ago a training college was started, with wondrous success among the one hundred and thirty-seven students who have gone through it. That there has never been a failure in the examinations for practical work is largely due to the circumstance that the students have the benefit of teaching, not only in the Datchelor School, but also in others in the neighbourhood. A few years ago a Hall of Residence was opened under the Lady Wardenship of Miss Carpenter, where students from a distance have all the comforts of a home, with very pleasant surroundings, the grounds in which the hall is situated being exceptionally large.

MISS CAROLINE EDITH RIGG.
(Who has had more than three thousand pupils under her care.)
Photograph by Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

Miss Rigg is *petite*, slight, and active, with a rare quiet power, which enables her to quell the most unruly natures by a glance; very seldom, however, has this to be done, the just and kindly atmosphere she carries with her everywhere making her a personality and an ideal beloved by all the scholars. For one who has passed between three and four thousand pupils through her hands nothing is more remarkable than her knowledge of each; she never confuses the individual with the mass; she knows each one's name and temperament. Her "Old Girls' Club" has a membership of three hundred, and when, at the close of last year, these held a bazaar for the maintenance of two cots in a convalescent home at Highgate, for which they needed £30, they actually got £200, clear of expenses! By a Dorcas and a Zenana Society the philanthropic spirit is fostered. Miss Rigg's chief recreation is foreign travel, but even then she carries her work with her, as many pupils have found to their cheer and help by letters received during holidays.

MR. WILLIAM WHEATLEY has his fingers on the pulse of every artery of the great organisation called the St. Giles' Christian Mission, of which he is the well-known and energetic superintendent and secretary. So vast is the scale of the Mission's operations, that 20,000 ex-prisoners are netted yearly in what has been called the "Prison Gate Fishing." Mr. Wheatley visits the convicts before they are released, and goes into their cases individually, so as to make the best arrangements possible for them when they come out. When that day arrives Mr. Wheatley and his assistants are at the gates waiting for them. The physical needs are first administered to. Breakfast is at once given to them. Then they are brought under evangelical influence. Employment is found for those who are willing to work as quickly as possible. In this way thousands of men have been redeemed from their evil past,

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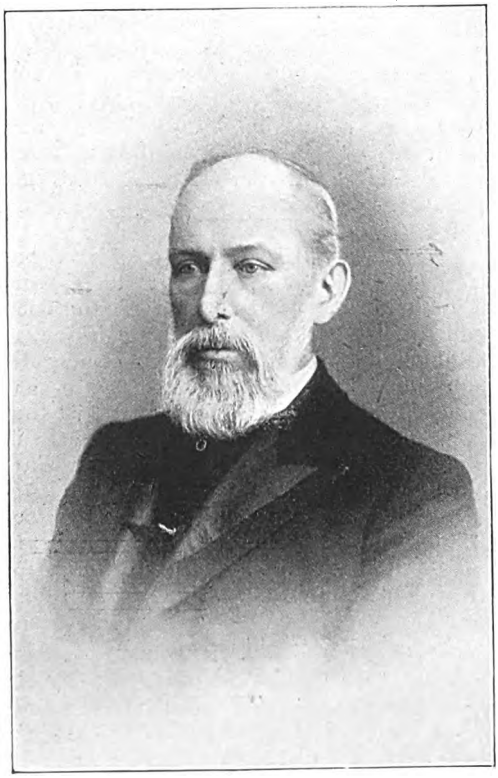
and transformed into respectable members of society. The too-often destitute wives and children are tended and cared for during the term of the husband and father's incarceration, and many men who have long been steeped in wickedness have been touched and re-claimed, when they have seen what has been done for their families during their imprisonment. In twenty-two years, 92,000 discharged prisoners have been assisted with tools, clothes, and employment, and 83,000 have signed the pledge. Another great branch of the mission is the Preventive Work. At the police-courts there is Mr. Wheatley, ready to take over the young offenders, or if he happens to be absent, and there arises a question of what can be done with a juvenile case, the cry is "Send for Mr. Wheatley." Every year about five hundred friendless juvenile transgressors are received into the missions and the homes, whilst a similar number of homeless women and girls are taken into refuges provided for them. The central office of this grand scheme of work is in Brook Street, Holborn. Its halls are in Little Wild Street, Earl Street, Neal Street, Brooke Street, and Drury Lane, where all who are interested are welcome. So large is the field of labour that, though the last report gives the Mission's income, through liberal contributions, as over £10,000 for the year, it was all spent to the last penny. The Mission is living from hand to mouth, and still lacks the needful funds to overtake the stupendous mass of human woe to be assuaged and sin to be combated.



MR. WILLIAM WHEATLEY.
(Superintendent of the St. Giles' Christian Mission.)
Photograph by Alfred Hughes, 433, Strand, W.C.

THAT truly British pluck, which makes of the disadvantages of fortune but stepping stones to rise above all difficulties, is nowhere more conspicuously displayed than in the life of Thomas Burt, M.P., who has risen from the humble position of a miner to be one of the most influential of our labour leaders. When Mr. Burt first plied pickaxe and shovel in a coal pit, the miners were often kept at their exhausting and unhealthy labour thirteen hours a day, but now they seldom work for more than eight hours. Young Burt early showed the rugged independence of his disposition. His parents were poor, and when he was but ten years old he thought it time to bestir himself to earn something for his own support. His father would have willingly kept the lad longer at school, but at length he yielded to his son's importunities, and so little Burt started his connection with colliery life and work. But though he voluntarily abandoned the advantages of schooling, he had no intention of going without such an education as was within his reach, and many an hour was snatched from the all too brief period for sleep and recreation, and devoted to Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Burns and John Stuart Mill. Milton's "Political Treatises" made a great impression on him, for even then he had begun to ponder deeply on social and political questions, and the idea of his own mission to right the cruel injustice which he saw around him, was beginning to glimmer in his mind.

Early in life he embraced the cause of temperance heart and soul, and he has always remained a staunch supporter of the cause.

After he was chosen agent of the Northumbrian Miners' Union his resourcefulness and capacity as a leader were

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soon put to a severe test. A great strike occurred in which something like 600 men were involved, and it was found that there was only £23 in hand to meet the exigencies of the hour. Mr. Burt faced the desperate position most courageously, and owing to his activity in organising meetings, and committees, appealing to miners all over the country, and to the general public, £4,000 was raised. After the strike a balance of £600 to £700 was left over, and with this Mr. Burt laid the foundations of a permanent strike fund, instead of dividing it up among the miners, as had been previously the custom. By 1873 the amount in hand had increased to £16,000, and the members of the Union from 4,000 to 16,000, a result mainly owing to Mr. Burt's masterly management. In 1874 Mr. Burt was induced by the colliers to become their representative in Parliament. He put up for Morpeth and was returned by a majority of 3,000 in a constituency of 4,000. His parliamentary career has been a great success. Though a Liberal, he was chosen by a Tory Government to sit on the Royal Commission on Accidents in Mines. He also represented the United Kingdom on behalf of the Government at the Berlin Labour Congress. He has been appointed a member of the Royal Commission on Mining Royalties, and of the Royal Commission on Labour. He has also been Secretary to the Board of Trade. In 1891 he was elected Chairman of the Trades Union Congress, the great representative body of all branches of labour, both skilled and unskilled. In his opening speech he said, "When I made my first Trade Union speech, twenty-seven years previously, political economists were telling you that supply and demand ruled wages. We have taught the political economists better than that. Supply and demand are factors. At your peril do not forget that. But men are more than machines, or tons of coal, or hogsheads of sugar. Humanity has now been added to political economy." His success in controlling such a mixed, and often tumultuous, assembly, won him high praise from those most competent to judge of the difficulties of his position, and in this post, as in all others which he has filled, Mr. Burt has shown himself a born leader of men.

"THE SAILOR'S MOTHER" AND HER SONS.

Photograph by Stephen Cribb. Southsea.

MISS AGNES WESTON, "the sailor's mother," as she is lovingly called by grateful Jack himself, possesses such a cheerful and breezy personality that it appeals to the heart of the jolly tar at once, and inspires in him a personal affection, for which even the great philanthropic works she has inaugurated on his behalf cannot wholly account. Miss Weston thoroughly understands the feelings and aspirations of her sailor protegés; she has entered deeply into their lives and thoughts, and they have come to regard her not only as the benevolent lady who has done so much to promote their material and spiritual welfare, but as a real companion and friend, into whose sympathetic ears they can pour their troubles, for they know they will be understood. It is now nearly thirty years ago since Miss Weston began her work among the sailors, and her first service was held on the quarterdeck of H.M.S. "Impregnable," when she spoke to eight hundred to one thousand boys and

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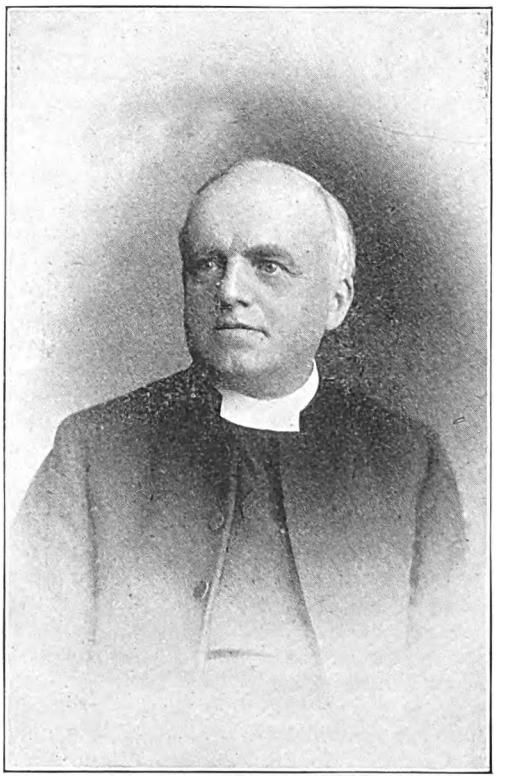
young seamen, many of whom afterwards confessed to her that it marked the turning point of their lives. Her fame as the friend of sailors rapidly spread through the Navy; nobody had troubled themselves much about poor Jack before, and the spontaneous outburst of gratitude on the part of the men was very touching. A number of sailors who had landed from H.M.S. "Dryad," just returned from a foreign station, went to Miss Weston and told her how they had heard of her care for them, and begged her to open a coffee house, so that they might have, as they phrased it, "safe moorings to keep them from drink and all its temptations." But such an undertaking in those days seemed almost an impossibility, for "the sailor's mother" had neither money nor friends, and she was about to explain these difficulties, which seemed well nigh insuperable, when the spokesman of the party broke in, "Don't say no, Miss Weston. We do want to have a home, and you in it, that we can come to. Shipmates, let's pray about it." And pray about it they did, and Miss Weston determined that, with God's help, these brave, true-hearted tars should not be disappointed in their wish. Friends were not found wanting, and from small beginnings there have arisen those two splendid institutions, the Royal Sailors' Rest at Devonport and that at Portsmouth, which have been such great factors in the moral and social elevation of the sailor. They are his home on shore if he is single, his club if married, and the place where he can find refreshment of mind and body, his social life and amusements.



THE VEN. JOHN WILLIAM DIGGLE.
(Archdeacon of Westmorland.)
Photograph by B. Scott & Sons, Carlisle.

A VERY remarkable course of sermons has lately been delivered in Carlisle Cathedral by Archdeacon Diggle, who is one of the best known preachers in the Church of England. The last three Sunday evenings of the century saw the choir of Carlisle packed with an intensely keen and interested throng of people who listened with upturned faces to the beautifully soft, clear, and resonant voice of the preacher, who gave utterance to thoughts and ideas calculated to make people think and afterwards reason out for themselves as to whether the improvements of the century had absolutely tended to produce a betterment of national character or the reverse. The three sermons were on the "Materialistic Progress and Development of the Century," the "Moral and Intellectual Development of the Century," and the "Religious and Ecclesiastical Development of the Century." The views expressed by the Venerable Archdeacon, his easy flow of language, his simplicity, and, above all, his sympathy with his hearers make him a man who must be listened to, and it is no wonder that he is much sought after as a preacher. He is one of the Select Preachers, and is also often requested to preach on special occasions in various parts of the country. Before going to his present diocese Archdeacon Diggle spent many years in parochial work in Liverpool, and he there

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came into touch with many phases of political and social life, and it is this knowledge which gives him the wonderful power he possesses over his congregations. His hearers, although they know little or nothing of him personally, realise that the man is speaking from deep conviction gained by personal knowledge of men and things.

THE newly-elected Moderator of the Presbyterian Synod is a man full worthy of filling the post just vacated by his brother pastor, the Rev. John Watson — or, as he is better known, "Ian Maclaren." The Rev. James Christie is a border man. He was born on the battlefield of Chevy Chase, where his father was minister of the Presbyterian Church at Otterburn. His first pastoral work was in connection with the church he had known from his youth, and on leaving Otterburn he became the pastor of Fisher Street Church, Carlisle. These quiet years in the country gave him time for varied reading and much thought, and helped him to prepare for the greater work of the future. In the border city Mr. Christie has worked and preached and taught for twenty-nine years, and his nomination to this high honour is but an acknowledgment of the services he has rendered to his Church. Mr. Christie may be described as a man of many parts. He takes a keen interest in all the passing events of to-day, and is ever ready to help on any philanthropic plan. He is a brilliant conversationalist, and an eloquent preacher. His sermons attract large congregations, and they are often quite out of the common. Up-to-date topics are made the texts for discourses, and his cool common-sense, together with his clear-headedness, and deep spirituality of thought, often make impressions on the minds of those who hear, and help them to judge those matters more clearly than they otherwise would. Not content with the ordinary work of a minister, Mr. Christie devotes some of his time to lecturing. Foreign travel, Luther-land, and the Music and Songs of Scotland, are some of his popular lectures, and in addition to this, the new Moderator writes in many journals, and numbers of books are reviewed by his pen. Mr. Christie's wide outlook and breadth of mind has probably been partly gained by contact with others in travelling. The Continent of Europe is almost as well known to him as his native land, and his visits abroad have been full of interesting incidents. On one occasion, he was arrested in France as a Prussian spy, and, though he succeeded in time in convincing the authorities that he was an English tourist, he was ordered to leave the town at once. Mr. Christie is passionately fond of the "Border Land," with its historical memories, and one of his recreations is to cycle to some old spot, and muse on the doings of days gone by.

THE REV. JAMES CHRISTIE.
(Who has succeeded "Ian Maclaren" as Moderator of the Presbyterian Synod.)

FRANCIS FLINT BELSEY was born in Rochester in the year 1837. His success in business as a corn merchant enabled him to retire at the comparatively early age of forty-three, and to devote his time to the promotion of those objects in which he had felt a life-long interest. In early youth he devoted himself to educational work, becoming at sixteen years of age secretary

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of the British and Foreign Schools. In after life he was elected a member of the first School Board, and during his Chairmanship the Board was singularly successful in its work, and was at length able to report that all the children in the city attended school upon an average nine times a week. Mr. Belsey became a member of the Rochester Corporation. He twice filled the office of mayor, was appointed magistrate for the city, and subsequently his name was added to the Commission of the Peace for the County of Kent. He twice put up for Parliament in the Liberal interest, first for the Faversham Division of Kent in 1885, and a year later for his native city, but was unsuccessful. Subsequently he was urged by several other constituencies to become their candidate, and Faversham generously offered to relieve him of all the expense of a second contest, an offer which Mr. Belsey gratefully declined. He has done much for his native city of Rochester. He founded a workmen's club, when none was available in the city, and afterwards, when two others were started, he converted it into a branch of the Y.M.C.A. and a Temperance Hotel. He started the Rochester Industrial Dwellings Company; he also provided allotment grounds, which are being cultivated by upwards of one hundred tenants, and he was particularly active in organising Saturday evening recreations for the people.

MR. F. F. BELSEY, J.P.
(To whom our Sunday Schools owe so much.

But the Sunday School cause has commanded his best energies. For forty-five years he was connected with the Vines Sunday School, Rochester, which, under his superintendence, reached a membership of seventy teachers and 700 scholars. He was also one of the first secretaries of the Rochester and Chatham Sunday School Union, an office he resigned only some two years since. This Union included 1,000 teachers and 10,000 scholars, and was the means of infusing much life and enthusiasm amongst the Sunday Schools of that populous district and all the surrounding villages. He was early brought into connection with the Sunday School Union (London) and at the request of its Council attended the International Convention at Toronto, Canada, as their delegate, in 1881, and upon his return was elected an honorary member of the Council. He was appointed chairman of the Council and one of the trustees of the Union in 1889, and, by annual election, still holds that office. He was elected President of the World's first Sunday School Convention, held in London, 1889, and was Vice-President of the second and third, which assembled in St. Louis, U.S.A., in 1893, and in London in 1898. It was his privilege to preside at the meeting at which Dr. Clark first unfolded his scheme of Christian Endeavour to an assembly of English Christians. He took an active interest in the development of the movement, and was unanimously appointed the first President of the British National Union of Christian Endeavour Societies, and acted as Vice-Chairman of the Committee which organised the great Convention at Alexandra Park during last summer. As Chairman of the Sunday School Union it has been his privilege to visit almost all the larger and many of the smaller towns of England as a deputation to Sunday School Conventions and Conferences. He has specially interested himself in promoting the increased efficiency of the schools and the improvement of the teaching. He was one of the first to employ the blackboard in the Sunday School.

THE ONLOOKER.

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SACRED PLACES PUT TO SECULAR PURPOSES.

By . . THEKLA BOWSER.

IT is strange that a place of worship—whatsoever the creed which has been taught within its walls—should so come down in the world that its sacred purpose should be overlooked in its present-day utility. Yet, such is the case with numbers of churches and chapels which, instead of having been allowed to fall into disuse and ruins, have been restored by a business-seeking buyer, who possesses none of that uncomfortable sentiment felt by the more poetic nature.

In the great Metropolis, particularly, are there many instances where old sacred buildings have been thus utilised, when circumstances have carried the church-goers to another locality.

Around the ancient City churches lingers a charm of old-world quaintness rarely to be met with; the absolute quietude, the mystic, dim light, the ancient oak carvings and bare stone pillars, all raise the strongest contrast to the hurly-burly of the City streets, and accentuate the historic attractions of the edifices themselves.

But, one by one, these churches—many of them designed by Wren immediately after the Great Fire—are disappearing, either totally or in part, so that they are scarce recognisable. One of these has been bereft of its nave and chancel, the old tower and a tiny green enclosure alone being left to mark the spot where St. Olave's, Jewry, once stood. The old church was destroyed by fire in 1666, and the "present building" (to quote from an old book) was commenced by Wren in 1673, and completed about 1676, when another church, called St. Mary Pomeroy, was united with it. The tower, which is standing, and is now occupied as a dwellling house, is 88 feet high, the facings being of Portland stone. Wren, it seems, was much crippled for want of funds, only £5,580 being allowed for the erection, including the tower. The powers demanded that an imposing exterior should be made, and consequently the interior of the church was very dreary. The last of the services held in this place of worship took place on March 27th, 1887, after which the main building was razed to the ground, the parish being united to that of St. Margaret's, Lothbury. Fine offices have been erected on the site of the church, almost touching, and completely shutting away from view, the old tower, which is accessible by means of a small alley from Ironmonger-lane. It is a great pity that Christopher Wren's wishes were not respected, when, after the great demolition in 1666, he wanted to lay out the streets and spaces with regard to a general plan, so that the new churches could be erected in prominent positions.

Another quaint old church was that of St. Martin Orgar, situated in St. Martin's-lane, Cannon-street. The name Orgar was given by its founder, who was a Dane, named Ogardus. The church was much damaged, but not destroyed, in the Great Fire, and after being in disuse for some time was restored. Then, for a reason unrecorded, all except the porch was taken away in 1824, and eventually even that disappeared, so that nothing of the old building now remains. Not a very great amount of interest attaches to this church, yet a tower—eminently modern, and of red brick—was erected to mark the site of old St. Martin Orgar. The tower is now used as a dwelling house. In the accompanying photograph it will be seen that the clock and tiny space of greenery pressed 'twixt high, uncompromising piles of offices, are the only things which attract attention to the spot.

If ever the spirits of those departed come to disturb the living, surely the

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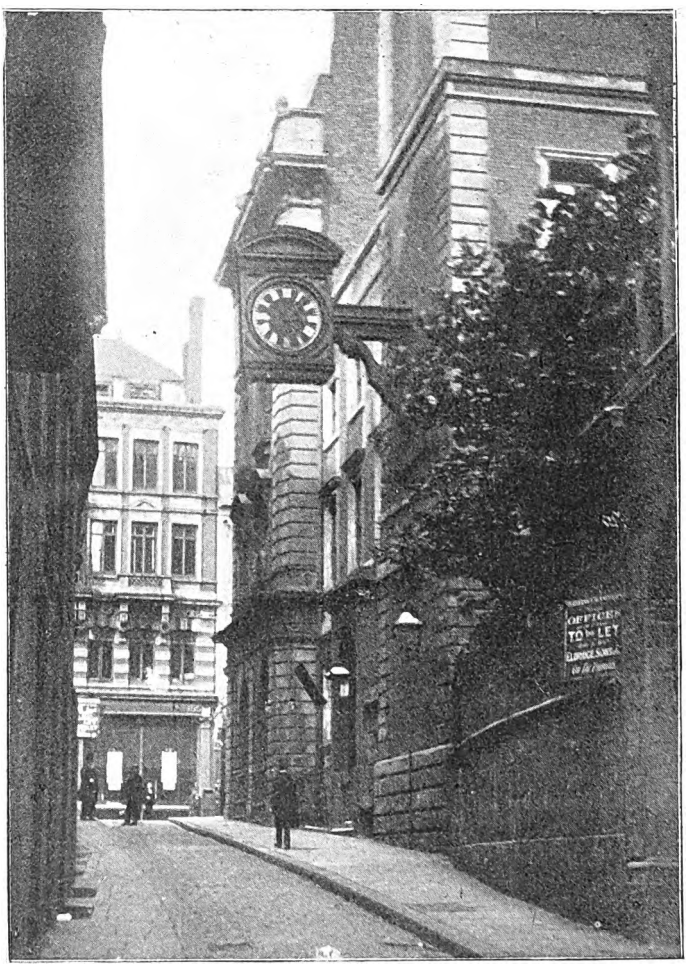

TOWER CLOCK OF ST. MARTIN ORGAR.

workmen of the City and South London Electric Railway would have seen ghosts when they dug up the graveyard of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard-street. This church was founded after the fire of 1136 and was united to St. Mary Woolchurch after the Great Fire. It is interesting to read Stow's reason for the curious name of the latter fane. He says it was so-called "on account of a beam placed in the churchyard, which was therefore called Woolchurch Haw, from the weighing of the wool there."

The rectory house was long ago converted into a post-office. Not content with this, however, the Post-office authorities made an effort to obtain the removal of the church in order to increase the size of their office. But although this attempt was unsuccessful, St. Mary Woolnoth was not allowed to rest in security, for in 1893 the City and South London Railway Company were empowered to extend their line to Islington. Not until this had passed into law did the clergy and people realise that it would mean the destruction of the church. Public meetings were then convened, with the result that a clause was introduced, requiring the railway company to restore the edifice to its original condition on the completion of their under ground station. The company were to utilise the church temporarily, and to appropriate a small portion of its graveyard. In the course of this work the flooring of the church and the human remains which were beneath, were removed.

Now that the place is once more open for sacred services, no one would guess of the perilous time through which it has passed, save that by its side is the entrance to the electric station, and upon careful consideration the thought arises that the booking office must come immediately beneath the altar. What would have been the feelings of the architect, one Nicholas Hawksmoor, pupil of Wren, had he foreseen the inroads upon the church which would be made by the discovery that was to come of electric force?

St. Michael Bassishaw, of Basinghall-street, E.C., although now razed to the ground, holds such a charm for those who care for historic places that it cannot be passed by. Unhappily, not a stone of the old church remains to tell its story, the valuable piece of ground upon which it stood now being occupied by more profitable buildings. This church shared the

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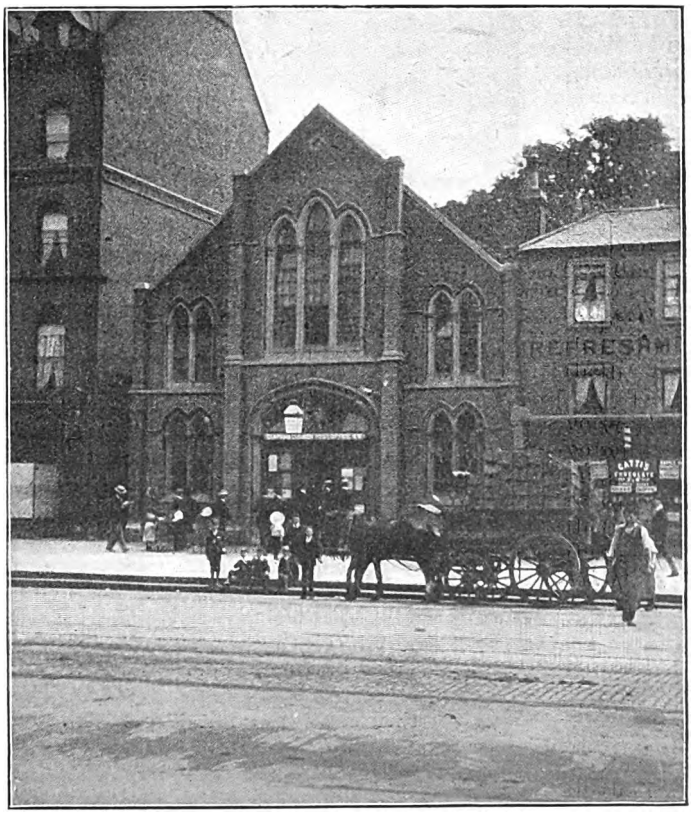
common fate in the great conflagration, but was rebuilt between 1672 and 1679 by Wren, and was named St. Michael-at-Basing Hall in honour of the family of ancient lineage who resided at the "Hall." It is easy to imagine how the name became corrupted into Bassishaw.

Some years ago there was an attempt made to remove the bodies under the church, but so decrepit had the building become that it would probably have collapsed had the plan been carried through; consequently the church was closed on account of its unsanitary condition, the parish being united to St. Lawrence, Jewry. St. Michael Bassishaw contained a monument erected in the year 1673 to the memory of one Dr. Thomas Wharton, who performed most devoted services at the time of the Plague in London. At St. Lawrence, Jewry, there is an interesting translation from the Latin of the inscription on this monument, in which was set forth the self-sacrifice displayed by this Thomas Wharton, M.D., Censor of the College of Physicians, London, "inasmuch as he surpassed all the Physicians of his time in that fatally famous Pestilence which invaded London like a furious enemy in the year 1666 . . ."

There is always a horrible fascination clinging to all that comes down to us from that time of terror, but few relics are as closely connected with it as the actual register of deaths during the Plague. The register of St. Michael Bassishaw was saved from the cleansing flames which followed the scourge, and is now kept as a treasure of great price at St. Lawrence, Jewry. Its leather binding worn by age, with clasps that scarce can perform their duty, its pages sere and yellow, still its entries are decipherable—a record of the deaths that occurred in that parish since the year 1538. Who cannot conjure up, in thought, the tremors with which name after name was added to the fatal list, by one who might be seized at any moment with the dread symptoms? Could a voice but be given to this ancient volume, what stories it could tell of London, when its streets were nothing else than courts and alleys, and its houses hardly more than wooden shanties—picturesque we term them now, whilst we enjoy the latest improvements of sanitation and hygiene, but pestilential and fever-breeding to our ancestors who lived in their midst!

When the order was issued that all registers should be kept on parchment, the old paper register was copied out, so that two registers now exist, though it is the original upon which one looks with eyes full of awe and wonder. Together with these relics there is kept a beautiful old chalice dated 1600, which was used at St. Michael Bassishaw.

But, to turn—perhaps not without a sigh of regret—from these quaint, old-world memories, to the matter in hand.



CLAPHAM COMMON BAPTIST CHAPEL, NOW USED AS A POST OFFICE.

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No touch of beauty, despite the hand of Time having passed over it, endears to us the unpretentious erection which now serves as the Clapham Common Post-office. Despite its portals thrown open to the public, its interior fittings of broad counter and brass railings, and its staff of up to-date young ladies—for the very air of a post-office seems to give a *brusquerie* to those who dole out the wares of St. Martin's-le-Grand, possibly due to the self-congratulation inevitable upon having "passed" the necessary "exams."—there yet remains a something that is inconsistent with the bustle of every-day life. With merely a glance round, it is noticeable that the place was never built for the purpose it now fulfils; then it gradually dawns upon the observer that it is a chapel re-cast.

THE OLD SURREY CHAPEL, NOW CONVERTED INTO A SHOP.

For many years the Rev. Richard Webb preached in this Baptist chapel, but it became so crowded on Sunday evenings that it was decided to build another chapel close by on the Common. Although the old place was leasehold, and still had thirty years to run, it was understood that it could not be renewed, and freehold property was thought to be desirable. For five or six years Mr. Webb preached in his new chapel, and at his death the good work was carried on by the present minister, the Rev. T. Hanger.

As will be seen by the picture given of the chapel, but slight alteration has been made in the exterior of the building, except that it has lost its pinnacles and the arches of the central door. In the old days, when Clapham was only an outlying suburb of the Metropolis, the chapel stood amidst rural surroundings; now it is flanked by shops and big, modern houses. The chapel had upon it the date of the late Queen's accession to the throne—1837.

One of the most famous Nonconformist chapels of London has suffered degradation by being put to the purposes of warehouse and shop for all kinds of garden appliances. Old Surrey Chapel, which has stood in the Blackfriars-road for over a century, has passed through such a number of "experiences" that its history, written by the Rev. B. Senior, is exceedingly interesting.

The photograph shows that the old, round edifice has undergone comparatively little alteration since the day when Rowland Hill opened it on June 8th, 1783. It is told that the reason for the chapel being built in this neighbourhood was that Rowland Hill "thought Blackfriars-road was the devil's strongest hold in South London." Under his ministry the place became the Mecca of all sorts and conditions of people, many of them undoubtedly being drawn at first by the geniality of the man, who was not afraid to use his wit in the pulpit if he thought it would drive his divine message home.

On one occasion a number of people rushed into the chapel during a thunderstorm to take refuge. Hill at once said, "Some people say we make a cloak of religion; but I do not know that it is any worse than those who make it an umbrella." The management of committees seems to have been no easier in Rowland Hill's time than it is now. At one of these a little tradesman hoped that "they were not going to admit on the committee all the tag, rag and bobtail of the New Cut." The pastor made no remark, but immediately said, "Let us

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pray," whereupon he knelt down and earnestly asked the Lord to bless the "tag, rag and bobtail." Such were the lessons in humility which this good man sought to inculcate in his people.

Many of the present-day congregations could be divided into the three classes that Rowland Hill once spoke of from the Old Surrey Chapel pulpit. He pointed out with an admirable blending of humour and severity that, first, there were those who were in their places when the service began; second, those who were on the road to chapel; and third, those who were only getting ready when they ought to be there.

FETTER-LANE CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL, NOW TO LET.

Very remarkable was the reason for the chapel being built in the shape of a circle, which Hill thus expressed, "so that the devil should not have a corner in it." When death at last came, the pastor's remains were buried by his special request under the pulpit of his chapel, but when the lease was out in 1881 the body was removed, by permission of the Home Secretary, to Christ Church in the Westminster Bridge-road. The Rev. James Sherman succeeded to the pastorate, and then in 1854 Newman Hall took up the ministry there. Later on the Rev. Benjamin Senior carried on the work at the Old Surrey Chapel, and when the building was converted into a place of business he went to the new Surrey Chapel, which had been erected close by.

It was a curious coincidence, worth recalling, that the Rev. Charles Spurgeon, when preaching the inaugural sermon of the New Chapel, should unconsciously select the same text, "But we preach, Christ crucified," (I. Cor. i, 23) as Rowland Hill had done a hundred years before, when he had delivered the first sermon in the Old Chapel.

And now, having given a home to such a line of illustrious men, the place comes to be a storage for all manner of agricultural instruments! The pews have vanished, but the gallery is there as of old. The porch has been altered and the old building is now surrounded by rustic chairs and summer-houses; but, notwithstanding the metamorphosis which has overtaken it, there is something so distinctive in the quaint erection that the keen observer would see in a moment that at one time it had been used as a place of worship.

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Situated in one of the narrowest of London's busy thoroughfares—Fetter-lane—which connects Fleet-street with Holborn, is an old building, with none of the pretensions one expects to see in a church or chapel. The door is now not only closed, but is defaced by having upon it a large board, setting forth that these "premises are to be let," and by various small, untidy notices of secular affairs. And yet, in past years, this chapel has been the medium of much good work. It was founded as long back as 1666. The chief interest that attaches to the place is the fact that within its walls was made the first public announcement of Queen Anne's death.

Gradually the congregation dwindled away, as the vicinity became crowded with huge buildings for offices, all residents moving further from the heart of the City. About a year ago the chapel was sold and a new one built at Leyton, a populous district of North London. This has been put up in the style of the old one, both in its plain outside and interior.

Scattered throughout the country are sacred edifices now used for other purposes than for worship. A portion of Messrs. Barclay, Perkins' Brewery was once a burial ground, and in the old plans the site of a meeting house is marked. Very little is known of this old building, and that is but of slight interest, the peculiar part being that its place should be eventually occupied by a brewery.

At Bristol the works of Messrs. Fry and Sons have included in them St. Bartholomew's church and schools, but no portion of either building is now standing. They were surrounded by the works for some long time and consequently were of very little use for the purpose for which they were intended. No doubt the most sensible course to follow was the one adopted. The buildings were pulled down so that the works could extend over the ground, and the church and schools were re-erected in a suburb of the town. Curiously enough an old Baptist chapel, bearing the date of 1653, is still standing amidst these chocolate works.

Thus the old historic places fall one by one, replaced by grander, more resplendant edifices which, with all their intrinsic worth, fail to catch the interest of those who love to step for a moment into the past. There is an old-world mysticism about an ancient fane that cannot be attained by the modern red-brick and marble creation; the dim, tumble-down place may be peopled with imaginative figures of a by-gone age; within its walls may have been given wondrous revelations; the very fact that there is possibly a link lost in its history lends it a charm that exists not even in our dearly loved church of to-day. There is a power in the ruined or disused place of worship that appeals silently and strenuously to the sympathetic soul, a feeling that could never be better expressed than in Dr. Johnson's graceful words: "That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

THEKLA BOWSER.

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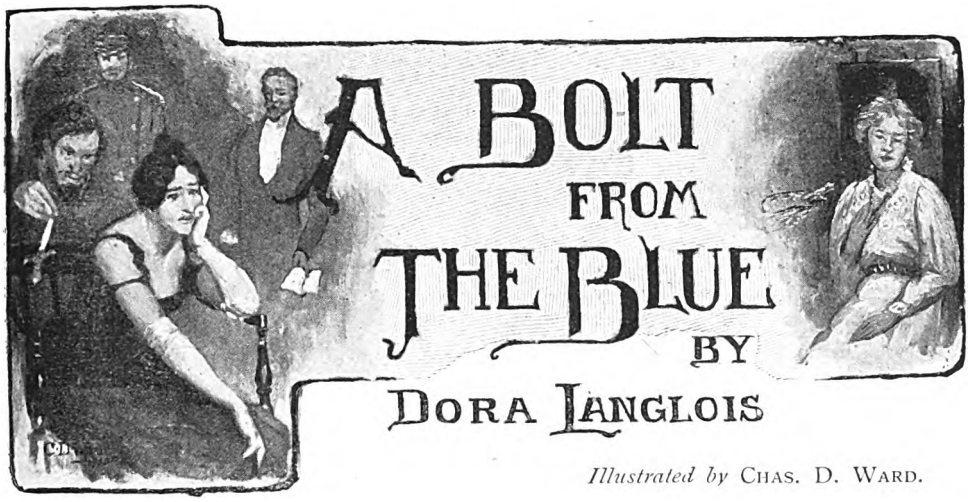

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE

BY

DORA LANGLOIS

Illustrated by CHAS. D. WARD.

CHAPTER XXI.

"TIRED, Jim?"

"No, miss."

"But you must be; put on your jacket and sit down again. I want you to talk to me."

"I ain't no-class at talking, miss," the boy answered, with a laugh. "I was just a-thinking abart wot's in the pipers. They've had a gran' dy fer opernin' that there bridge, haven't they? I've seen it ever since they put the piles in the water. Now, that's the sort of thing that would mike a picture."

"You mean the Tower Bridge, Jim? Yes, I've seen it. It is very grand – probably the handsomest structure of its sort in the world. Were you pining for London again, my boy?"

"No, miss; it's a jolly sight better darn here among the flowers. The greenarse is like Cuvvint Gardin, wif'art no cops to move yer on. But, you know, it's like this: every evenin' I cut out the bits in the dily pipers fer Mr. Osborne, what he's marked with his blue pencil, and there's bin a lot abart the Bridge what I've seen a-growin' up like a biby. I wonder ef them Anarchists they talks abart wus on the job?"

"I hope not, Jim; we shall know to-morrow; perhaps earlier. That young gentleman whose sister was kind to you, has gone to town; we may get news from him. I haven't seen him or his sister for two or three days past, but he may come up to-night and tell us."

"That there Frenchman——"

"Monsieur Durand, you should say, Jim. He is Mr. Osborne's guest, remember."

"Well, him. Mounseer Durand. He's interested too abart the Bridge and the Anarchists' scare. He'll like to know. Shall I stan' up and pull my jacket off, miss? Are you agoin' to do any more at the picter?"

"No, the light's gone, Jim. Come and tell me how you like it."

The boy hunched his shoulders, and stood before the canvas without answering.

"You *don't* like it?"

"No offence, miss; but it don't seem like a picter. It's just like life, and nothin' else. You'll excuse me givin' you the strite tip, won't yer? Now the other—that there with the little gal in it, is somethin' like! It 'ud do fer a almernack, it would strite—no cod," and with this high encomium on the latter work, the self-elected art-critic thrust his hands in his pockets, and gazed at the little maiden approvingly.

"What makes you do them sort of things?" he inquired, pointing a scornful thumb at his own pictured effigy. "It was a bally sight prettier afore you made the nipper so much like me."

"I want the picture to tell a tale, Jim; just the tale of a London boy's hard life, and I don't mind it's not being pretty."

"Well, no one wants to hear them sort of tales, I should think," replied the boy.

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"Miss, is it true? Don't be darn on me for arstin', but *is* it true what they say?"

"What do they say, Jim; that's the question?"

"That you—you—ain't happy, and that you—you does it out of—out of—— You know what I mean; just to kill trouble like."

"Who says I am unhappy, Jim; and in what way do they mean?"

The boy coloured and fidgeted. "I haven't got their side," he answered, vaguely, "and I can't remember all their blooming jaw; but I should say that if—if it's true—and anyone calling hisself a gent could—could put upon you, and carry—carry on with you—I should say he wasn't the toff I took him for at all."

The painter had returned to her easel and her trembling brush hovered over the canvas.

"You're offended, ain't you?"

"No, Jim, no, for your question came from an honest kindly heart; but you don't quite understand. Suppose a gentleman—no, I won't use those terms—I'll say a man, cared for a woman, as a dear friend and comrade, and taught her to think high thoughts, and strive after noble deeds, but could never care for her in any other way? Suppose he had shown her this from the first as plainly as a man can show it, without giving offence, and yet she was foolish—no, not foolish—not even unfortunate, but just constituted so that she could not help keeping her heart as a sort of looking-glass for his reflection? Suppose it was just his goodness to all—and what his goodness had made him specially to her—that drew her to him, would you blame him for just the little regret that must shadow her life? Could you blame him if you were told that she would rather have him as he is, her master in all that is good, than see him on her own level, just an ordinary lover and husband?"

"It's an act above me," the boy replied, softly. "Just a trifle on top of the omnibus—but I think, I think——" he broke off, and there was no sound in the room. The painter still stood at her easel working slowly at the foreground, till suddenly her hand was arrested and pressed against a soft young cheek. "I didn't go fer to 'urt you. Strike me dead, I didn't."

As they stood thus Osborne opened the door and entered; his face was pale and harassed, and a sort of spasm of pain crossed it as his eyes fell on Eva and the boy.

"Cut along now, Jim," he said, "and get your supper. Eva, has the boy distressed you?" And he drew her gently into the light, and regarded her keenly.

"Not intentionally," she answered. "Don't trouble about it, Frank, it's not worth while."

"Anything that affects you is worth my while to inquire into," said he, "and there is no trouble for me, Eva, so great as to see you suffering. I hope you believe that."

"I do believe it," she answered. "You are all that is good and kind to me, but in this instance it is no use your interfering."

"Then you don't care to tell me what it was that Jim said to disturb you just now?"

"I don't wish to make any mystery of the matter," she answered, "but no good would come of my repeating the idle gossip of people who must meddle with lives they do not understand."

Osborne turned away sharply, and took two or three paces across the room. "They have been busy with my name so long," he said, returning to her side, "that it is little matter what they say, but it passes patience that they should attack you."

"You have had more trouble to-day I fear," she remarked, willing to turn his attention from herself.

"Only the usual thing," he rejoined. "One of our distressing cases on the bench. A poor wretch who broke some windows in order to get into gaol, and then told us to our faces that his task in the latter place would be but two and a half pounds of oakum, subject to doctor's orders, his remuneration (he put it that way, Eva), a clean bed and decent food; while in the casual ward, in return for a plank to sleep on, a single filthy rag to cover him, and two slices of dry bread, one for supper and one for breakfast, he would be expected to pick four pounds of ordinary oakum, or eight of the broken stuff—the said eight sometimes being scarcely dressed at all when given out. He asked to be sent to gaol *for life*, where at least he might be clean and something like human. It broke me up, Eva, for what the man said about the tasks and the filth of many casual wards *was true*. I told him that he must bear

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the punishment he had brought on himself like a man, and that when he came out he should return to me to see if there wasn't some better alternative for an able man. But it was not for that alone, that my brothers on the bench, notably our friend Porcher, had me over the coals. It seems that I have given mortal offence to Mr. Lechlade, and am accounted as little less than a heathen for having done so."

"How was that, Frank?" Eva demanded. "I thought you always tried to keep the peace and to avoid offence."

"God knows I do," he answered; "but sometimes I can't help being bitter, and I own I hit him hard. They brought one of Porcher's cotters up before us for overcrowding the bedrooms of his domicile to the danger of the public health. It seems the poor fellow has nine children and a wife to keep, and but two sleeping rooms to keep them in. Of course, he was told to move into a larger tenement, or send some of the youngsters out. His excuse was that he couldn't do the latter till the School Board let them go; and then the children were so small (no wonder) that they 'were not crowded much.' Small! Eva—*puny and starved*, I call it. What do you think his salary was? Eleven shillings a week if he looked after cattle on Sunday. Less if he took a rest; and he had been seventeen years with one master. Eleven human souls, and one shilling per head to keep them on per week! Well, of course, the law's the law, and the inspector proved that the man had been warned and had taken no notice—so Porcher was for 'dealing with him.' By dint of making myself obnoxious, I got the man a month's respite, and he was told that at the end of that time if the nuisance had not abated he would be 'dealt with.' The man's frightened face made me boil, and I added the magisterial rider that I was sorry I couldn't have his master up before me to deal with him with his coat off for five minutes. It seems that Lechlade was his employer, and I've raised a hornet's nest about my ears."

"EVA, HAS THE BOY DISTRESSED YOU?"

"But the man, Frank, the cotter?"

"Need you ask? He is all right now; but the sum and substance of it is that I am not considered an ornament to the bench, and that there is a distinct feeling that I ought to retire."

"You will not do so, I hope," she said.

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"You will stand to your guns, Frank, for the sake of those whom you could not reach in any other way."

"I suppose I must," he answered. "But it is heart-breaking work, Eva, when there is so little reward, so little comfort anywhere. Even such happiness as I may have in my domestic life they grudge me now. It is no use pretending that I don't know what is going on; and I must find the courage to say to you what you are too tender of me to propose yourself. Had you not better leave my home?"

"When you are tired of my presence here, Frank," she assented, "when you are dissatisfied with our relation and position towards each other, yes, then I will go."

He uttered a bitter groan that seemed to come from the depth of his heart. "I *am* dissatisfied," he answered, "and tired—tired to weariness of my position, of my inability to——" Then he checked himself and added, more steadily, if with no more genuine calmness: "I am very much hemmed in, Eva. I cannot say what I would. Briefly the position is this: Your presence near me has been my comfort, your steadfast loyalty and affection has made the sunshine of my life. But I have been ill-advised (things being as they are with me) to accept the sacrifice. I should not have let you, to whom other spheres and other vocations are open, spend your life side by side with mine in a comradeship which is misunderstood, a comradeship which, dear as it is, is futile and—and hopeless in many ways."

He broke off and covered his face with his hands.

"Frank," she said, faintly, "I am satisfied with things as they are. I seek no happier home, no closer ties than those that bind me now. I will not run away from you because others think to dictate to us. To do so would be to confess that we have been wrong in being as much to each other as we have been. You are my natural guardian and dearest friend. May I remain?"

"God bless you, Eva," he answered, brokenly.

"That is no answer," she said, though she spoke more cheerfully. "May I remain?"

"Yes, my—my guardian angel, yes, if you will relieve me of the almost guilty sense I bear of responsibility towards you by promising that, should you ever learn to long for other ties, you will tell me frankly and leave me without regret. I only keep you till you find another and better protector. Do you promise?"

"To tell you frankly and freely when I have anything of the sort you mean to tell? Yes, I promise that," she answered, stifling the pain at her heart for his sake. "To leave you without regret even when I find a home I should prefer? No, I can't promise that, for I know I should not like to hear you say that you would bid me 'God speed' on my departure."

His face was turned from her still. She could not see how he was affected by the possibility she spoke lightly of—for his sake. He kept his face averted that she might not see, because he mistrusted his own power of restraint, and did not guess how gladly she would have accepted a full knowledge of the barrier which separated them, could she but have had the solace of knowing herself beloved.

"Your place will always be in my heart, Eva," he answered, "even when you have left my hearth."

She patted his shoulder lightly with her hand. "Agreed!" she said. "That is as I would have it. Come, do not let us bear such winter faces for Maria to see. I am going now to dress for dinner and decorum, and you must let me see you at table with a face as bright as though there were no such cattle in the world as our neighbourly neighbours."

The next minute she was gone, and the man rose and flung his arms after her despairingly. "What shall I do without you, my Eve?" he muttered. "What indeed! Adam lost paradise, but at least he kept the companion of his soul."

There was another presence in the room, another figure before the easel, and the unhappy man turned to face one of the little deadly worries of his harassed life, his utterly unsympathetic sister.

"Well, Frank," she said, "I may hope you are satisfied now?"

"Certainly, if you are, Maria," he answered, as lightly as he could. "What is the particular cause for satisfaction now?"

"Oh, you know well enough what I mean," she retorted, angry at having her sarcasm turned thus good-humouredly back upon herself. "I mean, are you satisfied with the latest piece of gossip?"

"There is always so much of that,"

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said he, "that I am never quite sure that I have heard the *latest*. What is it?"

"This that everybody is saying about you and Eva."

"So," he ejaculated, "my neighbours have been busy with her name. I thought so. Well, Maria, I must ask them to say what they like about me, but to leave her alone, and I beg you, my dear sister, to set them the example by letting the subject drop."

"That's a very neat way of shutting me up," retorted the worthy lady, "and I thank you, Frank. I only wish you could silence other people (who don't wish half so well by you) in the same high-handed manner. Unfortunately you can't, you see. You can't go round to half the drawing-rooms in the county and tell the women not to tattle; you can't run after idle, dirty little urchins and tell them not to sing vulgar ribald songs."

"Songs?"

"Yes, some precious importation from the London music-halls about a young man and a young woman, with the charming refrain 'Why don't you marry the girl?' Mr. Porcher's tenants sing it when you go out. I've heard them myself, but I took no notice till I heard that there *was* talk in higher circles."

Osborne had turned white with a sudden access of wrath. "From Porcher I should have expected anything, even though it were a dastardly attack upon a woman, but his tenants, they might have spared me, seeing that those expelled from *his* estate have always found work and wages on *mine*."

"I don't know," muttered Miss Maria, sententiously. "There is some sense in it, after all. Why don't you do it?"

"Do what, Maria?"

"What they suggest, what they sing about—marry her!"

"Maria, for God's sake, spare me. You, at least, might know, might guess that if it were possible——"

"Francis, what was the nature of the tie between you and that—that woman?"

His calm was quite broken up now, hopelessly gone. "Not one that any creature could force on me," he said, "but one that is unhappily as binding on my conscience."

"Not a legal tie, then?"

"No, oh, no."

"It must have been a very shameful one?"

He started, surprised at her construction of his words. "You forgot," he said, in a low voice, "the woman of whom we speak was as sacred in my eyes then as Eva herself."

"I don't understand it at all," she said.

And in truth she did not, for, strange as it may seem, it is none the less true, that those themselves most rigid and guiltless of the least peccadillo are often quite unable to interpret a circumstance in one way, the best and cleanest; while they can with no difficulty understand it perfectly, granted that the motive from which it sprang was vile.

"It was an oath," he said, speaking for the first time to any living soul of the wretched compact he had made, "an oath taken without witnesses, but none the less solemn and binding on that account. It has galled me for years; it will go well nigh to break my heart if, as I think, as I begin to fear——" He broke off, unable to continue.

Maria Osborne had many faults, but want of regard for a plighted word was not one of them.

"Humph!" she ejaculated, regarding her brother grimly. "If you had taken my advice you would never have had anything to do with that creature. However, it's no use crying over spilt milk; and since you've made your bed in that way I suppose you'll have to lie on it. But it ought to make you more amenable to reason in other ways. Why don't you leave all this nonsense alone? Nobody admires you, nobody thanks you, nobody wants anything except leave just to muddle along in their own sweet way. You think the poor in the cities want to be clean and wholesome. They don't. Keep them working and keep them out of mischief, I say, if you want to be the people's friend."

"Half a moment, Maria," Osborne interposed. "'*Keep them out of mischief*,' is a phrase that needs interpretation. I can't myself help feeling that it means keep them out of our way. Granted that the poor misuse their pleasures, is it not because we have so shamefully misused them in their work? Where's the sin in football? As for the lower forms of pleasure, what are they? It's the comradeship and not the drink at first that allures.

"Oh, very well, Francis; very well!" sneered his sister. "I am used to your

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tactics. As soon as I venture to speak of your personal affairs, of which, goodness knows, you have made a pretty muddle—you stop my mouth with your stupid tirades about humanity."

"I have ruined my own life, God knows," he answered, hoarsely. "I shut the brightness out of it with my own hands, but I could find some patience for my folly, if I thought that through my own disappointment I had learnt to feel for lives destined to shipwreck from their birth."

"We had better not discuss matters," she suggested. "Frankly, I don't understand you; with all your hate of existing institutions, I expect one of these days to see you turn Anarchist."

"Anarchist! Why Anarchist, Maria?" he asked, startled by that word used by her while his mind was full of the memories of one figure from the past.

"Because it looks like it; because you are next door to a madman now on some subjects."

"No, no, Maria," he laughed, relieved to find that she had no hidden meaning. "It is true that I hate tyranny like poison, but I know that nothing will ever be altered for the better by the fiends who invent infernal machines or by the committal of cruel and bloody murders."

"Well, all this sort of discontent makes that way," she said.

"I think the causes of that discontent are to blame for that," he answered. "You spoke a few minutes ago of keeping the people working as a panacea for all evils. Has it ever struck you that keeping one man working when play would be better for him—working not to amass wealth but just to keep his body and soul together—is at the same time forcing his brother to rot in idleness? Do you remember the words of the old song they used to sing in our childhood? I have brought it up-to-date to suit the morality of the hour:

Work, work, work and be contented,
As long as you've enough to buy a meal.
On this you may rely,
To be wealthy by-and-bye,
You must shoulder other fellows from the wheel.

That's the motto, I take it, of Porcher and Co."

"Mr. Porcher may not be altogether agreeable to you, Frank, I know, but he has risen to his present position by his own exertions, a thing you could never have done," she retorted. "Luckily for you you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth; otherwise you would have lived and died a beggar."

"I fancy you are right, Maria," he answered; "to make a fortune in these days a man must have a heart of stone! Do you know, I have a strong leaning towards the men who are failures. I fancy there will be a great deal to say for them at the Last Judgment."

He spoke earnestly, but his earnestness was thrown away upon Maria.

"If he would go into Parliament and cut some sort of a figure, I shouldn't so much mind," she muttered. "There's the dinner gong, Frank," she announced, "and, as usual, you are not dressed."

"I'm afraid you must share the blame this time, Maria," he answered, "but I'll repent, by adorning myself inside five minutes," and, dropping a light kiss of reconciliation on her forehead, he departed.

"It is a pity that no one can bring him to reason," she sighed, as she started for the dining-room. "There, how annoying, I must have dropped my fan." She turned to retrace her steps, but on opening the door, started back in a confusion too girlish for her years. She was not alone, M. Durand was at the window, from which the draught was fluttering the white curtain. He too started uneasily.

"Madame—mees," he stammered, "I have looked for you everywhere, to excuse myself from the dinner. I am maladi, what you call him? Unwell. I have been ver mooche set up by some news I have receive. Will you pardon me that I do not do myself the pleasure theece evening?"

He stood between her and the window awkwardly, the curtain in his hand, which he had drawn back and was still holding.

"I am so sorry," she murmured, "both for the loss of your company and the cause; but, of course, we must excuse you. You do look ill, Monsieur Durand. I never saw you so pale, you are positively ghastly! Can't I do something?"

She had drawn nearer him, and in consequence nearer to the window also.

"Nossing," he whispered taking her hand and leading her gently away from the spot from which the sweep of the garden path was plainly visible, "nossing,

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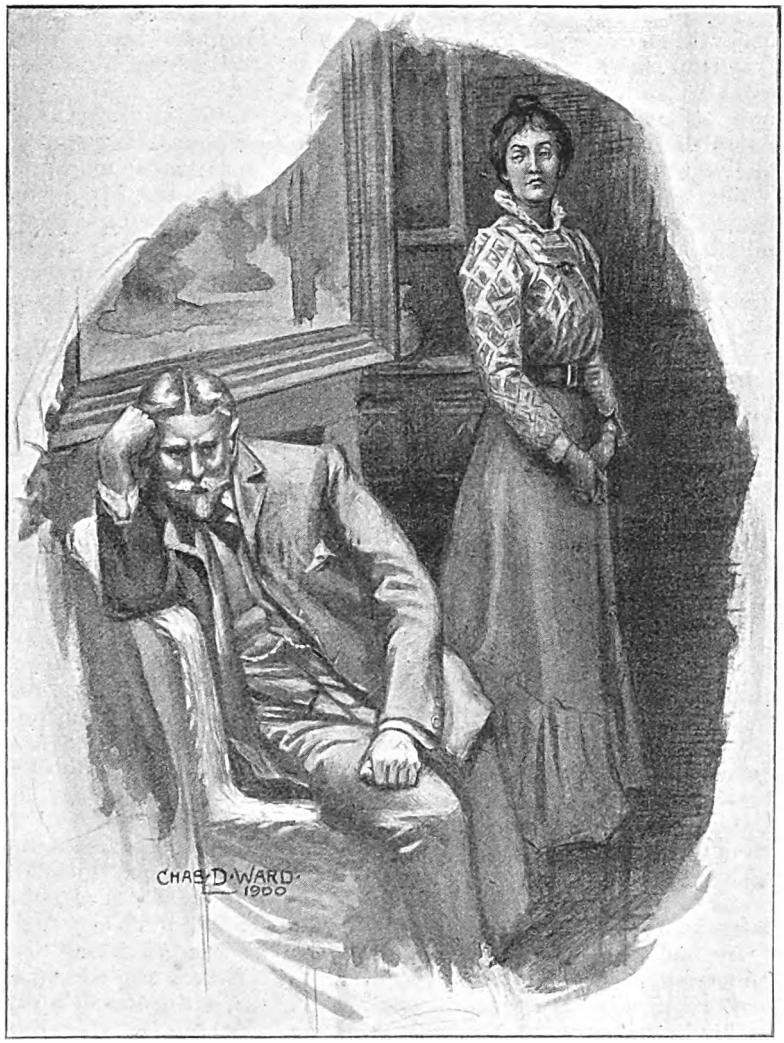
but leave me without the regret of making myself troublesome to you. I am afflicted to distress you. It give me the great pain. You will go to dine, and think no more of this?"

"Oh!. but I can't," she murmured, with almost girlish persistence. "I'm sure I could not eat a mouthful, if I didn't do something for you first. What—what's the matter, M. Durand?"

His eyes, against his will, had gone over to the window, and in sudden alarm she released the hand he still held and faced about. "Oh! Look—see. I'm sure I saw someone there, under the shadow of the trees in the grounds."

"*Tiens!*" Quick as thought, he had drawn her back. "What do you think you see? What haf frighten you?"



"IT WAS AN OATH," HE SAID, SPEAKING FOR THE FIRST TIME OF THE WRETCHED COMPACT HE HAD MADE.

"There's someone in the grounds," she reiterated. "Oh, I'm sure it's a man—a dreadful, horrid man."

He placed himself in the window, full in the lamplight; and afterwards she recalled that he raised his two hands together swiftly, and then opened them palm downwards, as a conductor at the diminuendo might. "I am sorry to contradict you," he said, as he turned to her once more, "It is a woman, not a man."

"A woman! A strange woman. What can she want in our grounds?" she asked, her fears allayed and a righteous indignation taking their place.

He shrugged his shoulders and crept towards her again with his stooping curly attitude, his cunning head advanced, the motion of his hands, the motion habitual to them of washing away imaginary spots.

"Do you not know?" he said. "She come here every evening. I see her myself. She and your brother, they meet in the little summer-house at the bottom of the garden furthest from the house. I tell you what you shall do. You shall not say nothing now, and after the dinner—after the dinner, I myself will speak."

"Monsieur Durand," she murmured,

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"you overwhelm me. I could not have believed——"

"You shall believe nossing—nossing till I speak," he persisted. "Ah, it is not right to bring this woman near the house that shelter the angelic demoiselle like yourself."

Miss Maria was really confused and upset; it was not merely the coyness of a middle-aged maiden now.

"Yes, yes, we will not discuss it. You will remonstrate with my brother for me," she said.

"I will. I shall not come to the *salon* this evening. I shall remain here where it is cool, upon the balcony. You shall beg your brother to come up here alone—is it not so? And then I talk to him; I gif him some little pieces of my mind."

He held the door open for her as he spoke, and with intense relief closed it again on her retreating figure.

"I will remonstrate with him when the time come," he muttered with a mirthless chuckle. "*This* shall speak for me," and he laid his long lean hand upon the camera which now occupied a place on the table.

"Ah! What is this?" he added, his keen eye arrested by an object that lay beside it. "His cigarette case. Good! Let me see. Let me see." He was stooping over the table, his hand in his breast-pocket, his eyes glowing with a new excitement. I shall take ze leebairtie to exchange zeese for zose."

He had produced a little packet carefully wrapped in silver paper. To all intents and purposes, it appeared to contain nothing but cigarettes of exactly the same make and brand as Osborne's, which he rapidly poured on to the table.

He took a few up in the hollow of his hand and compared them with the others, his own. "They are so good," he muttered, with an evident admiration of his own brand almost tender. "Ah! I mus' ta' care not to smoke one myself," and with nervous haste he emptied the contents of the silver paper into the cigarette case, transferring those on the table to his pocket.

"Dieu de dieu! What is zat?"

"Beg pardon. May I come in, sir?"

It was Jim Blake, who had come up, as was usual now after his supper, to make the cuttings from the dailies—a duty he was allowed to perform in a little closet of Eva's studio.

"What you want here?" the Frenchman demanded, roughly, as he snapped to the lid of the little silver case and faced round.

"Nothink," retorted Jim, who was not disposed to forgive or forget. "There ain't no spoons up here, all the best britannia metal being on the table along of your being espected to dinner. Nor I ain't got my eye on none of the nick-nacks neither; so you needn't put that little bit o' pewter in *your* pocket, to keep it outer mine."

"My small leetle friend," answered Durand, "I ask you what you come here for, I not ask what you *not* come for. For myself, I smoke ze cigarette of my friend," and he placed between his lips, but did not light, one of Osborne's own.

It was the man's nature to be cowardly; and, though he knew that all of his own make were reposing safely in his host's case, there was the fear on him of any possible mistake.

"I dunno as you have any right to arst," retorted the boy. "P'raps I've got a fit of jim-jams, too, and have come up 'ere to get a smoke on the cheap. P'raps! P'raps not. I ain't on the make-haste myself, though, as a rule. But since you've arst a civil question, you shall have a civil answer, cully. I've a-come up 'ere ter wite fer my furrin friend, the Dook de Dustpan, who is confidently espected to arrive in his privet caffy-au-lait instanter."

Then, writhing his body and contorting his face into what he meant to represent a Continental shrug and a French grimace. the boy crossed the room, entered the little ante-chamber or light-closet, and calmly took up his scissors and paste.

Treading softly like a cat, the Frenchman followed him, lifted the brocade curtain, and felt for something. If it was a key he looked for, he was doomed to disappointment; there was not one in the lock.

"Come in—don't knock," cried the youth's clear voice. "Sit down and mike yerself at 'ome; I'm sure I wish you was, as the old 'oman said when the School Board man called in unexpected."

Durand flung the door wide, the handle of which, by clicking, had betrayed him. "My leetle friend, I like your shokes ver' much," he said. "You are busy, eh? That is good, ver' good. I shall gif you somezing."

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Taking a cigarette, not from his pocket but *from the case* on the table, he tossed it across to the boy, shut the door again, and retired, smiling his evil smile.

The boy picked it up and put it between his lips, and then, with a sigh, laid it down again. "Orfice hours!" he murmured, regretfully. "It won't do to go smoking fags like a blooming dook while I'm working. Not likely! Not much! I'll have a go at that later on," and he took up the scissors again and fell to clipping busily.

CHAPTER XXII.

"You have been kept waiting, comrade."

It was Helga Katiskoff who spoke. She had come in through the open window and stood now by the table.

"It could not be helped," Durand answered. "The old fool I tell you of come in just now. She see you, and it have nearly spoiled all. That must not be. When a thing is arranged it is not well to put it off," he muttered, speaking for the moment in English, in which language she had addressed him. Then, with a sudden transition to his own tongue, he added: "There is a *gamin* in that room. Speak low, the curtain is thick, he need hear nothing. For the machine first; see, I set it as I might were we in an assemblage of thousands, exactly as the amateur finds the picture when about to take a view. The chemicals may be placed at any time, either before or after the machine is set. You have them?"

"Yes, they are here," she said, making as though to unfasten the little bottle from her waist. "Better put in the drops at once, then, that nothing may remain but for me to press the button."

Again that sickly pallor overspread his face. "No, no," he whispered; "it is safer. Better not; it is too soon. Once the machine is charged, to overturn the table, to give it a strong blow would, or at least might——"

"I understand," she said, cynically. "You mean that an accident might have the same effect, might, in fact, do away altogether with the formality of pressing the button? These delicate machines are good things, but if anything goes wrong with them—— *Eh, bien!* It is no matter. You leave me now, I suppose, to see to the escape? Can you be ready before the inmates return to this room?"

"No," he answered, sullenly, "it will not serve. The dining *salon* is too far from here. The man I spoke of must be close at hand. I will have him. *Oui, mon Dieu!* I *will* have him here in this chair when the time comes."

"And how do you propose to carry it through, then, comrade?" she demanded. "I am not invisible, neither am I an invited guest. The man is not blind, is he? I am here for a demonstration truly, but I do not risk myself to please your fancy for details."

"The man shall be both blind and deaf," he said, pointing to the cigarette-case with a meaning smile. "I have charged it, you understand. He smokes all day, always. Three minutes—two, perhaps—will send him to sleep. Then you shall bind him. The rope is here ready to your hand. You shall pour in the drops and press the button, and there will be five minutes for you to reach me, and for us to drive away. Some dust and smoke will follow us, some fragments possibly, but nothing that can hurt."

She looked him steadily in the eye. She was calculating, perhaps, her chances of being included in the escape party.

"I shall look," she said, "to see that you are close at hand before I act. Remember, comrade, that your failing is known, and that there are among the brotherhood those who love me and will avenge me if I fall alone."

"I belong to the cause," he answered in a low voice, but with averted eyes.

"How shall I know your man?" she asked.

There was the latent devilry of her perverted nature flashing from her eyes, quivering in her nostrils.

"He will come alone. I have arranged for that," he said.

"Well, if there is any mistake that will be your affair," she said, calmly. "Leave me now."

"*Peste!* There must be *no* mistake," he retorted. "See, his picture. It is to the life. You will know him again."

She had turned with him to the opposite wall, and she *did* know the face that Eva's talent and all the love of her heart had helped her to portray. Without the art to limn it on canvas it was preserved in tints as vivid and enduring in her heart. She uttered no cry, but clasped

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both hands over her breast, and stood for a moment panting and trembling like a dumb brute who had received a mortal wound.

Surprised and confused, Durand watched her.

"Is this the master of this house?" she asked at length.

He nodded.

"His name is Osborne, then?"

"Yes, comrade, that is so."

"Quick!" she said, turning sharply on him. "You have the means of escape. Go!"

"What does this mean?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Simply that there will be no demonstration in this house to-night."

"You are false to the cause," he hissed. "Have you no fear that I shall denounce you to the brotherhood?"

"Fiend!" she retorted. "It is for *you* to fear. If I did not know you to be as harmless without your agent as a pricked bladder I—I myself would denounce *you*, and surrender myself to the inmates of this house. I have told you once. The means of escape await you; take them and go."

She had shaken him off as one might an insignificant but repulsive insect, and was absorbed again in her contemplation of the portrait which, strangely enough, was to have been her wedding present.

Durand was beside himself with impatience and anxiety. He could not bear to surrender the opportunity of gratifying his evil passions at another's risk, and for that reason was loth to go. At the same time, if he could not move her he felt that he would not dare to stay. Looking at her face he took his cue from it.

"Do you know who painted that picture?" he hissed.

"I do not," she answered, "nor do I care. I shall see him myself to-night."

"It was painted," he continued, "by the woman he is about to marry, the woman whose very feet he worships."

"It is a lie," she answered. "He cannot marry her."

The other was now sure of his ground. She had given herself away.

"Ah, ah!" he laughed, "I understand you, comrade. You are *la belle Russe* about whom she would twit him, at whose expense they would both laugh and make a mock, while enjoying their mutual embraces."

"I don't believe it," she answered, but not quite as firmly. "He would no more jest at me than I at my father's grave. The past is sacred; you cannot convince me. Go."

Beaten but still irresolute he turned. The next instant there were voices in the passage without, Osborne's and Eva's.

"They are coming; they are together. Quick!" he said. "Quick! You shall see for yourself," and he had half-dragged, half-led her on to the balcony before the door was opened.

It was not that he anticipated any result in permitting her to see these two alone. He had coloured his story to please himself without regard to the possible truth. His expedient was merely for the sake of gaining time, of preventing the possibility of her remaining to face the newcomers, who had reached the room fully twenty minutes before the dinner should have terminated.

From their post in the shadow without it was easy to command a view of the room and to hear all that was said. The jealous woman on the balcony noted how fair her rival (seen before only in her unripe girlhood) was; how exquisitely the clinging robes of soft *eau de nile* became her figure; how sweetly the violets she wore nestled in her rippling hair and clustered on her bosom.

"Eva," Osborne was saying in a pleading voice, "it is a dreadful scourge. Surely, surely you will not go?"

He had a flimsy pink paper and a buff envelope in his hand.

"I must," she answered, firmly. "Oh, I must. You, above all, should not try to dissuade me, Frank. Are they not, as it were, my own children? Am I not responsible? No, Frank. It is the one thing that you must not ask. Diphtheria has broken out in the home built by me and filled by me with helpless little ones. My place is by them."

"But it is not," he went on, earnestly, "as though I were asking you to relinquish a duty that none but you can fill. There are others on the spot. All that money can do——"

She silenced him with a gesture of astonishment.

"Frank! When did such an argument find its way to your lips? 'All that money can do?' Is it because I chance to possess a fortune that I am at liberty to bribe others to run the risk, to take the duty

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and the chances for me? All that money can do! That's the world's code, Frank, not yours. You don't speak like yourself to-night."

He had faced her suddenly, his features working with emotion, his breast heaving. "I speak," he said, "like a mariner who sees the light ashore go out. There has been a premonition of evil hanging over me all day, and to-night it seems to me that if we part we part for ever. I do not speak as a guide or mentor (what am I, to be either?), but as a man who loves with his whole soul, and begs you to remain."

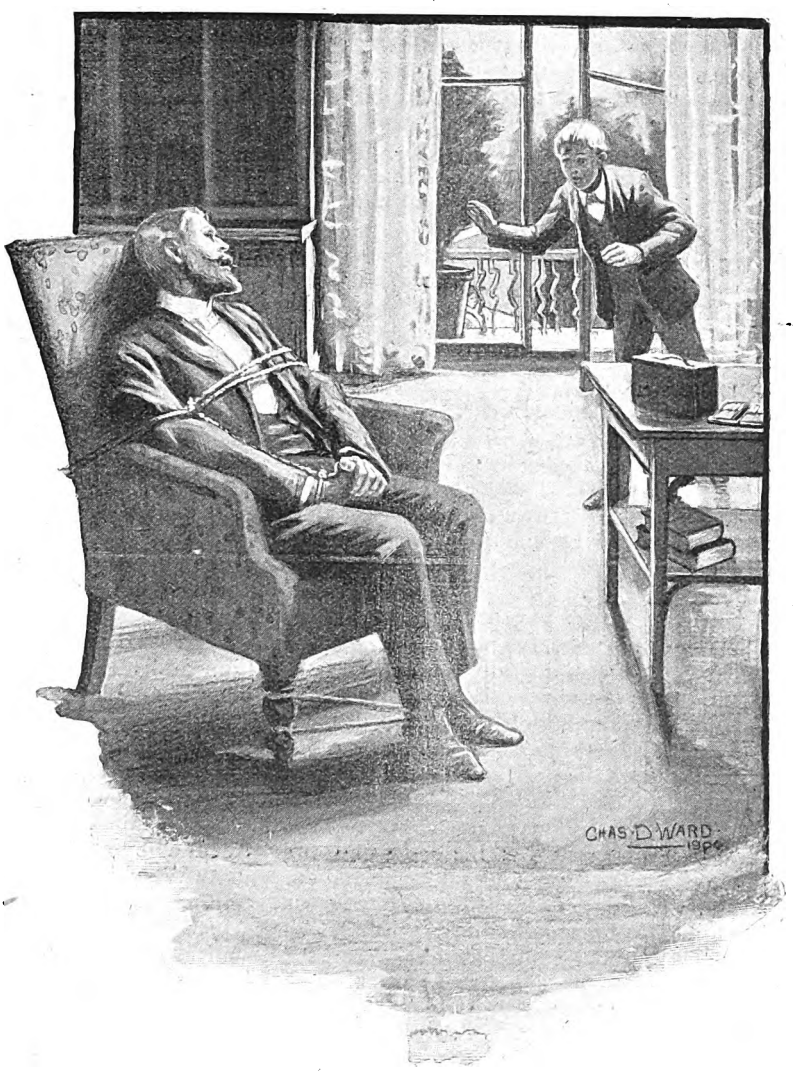
He had caught her hands in both his own. The well-kept secret was out at last, told for the first time with those bright eyes watching from the balcony.

"Stay with me. I cannot part with you."

He had gathered her to his breast, everything forgotten for the moment in his absorbing fear.

"No, Frank," she said a moment later. "I choose rather to go to my work strengthened by your love." Then she added, so low that the watcher could not catch her words. "I think if you had been quite free you would have told me this before. While I am gone you will have time to think."

With a groan Osborne dropped into a chair, overpowered by his keen sense of self-abasement; but to those without he seemed merely an ardent lover broken down by a temporary parting from the object of his passion.



"JIM, JIM, MY LAD, GET OUT OF THE WINDOW; FLY FOR YOUR LIFE!"

"Companion, time presses," whispered Durand, to whom the Fates for their own ends had sent more than he dared to hope for. "Is there to be a demonstration to-night?"

Helga Katiskoff turned her pale face upon him, and whispered: "Yes."

"The man has had his orders to have the gig ready. It will be waiting for me in the stable-yard. I have but to bring it round."

"Quick, then," she answered. "It must be before *she* can leave the house."

"You do not fear? You are true to the cause?"

"I'm true to the devil in me," she

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answered. "Don't speak to me of the cause. We are what we are, that's enough. Make haste, before some wind of passion turns me the other way, if you would revenge your father's death."

"He is smoking now. In two minutes he will be insensible; in less than three I shall be under the window again," he whispered, hurriedly.

It was true. Osborne, lying back in the chair, was idly blowing smoke-wreaths and gazing after them as though his trouble were written on their intricate evolutions. Suddenly he made a gesture of repugnance and flung the little roll away, not one-third burnt. Uneasy and overcome with nausea, like a raw boy at his first essay, he endeavoured to draw himself up to reach the bell; then, with an ineffectual effort to call upon the name of the woman who had just left him, he fell back helpless and inert upon the cushions.

Durand had not yet returned, there was no sound of wheels upon the gravel sweep, but in an instant she was in the room, and had the rope in her hands.

Had her companion been delayed, or had he betrayed her? The chances were equal either way; but she had little thought of anything but her purpose. With wonderful dexterity she had the rope in a noose across his chest and the back of the *fauteuil*, round both his hands, which had dropped clasped together across his knees, round his ankles and the leg of the chair, and had knotted it off on the twisted arm of a heavy oak chest which required two free men to stir it.

"Truly, Samson, the Philistines be upon you," she murmured, as, turning to the window, she saw Durand below her at last. Making him a sign that all was well, she advanced to the innocent-looking camera, and, unslinging the porcelain-lined bottle from her waist, prepared to open it. She was in the act of unscrewing the outer stopper when a faint murmur arrested her.

"Helga!"

She turned abruptly. The scarcely-smoked cigarette had only produced brief unconsciousness; its effects were passing away. Osborne was bound, but his faculties had returned. He was not to meet his fate in happy oblivion of the pain and horror of it.

"Helga!"

A smile, almost sweet in its absolute triumph, lighted up her face. It had galled her that he should pass away with another woman's name on his lips, another woman's image the last in his mind. His consciousness added to her danger, but it enhanced her triumph, and she was satisfied. He should see her pour the drops into the bomb, he should know the hand that struck him.

"Yes," she said slowly, "it is I, your former love. Don't stir, don't cry out. You will only hasten your end, and bring those round you whom you would rather have away. You see that simple-looking box, it contains your death-warrant. Do you know enough of my past—the past from which you would not save me—to understand what that means?"

He looked at her like a man gradually waking from a dream.

"I think I do," he murmured.

"The man your sister (my old enemy) brought under this roof, is my accomplice in this," she said. "When I found who was to be the victim I could have stopped him, and I would have done so but for what I saw here in this room just now."

Osborne raised his eyes to hers. "I know you seek my life, Helga," he said. "Take it and welcome, but for God's sake spare those who have not injured you."

"Not injured me? I have been injured by all who had part or parcel in separating us. We trifle with time. Look at me, Francis Osborne. Mine is the last face you will ever see, mine the last voice you will ever hear. There was a time when you would have had it so."

She was leaning over him, closer, closer yet. She had touched the button. He saw the movement and guessed its object; and yet she lingered. Her voice had sunk to a low wail, and died in a sob as her burning lips touched his. "I told you we should meet again, and this—this is our parting for ever."

The next moment he was alone, conscious of a monotonous ticking as of some strange new timepiece telling off the remaining moments of his life. To say that his past existence unrolled itself before him would be false. Some parts of it came back as in a dream, a confused, broken dream, with no coherence in it. He was conscious that he was about to die, but only in a vague, impersonal way that was void of fear, or even active interest. What galled him most was that others were to die, too, and that it might

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not have been, would not have been, but for that one moment of passionate misery in which he had forgotten to be true to his word. His helplessness, too, was awful. How long would the machine tick on before it ran down? If he had but known that he would have dared to cry out, to warn the others, not to save himself; he looked on his own case dispassionately as hopeless. She had silenced him effectually when she warned him that to bring others round him was to gather them nearer the awful danger, and a shout, though it be a shout of warning, more often collects than disperses those who hear it. His brain was still confused by the narcotic, but it was clearing quickly. Eva would be in her dressing-room in another part of the building; Maria possibly in the drawing-room, nearer, but still far enough for her to have some chance. The servants below, not above, for the most part; all better placed than if he shouted. He was alone; better, far better so. No, he had forgotten, there was the boy, Jim Blake, in the little ante-room, busy with scissors and paste.

"Jim, Jim, my lad, get out by the window! Fly, fly for your life!" Clear, distinct, commanding, his voice rang out.

"Oh, sir, what does it mean? You're tied to the chair!" The door had opened and Jim Blake stood on the threshold.

"Never mind me, lad, out by the window. There's a bomb on the table—it may go off at any minute!"

Jim's knife was out of his pocket. He was opening it with his teeth.

"Let it go off," he said. "I ain't a-going to leave you."

He was down on his knees hacking away madly with the blunt and broken blade, but the rope defied his efforts.

"For Heaven's sake leave me!"

"By Heavens I won't. We'll go together."

The boy was on his feet. He was staggering across the room. He had dropped the knife, and raised the infernal machine in both hands. Across the room to the open window Osborne watched him go, blind almost with horror for the doom he was able to realise, now another was nearer it than he. Sixty seconds had not ticked off on that other timepiece on the mantelshelf since his old love's fevered kiss touched his hot lips. He saw the thing fly into the open air. As it turned over he saw a cloud of what might have been fire or blood. He heard horrible sounds commingled, the nature of which he could not divine, so full the air was of them, so full that it rocked again.

The room was in darkness, or else he himself was blind. But something had struck violently against him and then slipped to his feet, something soft. He thought it was the boy's body. A sigh escaped him, and he knew no more.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Extract from the *Midshire Echo*:

"The neighbourhood is still deeply excited over the narrow escape of Mr. Francis Osborne and his household from a fearful doom. But for the bravery of the waif, James Blake, Heaven only knows what would have been the extent of the loss of life and destruction of property. Mr. Osborne himself must have been blown to atoms; as it is, he is scarcely hurt at all. The little hero has not escaped so lightly. The window through which he hurled the infernal machine was completely shattered, frame and all, and blown into the apartment. He was much cut about the head and face, and flung unconscious at the feet of the benefactor whose generosity he had so amply repaid. We need not add that he is being tended in Beverly House, and that his mother and sister have been summoned from London at Mr. Osborne's expense. The victims (or rather the perpetrators of the outrage to which they themselves have fallen victims) have, indeed, met a dreadful fate. Colonel M——, Inspector of Explosives, was quickly on the spot, having been summoned by wire from town.

"It is his opinion that the hand-camera, which contained the bomb, was set for a much longer period than that which really elapsed between the touching of the spring by the woman and the explosion; and this professional view would seem to be borne out by the facts clearly ascertained. The arrangements for escape, so carefully made, prove that the would-be assassins had not devoted themselves as martyrs to their cause, however wrong, and did not anticipate that they would be hoist with their own petard. The turning over of the bomb in mid-air, in Colonel M——'s opinion, combined at once those

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chemicals which, in all probability, were not intended to mingle so soon.

"Durand, the Frenchman, was blown into undistinguishable atoms. It seems likely that the boy, hurling the thing with all his might, to get it clear of the house, sent it over the very spot where the man was in the trap. One of the stablemen, who has escaped with slight injuries, avers that he had traitorously started to drive away without his confederate. She, strange to say, received but one wound, evidently from a flying piece of timber. She was found at the bottom of the steps leading to the balcony. The greatest force of the explosion was felt beyond and above her; she seems to have turned to look round at the house; and one medical man asserts that she died from sudden collapse of the heart's action, brought on by excitement, and that the blow was received *after* death. She now lies in the Georgian Pavilion, to the west of the park, and is to be interred to-morrow."

* * * * *

"Eva, will you come and see her? There is nothing to shock or upset you, I assure you."

Eva Rayne's projected visit to her home for little ones had been of necessity postponed, and reassuring news had made it not seem so imperative a duty.

"I will go with you, Frank, of course, if you really wish it," was her reply, taking from his hand the light cloak he had brought for her. "How terrible it seems," she added, "that *you* should have been exposed to such a danger—you who never injured any living soul."

He looked down at her meaningly, and answered: "It is sometimes very difficult to steer a straight course in this world, where one man's gain is always, in some sense, another's loss. There are occasions when, by merely striving to regain or retain one's self-respect, one may inflict what may be regarded as a bitter injury."

"Who were these people?" she asked, softly, "and why, of all places in the world, did they select this house?"

"Durand, it seems, was the son of a man condemned to death by my father, in his capacity as judge; as for the woman——"

"Yes, the woman?"

"As for the woman, you shall see her."

"Miss Rayne—Mr. Osborne! How thankful I am to see you both alive and well!"

It was Bertie Trevor, in *the* waistcoat and necktie, who had encountered them.

"If you will go up to the house, Trevor, and allow my sister to entertain you, we will join you presently," said Osborne. "We have grave business to attend to now."

"I know I must be in the way," Bertie stammered; "but I had to come. I may wait, mayn't I?"

As he passed them and went forward to the house, Osborne left Eva for a moment with a whispered apology and rejoined him.

"Trevor," he said, "you made a certain communication to me a short time ago, and with it coupled a request. Have you acted on the permission I then gave you?"

"Why, no, not exactly; that is——" and Bertie collapsed, not quite knowing how to explain that he had got no further than the purchase of the immaculate garments he now wore.

"Well, it is my duty to tell you that I was premature in what I said then—or rather, to come nearer the truth, that circumstances have materially altered since then. With a woman in the case, I hardly care to be as frank as it is perhaps my duty to be. I can only say this: I told you I knew of no obstacle to your making the overtures you suggested, unless you considered the likelihood of receiving a refusal as such. Now I think I do know of an obstacle. When this terrible affair is over, I will tell you candidly whether your chances are as good as they were; or, at least, no worse. Will that satisfy you? Are you willing to wait?"

"I must do what you suggest, Osborne," answered Bertie, his heart beating heavily against the beautiful waistcoat, at which she had not glanced. "Somehow, I don't know how I came to think I had a ghost of a chance. Put me out of my misery as soon as you can, that's all."

Osborne nodded, and rejoined Eva "Have you any idea what Trevor's mission was?" he asked.

"To inquire, I suppose."

"To make you a proposal of marriage, Eva."

"I am very glad he has not done his own errand," she said slowly. "Frank, you can save us both pain if you will."

"I accept the charge," he answered, and in silence they walked on till they reached the door of the Pavilion.

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AND EVA LOOKED DOWN UPON HER RIVAL.

"Draw your cloak more tightly round you,' he said; "the place strikes cold. Don't tremble, dear, there is no horrid sight to see; nothing to frighten you—nothing at all. You know that the man, alarmed by my crying out to Blake, had whipped poor little Sky Rocket up, and was leaving her behind? Of him and the pony—well, words cannot express to you the sight we saw. But here, to all appearance, there is only death in its mildest, most benignant form. Are you ready?"

"I am ready, Frank."

His hand was on the lock, but even then he paused "Eva, forgive me," he said. "I should have told you. We both knew the woman who is lying here."

She gave a little cry, and drew back.

"Shall we return, or will you go in with me? It is the last time I shall look upon her; I could wish to have you by my side, but if you desire it I will take you back to the house and return alone,"

"I will go in," she said, firmly; and he, taking her by the hand, led her into the chamber of death. On the centre of the bare floor stood a trestle, draped with a heavy crimson curtain, for lack, in the hurry of the occasion, of the customary trappings of solemn black. On it stood a heavy oaken coffin, and over all hung a lace-edged linen sheet. His eyes on his companion's face, Osborne removed the sheet entirely, and Eva looked down upon her rival.

"Francis," she said, "she is, indeed, as beautiful as ever!"

"Yes," he answered, "she is beautiful."

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Eva drew a step nearer, trying to crush out of her heart the bitter pang it gave her to see him turn his gaze from her to the woman who had for five long years maintained her supremacy though absent and unheard of.

"Why have they dressed her like this, Frank?" she asked, in an awestruck whisper. "She looks more as though she were going to the opera than the grave," and she pointed to the robe of heavy white silk, girdled with a silver belt and fastened at the breast with a rare cameo, in which the beautiful dead woman lay shrouded.

"A whim of her own," he answered. "You see her as she wished to be. On her person, written in four different languages, they found a paper desiring any stranger to whose lot it might fall to bury her, to see that in these things she was sent to her last rest. The paper gave the necessary injunctions; the police acted at once, for at the house, the address of which she gave, they hoped to find conclusive evidence against others still at large. The result was negative as far as they were concerned; not a scrap of anything likely to reveal any of her past transactions was to be found."

"But the meaning of this strange dress. What is it?"

"In it she said she died five years ago; she wished to wear it as a shroud. I cannot be quite certain—a man's memory for these details is not so keen—but it seems to me that she looked exactly thus on the night which saw our parting."

He stopped, and Eva knew that his frame was shaken with a suppressed sob.

"Take me away, Frank," she said, helplessly. "I am very cold."

"You will be warmer in the sunshine without," he answered, lifting the sheet again with trembling hands.

"Strange," she added, with the first touch of bitterness in her voice, "that you, whom she tried to kill, should bury her, and act as her chief mourner!"

"It is not so strange," he replied; "it is merely fate." With a sudden movement he stooped and kissed the noble brow. "I have loved her living. I mourn her dead. It is finished; I have kept my oath."

The girl clasped her hands tightly, and stepped out from the dismal place. A moment later, he had covered the body with the sheet and followed her into the sunshine.

* * * * *

"Eva, is there nothing you would have me tell you now?"

The funeral was over; a host of busy workmen had almost restored the front of the house to its old appearance. The announcement of the forthcoming marriage of Francis Osborne to Eva Rayne had closed the mouths of the scandal mongers; and Mr. Porcher, with chagrin, saw his rival the most popular man for miles round.

"No, there is nothing to tell. The only thing of import to me, I have known all these years; since the day you met her till the day she died."

"And what is that?"

"That you loved her always. Knowing that, why should I seek to know what caused the separation? I had rather think of her, white and almost saint-like in her shroud. Surely I should be magnanimous now you are mine at last."

He took her hands and held them firmly. "If you had sought to know, I would have told you all the tale; but you have chosen to spare me, and to spare her memory, and I thank you. But there is one thing left to tell, dear: the cause of the long delay that has held me silent by your side even when fearing most that others might take you from me. Dear heart, *I have not loved her* for many a long day; but I had taken an oath never to marry while she lived. I bound myself to her, suspecting that her husband lived. I have been punished; but for that I should have claimed you long ago."

She looked up at him, radiant with the triumph of having won him from a living rival. Just then they rounded some lilac bushes, and came upon a stooping, boyish figure, at work on one of the beds; it was young Blake.

"Well, lad," said Osborne, kindly, "so you are at work again?"

"Yus," he answered, in his unconventional style. "They le' me; and I'd a fancy to do this here bed myself. Look here, miss," he added, in a lower voice, "this here spot is just under where it burst. It ploughed it up like, and killed the shrubs; but that ain't no accarnt. It's summertime, and very soon we'll have it just the sime as though there never hadn't been no bombs nor nothing cuttin' up the soil and killing the flowering things."

"The boy is right," Osborne whispered as they passed on together. "Soon we shall have effaced all scars from the soil, and the flowering things will be in glorious bloom."

THE END.

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COMMON SENSE FOR MOTHERS AND NURSES.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES

By Dr. Julia Holmes Smith.

NUMBER TWO.

Some Hints to Mothers, with Suggestions for the Child's Sleeping-Room.

IT was my fortune full a quarter of a century ago to pay a visit to the West Indies. During my stay a terrible pestilence, which decimates many tropical countries, broke out and made great ravages among the soldiers quartered in barracks.

The rules of the army were strictly enforced in the barracks, and it was from no carelessness concerning the laws of health that caused this plague.

Many were the speculations concerning the reason why so many noble souls who had faced bravely the ordeal of battle, must die at last in a strange land by a malignant malady. Questions such as these led naturally to investigation, and it was found that the persons who were notably free from the contagion were those who, born on the island of mixed French and Spanish parentage, lived all day in the open air, and had no glass windows in their houses, and kept the wooden shutters open from the first peep of the sunshine until the "moon took up the wondrous tale."

These people, realising that the "pestilence walketh in darkness," shut carefully at night their wooden shutters and the heavy doors, so that but little breaths of air could reach them while sleeping.

The soldiers call them conches, from this habit of shutting the whole family in wooden shells at night; and, while ridiculing such prudence, fell themselves victims to yellow fever.

With this reminiscence, I would fain emphasise an important rule in the nursery code: Air thoroughly and well the room in which children are to sleep; open the beds; expose mattresses to all attainable sunshine; see that all the appointments of the crib-bed or cot are thoroughly clean and dry; then do not allow the admission of cold, damp or unhealthy out-of-door night air.

Because in a climate like ours a strong man or woman can endure the chill air even when below zero to enter the sleeping-room, it does not at all follow that a child can with safety be so exposed, particularly if the little one sleeps alone in a crib, and depends upon its own animal heat.

I am a firm believer in ventilation and plenty of fresh air, but discretion should be had as to times and seasons.

Too much care cannot be given to the consideration of the place in which children sleep. There is great diversity of opinion as to whether an infant, from the time it is six weeks old until it is seven years, should have its own bed, or should be in the room and in the bed of some older person. Circumstances alter cases; and common sense would suggest that a careful consideration of the physical constitution of each child should be had before the decision is reached that the little one is able to sleep alone in its own crib.

A healthy child, well supplied with bodily warmth and vigour, should certainly have its own little bed, and be absolutely independent of all care at night, except such as is needed in the supply of food and necessary attentions.

But, unfortunately, many children come into this world whose organisation is so sensitive, and whose grip upon life is so feeble, that they need the contact of another person to keep enough animal heat in the body. For such delicate little people there should be a place in mother's

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bed, or with some healthy person, where they will lie close to the adult body, and receive the life-current, magnetic, so-called, which passes from one organisation to another.

If the mother is sick, and the child strong, the child will pine, and the mother gain, by the two sleeping together. If the mother is strong, and the child weak, the reverse of this position is absolutely true. So, when the nurse is dispensed with, and the six weeks old baby is passed over to its mother's care exclusively, she must observe carefully to see whether her child is strong or not, and whether it is able to supply for itself the heat necessary for its comfort and its growth.

Many a baby cries with colic, and suffers with insomnia simply because it is cold; and the nurse walks up and down the floor with it, and pleases herself with the idea that it is motion which is relieving the child's crying. In reality, it is because the little thing receives warmth and comfort from the adult body. Other things being equal, I believe in the crib for the night and a cradle for the day; not the swing-basket affairs which are fashionable, but the old-fashioned cradle with modern rockers, which gives the baby just a little bit of a jog, and so relieves the tedium of a life spent absolutely in repose.

After a baby is three months old, before it is put to bed at night, it should be thoroughly undressed to the skin, and rubbed; its muscles manipulated just the same as in the morning after the bath. This gives passive exercise, and the little person gains stimulant to its muscles, which prepares it for the night's rest. After massage, give the baby a sip or two of water, for there are very few babies who are not thirsty at night; and if it is feeding-time, let the child have its nourishment, and expect it to keep its eyes shut and observe repose through the whole of the next eight hours.

There is a modern theory about babies going to sleep all alone, and never being rocked to sleep, and that singing and story-telling is all unnecessary at this evening hour in the nursery; but, it seems to me, a mother loses a great deal out of her life when she fails to enjoy the half-hour just before the baby or the little child goes to sleep, when she can rock it in her own arms, and sing sweet lullabies, and whisper baby stories.

One never knows quite how early a child receives impressions, and the mother or the nurse who fails in an effort to give an impression to the baby of a loving All-Father in the earliest months of its life, fails in her highest duties. No baby that has become conscious of attention is too young to have said in its ear each night, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc.

The bed for the baby should have a hair mattress, cotton sheets, woollen blankets, and a little cheese-cloth comforter over all, taking care that the child is not covered too heavily in a warm room.

The only pillow suitable for a baby is one made of fine hair and very thin, so as to raise the little head just above the body. Feather pillows are an abomination. They make the child's head too warm, cause perspiration, and predispose to colds, which lead to catarrh. A still greater abomination is the habit some nurses have of covering the child's head with a flannel shawl, as if the scalp was too delicate to endure the air of a sleeping room. This makes the head perspire, and if there is a constitutional tendency towards eczema, the baby's head will have a scurf.

In making a very young baby's night-gown, it is only necessary to consider the visible length of the child, because a little baby lies quite still, and has, besides, many little wraps about its feet; but, after a child is large enough to kick and crawl about in its crib, it has been considered proper to have night-drawers, with stocking-shaped coverings for the feet. These are made quite long and loose, and seem, at first thought, very comfortable, and very desirable.

But I must enter protest against these articles, because it seems to me they irritate sensitive parts of the body, clinging up close to the groin, and often causing chafing.

Then, too, if a child is ill, it is difficult to get at the axilla or the groin to use a thermometer; and an old-fashioned, loose-cut night-gown, made, as to the shoulders, in the ordinary fashion, and of a length that leaves it twelve inches greater than the length of the child, will admirably meet the needs of all cases.

In the bottom of the night-gown I would advise a hem, and in that hem a drawing string, which should be tied up after the child goes to bed. The feet are thus protected; and in case of any emergency, such as putting poultices on

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the chest or the abdomen, or taking temperature, the little body is easily reached and much work done without waking.

The child should never sleep in the same place day and night. The bed used at night ought to be exposed to sunshine, or air if sunshine is not to be had, during several hours, and then be thoroughly warmed before the child is put into it.

One point more concerning a sleeping-room. It should be dark. The eyes of the adult and baby need entire rest during sleep, and this can best be attained by accepting nature's suggestion and shutting out all light. It is desirable, of course, readily to reach crib or cradle, and the mother naturally fears to stumble in the dark, so it is wise to keep the candle by the bedside, with matches handy, and it is the work of a fraction of a second to obtain a light.

The children of our day are too many of them wearing glasses, for some apparent fault in the structure of the eye. May it not be that weakness has been acquired from the habit the child had of sleeping with a light in the room? Certain am I that the very worst sore eyes in young babies are caused by exposure of their eyes to a bright light, just because loving relations were anxious to settle the important point of the exact shade of baby's eyes. If it were only generally known that the eyes of all new-born babies, even those of African descent, are blue, and that pigment is deposited slowly in the iris, during the first few weeks of life, there would be less anxious investigation, and fewer sore eyes.

In all nursery duties, after bed-time, as little light as possible should be used; and it is actually dangerous to the child's future health to allow it to watch the lamp to keep it from crying. Amusement is incompatible with the hours of the night, and a healthy child had better cry itself to sleep rather than be encouraged in such irregularities. Regular hours, healthful food, comfortable bed and night clothes, combined with judicious firmness, on the part of mother or nurse, will make the going to sleep of a healthy child a pleasure to both. Of course, if one must arrange for an invalid, other rules are demanded.

BEYOND.

Beyond the doubt and mystery,
The veil of bitter tears,
The martyrs, set forever free
From doubts and cares and fears,
Smile on the fiery furnace there
And watch the dawning day
When righteous swords revenge shall bear,
And wipe the blot away.

And from the ground where butchers slew
And heroes fell and died,
Shall rise the glorious faith anew
Their deaths have testified;
And from the heaven where they rest
The murdered band will see,
And find the recompense, and rest
For all eternity.

John R. Ratham.

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WESLEY COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD.

By A. P. EASTON.

AWAY in the year 1834—three years before her late Majesty came to the Throne—there lived in the town of Gateshead a minister, young as men go, energetic beyond his fellows—a man of daring ideas and in whom the spirit of progression was strong. Samuel Donsland Waddy was his name, and it is a name which all Methodists—aye, and not a few men of other religious persuasions—hold in honour. Samuel Waddy believed in brains; he believed that upon the proper training and widening of brain power and understanding depended the future of the nation. Nor did he stop there. A loyal Methodist, he applied the principle to his own Church. He saw that Methodism should seek to uplift the poor mentally as it was seeking to uplift them spiritually; he saw that Methodism must march with the spirit of the times, and must educate not only its ministers but those to whom those ministers preached and among whom they worked. The Methodist layman in the days of Dr. Waddy was confronted with a serious problem. Most of the higher education of the country was in the hands of a religious body with whose views and principles he did not agree, and were it his desire to give his son a higher education than the most ordinary he ran the risk of losing him from the Church of his fathers. To this difficulty Dr. Waddy applied himself. He was the Apostle of Methodist Secondary Education.

The great question in those days—as, perhaps, now—was where to get the money, and it was no mean undertaking for a minister saddled with his circuit work to undertake to raise the funds sufficient to start a school of this class. But ordinary difficulties did not baulk Dr. Waddy, and after much hard toil he found himself in the happy position of having raised enough money to purchase the site. In the spring of the year of the Queen's accession there assembled round a foundation stone in the city of Sheffield a crowd of the greatest men in the Methodist Church of that day, and to lay that foundation stone "well and truly," as the old-world phrase has it, there came one who was then venerated, and whose memory is still venerated, in his Church — George Marsden. Mr. Waddy stood in the group with his little son "Sam," then only six years old, and, ere the ceremony had finished, he took the lad in his arms, swung him up on the stone, and said, "Now, my son, you are the first boy on that stone, and if you don't get to be first boy in the school when it is built, it will be the worse for you!" The boy was in fact first on the books of the school, and his position to-day and the honoured place he holds among his fellow-countrymen show how much this school of his father's meant to him — for the lad of those days is his Honour Judge Waddy to-day, one of the most trusted judges of his Majesty's Courts. It is impossible in the limits of a short article to indicate all that Dr. Waddy did for the college, how he came to the rescue in time of trouble, or how his Governorship resulted in progress and development in the school. Since those early days it has gone through many vicissitudes, and within its walls have been trained many men who have done their part in the nation's work at home and abroad. One of its first headmasters was Dr. Shera, an ideal master for boys, and of his pupils many have attained rank in the Wesleyan and other ministries, while in the law and in Parliament, as well as amongst Colonial politicians, the names are to be found of old boys of the school. It may be interesting here to give a list of a few who have made names for themselves—for the influence of the masters and the founders was always directed towards forming the characters and shaping the futures of the boys. First, of course, amongst them stands Judge Waddy, and

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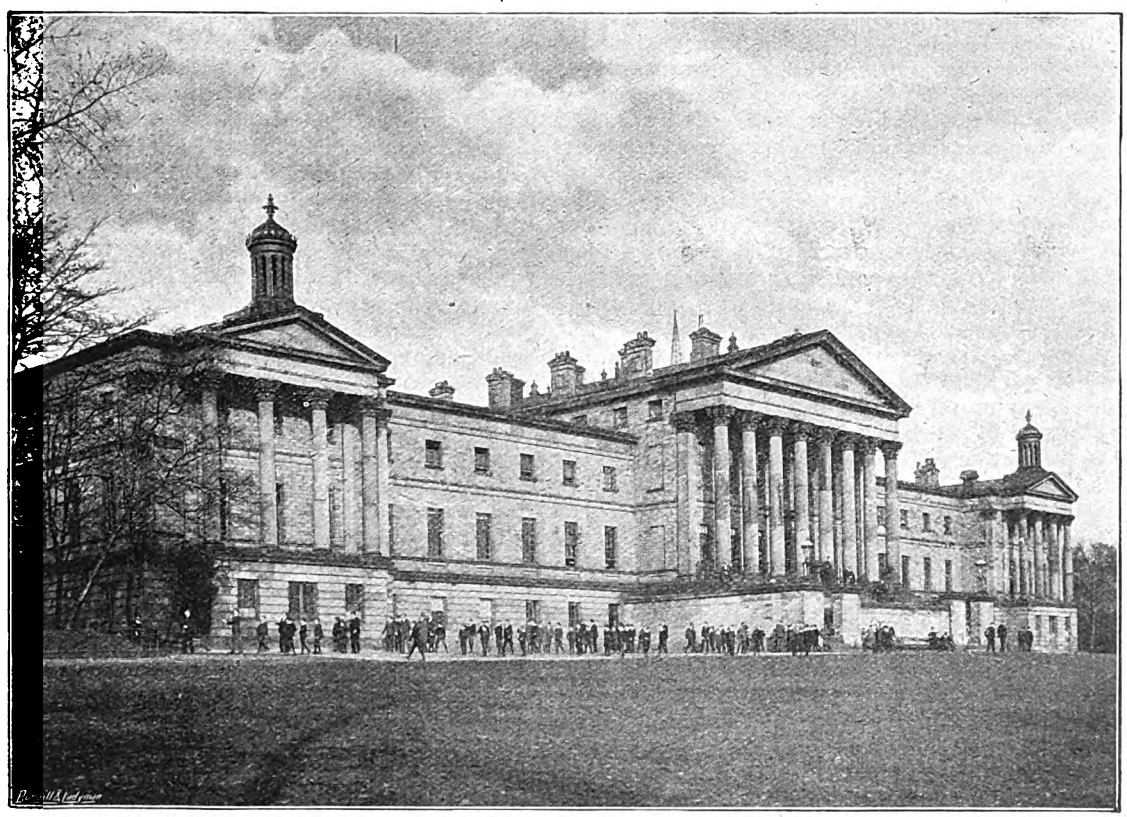
following close upon him in the intellectual world come Gervase Smith, T. B. Stephenson, W. F. Moulton, G. S. Rowe, Joseph Agar Beet, G. G. Findlay, W. R. McConnell, Q.C., S. H. S. Loftus (Deputy-Recorder of Sheffield), J. B. Slack, and S. R. Edge. The duties of citizenship—a department of instruction to which attention is directed in most Methodist efforts—have been learned so well by no small number that they have risen to the highest offices in municipal life, one of the most distinguished of old boys being Sir W. H. Stephenson, thrice Mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne, while several Members of Parliament received their training in the school. Wesley College has, too, the honour of having taught Sir James Lewis, the only native West African who has been knighted, and the Hon. G. W. Cotton, a distinguished Colonial administrator. This brief summary does not by any means exhaust the list, but it is sufficient to indicate the tone of the school and the quality of the teaching.

Perhaps it were wise now to turn our attention to the school as it now stands, and to the work it is now doing. Wesley College at the present moment rests in a peculiar position. Under the present head-master, the Rev. V. W. Pearson, B.A. (Lond.), the school has not only maintained its high prestige as a first-class educational establishment, but it last year reached the highest standard, numerically, that has been obtained for many years. At the present moment it is in what may be called a state of transition—the transition from good to better, a transition which, as everyone will admit, is for the benefit of the scholars. Long ago it was felt that schools which were run to make profit were not the best schools. Wesley College, although the Directors, having the character of the institution at heart, never sought to make money out of it, has nevertheless been a financial speculation, a condition which prevented it from receiving any of those grants-in-aid which come from the Education authorities. Within the past two years negotiations have taken place



WESLEY COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD.

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with the authorities of University College with a view to their taking over the College as it stands, the school to be removed to the country. Happily, as it has proved, these negotiations fell through, and were succeeded by an enquiry on the part of the Secondary Education Committee of the Wesleyan Conference into the question of the school being taken over as a connexional school. The committee reported in favour of this proposition being carried out. At the present moment the College is embarrassed in its progress and impeded by a considerable debt, throwing a burden upon the income of £500 a year for interest. Under the proposal of the S. E. Committee the shareholders would be paid and the debt cleared, thus leaving the school free from those adverse influences which have impeded it, and permitting it to be placed upon a basis such as will guarantee alike its permanence as an educational establishment and will ensure its progress. The character of the school will, of course, be in no way interfered with. Ever since its establishment, Wesley College has claimed many pupils from religious communities other than the Methodist. It will still continue to receive pupils of all religious persuasions and it is confidently to be expected with the same happy results alike to the boys and to the establishment. There will, however, be practical advantages in the change, the importance of which it would be impossible to ignore. In Mr. P. W. Bunting and Dr. Waller, who are on the Connexional Committee, the school will have two enthusiastic supporters.

As to the school itself, nothing could be finer than the position it commands, halfway up the hill on which it stands. Well out of the smoke and the grime of the great city, with a prospect unrivalled almost by any school of its class in the country, it is as healthy as its position is pleasant. The building itself, as our illustration shows, is a handsome and striking one, built with an eye alike to appearance and convenience. Perhaps it is well, in giving a short sketch of the school life, to begin with the juniors. The junior school has within the last few years undergone some alterations which have had the effect of making it one of the most pleasing parts of the building. It consists of one great room, which may be divided into class-rooms by shutters, and is remarkable for its splendid light and airiness. Here two highly qualified masters instruct the juniors in the elements, not only of education, but also of life as it has to be lived, and it is a tribute to these gentlemen and to the geniality of Mr. Pearson and Mrs. Pearson, whose special care is devoted to these smaller boys, that they are so bright, healthy, and happy. They are not restricted or over-disciplined, and yet the orderliness of their classes might be envied in many better known seminaries. Turning to the higher classes, one sees in them the benefit of the influences spoken of. Bright intelligent boys who work with the same earnest energy with which they play in the playing field, they show by the results of their studies that they are resolved to maintain the traditions of the school to which they belong. One of the most interesting sights at Wesley is the Laboratory. It occupies a suite of rooms on one of the upper floors of the building—having been removed there from the ground-floor—and is perfectly fitted with all the best and latest appliances for the study of chemistry. Here a master, who shows by his results as well as by the honours he appends to his name his qualifications for the post, imparts instruction. Mr. Pearson believes in fostering the commercial side of the education given, and Wesley has attained a high and honourable reputation among the business houses of Sheffield. A good grounding in arithmetic he believes to be essential to the training of each youth, and it is a noteworthy fact that in the Oxford Junior Local Examinations, out of twenty-nine distinctions in arithmetic, Wesley claimed no less than five in one year, while in three years the College has had three top boys in the same examinations. To the professional side, however, attention is equally devoted, and three times in five years has the school won scholarships in medicine at the local school, while there are at the present time about a dozen scholars of Wesley at that school. Nothing has as yet been said of the athletic side of the training. That it is not neglected is evidenced by the fact that the football club holds a pre-eminent position among schools both in the city itself and in the North. In cricket it is equally successful, and it possesses an advantage which in many schools is lacking—a splendid swimming bath, recently

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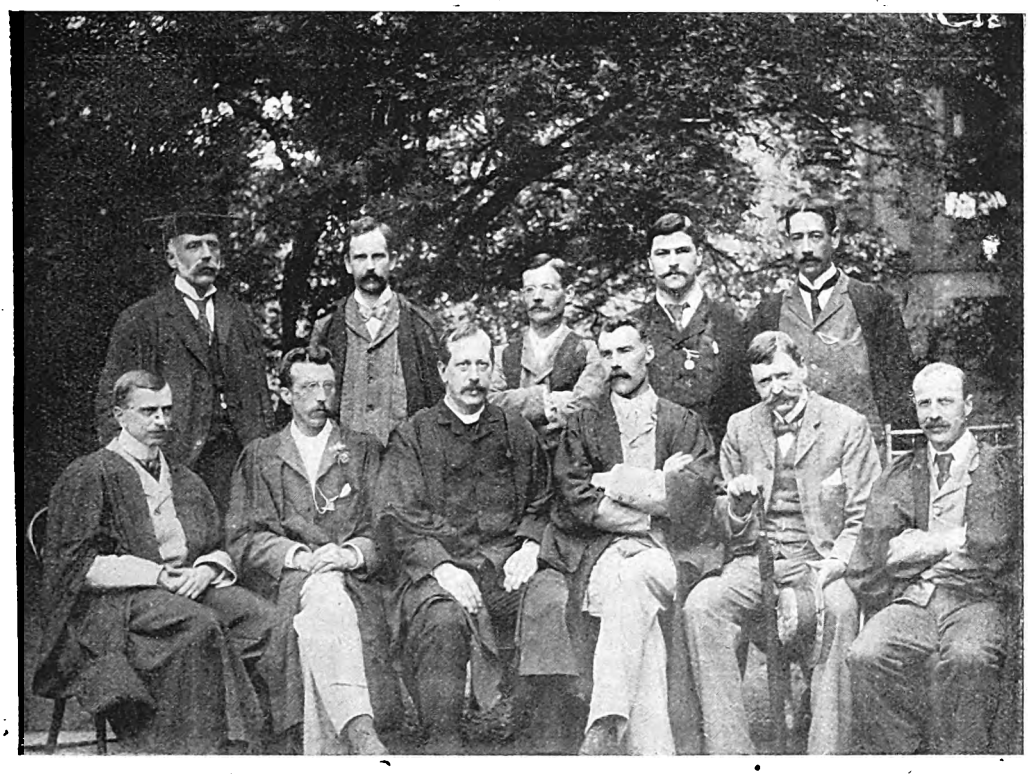

REV. V. W. PEARSON (PRINCIPAL) AND HIS ASSISTANT-MASTERS.

renovated by Mr. S. Cocker, jun., one of the Council. Besides Mr. Pearson there are ten assistant-masters, while drawing is taught by one of the best Professors in the North. The House system obtains, and thereby masters and boys are brought into a healthy rivalry—one House with another—and a mutual respect is fostered. Of Mr. Pearson's own work or of that of Mrs. Pearson it is unnecessary here to speak—both are remembered and cherished in the hearts of many a boy and many a grateful father and mother to-day. May Wesley College prosper and extend itself and its influence under the new *régime*.

A. P. EASTON.

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FOR THE BAIRNS.

Conducted by
THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

THE BIG MAN'S LITTLE BOOK.

This month I give a rest to the "competitions," so as to allow you time to refill your ink-bottles and your brains!

Let us have instead a little chat about a little book which has been written by a very great man.

When I say a great man, I mean it—every way you can turn the word about—for Sir William Purdie Treloar is six feet odd, with a bulk quite in proportion—the biggest man among all London's Aldermen and Sheriffs.

But he is even greater in his care and kindness for the poor mites, the little waifs and strays of the great city, many of whom are helpless cripples. He gathers them all into the Guildhall—where Gog and Magog have their dwelling—once a year, for a good tuck-in and entertainment, and *such* music! For it doesn't matter what the band may be, when the children catch up the tune it is enough to drive a musician crazy and make a loving man wild with delight.

For which gentleness to the little ones Sir William has been called "The Children's Alderman." I am his sponsor for that name (of which he is prouder than of all his other grand titles), for I gave it in a book for children which I dedicated to him. I may go up one for that, may I not?

The only times when I have known Sir William to be really "small" are when he has been up it the tiny gallery of the Guildhall, standing beside Gog and Magog. Even he has to admit that these giants are bigger, but nobody will say they are better—or half so good. They only stare on the children, but Sir William lifts them up and makes fun with them.

You wouldn't put your arm round old Goggy's neck, nor Magog's either, but you would, if you could, round Sir William's.

Well, he went with the Kaiser to Jerusalem, and wrote a little book about his trip, and while glancing over this again I thought there were some bits of it you would like.

There is a fine lesson, for instance, in the power of littles in an incident he relates.

This is the way, he says, they coal the great steamers at Port Said. Planks are put between the barges and the ship, and up and down these planks the Arabs run like ants, each man carrying a basket with only about three-quarters of a hundredweight of coal. But in this fashion they can load a thousand tons in an hour!

In Japan, he was told, women coal the ships even more quickly by passing from hand to hand small baskets containing only about six pounds of coal each!

Never say then that littles are really little. Each may seem to be so in itself, but when they tot up, how great they can be!

This is good to remember about good things, but it is also good to remember about bad ones. A single good seed may in time fill a whole field with corn, but a little sin, and another little sin added to it, and another after that, are like so many fibres which a baby could snap, each by itself, but when spun together may make up a strong cord to bind you back when you would do good. Take care of the little sins and you will never be called on to answer for the greater ones.

In the Mosque of Omar, he says, there used to be a chain said to drop one link if anyone grasped it and swore a false oath. They tell of a dispute once between a Moslem and a Jew. The Moslem declared that the Jew owed him money, and the Jew declared he didn't. The Jew asked the Moslem to hold his staff while he took hold of the chain and swore he had paid the money he owed. The Moslem returned the staff to the Jew and

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swore he had never received the cash. But he was mistaken, though he did not know it, for *the Jew had concealed the money in the staff!*

It was the Jew who was the sinner here, not the Moslem, for though it was a false oath the Moslem swore, he did not know it was false, but the Jew did know: he was taking advantage of the other's ignorance.

Here is how you may always know truth from falsehood, or things innocent from things guilty—is the thing said or done to deceive, or is it only a bit of fun?

On the first of April a good many things are said and done that are not exactly book-correct, yet they are only fun, but when you say or do something with the intention of deceiving for a wrong purpose, that is a falsehood. And you can tell a falsehood without uttering a word! If somebody asks me the way to a certain place, and I purposely point in the wrong direction, I have told a falsehood, though I have not spoken a syllable. It is the *intention* that is the sin.

Here is another thing he tells, about which I shall not say more than this—that it shows up finely how contemptible and cantankerous some folk can become.

In the Church of the Nativity, Turkish—Moslem—soldiers have to protect the Christians from one another! One soldier was set to guard a nail which had been driven into a neutral part of the wall. The Armenian priests had driven in this nail with the intention of hanging a picture on it, but the Greeks had protested, and appealed to the Turkish authorities, their decision being to prohibit the picture, but, lest the Greeks should think they had had a victory, permission was given for the nail to stand. Hence the soldier being sent to guard it!

Between you and me, I believe there are people who would quarrel over their own shadows for being crooked! It is easier to take the crook out of a dog's tail than the bad temper out of some folk. Be kind to yourself: keep sweet and sunny, if you would ever be loved or know what love is.

Now I think I have said enough about the little book by the big man. Just keep in mind what I have said and you will have a hint or two that may wonderfully help you along.

WHAT ABOUT THE COMPETITIONS?

I want to get your help on this matter. Write me a list—long or short—of what you think would make good subjects for competitions, and to the one who gives the best suggestions I shall give a handsome volume as a prize. You know what interests you, and would likely interest other boys and girls besides: write me about these. All letters, with name, address, and age (under 16), to be sent by the 20th of this month, to Rev. J. Reid Howatt, The Crescent, Camberwell Grove, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE.

Here is a touching letter:—

Having read of the Crutch-and-Kindness League I should like to become a member, and have one of those poor little ones to call my own child. I am not well off, but will try to brighten the life of one of God's little children whose lot is not so bright as my own. I am in great trouble myself, knowing that my own dear husband will never work again, but, thank God! this great trial has not hardened my heart, but made me feel the more for these little ones who are suffering in not very bright places or homes, and I shall be pleased to do all I can to make one of them happier.

It does one good to see a spirit like this, and we cannot but pray and hope that the writer may find comfort in her work of kindness.

The "poor little ones" spoken of are London cripples. There are no less than six thousand of these on the books of the Ragged School Union, which tries, by its staff of voluntary visitors, to keep touch with them all, to cheer them in their troubles and provide, as far as it can, surgical instruments and other helps in their bitter and painful time of need.

But it is not easy for the friendliest of visitors to find much time for each little sufferer, and so these maimed ones have often to pass very lonesome lives.

To break into this dreariness with some rays of light the Crutch-and-Kindness League has been devised. It brings these poor cripples within the reach of everyone, the world over, even though they be too busy or too invalided or too young to visit personally the afflicted.

For, all that the League asks of each member is to write a letter once a month, or send some toy, if too busy, or some old illustrated magazine, to the child put under his or her care for this end. Who cannot do this who can hold a pen? The child can do it, and learn kindness by the deed, and the oldest can do it, even though bed-ridden.

And, O! the pleasure of these little sufferers at receiving letters all to their very own selves; for weeks and weeks they have a feeling of importance which is quite a novelty, and a most pleasing and helpful one, in the midst of their weary, monotonous days.

The membership of the League is now close on five thousand, in all parts of the world, but we need more than a thousand yet to provide each of these helpless ones with a friend whose words of cheer will both be looked forward to and back upon for many days. Will you, dear reader—young or old—be one of these merciful helpers?

All particulars may be had for a stamp from *Mr. John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John-street, Theobald's-road, London, W.C.*

One friend writes asking, "Are there no adult cripples to whom we could write?"

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There are adult cripples in London, poor enough and sad enough, but it is even more than we can manage to look a bit after the children, so must confine ourselves to these only. One reason, too, for such concentration on them is the pathetic one—that so many of the little sufferers are called home before they have had time to taste a mouthful of pleasure in life. What we would do for them in this way we must do quickly.

I have again been asked by several new members, "What sort of letters should we write?" And again I can but answer—write anything you like, out of a kind heart, that would be likely to interest your young charge and do good. To fortify myself the more for this reply I have just run over a batch of letters received by several of the cripples from their friends in all parts of the globe. Let anyone glance over these extracts and all needful guidance and encouragement will be found. Thus:—

From Sialkot, India.

What do you suppose we found when we reached home? Little twin babies—a boy and a girl! Before the train stopped Agnes called out, "I have a little brother and a sister!" I said, "No, darling; not both!" but she said, "Yes; there are two babies at our house!" and sure enough there were. It was good of God to send us two, wasn't it? . . . We will very soon be going out to camp now; we will take our tents and clothes, and bedding, and cooking utensils, and load them on camels, and we will ride in our traps, and go out in the country. . . . Sometime, perhaps, I shall have an opportunity to have our camp photographed, and then I will send you a picture of it; it looks rather quaint to see the camels standing about with their loads on, and the crowds of natives hanging round.

From West Indies.

Do you know what a West Indian hurricane is? It is a violent storm, when the wind is furious beyond description. We have had a terrible one. It was Sunday but did not feel much like one. Nearly the whole of this beautiful little island is in ruins. About 300 people were killed, some beheaded by flying bits of wood or iron, and out of 40,000 people 30,000 are perfectly destitute, hundreds of them wounded too. Out of 37 churches and chapels, no less than 33 are entirely destroyed, and must be rebuilt from foundation to roof! Our people worship God in the open air, by the sea-shore and on the public roadside.

From a bright little girl in Vancouver.

We shall have to be good friends; I expect we shall be, for we are just about the same age—11 years old. I am very sorry you are so ill. Now to be friends we must know all about each other. I was born in Port Elizabeth, in South Africa, but was taken to live in England, and then in Canada. Though I was born in Africa, my parents were English, and I am English too. . . . There are no cities in Canada half as big as London, but they are growing quickly, and there is lots of room for more of them. There are heaps and heaps of Chinamen here, nearly all servants, but they get a good deal of money and do little besides cooking. They have pig-tails nearly down to their feet, which they lengthen by sometimes adding black or bright coloured silks; when the tail is too long they stick the end in their side pocket.

From New Zealand.

I was so sorry to hear what a big trouble you have had to bear, poor little fellow. I am sure you must be very patient to stay in bed when mother has to go away from you to work. I shall send you a book of little tales by next mail to help pass the long days when you are not well. . . . It would be a very funny letter Rhysie would write you; he can only make pot-hooks, and only to-day got over the difficulty of spelling "it" and "is"; he came home from school so pleased about it!

Perhaps these may serve as specimens; I have not selected those from nearer home, for I thought that if I could show how possible it was to interest the crippled bairns by letters from so far away, everyone will see how much more possible it is from places nearer. Let the letters be, as I said, the kindly and natural expressions of kind hearts, and they will succeed in their purpose—if "long-nebbed words" are avoided!

The following is the list of—

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH.

Miss Christine Hicks, Wallington; Miss Prior and Friends, London; Miss Muriel Spencer, Levenshulme; Miss Constance Ellen, Camberwell; Miss Rose Parry, Miss Maude Tucker, care of Miss Atkins, Hereford; Miss Hilda E. Tilsley, Perry Barr; Master Harrison, Bournemouth; Miss Kathleen Lucas, Bedale; Miss F. A. Sorrell, Manor Park; Miss Alice Snoad, Hythe; Mr. John F. Houston, Glasgow; Miss Maud Strickland, Miss Hilda Strickland, Dartford; Mrs. Alex. B. MacDowall, Eastbourne; Miss Ruby Franklin, West Didsbury; Miss Emily Cork, Wood Green; Miss Minnie Jones, Whitchurch; Miss Ada Foweraker, Lewisham; Miss Ethel M. Baker, Harrogate; Miss Jean Hunter, Lockerbie; Miss E. Hockin, Wadebridge; Miss Maud A. Parsons, Weston-super-Mare; Mrs. Henderson, Bracknell; Miss S. A. Gould, Ramsgate; Miss S. G. Record, Lutterworth; Miss Grace Partington, Wembley; Miss A. C. Lumgair, Melrose, N.B.; Miss Beatrice Newland, Normanton; Miss Daisy Porteous, Ealing Common; Mrs. Lovesy, Stratford; Arthur L. Potts, Gordon A. Potts, Newport, I.W.; Nurse Chase, Grimsby; Alice Campbell, Glasgow; Miss Mabel Hewson, New Radford; Miss E. Mitchell, Gipsy Hill; Miss Mabel Akers, Fairford; Miss Rachel Pasley, Manchester; The Young Women of Woodford House, care of Miss Silcock, Islington; Mr. W. T. Downing, West Ham; The Girls' Junior C.E., The Boys' Junior C.E., care of Miss Barrie, Merton Park; Miss Annie Milburn, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Miss Rose Palmer, Lewisham; Miss M. A. Ridsdel, Smethwick; Miss R. Wilson, Slapton; Miss Mary Gibson, Miss Jessie Gibson, Tillicoultry, N.B.; Miss E. Pumfrey, E. Dereham; Miss Edward, Thetford; Miss W. Upright, Exeter; Miss Janet Playfair, Lewisham; Miss Madge Cockrill, care of Miss Richmord, West Hartlepool; Mrs. Seldon, Kilkhampton; Miss Naomi Wright, Miss Mabel Yule, care of Miss Daisy Wright, Westgate-on-Sea.

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

FOR HOME AND SUNDAY READING.

VOL. 5. APRIL, 1901. No. 7.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

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FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S WARDROBE.

The sorting and arranging of the personal effects of the late Queen was a tremendous task. One peculiarity of her Majesty was never to discard any dress, mantle, hat, or bonnet which she had ever worn, and her wardrobe might well have been considered the most complete record of the fashions of the last sixty years in existence. Another fancy of Queen Victoria was to have everything in duplicate : two hats, two cloaks, etc., were always ordered. Her Majesty had a wonderful collection of lace, but this is not to be compared with the collection of the Queen Dowager of Italy, said to be the best in the world. The Queen's linen, beyond being exquisitely fine, had nothing remarkable about it, as her Majesty always adhered to the patterns in fashion in her youth, and cared nothing for the intricacies of modern *lingerie*.

HOW TO PLEASE.

It is imagined by many that whenever they aspire to please they are required to be merry, and to show the gladness of their souls by flights of pleasantry and bursts of laughter. But though these men may be for a time heard with applause and admiration, they seldom delight us long. We enjoy them a little, and then retire to easiness and good humour, as the eye gazes awhile on eminences glittering with the sun, but soon turns aching away to verdure and to flowers.

As sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pains, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, but in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones alas ! are of long duration.

POPULAR PEARLS.

The mourning is responsible for a very pretty new fashion—that of twisting a string of pearls in the hair. A very pretty woman at the play the other night wore a rope of pearls, apparently keeping together the coils of her hair, and caught in a knot just in front with a full black aigrette. By the bye, the newest black aigrette has upright strands of diamonds and pearls, and is arranged with three narrow bandeaux of imitation seed pearls and brilliants, which fall in graduated semi-circles at the back, and look very pretty, besides being useful in keeping up the short hairs from the nape of the neck.

THE KEEPING OF PROMISES.

Amongst other acts of justice, that of keeping promises is necessary to the peace and stability of society and the welfare of each individual. Most of our civilisation and prosperity rests upon our faith in one another ; and a very large proportion of what is done in the world would go undone if we had no assurance that the promises made to us would be kept. This is so generally and so clearly seen that there is no lack of emphasis placed upon the duty of keeping promises. In every good home and school this lesson is inculcated. Public opinion upholds it, and even the law in certain cases interferes to enforce it. Yet, in spite of all this, many promises are broken. Much of our confidence in one another is destroyed, individual honour is sullied, and the welfare of society suffers in consequence.

Time is a sort of river of passing events, and strong in its current ; no sooner is a thing brought to sight than it is swept by and another takes its place, and this too will be swept away.

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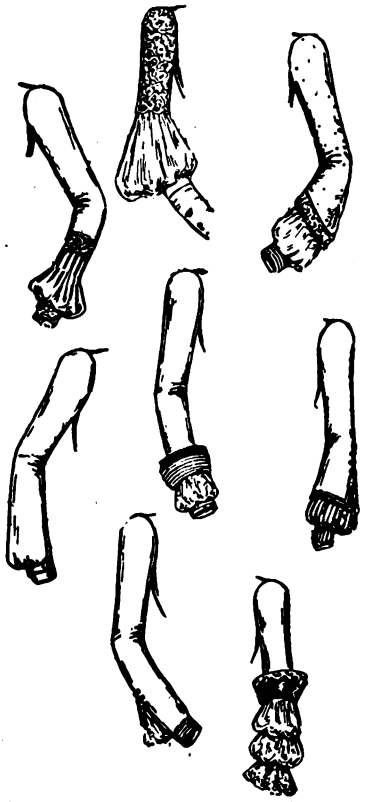
FASHIONABLE SLEEVES.

There is no part of a dress that gives more character to the whole composition than the sleeve. The illustration presents a good study in sleeves. Some of those sketched are nearly what a sleeve ought to be. Others show us clearly what not to choose. The very first of the eight may be criticised as nipping the arm too tightly below the elbow; and another point in which it fails is over-fulness of the puffy under-sleeve. The perfect sleeve is that which shows the outline of the arm without over-tightness, and gives absolute freedom to the



limb without undue fulness. Sleeve No. 2 approaches more nearly than sleeve No. 1 to this ideal. The delicate curve of the shoulder is distinctly shown in it, and the free movement of the elbow is secured by the fulness at that point. But the fulness is here again overdone. The crinkled glove that nearly meets it is both artistic and sensible. Sleeve No. 3 is excellent. The under-sleeve is not over-full, and the form of the upper portion below the elbow gives freedom of movement. These three models are sketched respectively from one in crêpe-de-chine, with a band of guipure above the tucked silk under-sleeve; from one in lace, lined with silk, and frilled with double silk muslin; and from one in spotted foulard, edged with black lace, and supplemented by under-sleeves in soft silk. The next is a modified bishop sleeve, a very favourite shape for shirts, but never a pretty one. The way in which the fulness hangs helplessly down towards the wrist, precisely where it is most in the way, is not at all a recommendation. The comfortable little band into which the fulness is gathered is the best part of the whole thing. Next comes a cloth sleeve, with a turned back cuff in black silk, very closely sewn with lines of silver braid and edged with a band of *panne*. The under-sleeve is in figured net over silk, set into a close-fitting band of silk with silver braid. Some of the newest braids are oxidised. The sixth sleeve—a very sensible one—is also intended for a cloth or frieze dress. Close rows of stitching trim it round the edge and where it opens up at the back of the arm to admit of the little striped silk under-sleeve being seen. Across it the under-sleeve is fastened with small velvet straps and ornamental little buttons. No. 7 is quite a new sleeve, slashed at the back of the arm above the wrist, and showing a puffing of lace emerging through the slash. Where the latter begins the sides of the sleeve are caught together with three little bands of narrow black velvet. A neat little stitched cuff finishes it. The last sleeve illustrated is open to criticism as showing the turned back cuff a long way from the wrist. The *raison d'être* of a turned back cuff is to free the hand. Consequently the turn of the elbow is the wrong place for it. The under-sleeve in this case is puffed lace.

THE GREATEST OF ALL MIRACLES.

The world itself is the greatest of all miracles. The year, as it comes and goes, is miraculous all through. Do not allow custom to stale to your mind its infinite variety. It is a miracle when the spring and summer awaken all Nature to a new life. Every tribe of living things, insects, the sweet song of summer birds, the tenderness and grandeur of sky and sea, sunrise and sunset, the abyss of the midnight heavens, the stars in their solemn courses—all are miracles coming fresh from the infinite abyss of being. If you would gain the most out of the year, fill your soul with a sense of these wonders; and rejoice, if you have nothing else to be thankful for, for this majestic universe and this Divine Presence, and for the mysterious life within you which God has given.—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

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NEW SPRING MANTLE.

The cape pure and simple is never out of date, and among the smartest of the kind are those arranged with rounded fronts, finished with a flounce of the same material, and allowed to flow very fully round the wearer. Such a flounce is finished with row upon row of machine stitching. All the new black capes are stitched with white stitching, while some of the prettiest white cloth capes are stitched elaborately with black. Certain it is that there is nothing in the world half so smart as black and white; therefore now is the time for us to look our very best, for we may wear black and white in any fashion we will, while mauve and

purple are also allowed, and here, again, the prettiest possible shades are now on view. Grey is also becoming, and almost every shade from moonlight to pigeon will prove equally charming. Many of the new hats are fashioned with double brims of stitched silk, and here grey, mauve and black are equally well worn and equally becoming. Often a white brim and a coloured one are seen; for instance, a grey hat of stitched silk will have a white brim, silk also, and stitched with the grey. A black hat is arranged in the same fashion, while a white hat will have a black brim, and so on. All are at the moment trimmed with a paste buckle and bows of some richly brocaded ribbon, the black and white ribbon always predominating.

The love that is dumb until it speaks on a tombstone is not worth much.

DRESSING FOR EFFECT.

"Why do you always dress your two daughters alike?" queried a society woman of a friend. "It must be a great deal of trouble, and, as they are not twins, it is not necessary." "Well," answered the other, quite frankly, "it is because of the effect. My girls are rather ordinary-looking—not plain; in fact, rather pretty, I think—and with fairly good figures, but quite unnoticeable in their appearance. If one were in brown and the other in blue, in the street no one would ever give them a second glance, but dressed alike they look really distinguished. It is the same in a ball-room. When they go in together in pretty, fresh gowns, they accentuate each other, so to speak, and the simplest toilet becomes striking. A pink bow by itself is a pink bow, and nothing else; but two pink bows become immediately an arrangement. It is the repetition of dress that gives the effect."

COMMON THINGS.

It is a great mistake not to enjoy and make good use of common things. Most likely you cannot command the best that life has to give, but you can, at least, get near to it by improving whatever comes in your way. Happiness depends very little upon the vastness of one's possessions, but it does very much upon a spirit of contentment which, coupled with willingness and ability, enables a man to get all the good possible out of his lot. Extravagance is one of the many results of despising common things, and if you value peace of mind and self-respect, steer clear of it. Life is chiefly made up of common things which few, if any, can afford to treat with contempt; to do so is folly; to use them honestly and to the best advantage is wisdom.

With perseverance the very odds and ends of time may be worked up into results of the greatest value. An hour in every day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits would, if properly employed, enable any man of ordinary capacity very shortly to master a complete science. It would make an ignorant man a well-informed man in ten years. We must not allow the time to pass without yielding fruits in the form of something learnt worthy of being known, some good principle cultivated, or some good habit strengthened.

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QUEENS AND THEIR TITLES.

Present-day historians have very properly assigned to our late Queen the title of "Victoria the Good." Several of our Queens have borne various designations other than those of their rank. Maud, daughter of Henry I., was known as "The Lady of England." Queen Elizabeth, as is well known, was "Good Queen Bess," "the Virgin Queen," and "Queen of the Northern Seas." Her beautiful and unfortunate rival, Mary Queen of Scots, was known as "the White Queen," as she wore white mourning for her French husband. James I.'s daughter, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, was designated "the Queen of Hearts," from the kindness of her disposition; while James II.'s Queen, Mary of Modena, earned the pathetic appellation of "the Queen of Tears." Tennyson's happy phrase when he welcomed Queen Alexandra to our shores as a "sea-king's daughter" will always cling to her; while "Princess May," the English bride of our sailor-Prince, will never be dissociated from the Consort of the Heir Apparent.

An evil heart puts the worst interpretation on all it sees, and turns it to its own hurt.

ENERGETIC MEN.

We love upright, energetic men. Pull them this way, and then that way, and then the other, and they only bend but never break. Knock them down, and in a trice they are on their feet. Bury them in the mud, and in an hour they will be out and bright. They are not ever yawning away existence, or walking about the world as if they had come into it with only half their soul; you cannot keep them down; you cannot destroy them. But for these the world would soon degenerate. They are the salt of the earth. Who but they start any noble project? They build our cities and rear our manufactories; they whiten the ocean with their sails, and they blacken the heavens with the smoke of their steam vessels and furnace fires; they draw treasures from the mine; they plough the earth. Blessings on them! Look to them, young men, and take courage; imitate their example; catch the spirit of their energy and enterprise, and you will deserve, and no doubt command success.

This is a world made happy in its surroundings by the sweet blessings of little things done well.

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NEW HATS.

The newest headgear is being given a delightfully light appearance by the addition of white and black and white feathers and bows, rosettes and ruches. The black

velvet "Beef-eater." which proves so vastly becoming to each and all is a very popular model, especially when prepared with black and white ostrich feathers set at one side, with a wisp of white *panne* velvet caught round the foot of the crown, and finished with a handsome steel buckle. The underpart of the brim is lined throughout with folded white chiffon, and bunches of white roses rest upon the hair on the left-hand side. Another pretty toque had its brim formed completely of sable tails, while above was a big bow of white *panne* velvet spotted with black, and black coque feathers curled at the side. Yet another hat worthy of mention had a high crown and a broad brim; the brim made entirely of black glacé stitched with white, while half the underpart of the brim was caught in with folded white tulle. A big bow and buckle rested on the hair on the left-hand side, while the buckle was of steel and the bow of black *panne*. One large white feather and one large black feather formed the sole trimming of this pretty hat.

The King, who is a great admirer of pearls, has given some beautiful ones to his three daughters; he is said to have commenced their collection from the time of their birth, and presented each with a pearl of rare size and purity on each succeeding birthday, as well as for Christmas and New Year's gifts.

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is made entirely from Herbs imported from and grown in Tasmania, and is absolutely free from poisonous Drugs or Chemicals of any kind, and can therefore be taken with perfect safety by the youngest infant or most delicate person, and has been given to an infant of two weeks old which developed skin disease, with satisfactory result.

As a TONIC for that Tired out and Run down feeling it is without an equal, while for graver and more complicated cases it has been most successful in the Australian Colonies.

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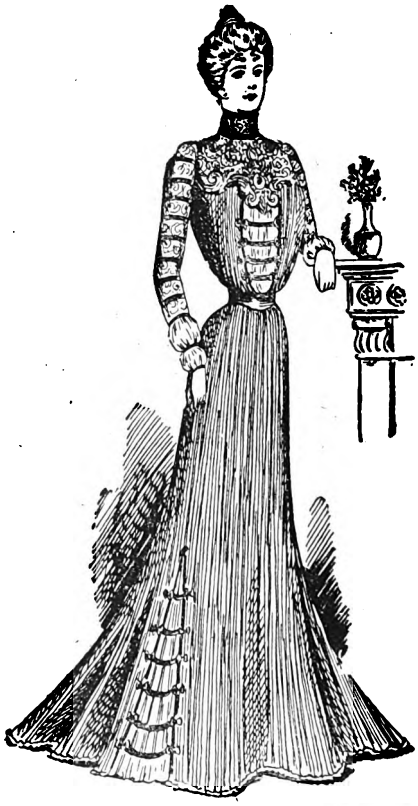

steel as well, while over all the sleeves were banded with black velvet, and the small undersleeves of white tulle were finished at the wrist with a tiny band of the same. The accordion-pleated skirt opened over panels of white tulle, set at regular intervals, the tulle being held in place by bands of narrow black velvet. Such a costume is as smart as smart can be, and suitable for wearing upon many and various occasions.

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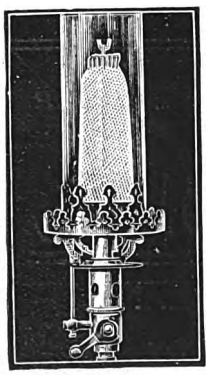

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

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Mary, the Mother of Jesus.

By META PETERSON.

AMONG other evidences of the revival of religious feeling, and of interest in religious things, one is very noticeable — the multiplication of studies of the Life of Christ, either mainly biographical or carried out from some special point of view. The historical and social setting of the Gospel narrative is entered upon with varying minuteness, but among the figures which surround the central Person one stands more or less prominently forward—Mary, the Mother of Jesus. The figure of the Virgin is one that has generally commended itself to artists, and after an interval of comparative neglect, the painters of to-day are responding afresh to the attractiveness of the subject, their works offering a curious contrast to the Annunciations and Madonnas of the Old Masters which hang in every gallery in Christendom, notably in Italy. The old painter-monk knew little or nothing of a young woman's life (even if he could have dis-associated the worship of the Mother of God from his conception of Mary, or thought justly of women as a class) and he had to exercise his imagination and call into existence his ideal of womanhood. He thus put upon the canvas a woman instinct with the highest womanly attributes—a personification of purity, dignity, and truth.

The modern artist aims at no higher representation than may be met with in everyday experience. Besides, it is less easy now to project in the mind the external conditions of this heavenly vision—for though God reveals himself to us as clearly as of yore it is not by visible miracles. Six hundred years ago, however, supernatural manifestations were believed to be of constant occurrence, and these things brought the minds of the great Italian painters more easily in touch with this special subject than can be the lot of the nineteenth century artist. So when Beato Angelico depicted the Annunciation, he showed us a young and gracious maiden seated in the presence of Gabriel (to the painter she was the Queen of Heaven), but bending towards him, receiving his message with hands crossed upon her bosom, expressive of submission to the Heavenly will. Her attitude and countenance are beautiful—humble, but self-possessed and calm; for she is so much a child of God that the appearance of His messenger does not disturb her serenity after the first instant; and the words rise unbidden in the mind of the spectator, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word." And, indeed, the Angel as shown by Angelico is not terrifying, but such a figure as might come within a young girl's imaginings. Clothed in the delicately-tinted raiment that characterises all this artist's angels he greets the Virgin with an obeisance, and his face and gesture wonderfully express the spirit of the salutation whose first words troubled her.

Realistically considered, the picture is most unconvincing. It is certain that the Virgin could not have been seated as we see her here, clothed as we look upon her, reading a bound book. Neither is it at all likely that the Angel appeared in anything like the outward presentment in which he stands here. And there are no accessories. But compare with this two modern pictures of the same scene. In the first the Virgin is seated on the end of a divan in the

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corner of the room: the surroundings are quite Oriental, the apartment probably true to the life of Eastern furnishings. Mary appears to be not exactly trying to hide herself, but crouching against the wall as if to efface herself and get away as far as may be from the Angel. Her face is good and grave, not specially beautiful, and might stand for the face of any good woman brought suddenly face to face with searching trial. But the face and figure mean: "And when she saw him she was troubled at his saying and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be." The Angel's presence is signified only by a blaze of light—such a manifestation as would naturally prove overpowering to human nature. When the great light shone upon Saul of Tarsus he fell to the ground as one dead. So here the spectacle of the angelic presence is so urgent in its claims as to overshadow the miracle of the message, and the picture remains a study of an episode.

In the second of our modern pictures the Virgin is shown near the well at Nazareth—she has gone to draw water, but is arrested by the appearance of the Angel. The latter is represented by a face in the midst of dazzling light. Like the last, but still more so, this vision must prove too startling for humanity. Naturally enough, the Virgin has started back against the wall of the pathway, her hand pressed palm backwards against it as if to remove the obstacle that impedes her escape; her feet suggest limbs trembling so as to be scarcely able to stand; her face is contorted with fear—staring eyes, open mouth from which one can almost hear the shriek of terror.

Here, again, the surroundings are realistic to the last degree, accurate indeed to the life, for the artist painted the place itself and the woman in native costume. But where is the dignity of the highly-favoured among women, where the submission of the handmaid of the Lord? In this, as in other things, the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. Angelico in his cell, living his narrow monastic life, approached far more nearly the spiritual and mental attitude of womanhood as represented in the Virgin Mary than the modern artist, who is hardly more successful in his treatment of the Nativity or the Virgin and Child. This is a subject the satisfactory treatment of which requires more than mere ability or talent; it calls for a kind of inspiration, of which only the slightest traces are visible in present-day studies—the Virgin is depressingly ordinary, the Child pressingly human. The Old Masters painted their pictures as an act of faith or worship, and, the spiritual truth of their conception shining through and overcoming all incongruities of surroundings and even some anatomical inaccuracies, we look at their pictures with ever growing wonder, admiration, and love. The angelic painter, whose brush was surely dipped in Heaven's own tints, shows the Virgin with face and figure speaking glad meekness and adoring love—"He that is mighty hath magnified me and holy is his name."

Here, already, we have womanhood raised and ennobled, and, conscious of the graciousness of God, the Virgin worships her Son in her arms.

Botticelli, with deeper insight into the fears and woes of motherhood, paints a Virgin with a noble but sad and troubled face—so conscious of present and impending sorrow that the attendant angels must needs share her pain. The book is open before her, in which is inscribed the rapture of her song; but though the Child on her knee seems to point to *magnificat anima mea*, it is plain that she is oppressed by other thoughts—by some sense of the meaning of the Angel's words: "He shall save his people from their sin;" she sees the sword that is to pierce her heart.

Less troubled though not less grave, and perhaps endowed with more dignity, appears Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto. The Virgin here stands conscious of having been chosen by God to be the instrument of the most stupendous of miracles—the Incarnation of God. She holds in her arms the Holy Child—the son of her body—the Hope of the world. In her eyes, as in those of the Child, there is a look of profound dignity and courage united with innocence. She is purely a human being, but self is not in her thoughts. She knows something of the counsels of God—she has had a glimpse, though a dim one, of the future of the world, and she looks out past the intervening pain and darkness to the final triumph, "He, remembering his mercy, hath holpen his servant Israel;

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BOTTICELLI'S PICTURE CONVEYS THE IDEA OF THE CARES OF MOTHERHOOD.

as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed for ever."

The figure of the Virgin thus depicted awakes the imagination, and sends us to the Gospel story as it concerns her with keener interest and more distinct conception of her personality. The eyes of love would fain look upon a more detailed picture of the home at Nazareth than is given in Scripture: but without that it is not difficult to imagine something of the intercourse of perfect sympathy between Mother and Son—love, based on the one side upon the highest possibility of motherhood, on the other upon perfect filial love and comprehension. Each day's life and duties must have brought fresh opportunities, greater mutual insight, increasing sympathy of interest, and firmer knitting of the bands of love.

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THE ANNUNCIATION, BY BEATO ANGELICO.

Can it be that, as the days and years passed quietly by without miraculous attestation of the Heavenly origin of her Son, Mary's apprehension became a little dulled? that seeing Him a perfectly natural child and boy, distinguished only by being better than the others, she lost for a time the clearness of the heavenly vision and held with looser grasp the sense of her high calling? We cannot know. She was but human, and the faith that did not stagger at the sudden angelic message may have fainted under the strain of years undistinguished by any such clear intimation. Yet the unfailing love and comprehension and the utter unselfishness which were the nature of Jesus were proof ever before her eyes of His uniqueness—was there ever such another Son?

But no record of this daily home life has been granted us, and the first opportunity for comment on the relations between mother and Son is furnished by the few words that passed between them on the finding of Christ in the Temple. The comment, of masculine origin as a rule, is generally unfavourable to Mary. Ian Maclaren, in his "Life of Christ," confesses to a feeling of keen disappointment that, while "she seemed to have no pride in that understanding which filled the Temple circle with astonishment," the words should have fallen from Mary: "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." The words need convey no sting of disappointment; if they sprang from a sense of pain we need not construe them into reproach (far less translate them into the "infliction" on Jesus of "the humiliation of her interference"), but rather realise the bewilderment of the first want of perfect sympathy with the mind of her Son. "*Why* hast thou thus dealt with us?" She did not fear thoughtlessness or caprice from Him, but the sadness of her own failure of comprehension must have deepened as she listened to the wonderful answer. On both sides perfect love and confidence: on the part of Christ a resumption of the obedience of sonship, and His Mother, who knew she had failed, "kept all these sayings in her heart." As He increased in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and man, we may think how Mary would watch that unfolding—with what love, with what awe, with what sense of humiliation and foreboding.

The veil is not lifted again till the home life is over, and the public life of Christ begun. And now another eminent divine considers that "Mary, the Mother of Jesus, erred in respect of attempting to exert authority too long. She attempted again and again to interfere unduly with His work, even after His public ministry had commenced. It was her pride in Him that made her do so at the marriage in Cana of Galilee; it was anxiety about His health on other occasions."

"Her pride in Him!" What of her solicitude for the feelings of the host? What of her confidence in His power and benevolence?

"But," continues Dr. Stalker, "if anything could arouse the indignation of

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Jesus it was such interference . . . on more than one occasion it lent an appearance of harshness even to His behaviour to His Mother." If there is any "appearance of harshness" in the words of Jesus, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" it is mainly because of the form, which is unfamiliar to our ears; no harshness really exists. And if we could conceive that His indignation was aroused and that He spoke even only apparently harshly to His Mother, can we think that she would have given to the servants that memorable injunction: "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it"? No words we can imagine could be freer from any sense of rebuff, none could reflect greater confidence, truer ease. And if after thirty years of home life, the Mother Mary was slow to realise that the sweet bonds of daily human intercourse must be slackened, is it credible that the Son Jesus would use even the least appearance of harshness in bringing the painful lesson home? Yet Dr. Stalker enlarges on "the appearance of unfilial harshness" on the occasion "when His Mother and brethren came one day in the midst of His work desiring to speak with Him, and He retorted on the person who told Him, 'But who is My Mother?' and, alluding to the belief of Jesus' kinsmen that He was beside Himself, adds, "If Mary took part in this impious procedure it is no wonder that there should have fallen on her a heavy rebuke. At all events, she evidently came to Him thinking that He must at once leave everything and speak to her. But he had to teach her . . . that in doing God's work He could recognise no authority but God's."

What a picture of Mary! What a conception of the relations between this Mother and her Son! Are we to believe that the patience that bore with the dulness of His disciples and their doubts, that endured without "retort" the denial of friend and the insult of foe—"such contradiction of sinners against himself"—should have failed under the strain put upon it by even unwise display of maternal solicitude? that He who received the worst of sinners without reproach, and breathed the prayer of forgiveness for His murderers, should have inflicted a heavy rebuke upon His Mother, even though she mistook or misjudged Him? Even though Mary's faith did utterly fail—even though for a time she joined with His brethren who did not believe in Him (and no Evangelist says this of her), surely it is inconceivable that the perfect Son should treat His Mother with harshness or impatience. Strange comment

MARY AND THE INFANT JESUS, BY FRA ANGELICO.

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on His own words, "Her sins which are many are forgiven: *for she loved much.*"

Whatever were the spiritual experiences of Mary during the years of Christ's public life no expression regarding them is recorded. And yet we would fain know somewhat. Did she cleave to Him as the Son of God, the Saviour of men, and by the force of love suffer along with Him? Did the hatred and scorn heaped upon the great Teacher wound His Mother's soul, and was her heart comforted and her faith strengthened by the report of His wonderful works, His gracious words? Or did she sound the depths of woe in the loss of faith—did she in the bitterness of her heart believe herself a dupe, the heavenly visitant of her youth a messenger of Satan, the inn at Bethlehem—the shepherds—the Magi all part of a fearful delusion, and her Son only a man among men? However this may have been throughout His life, her love and constancy appear at its close. At the supreme hour "there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother, and His mother's sister and Mary Magdalene." Was it purely mother-love that brought her there, that steeled her to face the horror of the scene—to endure the shame, the cruel hatred, the coarse gibes—to approach the instrument of torture upon which her Son was slowly dying? Can it be that she had no sense of the significance of that cry "It is finished," or that her anguish was not assuaged by the last words from the cross? Mary of Magdala knew what great things the Lord had done for her, and the two women, however faint their faith, however apparently dead their hope, would comfort one another.

It is, perhaps, unprofitable to pursue such thoughts. It is, perhaps, too much to claim for Mary that she was stronger than the disciples and the other women—that she alone maintained her faith in Him in the face of His apparent defeat, His disgrace and death. But after His resurrection and ascension, His Apostles gathered together in Jerusalem had with them "certain women and Mary, the mother of Jesus." Verily the sword had pierced her heart. Whether she held to Him throughout His life on earth, or whether her faith suffered temporary eclipse, she must have passed through depths of tribulation, set apart as she was by her high vocation. But now among His Apostles, her sorrow past, her doubts solved, her hope and faith vindicated, her love satisfied, she could feel—

"He hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden: for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed: for He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His name."

META PETERSON.

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IN JANT'S CHARITY.

By G. CLARKE NUTTALL.

Illustrated by Frances Ewan.

THE usual silence of Jant's Charity was being rudely broken by harsh untuneful notes scratched out of a wretched violin. The "Last Rose of Summer" wailed dismally through the air, while the low rumbling roar of the great city beyond the court-yard formed a dull background to the silence which belonged intrinsically to the Charity, and on which the shrill tones of the melody stood out in high relief. The soft sunshine of the June evening was lighting up the grey building, and even had crept in under the stone porch and illuminated its dark interior, turning to silver the grey head of an old man who, with soul absorbed in his task, was sawing away on his violin.

In the shadow on the stone bench opposite he had a listener—a man older and feebler than himself, whose bowed head wagged to and fro appreciatively when some specially ear-piercing tones penetrated his deafness. He was bent almost double, and he rested one hand on a stout stick, the other arm—his right—inert through paralysis, hung at his side.

The final notes of the plaintive air died away, and the performer, when the last vibrations had ceased, rested his violin on his knee and looked anxiously across at his friend.

"Willum," he said, "do it seem clear to 'ee? Can 'ee see anything?"

The old man in the shadow shook his head dolefully.

"It all seems thick-like don't it, Willum?" went on the first speaker sadly. "When I play that 'Last Rose' I ought to see the old house, an' the roses, an' the pump on the green—you mind the pump, Willum, with the gals a-standing round it—but though it's all there it's all through a mist. You'd think the toons on the fiddle 'ud bring back the past, but they do it very middlin', Willum. I feel as how it ought to be clear, but it's thick-like instead."

"Aye. It's thick-like, Jasper," agreed the other. Then, after a pause, "But try another, p'r'aps that 'ull come clearer."

Jasper put up his violin to his shoulder and started rather dejectedly, "The March of the Men of Harlech." The strident tones rang out, gaining vigour as he played; the inherent energy, the *ring* of the march could not be destroyed even by a poor fiddle, and the inspiration in it straightened their bent backs and lighted up the faces of the two old soldiers with a gleam from the fire of the past.

On Jasper's face the look of despondency vanished, and it was to a triumphant tapping of William's stick that the final chords were played.

"That's clearer, Willum," he said eagerly, as he wiped his forehead, "I could see 'em marching off, you an' me among 'em, to fight them Roosians; ther' was the drums a-going, and the gals a-crying—you mind it all, Willum, and yet," he added after a sigh, "I couldn't see it just quite clear even then. There was a bit o' mist o'er the faces of the folks. I seem as if I get near, but there's allus something thick between me an' it. I can't mind how it is."

"It's the old fiddle, Jasper," said the other. "I allus tell 'ee it's the fiddle. It's a poor 'un. Ah, there weren't no mist when I played on my fiddle. When I played that first toon o' yourn why you could see the very pink o' the roses an' the dew upon them, an' in Harlech you could see the breath o' the men as they marched out on the winter mornings when I played on my fiddle. But she was one in a million. She did bring things near, I can tell 'ee."

Jasper sighed. "I wish I'd got that fiddle here. I'd soon make her speak. It's a pity that hand o' yourn won't let 'ee

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play. You couldn't by no chance let me have a try on yourn. What did 'ee do with it, Willum, lad, when 'ee was struck?"

But though the question was put in the most persuasive tone that Jasper could command, yet William passed over it in silence as he had often done before—his deafness was a convenient enough acquisition to him at times, and Jasper really expected no answer.

For some minutes the two old men sat in silence, William shaking his head at intervals, Jasper peering out across the courtyard with lustreless eyes, trying to fashion in some sort the scenes of the past, those scenes which the violin recalled so indifferently for him. So they sat until the hand of the great clock opposite warned Jasper that it was time to ring the chapel bell for evensong. Jasper was porter at Jant's Charity, being a trifle less aged and less infirm than the other inmates; some twenty men and twenty women who had found a haven of refuge for their old age in the charity of John Jant, merchant, a charity which, born two hundred years before, still kept the memory of the pious founder green.

At the clanging of the bell, the Charity woke to life, doors opened and closed, and down the long stone corridors came a shuffling of feet. Old and bent, paralytic, blind and deaf, they hobbled into the chapel and ranged themselves on either hand, the men at the left, the women at the right. As the last stroke of the bell died away there was silence, broken by renewed shuffling as William, pushed along by Jasper, dragged himself up the aisle. The chaplain took his place, and the simple service with its touch of unconscious pathos resounded through the chapel.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want," rang out the cultured voice of the chaplain. "Therefore can I lack nothing."

"He shall feed me in a green pasture, and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort,' quavered the old people in response.

The final amen closed the grace, the shuffling began once more, and the chapel emptied. William was pushed out by Jasper, and all was still again.

That night, as Jasper went his rounds locking up, he saw William's door ajar, and heard his name called in William's well-known voice. Jasper was surprised to see that his friend was unusually wide awake and half up in bed. His eyes were bright and his voice was clear and steady. He held up a warning finger and pointed to the door. Jasper closed it and moved up to the bed.

"Hist, lad, would 'ee like to see my fiddle, her as makes things so plain? 'Ee didn't think she was in the Charity, did 'ee? I kep' her very secret, but it's on my mind to-night to show her to 'ee. I'd like 'ee to know where she was if I were called."

He pointed to a box covered with an old tablecloth that stood under the window and served as a table, Jasper knelt down in response to a sign and carefully raised the lid. A number of loose newspapers were laid at the top, but below them, wrapped in a scarlet and yellow bandana handkerchief, was what Jasper felt must be the precious violin. He drew it out almost reverently and gave it into the trembling hands of the old man on the bed.

"Ah, that's mine. Isn't she a beauty?" William gazed fondly at the shining wood as Jasper took off the covering. "Why, lad, I was offered a power of money from a Lunnon gentleman just afore I came in here"—here he lowered his voice mysteriously—"a matter of fifty pounds, Jasper! Think o' that now. But I weren't a-going to sell her; she's mine and my feyther's afore me, and I couldn't bear to part with her. But when I'm gone I'd like you to have her, Jasper. But don't 'ee let the chaplain or any o' the visiting folks see her or they will nab her to pay for the vittles and room."

He stopped breathless, and relinquished the violin into Jasper's eager fingers. Jasper tightened the strings to pitch, and touched them gently with his fingers. They responded with such rich mellow notes to his touch that his heart went out to the instrument as if it were a living thing. He put it up to his shoulder and drew the bow across it in a mellow, vibrating chord. But the sharp, terrified voice of William recalled him.

"Hist, lad, hist! Put her away, put her away. You mustn't play her, for I tell 'ee if anyone hears her she will be taken away from me. You must *never* play on her, Jasper, when there's anyone here, or she'd go. For she's worth a power of money. Put her away, lad."

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Jasper folded the violin in the handkerchief, but held it with affection in his arms. It did, indeed, seem hard to lose the newly-found, though long-dreamt-of, treasure so soon, and since he had heard those mellow notes the harshness and limitations of his own instrument were doubly apparent.

"There ain't no one knows about her 'cept you and me, lad. But I wanted to tell 'ee; for when I'm gone do 'ee come and fetch her quick, so the others shan't see her, and keep her, Jasper, for we was allus friends from little 'uns. But 'ee mustn't let the chaplain or the visiting folks see her or they'd nab her. Ay, there ain't never no mist when she sings, Jasper."

Jasper laid the violin carefully back in its place and covered up the box again, with a half conscious longing for the day when he might call it his, though he tried to forget that that day would also see the loss of his oldest friend. The next morning William was in the death-like embrace of a complete paralytic seizure. Day by day as his old mate lay there unconscious, Jasper would go and gaze longingly at the box by the bedside, but he never took the violin out, for there was always someone about and he dared not risk it. Once indeed he raised the lid and felt with his fingers the bandana covering, but he withdrew it hastily, fearful of discovery.

"PUT HER AWAY, LAD.

The night that William died, Jasper lay awake, listening to every footfall of the

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nurse and waiting impatiently for the last offices to be performed. Then when all was quiet he crept out of his tiny room at the end of the long corridor and went softly into that which was William's. Trembling, terrified as if he were indeed a thief, he hastily lifted the box lid and clutched at the violin. Then back he crept and sank on the bed with the treasure that was now his own, every limb shaking, and the cold sweat starting at every pore. A kind of dreadful happiness possessed him, he was afraid of his ownership and of the people around, and yet there was the sense of overwhelming gladness that she was his now. Now he could play when he liked, and the scenes of his boyhood—the cottage home, his mother, the roses, and the village green —the scenes of his early manhood—his sweetheart, the marching regiments, the excitement of travel and warfare, ay, and the smoke of battle—all would come back to him in the music undimmed.

But the days went by and though Jasper daily took the violin from its wrappings and touched its strings softly with his fingers yet he dared not play. William's words of warning were ever present with him, and his fear increased hourly that anyone should see it and know it was not his old violin, and should ask him inquisitive questions. He was even worse off than before, for now he no longer felt any interest in his old fiddle, as one who has known the higher finds it difficult to tolerate the lower.

One day of pleasure, however, Jasper felt would be his. Once a year the inmates of Jant's Charity received an invitation from the chairman of the trustees to spend a day in his park. Jasper had always looked forward to this outing in previous years; he liked the country, and, moreover, he was not insensible to the good fare provided, nor to the entertainments, nor to the present of snuff and tobacco which their host gave them on leaving. But this year the outing had no attraction for him, though the day itself he anticipated with joy. When it came he made some excuse and stayed behind in the Charity, alone save for one poor bedridden creature—even the chaplain had gone, and the place was deserted. That afternoon Jasper brought out his treasure to the old seat in the porch, and sat down in the warm sunshine, prepared to enjoy himself.

A thrill of pleasure went through him as he drew his bow softly across the strings. He played the old tunes he so often played with William as a listener in the shadow opposite, and he felt with rapture that the past was coming back to him; he had not dared at first to play above a whisper, but confidence grew and the notes strengthened. But his happiness was short-lived. Strangers suddenly appeared at the courtyard gate—visitors to the town often looked in curiously at the old building—and a lady, seeing the old man playing in the porch, came up to speak to him. Jasper was terrified. Doubtless they had heard the beauteous tones of his violin and would try to take it from him. He answered her questions curtly and hobbled off; his garrulous politeness which had earned many a tip in the past was gone, his day was spoilt, and the picture of the past was still incomplete. His joy was ended. Dread was uppermost.

As the summer wore on it became apparent even to the dulled intelligence of the inmates of Jant's Charity that Jasper was failing. It was said that since his friend's death he had never been the same man; before that his rough humour and his kindly joviality had made him a general favourite, but since then his quietness and his obvious wish to be let alone were noticeable to all. The chaplain, who had always had a special liking for the old porter, questioned him kindly, and tried to arrange for various little luxuries for his benefit. But Jasper acknowledged no illness and resented all inquiries about himself.

But one day in the late autumn the knowledge of his feebleness came over him with something of a surprise. He realised that never before had his small duties seemed so arduous, or the effort to perform them so great. And coupled with the langour was an overwhelming desire to play upon his cherished violin. Twenty times during the day did he fetch it out of its hiding place, fondle it, and touch its strings with his fingers to awake their beautiful response. And yet the old restraining force, the old terror of its discovery was strong upon him. But towards night the longing to once draw from its strings their full song became an overmastering impulse, some inner compelling force urged him to action. Evensong, the simple supper, the locking up

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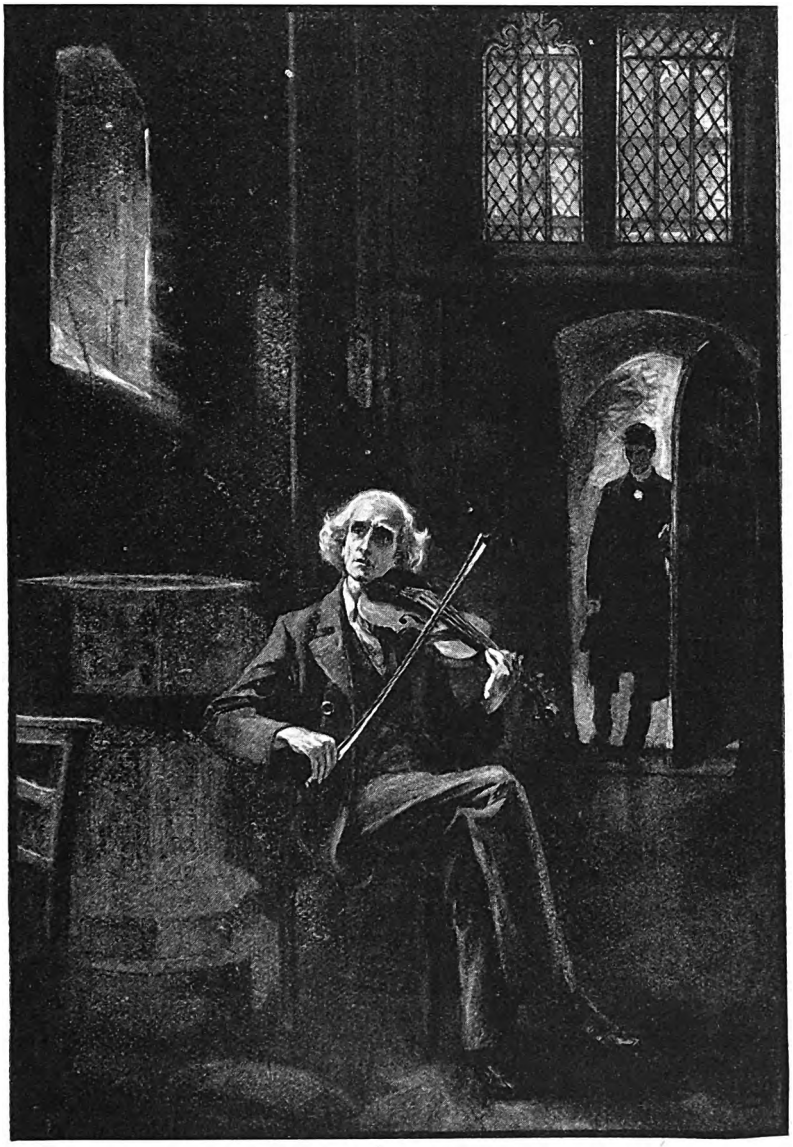
and turning out the corridor lights passed by him like a dream, but when all was quiet and he was in his room he took out once more the violin. He drew the bow across the strings with gentlest touch, but started terrified at the sound he had evoked in the silence. He put it down and looked round apprehensively, when his eyes fell on the keys hanging behind his door, and a sudden inspiration came to him. He took the largest key of all and opened the door noiselessly, and then violin in hand, he crept down the long corridor and passed on to the extremest end of the building where the chapel stood, adjacent to the main structure but separate from it, and divided also by the refectory from the little rooms of the inmates. In there he had suddenly realised he could play unheard, and he wondered he had not thought of it before.



A RUSH OF MELODY ARRESTED HIM ON THE THRESHOLD.

He fitted the key into the familiar lock and opened the door. The moon was shining in all its full glory, and the

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chapel was flooded with its radiance, but Jasper heeded none of it. With trembling eagerness he hobbled to his accustomed place, and with a sigh of absolute content he drew the bow with full force over the strings.

That night the chaplain was sitting up late in his study, and when at length he rose to retire he looked out of his window into the courtyard. The splendour of the night arrested his attention, for the courtyard lay like a sheet of silver before him, the grey building was transfigured into a mystery of brilliance and shadow, the pinnacles of the Chapel stood out sharply outlined in silver against the pure, dark azure of the sky, while above all the moon in its most glorious phase rode in the heavens. He opened the long window and stepped out into the courtyard, his soul uplifted by the beauty of the night, and it seemed to him only a part of the magic of the night that a faint melody rose and fell in the distance. But as he stood and listened, surprise came to him that the sound seemed to issue from the extreme end of the courtyard where the Chapel stood. There was no light in the window, indeed the whole building was in darkness and yet unmistakably the soft tones of a beautiful violin fell upon his ear. He hastened to the chapel door and saw the key was in it. Astonished, he pushed it softly open and went inside, but a rush of melody arrested him on the threshold. The radiance of the moon was pouring through the windows and the place was aglow with a romantic glory. It touched, too, with romance the figure of an old man who, absorbed in his task, was playing with fervent soul on a violin. His face was turned towards the light, and the chaplain recognised with amazement that it was Jasper, but Jasper transfigured by a wonderful happiness and with a half smile softening every line of his furrowed visage.

The plaintive notes of "Annie Laurie" were ringing through the edifice, and though they struck the listener with a sense of unusualness, they did not seem incongruous. So with tune after tune as they followed without break, and the chaplain sat on listening and wondering that never before had Jasper's playing appealed to him as it did to night—the mellowness, the beauty of the notes, the soul in the music, were a fitting part of the scene. Now and then Jasper's lips moved, but the chaplain heard no words. Presently there was a half pause, and then the old air of "Home, Sweet Home," in tenderest form, re-echoed through the moonlight. The listener was strangely stirred and confused; the whole was, he felt, very irregular, and yet the solemnity of it held him spellbound—it seemed impossible to interfere.

Suddenly "Home, Sweet Home" finished, and he realised that Jasper was speaking aloud.

"It's all clear now, Willum," he said, in vibrating, triumphant tones "It's all clear. There ain't no more mist. Never no more mist." And then with a burst of sound the melody of Luther's grand hymn rang out:—

"Now thank we all our God
With hearts and hands and voices."

Jasper knew it well, for it was a great favourite with the chaplain, and the old people often quavered it out at the Sunday service.

The chaplain rose and went out of the chapel and back to his study. Not for many years had he felt stirred as he did to-night, and sleep was impossible. The bent figure in the moonlight haunted him, and no distance or walls could prevent those violin tones from ringing in his ears. Later he felt impelled to go again to the chapel, and once more he passed through the courtyard. The moonlight was fast fading away, and silence reigned; the chapel was almost dark, but a glimmer of light still rested on the old man, who sat leaning forward, his violin in his arms. The chaplain thought he had fallen asleep, and softly went to him and touched his shoulder. "Jasper," he said gently, then stopped awed, for the bow fell from the stiffening fingers, and the happy smile was sealed upon the face with the indelible imprint of Death.

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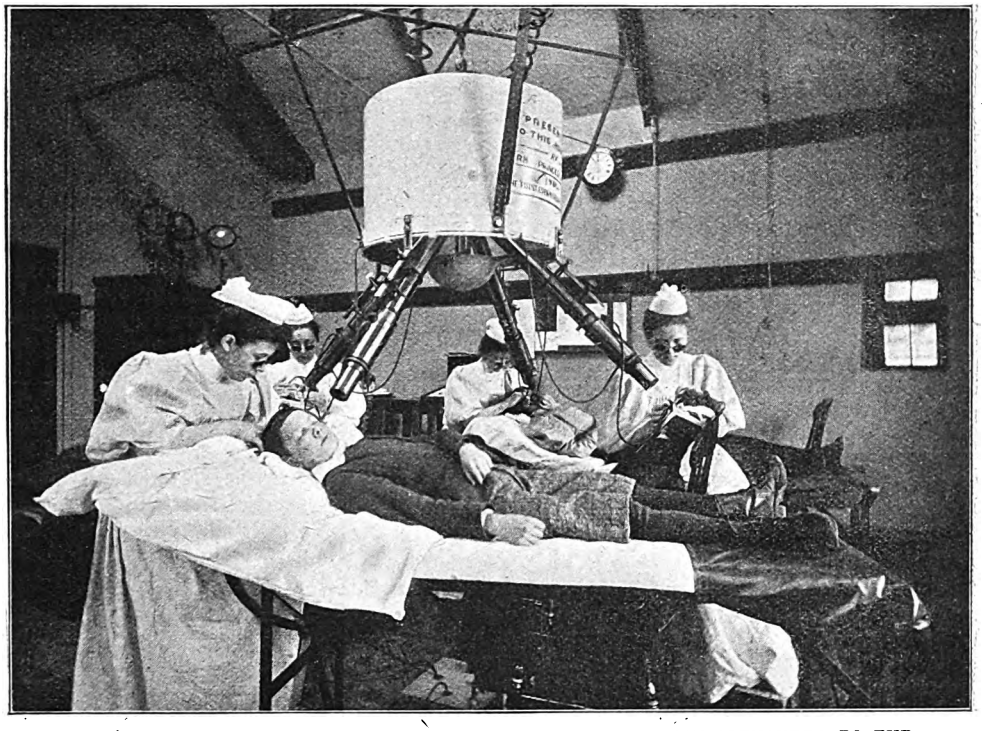

THE FINSEN ELECTRIC LIGHT APPARATUS PRESENTED BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA TO THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

CURED BY LIGHT.

By HERBERT CHARLES.

DURING one of her recent visits to Denmark, Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, when Princess of Wales, accompanied by the King of Greece, paid a visit to the "Finsen Medicinske Lysinstitut" (Finsen Medical Light-Institute) in Copenhagen, an establishment founded by Professor Niels R. Finsen, the inventor of a method of curing disease by means of light.

Here the Royal visitors were shown the effect of this novel treatment on patients suffering from Lupus (a chronic disease of the skin, most frequent in women, caused by germs or bacteria) and other eruptive diseases.

So pleased was the Princess with all that she saw, and so satisfied with the efficiency of the invention, that on returning to England she determined to introduce the Finsen treatment into this country. A short time ago she presented to the London Hospital the necessary apparatus, and it may now be seen there in the special Lupus Ward which has been erected to receive it.

Here patients, almost all of the poorest class, are treated daily, and already wonderful cures have been effected.

So interesting is the nature of the Light Cure, and so important a place is it bound to take in the healing art, that a description of it will, we trust, be appreciated by readers of this magazine.

From Dr. Finsen and his assistant, Dr. Valdemar Lie, the writer has received

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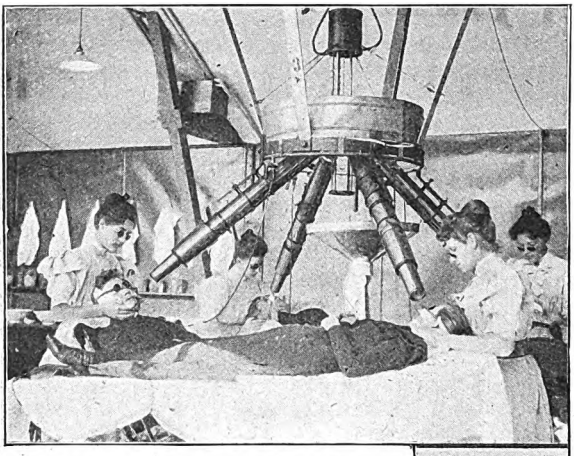
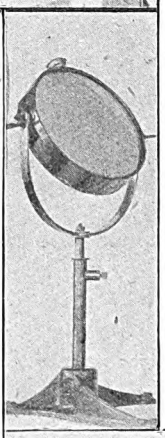
some interesting information relating to the treatment of patients suffering from



TREATING PATIENTS BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.



Lupus and other affections by means of concentrated light at the "Finsen Medical Light Institute" in Copenhagen, and he has on more than one occasion visited the Lupus Ward at the London Hospital, seen the treatment in operation there, and heard from Dr. W. S. Hedley (who is in charge of the electro therapeutic department of the Hospital), and the nurses, the good results that have been obtained since the installation there of the Finsen apparatus.

Most of us are acquainted with the familiar experiment of passing a beam of light emanating from any source through a prism. The result is, of course, to spread the light out into a band of colour termed the "spectrum." At one end is the red, then comes orange, yellow, green, blue indigo and violet.

Newton was the first to point out that the spectrum is produced because the differently coloured constituents of sunlight have different refrangibility, the red being refracted least, and the violet the greatest of all.

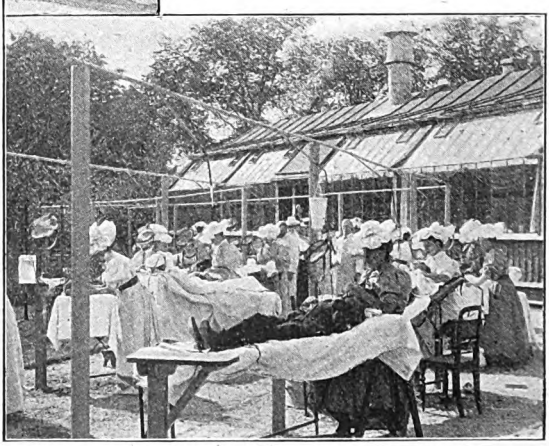
The blue, the violet, and the ultra-violet rays of light are termed the "chemical rays," and Dr. Finsen some years ago found that these rays acted as an irritant on small-pox patients. He accordingly devised a treatment for small-pox, which is now being practised in almost every civilised country except England. So successful has it proved, that in no single case has a patient had small-pox very severely who has been treated carefully on the Finsen system, and in no single case has he either died of it or been permanently disfigured by it.

The treatment is excessively simple.

The patient is placed, as soon as he shows signs of small-pox, in a room from which all light is excluded, excepting that which passes through something red, and which, therefore, does not cause the irritation due to chemical rays, for these rays cannot pass through red.

Red curtains and red blinds are used, the walls are draped with red, and, in fact, no single ray is allowed to enter unless it has passed through red first.

Having made this important discovery with regard to small-pox, Dr. Finsen turned his attention to other diseases and devised the method we are about to describe.



THE OPEN-AIR TREATMENT. THE GLASS SHOWN ABOVE IS USED FOR CONCENTRATING THE SUNLIGHT.

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In the newer treatment for Lupus and similar eruptive diseases these very chemical rays are used as curative agents.

The Finsen System consists in treating local superficial bacterial skin diseases by the concentrated chemical rays of light, and the method is founded on the undermentioned facts, which have been proved after a long series of experiments.

THE SUNLIGHT CURE AGAIN, SHOWING HOW THE APPARATUS ARE USED.

The first is that the chemical rays of light (particularly the violet and ultra-violet) are capable of destroying bacteria.

Professor Finsen has found that on days of bright sunshine at noon in July and August in Copenhagen, sunlight will kill bacteria in a few hours, and that an electric arc lamp had the same bactericidal property. But neither the rays of the sun nor of the electric lamp are sufficiently strong by themselves to kill bacteria growing in the skin; if they were, then all bacterial skin diseases would be cured spontaneously in the summer.

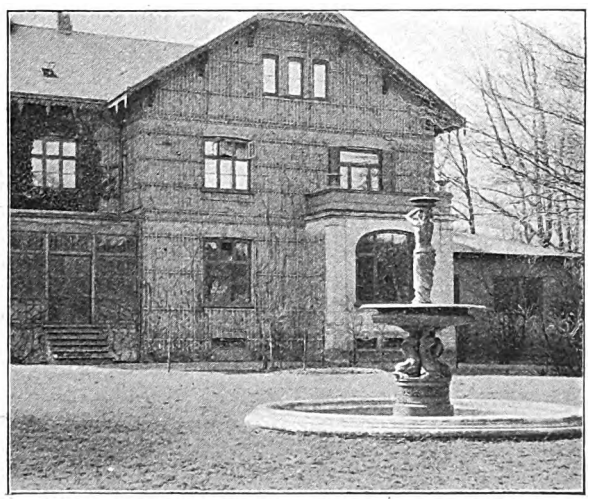
Professor Finsen soon discovered that he must *concentrate* the light by means of special apparatus in such a way that it contains as many blue, violet and ultraviolet rays as possible. This concentrated light, whether it be sunlight or electric light, will kill in a few seconds bacteria which were destroyed by ordinary light in as many hours.

He found that the chemical rays of light can produce an inflammation of the skin; and, also, that these rays have the power of penetrating the skin.

The Finsen Treatment may be divided into two heads—the treatment by sunlight and the treatment by electric light.

In the treatment of patients at the Finsen Institute at Copenhagen, sunlight is used in the summer when the sky is bright, and in the photograph on this page the *modus operandi* is clearly shown.

The apparatus for treatment by sunlight is also shown. It consists of a lens of about 20 to 40 cm. in diameter. The lens is composed of a plain glass and a curved one, both framed in a brass ring; between them is a bright blue, weak ammoniacal solution of copper sulphate. As one surface of the liquid is plain and the other one curved, its optical function is that of an ordinary plain convex glass lens. But it has another function besides that of concentration.



DR. FINSEN'S LABORATORY.

In order to avoid burning the skin of the patient it is necessary to cool the light by eradicating the heat rays of the spectrum, and this the lens accomplishes. By making the

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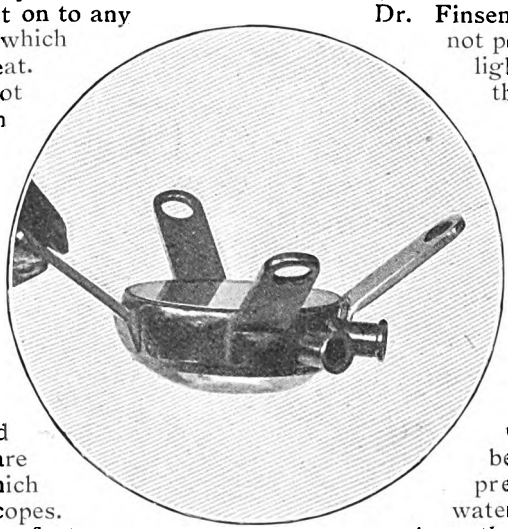
lens of a blue liquid instead of solid glass a considerable cooling of the light is obtained, for the reason that water absorbs the ultra-red rays and the blue colour excludes a considerable number of the red and yellow rays. These three kinds of rays have a particularly strong heating effect, while their bactericidal power is insignificant. On the other hand, the blue-violet and ultra-violet rays, which it is important to procure in as great a number as possible, are but very slightly impaired by passing through the blue liquid.

DR. FINSEN, THE INVENTOR OF THE LIGHT CURE.
Photograph by F. Ruse, Copenhagen.

The lens can be raised and lowered, as well as turned, on a vertical and horizontal axis, and thus is capable of concentrating the rays of light on to any portion of the skin which it is desired to treat.

When sunlight is not available (both in Copenhagen and in London this is unfortunately very often the case), light from an electrical source is requisitioned.

The general arrangement is well shown in the photograph. In the centre is the electric arc, and protruding from this are four brass tubes which remind one of telescopes. Each tube consists of two parts, inside of which are fixed lenses of quartz which are used because this material, in a far higher degree than glass, allows the ultra-violet rays of shortest wave length to pass through, and it is just these ultra-violet rays that have a considerable bactericidal effect.



GLASS USED FOR COOLING THE SKIN.

The reason that glass, and not quartz, is used in the sunlight apparatus is that all ultra-violet rays of short wave length emanating from the sun have been absorbed by the atmosphere before they reach the lens, and that the longer rays can quite easily pass through glass.

Between the lenses in the tube there is distilled water, which cools the light by absorbing the intensely heating ultra-red rays, but does not impair the blue, violet, and ultra-violet ones.

Dr. Finsen explains that it is not possible, as in the sunlight apparatus, to make the water blue in order to cool the light further, because the extreme ultra-violet rays which abound in the electric light might well pass the quartz but get absorbed by the blue colouring matters; the advantages of using the lenses of quartz would consequently be lost. In order to prevent the distilled water from boiling by the absorption of the ultra-red rays, cold water is made to circulate around it.

Notwithstanding the fact that these special arrangements we have been des-

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cribing for cooling the rays both from the sun and from the electric lamp have been devised, the light is still in both cases too warm to be applied to the skin without hurting it, and it is necessary to cool the skin in order to avoid burning.

To this end, the little apparatus shown on the preceding page is employed. It consists of a plate of quartz and a plain convex lens of quartz, both framed in a conical brass ring which carries two small tubes and four arms. To each arm is fastened an elastic band, by means of which the apparatus is pressed against the skin. By making cold water run into one of the tubes and out of the other one, the skin can be cooled to such a degree that it can stand even the strongest light. Furthermore, the pressure which the plano-convex quartz lens excites on the skin makes it anæmic, thus allowing the chemical rays to penetrate much better than if this were not the case.

In treating patients, an area of skin of about 1½ centimetre in diameter is subjected to the light rays for one hour every day.

Since the establishment of the Finsen Medical Light Institute in Copenhagen, a great number of cases have been received, and Dr. Finsen informs us that in none has the treatment been quite without effect.

The majority of the cases have been sufferers from *Lupus Vulgaris*, and most have been completely cured. Photographs are taken of the patients before and after treatment, and the difference is really astonishing. Dr. Finsen will not allow any photographs of patients to be reproduced outside by the medical journals, and he is undoubtedly quite right.

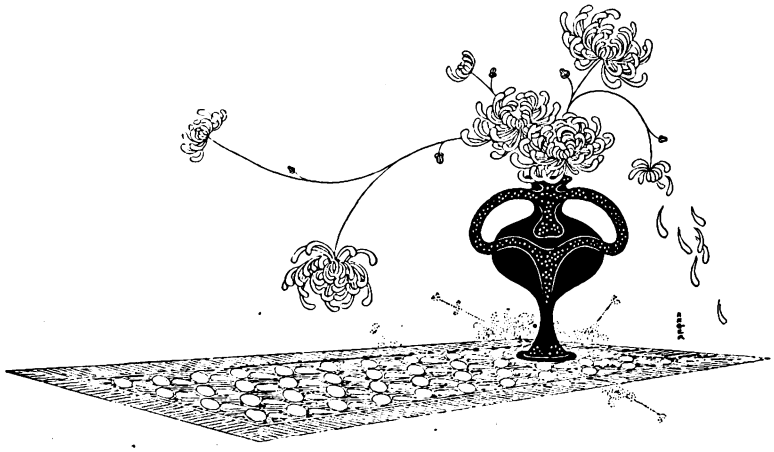
The writer has, however, himself seen photographs, and can therefore testify to the complete cure effected by the Finsen treatment. Those who care to go to the London Hospital and inspect the Lupus Ward will be able to satisfy themselves that too much has not been claimed for the Light Cure.

One great advantage possessed by the treatment is its painlessness. Should there be a recurrence of the disease, the patient is always ready to submit to a second course, but it may be stated that if the first course is sufficiently prolonged this seldom happens.

In the more serious cases the treatment by light is assisted by treatment with pyrogallic acid ointment, in order to make the skin as smooth and easily penetrated by the light as possible.

Among the patients that have been treated at the Finsen Institute there are a large number of very severe cases, because the medical men of Denmark soon gained confidence in the treatment and sent patients whom they had given up treating. The fact that such patients have gone away from Copenhagen cured should convince even the most sceptical of the valuable nature of Dr. Finsen's invention.

HERBERT CHARLES.



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MISS SMITH.

By MAY CROSS.

I.

"WE are agreed that the confidence shall be mutual?"

"Certainly."

"And we are each prepared to swear the most inviolable secrecy?"

"Oh, no; don't swear, we'll only affirm."

"Good! Now say after me, 'I hereby solemnly promise——'"

"I hereby solemnly promise——"

"Never to reveal——"

"Never to reveal——"

"To living soul——"

"To living soul——"

"The dreadful fact——"

"The dreadful fact——"

"That the baptismal name——"

"That the baptismal name——"

"—bestowed upon you by your adamantine-hearted parents——"

"—bestowed upon you by your adamantine-hearted parents——"

"is Joseph Jeremiah——"

"Is—oh! is it really?"

"Of course it is! Don't flinch at the awful truth, and don't *laugh*, that's simply heartless!"

"Indeed, I can't afford to laugh, but I couldn't help it, you looked so tragic."

"Now, Miss Smith, what is yours?"

"Anna Ma*riar!*"

"Mine is the worse, then."

"Indeed it isn't. Mine is infinitely worse—it is so lodging-house-general-servanty."

"But the alliteration in mine, not to mention the antique tinge, is very trying."

"Well, we won't quarrel; yours may fairly be said to break the record for men's, and mine for girls' names, in point of horror!"

"That is admirably judicial."

Miss Smith smiled. She had a very pretty and natural smile, and then the two paused to watch the sun setting behind the trees in the park, where they were walking.

The glance of Mr. Joseph Jeremiah Radley wandered from the sunset to the pretty face of his companion, and he furtively watched her while she drew a deep breath and murmured:

"How wonderful it is!"

Her face was aglow with life and animation; there was a delicate flush on her cheek, her eyes were sparkling, her lips were curved into a smile of pure childlike pleasure. He had come to Mrs. de Vere's picnic in the recognised character of a most eligible bachelor, and here he was monopolised by that lady's insignificant little governess. He had in the first instance gone with a purely chivalrous instinct to her assistance in lifting a heavy kettle that Mrs. de Vere had sent her to fetch—but she had thanked him with so bright a smile and with such a pathetic surprise, that his interest was aroused, and he had promptly and boldly asked Mrs. de Vere for an introduction, thereupon freezingly accorded.

"Are you never introduced to anyone?" he had asked with a good deal of indignation in his tone, when they had strolled out of earshot of the group round Mrs. de Vere.

"Oh yes, to the ladies, always," said Miss Smith, quietly, "but the men of the party are never introduced to me; I think it may be etiquette. Is this not a beautiful park, and doesn't it seem a pity that the Earl is never here?" And she forthwith plunged into small talk with a gentle dignity that he respected. There is such a thing as affinity of soul, and these two possessed it.

"I think we ought to be turning back," said Miss Smith, nervously, as she started from her reverie and glanced at the canal

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behind them; "Mrs. de Vere said the boats would start back about eight."

"Did she though?" said her companion, hastily pulling out his watch and looking at it with guilty apprehension, "I am—I have been unpardonably careless, we shall really have to hurry most unpleasantly."

Miss Smith said nothing, but she went white.

When they got back both the boats had gone.

They gazed at each other in blank dismay. The reaction after the charming evening was too dreadful.

Miss Smith covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"I shall have lost my situation," she said, in an accession of despair, "and it is—oh, so hard to find one, and probably Mrs. de Vere won't even give me a reference."

"Don't talk nonsense!" said Mr. Radley, irritably. "Isn't the woman open to reason? As if it was *your* fault! *Please* don't cry!

She dried her eyes at his appeal, and smiled faintly in his face at the slight crumbs of comfort which his words conveyed. Then she turned her gaze to the water once more, her eyes searching eagerly for the boat of which there was no sign."

"It's so odd of them not waiting for us," she exclaimed, after a few minute's pause; and her voice sounded strained and anxious.

"Odd! It's abominable!"

"There must have been some mistake. But what are we to do?"

"Do!" Mr. Radley ruefully pulled his moustache—"the only thing is to tramp four miles to Hetherston, and get a trap. If you only knew how sorry I am to have got you into all this."

"It is quite as much my fault as yours," replied Miss Smith, bravely putting up her pocket-handkerchief and evidently determined to look the situation in the face. "I should have said what time the boats started."

"Isn't there anything else you *should* have done?" said Mr. Radley, looking at her admiringly. "Come, this is no time for mutual recriminations. Will you take my arm, Miss Smith? It is getting very dark, but we must step out courageously.

So she took his arm, and they went through the shadows together.

II.

The next day Mr. Radley was seated in his sister's boudoir giving her a less embellished account of the adventure of Miss Smith and himself than she had already heard from the local gossips.

"My dear girl," said Mr. Radley, sitting upright in his wicker chair, and speaking with the greatest earnestness, "You have been grossly misinformed. Miss Smith is one of the most natural, unaffected girls I ever had the good luck to meet. To say she designed the entire situation is really the most abominable falsehood."

"Goodness, Jerry! don't jump down my throat. If you look so fierce I shall really believe you have fallen in love at sight."

"Well, go on! tell me all about it," she said. "How was it they went off without you if you had not kept them waiting an unconscionable time?"

"The boats started at different times, and the first set thought we should come with the second, and the second thought we had gone with the first. It was simply Mrs. de Vere's own mismanagement."

"And your insensibility of the flight of time?"

"We walked four miles before we could get a trap of any sort, and then we only could get a most miserably slow horse and cart. Of course, we reached Mrs. de Vere's very late. I thought her unnecessarily alarmed at the idea of Mrs. de Vere's anger, but the event proved her right. Mrs. de Vere was freezing to me, but did not say much before me; however, I met Miss Smith this morning going to the post-office. I cross-questioned her, and it was evident that Mrs. de Vere had taken her to task and grossly insulted her, which Miss Smith had resented with so much spirit that Mrs. de Vere completely lost her self-control, and after heaping abuse on Miss Smith has literally turned her out at a few hours' notice. She has paid her a month's salary in advance, and Miss Smith was telegraphing to a governess's home she knows of where, by paying 10s. a week, she may be sheltered while she looks out for new work. She says, however, that Mrs. de Vere has refused to give her a reference, and she expects difficulty in obtaining a new situation. The poor girl is absolutely alone in the world except for an old aunt who lives somewhere in the Yorkshire wilds."

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THEIR EYES SEARCHED EAGERLY FOR THE BOAT, OF WHICH THERE WAS NO SIGN.

"My dear Jerry! I think the girl is a great idiot to quarrel with her bread and butter like that! If she is so independent-spirited that she will monopolise the prize bachelor at a picnic-party for an entire afternoon, and arrive home somewhere in the small hours alone with him, and then resents being told she has been slightly indiscreet, I fear she will never succeed as a governess."

"Debby, that is really too bad! She did not monopolise me! She owned afterwards that she quite forgot the time in the pleasure of a little human intercourse such as she never gets. Well, just look here, Debby, I want you to invite Miss Smith to stay with you just for a few weeks while she looks round. If you give her the protection of your name and roof, she will stand a far better chance of getting work, perhaps independently of all Mrs. de Vere can do to harm her. You know perfectly well, Debby, that spite is really at the bottom of Mrs. de Vere's apparently honest indignation. She designs me for her eldest daughter. I'm not a fool, Debby, nor are you, and, indeed, I've known you yourself circumvent Mrs. de Vere's tactics on more than one occasion."

"Yes," said Debby, warming to the fray, "I certainly dislike the woman."

"Then you'll do what I ask?"

"No, Jerry, I don't think it wise. I don't wish you to marry Miss de Vere, but suppose I had Miss Smith here, it might be a case of jumping from the frying-pan into the fire."

"Then unless you wish to precipitate matters, you will do what I ask. Otherwise I fully intend to go to Miss Smith and make her a perfectly serious offer of marriage."

Mrs. Winter almost screamed.

"I feel I have unintentionally done her an injury I am bound in some way to repair. If you will not help me I must do the only thing in my power. There is one thing to be said. I feel sure Miss Smith combines qualities of heart and head that might make a man very hap——"

"My dear Jerry," interrupted his sister, "pray say no more. I will have Miss Smith here, but I must beg you to exercise a little discretion for the girl's own sake. Will you ring the bell and order the carriage? I will go myself, as I daresay there may be a little difficulty in persuading Miss Smith to come if she really is the undesigning and sincerely independent-spirited girl you think. There is one

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comfort," she said to herself, as she dressed for the expedition, "Miss Smith is a quiet, ladylike girl, not really pretty, and perfectly colourless and vapid. He will get over this instinct of sympathetic gallantry when she has bored him a few evenings."

III.

Mrs. Winter made herself particularly pleasant to Miss Smith. She had an object to gain, and she exerted her best powers to succeed. She knew her brother's threat was no light one. He had so exaggerated a sense of honour that it was just possible that he might marry the girl out of pure Quixotic foolishness. He had crippled his means for years to support his sisters, and now that he and she, the sole survivors of the family, were comfortable at last, when she was a widow with fair means and he was making name and fame as a barrister and writer, it would be just like him to go and spoil everything by marrying a penniless nonentity.

Miss Smith was at first cold and stiff, and absolutely refused the proffered hospitality. Her pride was stung to the quick by the indictment that had been brought against her. Mrs. Winter saw all this in a moment.

"Of course, my dear," she said, soothingly, "I can understand that your womanly pride has been outraged. People will say that I don't believe you have designs on my brother. Why, it's absurd, my child, he's a confirmed bachelor—and so why should anyone else? Come, I trust *you*, why won't you trust me?"

"I am afraid," said Miss Smith impulsively, "that I have grown very hard and distrustful. Why should I doubt your genuine kindness of heart."

Mrs. Winter winced a little inwardly at that, but preserved the course she had marked out for herself, and brought Miss Smith home in triumph in her neat little brougham.

At first the experiment seemed to work splendidly. As Mrs. Winter said to herself, Jerry and Miss Smith both behaved with exemplary discretion. Jerry was up in town all day, and frequently at work in his study all the evening—Miss Smith also knew how to keep her place. She was evidently too proud to presume upon kindness. She made herself useful to Mrs. Winter in a variety of ways, and became much attached to Mrs. Winter's two little children. Indeed, she would spend the entire afternoon of every day with these little creatures, removing herself, as Mrs. Winter remarked to Jerry, with the greatest tact during calling time, at which Jerry grunted, and indignantly demanded whether Miss Smith were a lady or not.

"My good Jerry, Miss Smith's manners are beyond reproach, and she is a charming person, but she would not be in our 'set.'"

Meanwhile Miss Smith was doing her best to obtain fresh work, and was also endeavouring to stamp out every trace of her own individuality to which she had so carelessly permitted full sway on the day of the picnic. As to Mr. Radley himself, he seemed to avoid her. He was always polite, but never friendly again; but she was quite unconscious that Jerry was studying her.

She had been in the house three weeks when he said to her suddenly one day——

"You have a great deal of adaptability, Miss Smith."

He had come home earlier than usual. Mrs. Winter was out making calls. Miss Smith looked startled, and then she smiled.

"I am afraid you do not mean that for a compliment, Mr. Radley, and yet a governess without some of the angles rubbed off would be a queer creature."

"Why should you suppose I did not intend it as a compliment. What else is implied in that case?" he asked.

"Insincerity," she said briefly.

He flushed a little, for she had read his thought.

"I suppose," he said thoughtfully, "that perfectly frank treatment of our fellows would really amount to little short of brutality."

"Perfectly frank—yes!" and she smiled. "Still, I must admit there is a little too much 'policy' about a governess's life for me to resent your veiled impeachment. I used to pretend a deep interest in the De Veres' children and I could not like them—it is not right." Her lip trembled a little as she bent over her knitting.

"Miss Smith, you make me feel I have been rude. Please forgive me. After all, I did not mean to imply all you have thought I did."

Upon another occasion he came up to her with a book in his hand.

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"I want you to read this," he said, showing her the title. "It is upon the subject under discussion at dinner last night. Why were you so silent? I saw you were upon our side."

"You saw!"

"By your face. Why, your eyes were charging lightning. That hot-headed little man on my right made you very angry. Didn't he now?"

"Yes," nervously; "but I must really go and gather the flowers Mrs. Winter wants for to-morrow."

"May I not help you?"

"Thanks; but I think in choosing flowers one head is better than two," and she made her escape through the conservatory where Mrs. Winter was sitting, idling over a piece of fancy work. One night he took her, his sister, and a girl acquaintance to a London theatre. They had a box, and he sat in the shadow and watched Miss Smith's profile as the play progressed. The passion and the pathos of the play was reflected in her face.

On the way to their hotel in a cab, the other ladies discussed the dresses and the general appearance of the women in the boxes and stalls, the girl especially affecting an utter indifference to the stage and the play. Mr. Radley at last turned to Miss Smith and said quietly, with the slightest possible stress on the pronoun—

"And how did *you* like it?"

"I liked it very much," said Miss Smith, with her cold, sedate little air.

Mr. Radley smiled under his moustache, but said no more at the time. The next evening he suddenly addressed her.

"I shall not take you to the theatre again, Miss Smith."

"Why," said she, looking at him in perplexed astonishment.

"Because you are so unappreciative."

"There will hardly be another opportunity," replied Miss Smith, ignoring the point of his banter. "I have been here a month now, and as I have not yet heard of a post I intend to go to a Governesses' Home."

"I trust you will do nothing of the kind," said Jerry, sitting upright in his chair and speaking very determinedly.

"You must allow me to have a *little* pride, Mr. Radley."

"How like a woman! going off at a tangent! What has pride got to do with the question? I have permanently injured your future prospects of earning a livelihood—and you talk about *pride*. Do you think I am going to let your *pride* interfere with my *conscience?*" He had risen now, and began to pace up and down the room in evident perturbation.

"How like a man," said Miss Smith, "to try and put a woman off by talking sophistry!"

"Where is the sophistry in what I have said?" asked Jerry, coming to a stand before her, "What have I said that is not perfectly true?"

Miss Smith discreetly plied her needle in silence.

"What have I said that is not perfectly true?" repeated Jerry.

"You mentioned a conscience," muttered Miss Smith; but then she saw in a moment that she had made him very angry. "Oh, Mr. Radley," she said imploringly, "I didn't want to talk seriously about it, but believe me your self-blame is out of all proportion to the facts. It is rather painful to me to hear your exaggeration. It is kindly meant I *know*, but it is a very transparent covering for what really amounts to—charity!"

"Have you quite done!" said Jerry, quietly. He still stood before her, and his face expressed strong, but restrained determination.

"I am afraid I have made you angry," said Miss Smith, glancing at him for a moment. "If I am rude, or at least tactless in expressing my feelings, won't you try and forgive me that, and believe, in spite of my clumsiness, that I am deeply sensible of all your kindness, although I cannot accept longer of your hospitality."

"Miss Smith," said Jerry, "will you stay—as my wife?"

She flashed at him one keen, penetrating glance, then—

"No," she said, quite gently, "you do not love me."

"I do love you," asserted Jerry; "I have never met a woman like you."

"You are attracted for the time," replied Miss Smith, "and peculiar circumstances have drawn us together, but I should not have power to hold you; you would realise when too late, how great a mistake you had made."

"There can be no true love without sacrifice," said Jerry, in a low tone.

"Nor would I have sacrifice without love," replied Miss Smith, attempting to withdraw her hand, but Jerry held it fast.

"Look at me," he said.

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She raised her eyes and met his, and they held each other's gaze for some long seconds. He could read nothing in hers, and dropped her hand.

"You are very proud," he said. "You would like to be the one to give all and take nothing—you have not sufficient generosity to yield to another the blessedness of giving——"

But she had broken from him and had run from the room. For hours that night she lay awake, thinking of Jerry, picturing him in every attitude and expression, and saying to herself over and over again——

"It would never have done—I did quite right; but how I love him!" And when at last she dropped asleep from sheer exhaustion, the thought uppermost in her mind was, "There can be no true love without sacrifice."

IV.

Miss Smith's departure from Mrs. Winter's house was indefinitely delayed from an unforeseen event. The eldest child sickened with scarlet fever. Mrs. Winter had never had scarlet fever, and was horribly afraid of it. She determined to take the younger child into lodgings by the sea-side, and she asked Miss Smith if she would mind being left in charge at home.

Mr. Radley had taken temporary lodgings in town under the pretext of extra pressure of business, and Miss Smith responded gladly to this call upon her gratitude. A nurse was engaged, Miss Smith was duly installed as mistress of the establishment, and Mrs. Winter and her little daughter departed for Brighton.

Directly Mr. Radley heard of the new state of affairs he came down into Hampshire and insisted on seeing Miss Smith.

"Have you never had scarlet fever?" he inquired.

"No," she replied. "I have been in it twice without taking it. I am not in the least afraid of it."

"Wire at any time," he said, scribbling his London address on the back of a card, "and I will come down at once. You had better not worry my sister about anything, and she would hardly be able to help you—she would expect you to rely upon your own judgment; but I should like you to feel you had a friend to lean upon, someone ready and glad to be of service to you—you are not too proud for this?"

"Oh, no!" she returned softly, "please don't misjudge me."

She felt the lingering pressure of his hand as he said "Good-bye," and turned away. Her heart felt warmed and strengthened. Oh! the value of a friend! As that at least she might regard him—that could not harm him.

She little knew what had really happened when Jerry had proposed. His state of mind had been in a great measure what she had divined, half attraction, half compunction for having led her into such a position; but in these weeks he saw her under new conditions, freed from the restraint upon her natural self imposed by Mrs. Winter's presence; then he found her possessed of courage and resource, and yet glad to lean upon him; then more and more he recognised the affinity between them. Jerry forgot to think of her with pity, he loved her as instinctively as he breathed, and his one object became the winning of her. At last there came a day when the illness of Mrs. Winter's little child reached a crisis, and Miss Smith telegraphed to Mr. Radley. He came at once, and they sat up for a whole night with the little sufferer.

"We will wire to his mother if he is not better in the morning," said Jerry. When the day dawned the little boy was breathing quietly in a healthy sleep, and his watchers rose from their vigil with thankful hearts.

The nurse came to take her place at the bedside, and Jerry drew Miss Smith out on to the landing.

"Go and rest, you pale tired child," he said, and then added, abruptly, "What do your friends call you, when they give you a name?"

"The name I am known by is Joy." The hours of suspense and watching had drawn them very closely together. Jerry held her hand close, and then he said:

"Go and rest, dear child, go and rest—Joy!"

V.

There followed a period of the child's convalescence when he and Miss Smith joined Mrs. Winter at the seaside. Then at last he was pronounced quite robust, and the date was fixed for their return into Hampshire.

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Just then Jerry received a letter from his sister. In it she said—

"I cannot prevail upon Miss Smith to return with us; in fact, she has accepted an engagement as mistress in a school in America, and sails next month. She is spending the interval with her aunt in Yorkshire."

That evening Jerry arrived in Brighton. He drove to their rooms; they were all out.

"They have gone to the circus, sir," said the servant, "except Miss Smith, who has gone out to tea with a friend."

Having obtained exactly the information he wanted, Jerry ordered a room at an hotel, and then came back to the lodgings and waited.

About half-past nine Miss Smith came in. He heard her voice saying "Good-bye" to someone at the door, he heard her step upon the stair; the next moment she was in the room and had seen him.

She stood still in complete surprise, her face went white, and something flashed into her eyes like fire. She would have recovered her self-possession in another minute, but Jerry had not given her time—he had seized her hands.

"Joy, Joy! what is this that I hear? You are going to America? And you have never told me a word of such a plan. I will not let you go," said Jerry, "until I have said all I came to say."

He drew her into the middle of the garish lodging-house room, and held her under the light of the chandelier.

"When I asked you last if you would be my wife," he said, "you told me I did not love you. In a sense, you were right: I did not love you as I do now. You might have been afraid to trust me. I remember I said, 'Love involved sacrifice'; that was a nice way to propose. No wonder you wouldn't listen to me—*now*—now I know what love is, does love recognise such a word as sacrifice? Does love call it sacrifice to attain its object?"

"Now you are mad!" she said, faintly. "Please, let me go, Mr. Radley."

"I will not let you go," said Jerry, "unless with your own lips you can tell me that you do not love me. I know you love me, Joy!"

She struggled passionately but futilely to release herself, and then she suddenly became perfectly still."

"Do you think I am to be *forced*," she said, in a low, tense voice, "into any sort of admission. You can hold me here all night, but you cannot make me speak!"

"No; I will not hold you if you will promise to stay and hear me out. There! (instantly releasing her as she inclined her head) "I trust you; but I have come here determined to speak all that is in my mind. I know what I have to contend against: it is your miserable, paltry pride. Do you think, if our positions were reversed, I would let money or rank stand in my way?"

Joy had sunk into a chair and covered her face with her hands; but she now looked up at him as pale and determined as himself.

"Joy," he said, before she could speak, "you must not think it presumptuous of me to say that I know you love me. Is it presumption to speak a solemn truth? It is not that that is between us. You cannot pretend to me; you have not meant me to know it; but I know it as we know all the best truths in our souls' depths, unable to say why——"

"Mr. Radley," said she, speaking very earnestly, "I am not proud, but I am afraid I have had a much harder experience of life than you have, and perhaps I am more sceptical of happiness, but I feel sure you would repent marrying me; the governess's taint would cling to me, and I should be a failure from shyness and sensitiveness to slight. And then you would grow ashamed of me, and tired of me, and would feel you had received no equivalent——"

"For giving you board and lodging, I suppose?" said Jerry, with a fine air of disgust. "I tell you what it is, Joy: your experience as a governess has been very unfortunate, and has made yourself depreciatory and morbid to a degree; but, fortunately, I understand you, and *when we are married* I shall soon cure all that."

This announcement may have taken Joy's breath away, but whether that was so or not she had no time to reply, for at that moment Mrs. Winter and her children entered the room

"The landlady told me you were here, Jerry," said his sister. "But what a ridiculous idea to run down in such a hurry. Oh, Miss Smith, there was this letter for you in the box; it must have come by the last post while we were all out"

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"YOU SAID A GOOD DEAL ABOUT AFFINITY OF SOULS," MURMURED MISS SMITH.

Miss Smith took it and opened it, with an apology to Mrs. Winter, and then read it slowly, while Debby was chattering to her brother; read it again, and then Jerry, who was watching her, saw her turn very white, clutch at the table for support, and fall to the floor in a dead faint.

While Jerry lifted her on to the sofa and then fetched some cold water, Mrs. Winter picked up the letter that had occasioned Miss Smith such a shock.

"Why, good gracious, Jerry!" she exclaimed, after reading it; "whatever do you think? This is a lawyer's letter,

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and that poor little Miss Smith is actually heiress to a fortune of £4,000 a year! Some uncle of hers has made a mint of money out in America, and has died without children to inherit it. They've been looking for Miss Smith for months—and, my dear Jerry, did you ever hear such a name for a romantic episode—Anna Maria Smith!"

* * * *

"Did I say," asked Jerry, "that *nothing* should stand in my way were our positions reversed; that though you were rich enough to marry a duke——"

"Yes," said Miss Smith; "you said all that, and yet now——"

She stopped and blushed.

"And yet now I feel as if I am in honour bound to leave you perfectly free to meet other men, more your equals in wealth and position, to meet the duke. Child, you have not had a fair chance. I should be taking a mean advantage of your inexperience——"

"You said a good deal about affinity of souls," murmured Miss Smith.

Jerry turned and gazed at her. She was standing by the window in Mrs. Winter's drawing-room, looking out on to the moonlit lawn, but with her own face very much in the shadows.

"Joy!"

"Yes."

"It is Leap Year; come and propose to me."

"I think, Mr. Radley, after all, that the duke may be very delicious!"

"You shall never marry the duke," said Jerry, starting up and going to the window. "You shall never marry anybody but me. Nobody else could ever make you so happy; nobody else could ever understand you so well, no one could love you so dearly."

He stopped when he reached her side, and mutely held out his arms. She crept into them.

After a long silence——

"Why were you so persistent in refusing to marry me when you were poor?" said Jerry, stroking her hair.

"Because I felt so afraid you might repent of so poor a bargain, and I knew that if you did, and I found it out—oh, Jerry! that I should *die*."

"And supposing I repent of it now, and poison you one day to get the money and marry another?"

"Oh, Jerry, don't be so wicked!"

So much for Woman's Logic.

THE OLD SWEET STORY.

What of the story olden
Of love that may not cease?
Pass we through portals golden
To dreamed-of realms of peace?
Over the way so lonely
We fare from lands like this,
But ever we feel only
Love's clasp, dear, and its kiss.

What of the storms above me
In all the shrouded skies?
Since you have said you love me
The lovelier lights arise!
What of all earthly splendour—
What of all earthly ties
If that your lips are tender
Upon life's dying eyes?

Sweetheart! through vales of sorrow
I ever dream I see
A beautiful to-morrow
Dawn from your eyes to me!
No dream is sweet as this is—
Though dreams have fleeting breath—
To know I'll feel your kisses
Down to the gates of death!

Frank L. Stanton.

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A GLIMPSE AT THE HOME INDUSTRIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

By THEKLA BOWSER.

DESPITE the extraordinary advance of machinery during the past fifty years, home and cottage handicrafts have made remarkable strides of late, both as regards the quality and quantity of their output. Even in these days of marvellous mechanical contrivances, there clings to the hand-made article a certain air of finish that is otherwise absent. And, for this fact, the peasantry of Great Britain should be profoundly thankful, since, in many cases, the sale of these home products means their daily bread.

There can scarcely be imagined a more interesting show than that held annually by The Home Arts and Industries Association in the Albert Hall. This admirable Association was founded some sixteen years ago, with the object of teaching the working-classes such handicrafts as wood-carving, inlay-work, metal repoussé, basket-weaving, leather-work, and for encouraging lace-making, spinning, weaving, and all the branches of work which cottagers are able to turn out.

When the Association began its beneficent mission it had only forty classes; now there are something like five hundred in connection with it. The classes are started in different towns by people who are interested in the work, and who realise the importance of training the eyes and fingers of boys and girls, to a good purpose, during their idle hours. The scope of the work is so great that it appeals to a wide range of people. One may form a needlework class; another, one for copper and brass work; whilst a third, who is not attracted by either of these, takes up with wood-carving, studies it herself, and eventually gathers about her men and boys and girls, who may soon display a talent, which would otherwise have lain dormant for years, probably for ever.

Very frequently the results are out of all proportion to the initial effort. The class may be started in quite a small way, but presently a special room has to be built for the accommodation of the students, and it sometimes occurs that the workers become so expert at their particular handicraft that they take it up professionally.

So long ago as 1887, the Sandringham class was formed under Fraulein Nödel, in which Queen Alexandra has always taken a practical interest. It is one of the best managed and most successful of the classes, and has accomplished some splendid work.

Of necessity the classes vary greatly, according to the towns in which they are held; some of them meet only on Saturday afternoons, and have but little outside assistance, save for the designs and models which are sent out from the central offices of the Association, whilst others have from thirty to forty members, and turn out excellent work. Frequently two or three villages will club together to engage a professional teacher, and then, if possible, a few ladies and gentlemen will join as pupils, paying the teacher between them, in order to allow the poorer members to gain their instruction free of cost.

Most of the classes take a great pride in sending up good, representative work to the annual exhibition, and a keen interest is taken as to what will and will not win awards. The highest distinction that is given by the Association is the Gold Cross, which is only bestowed for works of original design of very exceptional merit. A Silver Cross is awarded for exceptionally good execution on the

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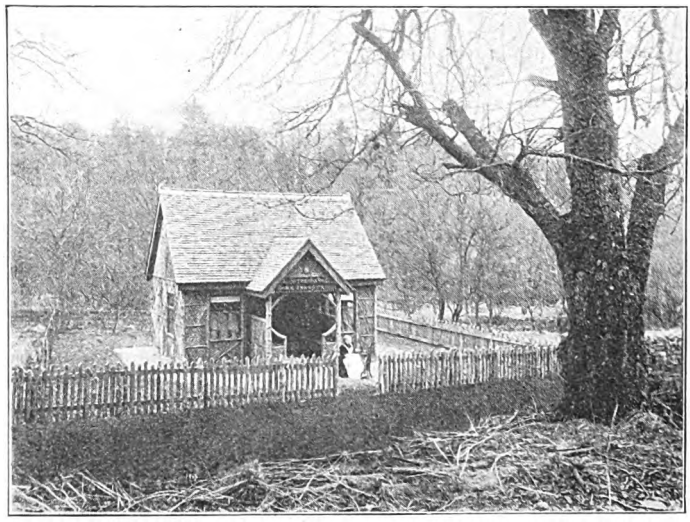
part of pupils who are not professionals. Various coloured Stars are given for different grades of merit.

And now to look at one or two classes, individually, in order to get some idea of the practical working of them.

One of the oldest classes is that instituted by Miss Maud Heath, at Leigh, Kent, for wood-carving. At first it was worked in her kitchen; then, with the proceeds of the work sold, a room was specially built, and later a wing was added. The intense appreciation of the workers is shown by the fact that two men—one a gardener and the other a bricklayer—regularly walked a distance of twelve miles on winter nights in order to attend the class. The settle shown in our illustration is beautifully carved, while the frames surrounding the quaint chair—a copy of an old Saxon one—were all designed by Miss Heath.



Photograph by *D. Whyte, Inverness.*

THE DEPOT BUILT BY THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND FOR SCOTTISH HOME-MADE GOODS.

Another exceedingly interesting class is known as The Ruskin Linen Industry. Miss Twelves, the founder of it, carries on the work precisely on the lines that the great man himself laid down—that is that the profits should go to the actual labourers. This handful of workers made in two or three days the wonderful pall that covered the coffin of their patron. It was composed of fine linen beautifully embroidered, and was lined with cerise coloured silk. Thus, as would have been desired by Mr. Ruskin, there was nothing mournful about it.

The Association itself has nothing to do with commerce, and herein essentially differs from other industrial associations; but the classes very materially aid their workers. Miss Trevelyan, for instance, who holds a lace class in Beer (Devon), reports that not only have more orders been received during the past year, but better prices have been obtained. In Birmingham a vastly different kind of industry is flourishing under the care of Miss Stacey. This is the making of wool mats and rugs, many of the designs and combinations of colour being chosen by the girls themselves.

A specially successful class has been that founded, and very thoughtfully worked, by Mrs. Waterhouse at Newbury. I was shown many beautiful specimens of wood carving, and of metal work too, for both these branches of handicraft are assiduously cultivated. There was a walnut cradle charmingly fashioned, an oak coffer, with finely-carved panels and copper hinges and lock-plate, whilst a washstand, a "St. Lucy" lily jug, an "Amadeo" charger, and a curious "Cantas" pot, all exhibited beautiful designs in metal work.

The copper class consists of about thirty men and boys—a remarkable percentage on a population of about three hundred—who are mostly occupied as gardeners or carters. Mrs. Waterhouse has fitted up a delightful workshop in her own house, and, as there is no rent or lighting to pay, the class finds no difficulty in being self-supporting.

"And how would you recommend a beginner to start a class?" I ventured to ask this lady, hoping that some of my readers would be inspired by the answer.

"In the first place one must give *oneself*," was the reply. "Not only in

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the winter months, but throughout the year, never missing a chance of observing fine old work in foreign churches or museums, because it may afterwards suggest designs to give to the class."

The value of this hint is easily realised, when one learns that Mrs. Waterhouse supplies all the designs which the workers at Newbury so efficiently carry out.

SOME HIGHLAND LASSIES AT THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.

Then there is a very important side to the work of the Association, which can scarcely be over-emphasised. This is the fact that the use of the fingers will frequently aid the gradual development of a feeble brain, and even in the case of insanity it has been found of material benefit. This is a discovery that may mean much to the well-being of the State!

Again, the Association solves the problem of "What to do with our daughters," when the question is asked by a rich man, who is too just to allow them to go into the world, and compete with the woman to whom a salary means the bare necessities of life. The work of forming or assisting at one of these classes is exactly the kind of thing that should appeal to girls who have time on their hands. Voluntary teachers are much wanted both in London and in the country. They can first learn any special craft at the Albert Hall, where excellent workshops have been fitted up, and then they only have to choose the district in which to begin their labour of love.

Out of this great Association sprang those which are now specially attached to Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, each of which is doing a good work amongst the working country folk. The Scottish Home Industries Association was first started in 1888, by the late Lady Rosebery, who begged the many ladies working in various districts to sink their individual interests, and form themselves into a General Association. The present Duchess of Sutherland took up the work enthusiastically, and by her writings and her example has done much to better the condition of the poor spinners and weavers in the North of Scotland. Until this Association was formed, not only did the peasants find it very difficult to get a market for their goods, but they were apt to be slipshod in their work, and did not introduce sufficient novelty into their patterns.

Photograph by SUTHERLAND WOOL SPINNERS. *D. Whyte, Inverness.*

It seems peculiar that an Act of Parliament should have been passed on such a subject, but in the reign of George II. one provided, under penalties, "that all serges and fingrams shall

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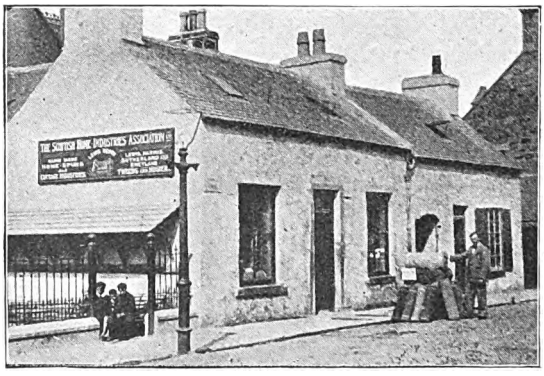
be equal work and fineness from one end of the piece to the other; also that all stockings, that shall be made in Scotland, shall be wrought and made of three threads, and one sort of wool-worsted, and of equal work and fineness throughout." But in spite of this, the quality of the fabrics deteriorated so greatly that the Highlanders would not buy them. At this period only vegetable dyes were employed, but now minerals and chemicals are used. The Highlanders themselves, at that time, were entirely clad in their own homespuns, but now they are only too delighted if they can get a dress from "the town."

In one of the accompanying pictures we show a capital photograph of four women spinning in Sutherland. The one on the right is using a Shetland wheel, whilst the old woman's wheel is of the Harris type. Speaking generally, the progress of weaving is somewhat after this order: When the wool has been cleansed, it is dried and shaken up and further "sorted"; then comes the dyeing and "carding" (or combing) in order to lay the fibres all one way. Lastly, the spinning—and it can be spun hard or soft, according to the purpose for which it is to be used.



THIS UNPRETENTIOUS BUILDING IS THE DEPOT OF THE HOME INDUSTRIES IN THE ISLE OF HARRIS.

In the dyeing process many pitfalls are encountered, as absolute uniformity of tint must be obtained. These difficulties are partially due to imperfect apparatus being used, and partially because of want of knowledge. It is one of the achievements of the Association that they have persuaded the Congested Districts Board to send an experienced dye instructor round the districts to give up-to-date suggestions.

Once dyed, the thread is woven into a "web," by hand, in the cottages. "Waulking" is their curious name for the process commonly known as "felting," and this was probably given because it is accomplished by women who throw the web to one another, over a rough board, stamp on it with their feet, and pinch it with their hands until it has assumed a firm appearance, and is impervious to wind and rain. But let the man beware who would look upon women "waulking," for they think nothing of catching him in their toils and treating him as unceremoniously as they do the cloth.

In the older days a good deal of bartering was carried on, frequently the weaver and spinner coming off but badly. Tweeds were only made in the spare time of the men, fishing being their legitimate trade, but, alas! this too often spelt starvation. In the Island of Harris, even when they have had a good catch, they cannot make a decent living, for there is no demand for it on the island, and there are no means of getting it to the mainland whilst it is good.

Save just at the harbour, miserable hovels are all that greet the eyes of those who take the trouble to journey to Harris. In our picture may be seen the depôt of the Association, and it can be truthfully said, that this is a grand building for the island. In both the islands of Lewis and Harris the main portion of spinning and weaving is done by the women. Perhaps it will take a whole family a winter to make a "web" of tweed, and yet, before the Association came into existence, this would be bartered for "kind" of but small value. Amidst the dense peat-smoke, sitting in their poor huts, the women spin incessantly, softly humming melodious snatches of ancient songs. Should the factory fabrics supersede the hand-woven tweeds, these poor creatures, who are even now oft on the brink of starvation, will be deprived of the chance of earning a livelihood.

These peasants are practically manufacturers, since they supply everything, from the fleece onwards. This means

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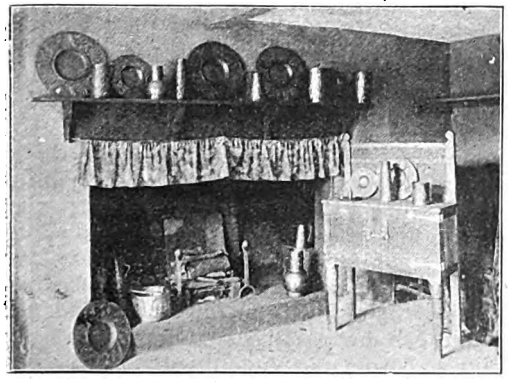
expenditure of capital, and though it is not one of the objects of the Association, many a man has been saved from ruin by its timely assistance in the matter of supplying raw materials. At the depôt of the Association in Woodstock Street, London, can be seen lovely webs of tweed, piles of softest Shetland woollen goods, and vast stores of prettily patterned stockings.

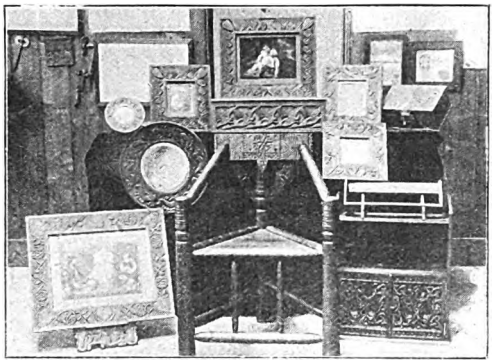
The products of the Shetland and Orkney Islands are almost entirely knitted goods. The distinctive character of Shetland wool is that it is procured from a particular breed of sheep. The Shetland sheep are very small, with short, silky wool. Some people think that this is accounted for by the pasturage being particularly good, but it is an utterly mistaken notion, as the wool deteriorates directly the sheep is put upon rich ground. The delightful lightness of the wool is realised when one is told that the entire fleece of a sheep weighs under two pounds.

Comparatively little Shetland wool is dyed. All the natural "tints" are genuine, red and black being the only dyed colours. Scarcely anyone would know what the "moorad" and "shala" colours were: they are the original tints of the sheep's fleece, these names being supposed to have been derived from "moor-red" and "hoar-frost."

Many beautiful Shetland articles are ruined in the wash; indeed, it is a saying amongst some people, that only Shetlanders can wash them properly. This, however, seems a little far-fetched, as the real secret is that the garments should merely be dabbled up and down in the soapy water and then squeezed, instead of wrung.



THE KITCHEN IN WHICH MISS HEATH STARTED HER WOOD-CARVING CLASS.



COPY OF OLD SAXON CHAIR AND GROUP OF BEAUTIFULLY CARVED FRAMES, DESIGNED BY MISS HEATH AND EXECUTED BY HER CLASS.

Photograph by Hemons, Tonbridge.

At quite a short distance from Shetland there is Fair Isle, where a particular kind of fancy knitting is done. The patterns and colours are quaint and entirely different from those in the sister isles. It is interesting to visit this tiny colony, where the Spaniards were shipwrecked during the Armada. It is evident to the close observer that many of the designs still in use must have been handed down from that period.

The industries of Orkney take quite a new direction. Here delightfully comfortable chairs are made from "bent" grass. Much ingenuity is displayed in the curious shapes which these take. Baskets, mats, ironwork, tables, cupboards and stools, are all manufactured here, and it is one of the aims of the Association to introduce new patterns for the workers to copy.

If these labourers of the North are to be really aided, it must be by their goods finding a ready market and commanding fair prices. All the genuine Scotch tweeds passing through the hands of the Association are marked every few yards, so that purchasers, who are anxious to encourage these home industries, can be quite certain that they are not buying a spurious cloth. The Association does not work for a profit, and should there be one, after payment of expenses, it will be devoted to the benefit of the Highland crofters and cottars.

A few of the spinners came to London to be at the stall of the Association in the Earl's Court Exhibition in 1899, and most

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laughable were the remarks made by them in their broken English. One or two of them never attempted to say a word in English, speaking entirely in Gaelic, and going back to their mountain homes after six months' sojourn here, awestruck at the sights they had seen, but clinging to their musical language the more closely for having come in contact with the Southerners, or "Sassenachs" as the Highland people, from days historical, have styled the Lowlanders.

There is no portion of the United Kingdom in which the home industries want more fostering care than Ireland. The people have, in many cases, to work under great disadvantages as regards space and poverty, and, until the Irish Industries Association was formed, the workers frequently had much difficulty in finding an adequate market for their wares.

Irish lace has been famous for many a long day, but its reputation for beauty has not, until recently, earned for its makers a proper reward. There were only a few recognised mediums for obtaining it, and much imitation lace, labelled "Irish," was bought in all good faith by those who could not detect the fraud. Nowadays, with the depôt of the Association at hand, there is no excuse for those who buy any but the real thing.

The Countess of Aberdeen, in 1888, started the Irish Home Industries Association in Dublin. The Irish Exhibition held in Olympia, two years later, was an opportunity which was readily seized upon for extending the work of the Association to London in connection with the Woman's Art and Industries section. At the close of the Exhibition Lady Aberdeen very generously undertook the financial responsibility of maintaining a branch in London. In 1891 she purchased the lease of 20, Motcomb Street, Belgrave Square, converting the shop into the present attractive depôt for the sale of Irish work, and a year later the Association was incorporated as the Irish Industries Association

The most delicate pieces of lace, piles of artistically tinted tweeds, and all kinds of dainty linen make a splendid array at the depôt, no article being shown which is not of genuine Irish manufacture. At the Woman's Exhibition at Earl's Court last year a gold medal was awarded to the lace exhibit of the depôt.

Affiliated with the Association are the Cottage Industries which have been founded by Irish ladies. The Baronscourt Cottage Industry supplies the Army Clothing Department at Pimlico with 14,000 pairs of socks yearly, besides executing many other large and private orders; the Derreen Industry and the Lucan Tweed Industry both turn out delightful fabrics; the Royal Irish School of Needlework and the Garry Hill Cottage Industry produce all kinds of delicate stitchery, whilst the Arran Knitting Industry keeps over one hundred hands in constant employment. The Killarney Furniture Industry manufactures charmingly quaint articles, and many other Industries, too numerous to mention here, are carrying on a great work, and one which should do incalculable good for the distressed people of the Emerald Isle.

Lastly, we come to the youngest Association—the Welsh Industries Association. But though a stripling yet, it is healthy and progressive. Its depôt at Sloane Square shows a delightful collection of tweeds and flannels, which have the distinctive attraction of being "Welsh." There is an erroneous idea about that all Welsh flannels are coarse and rough; this is not the case, for some of the daintiest of white flannels, striped with pinlines in colour, may be seen here. Almost invariably these flannels are made by small manufacturers in the heart of the country districts. Great numbers of the workers never speak a word of English, although they are taught it in their schools, but their love for their language is so great that directly the family circle is gathered together no word of English is used. Then there is the Welsh pottery, which is both useful, inexpensive, and pretty. One of the aims of the Association is to help the workers to turn out better class pottery. The products of different labourers vary very much at present, but the Welsh are willing to learn, and are clever in their imitative work.

And now that we have peeped at the four corners of Great Britain, having delved but a slight way into the mysteries of how cottagers live, we must bid adieu to the quartette of Associations which are carrying on as noble a work as any that can be imagined, for the truest kindness that can be practised to those who fight life's battle is, undoubtedly, "to help them, that they may help themselves."

THEKLA BOWSER.

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THE BIRTHPLACES OF SOME DISTINGUISHED YORKSHIREMEN.

By CHARLES F. SHAW.

THERE is a well-known saying to the effect that if you shake a bridle over the grave of a Yorkshireman he will arise and steal a horse. I know not the person to whom we are indebted for this perversion. But whosoever it may be, I am sure he has not heard nor read much about the history of Yorkshire and her hardy children, or he would never have penned such a libel.

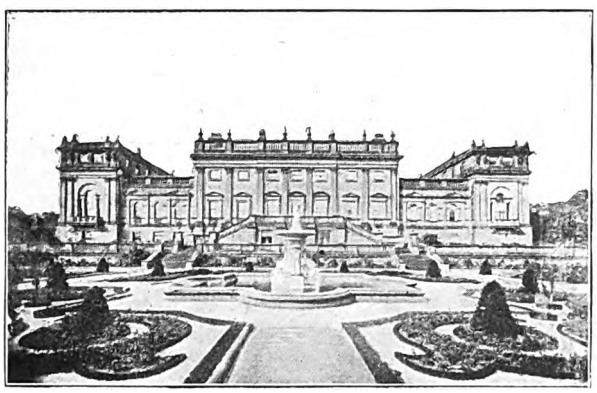
For Yorkshiremen, far from being—as the phrase insinuates—a race of horse thieves, are known the world over as a shrewd, strong, hard-working, deep-thinking, and thoroughly conscientious people, with any amount of self-confidence and ambitious energy, two characteristics that have times without number placed them in the vanguard of the world's greatest leaders. In fact, throughout all ages, natives of our largest county have occupied foremost positions in nearly all works of religion, science, art, philanthropy, invention, and the principal professions of the different periods.

This statement is not the egotistical expression of a too zealously patriotic son of the soil, but a truth which receives ample confirmation in the life stories of many distinguished Yorkshiremen—men who, by dint of firm resolve and indomitable perseverance, have brought fame and honour to themselves and the county of their birth.

Thus we find the obscure shades of the 14th century brightly illumined by the intensely spiritual and sincere life of John Wycliffe, "the Morning Star of the Reformation," who was born at the village of Wycliffe, near Barnard Castle, in 1324, and educated at Oxford.

Before the life of Wycliffe had run its course, another Yorkshireman appeared upon the stage of life, and by his honesty of purpose and integrity of character, made for himself a reputation that will endure so long as men respect that which is praiseworthy in their fellows. This was none other than William—afterwards Sir William—Gascoigne, who was born in 1350 in a house built on the site now occupied by the stately home of Lord Harewood, near Leeds.

Gascoigne, better known as "the Upright Judge," was made King's Serjeant in 1398, and Lord Chief Justice in 1401. Shakespeare has immortalised him for his moral strength and courage in sending Prince Henry of Wales, afterwards Henry V., to prison for contempt of court. It was one of Falstaff's band who had broken the law, and the young Madcap Prince appeared as a witness in his behalf. Being rebuked from the bench, he is said to have struck the judge, who very properly committed him to prison. When the Prince eventually occupied the throne, he admitted the justice of the sentence, and, addressing Sir William, said :—



HAREWOOD HOUSE.

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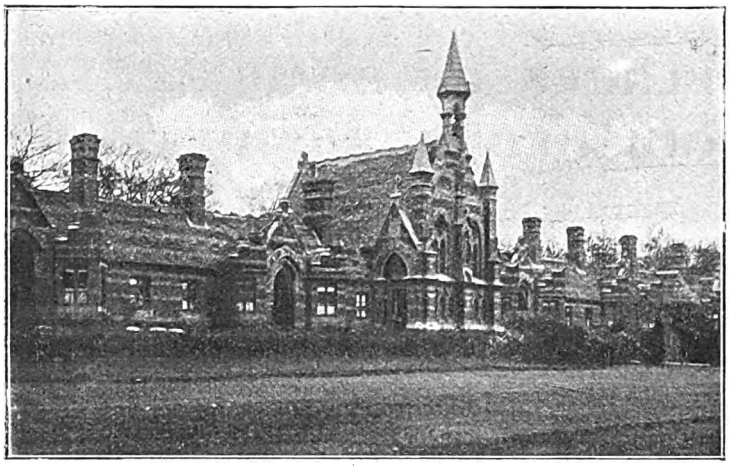

HEMSWORTH ALMSHOUSES FOUNDED BY ARCHBISHOP HOLGATE.

. . . You did commit me:
For which, I do commit unto your hand
The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear.

He died in 1412, and was interred in the ancient church at Harewood.

Mention of Gascoigne brings to mind the famous Scropes, of Bolton, one of the most illustrious families mentioned in English history. They are introduced into no fewer than four of Shakespeare's historical dramas. The most interesting member of the family was Richard, Sir Richard's fourth son, who became Archbishop of York. In 1405 he preached a rebellious sermon at York against the usurper, King Henry IV., and drew together an army of 20,000 men to give battle against him. But he was treacherously captured by his enemies, who persuaded him to disband his army. He then was taken before the King, who commanded the "Upright Judge" to sentence the Archbishop to death. Gascoigne refused by saying: "Neither you, my lord, nor any of your subjects, can legally sentence a Bishop to death."

But the king was determined that Scrope should die, and turning to a knight who stood in the room, bade him pronounce sentence on the Archbishop. They then took him to the place of execution, where he prayed for those who had duped him. Before laying his head on the block he turned to the executioner and said: "Son, may God forgive thee my death, as I forgive thee." He then kissed him three times, and, stretching his neck across the block, said: "Into Thy hands, most sweet Jesus, I commend my spirit," and with that his head rolled into the basket.

The great Cliffords of Skipton are known to every student of north country history for their daring courage and prowess on the battle-field. Perhaps the one best known, because his career was the most varied and romantic, is the one who did least fighting, viz., Henry, "The Shepherd Lord." When the Wars of the Roses broke out the then Lord Clifford took up arms against the Yorkists, who thereupon deprived him of his estates. This penalty fell heavily upon the next descendant, who happened to be Henry, and he retired to the Fells of Cumberland, where he led the quiet solitary life of a shepherd.

But about 1485, when he was in his twenty-sixth year, the estates were restored to him. To the surprise of his kinsmen, he refused to make his abode at the family stronghold, Skipton Castle, but chose instead the peaceful solitude of Barden Tower. There he confined himself to studies in astronomy and chemistry until his sixtieth year, at which age he was called upon to prove his ancestral skill as a warrior at the head of the brave yeomen "from Penigant to Pendle Hill." How valiantly he conducted himself on Flodden Field is a matter of history. We all know how

. . . great Clifford many a helmet cleft,
And led a thousand warriors to the field,
Stout sons of Craven who would never yield.

He was born at Skipton Castle and died ten years after the Battle of Flodden.

John Holgate was one of the many eminent men Yorkshire has given to be pillars of the Church. Born at Hemsworth, near Pontefract, in 1481, he, after an eventful career, was appointed Archbishop of York, being the last Churchman to receive the pall from Rome. He was imprisoned during the progress of the Reformation and purchased his liberty by paying a sum of money equivalent to

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£10,000 of current coin. In 1549 he married. Marriage being a great offence against the Church, Queen Mary deprived him of his See, and he retired to end his days in the village of his birth.

DENTON HALL, BIRTHPLACE OF FAIRFAX.

There, in 1555, he founded a number of charming almshouses, with extensive grounds, neat little church, and a well-appointed residence for the minister. Though Primate for only ten years, he did a great amount of good for his Church and people, and founded and endowed free grammar schools at York, Malton, Hemsworth, and other places, besides several almshouses in various parts of the county.

Sir Martin Frobisher was a Yorkshireman noted for his love of travel and adventure. He was born near Doncaster, the famous butterscotch and "Leger" town, and was early appointed to a life in the navy. For many years his pet ambition was to find a north-west passage to India, and after vainly seeking the aid of many prominent merchants, he at length obtained the assistance of Earl Warwick and other noblemen, who provided him with three small vessels.

In these he, in 1576, set sail from Deptford, and after many thrilling adventures arrived on the Arctic coast, where he explored the rugged strait which bears his name. In 1585 he served with Drake in the West Indies, and the following year took a prominent part in the defeat of the Spanish Armada. For his valiant services on that occasion he was rewarded with a knighthood. He died a hero's death while storming a fort near Brest in 1594.

Lord Thomas Fairfax, the great Parliamentary general, was born at Denton Hall, near Otley, in 1611. He came of a rare old fighting aristocracy, and received his "baptism of fire" under Lord Vere, in Holland. When the Civil War began, he threw in his lot with the Parliamentary forces and was given a command in the North. After suffering a few reverses, he exhibited such daring gallantry at the Battle of Marston Moor, in 1644, that he was commanded to supersede the Earl of Essex as General over the whole forces, with the immortal Cromwell as his lieutenant. His most notable achievements were accomplished at Naseby, Bath, Bristol, Colchester, and other important places. On his return to London he was chosen to be one of the judges to try the King, but refused to act in that capacity, though he took no steps to prevent his execution. Fairfax retired from public life in 1650, and devoted his time to literature, his most interesting work being an account of his career. He died at Nun Appleton in 1671.

John Tillotson, the son of a tailor at Sowerby Bridge, near Halifax, was born in 1630, and educated at Clare Hall, Cambridge, where he was chosen Fellow in 1651. Although a Puritan by birth he, at the Restoration, joined the English Church, and was given a curacy at Cheshunt, Hertfordshire He

OULTON HALL, THE BIRTHPLACE OF BENTLEY.

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then was appointed preacher to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and the following year became lecturer at St. Laurence's Church. In 1666 he took his degree of D.D., and four years later was made prebendary. Another year saw him Dean of Canterbury, and soon afterwards he became the confidential friend of William III., who, after the deprivation of Dr. Sancroft, conferred the Archbishopric upon Tillotson. After Tillotson's death, which took place in 1694, the King showed his appreciation of the services rendered by his late friend by granting the widow a yearly pension of £600.

Another Yorkshireman who rose to the exalted station of Archbishop was John Sharp, who was born in Bradford in 1644. His father was a shopkeeper, and he sent the lad to be educated at Cambridge. Here young Sharp quickly rose to prominence, and took holy orders in 1667. He became Chaplain to the Attorney General; was appointed Archdeacon of Berkshire; in 1672 was Prebend of Norwich; in 1676 Rector of St. Bartholomew's, London; and in 1681 was awarded the Deanery of Norwich. He became Chaplain to Charles II., and afterwards to William III. He was made Archbishop of York in 1692, and ten years later preached the sermon at the coronation of Queen Anne.

BARDSEY GRANGE, BIRTHPLACE OF CONGREVE.

He was extremely jealous for his Church, and looked upon everything not in strict accord with his views with a suspicious eye. Immortal Swift had good reason to know this. For when his remarkable "Tale of a Tub" was published, the Archbishop took the book to the Queen, and by his unfriendly representations effectually put an end to the author's hopes, and chances, of obtaining preferment. Swift ever remembered this spiteful act, and in his "lines upon himself" he wrote what he thought about Sharp in no measured terms, and saying that he was pursued by—

> A crazy Prelate, and a Royal prude;
> By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
> On every genius that attempts to rise;
> And pausing o'er a pipe, with doubtful nod
> Give hints that poets ne'er believe in God.

Exactly eighteen years after the birth of Sharp, Richard Bentley, the great critic, was born at Oulton, a charming little place lying about midway between Wakefield and Leeds. After receiving his earlier education at Wakefield Grammar School, he was sent to Cambridge. There he made remarkable progress, and within three years of entering the college was placed Third Wrangler, and obtained his B.A. long before he passed out of his teens; while at the age of twenty-two he proceeded to his degree of M.A.

From that time his career was one long series of successes and promotions. He was made Head Master of Spalding School in 1682, and was ordained deacon in 1690. A year later he issued a remarkable epistle to the famous Dr. Mill, and in 1692 was the first to deliver the celebrated Boyle lecture. In 1693 he was appointed Keeper of the Royal Library, and some time later was appointed to the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, and to the Archdeaconry of Ely. He was one of the most learned critics the world has ever known, and to this day some of his works are used as text-books in our Universities.

The man who invented the chronometer—the instrument which has been the mariner's salvation—was born at Foulby, near Pontefract, in May, 1693. Known by the name of John Harrison, he was by trade a joiner. But rough and uneducated as he was, he had a passion for his tools, and was always trying to make all

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manner of original designs and objects. He designed and completed a remarkable clock, built entirely of wood, which to this day is preserved in the Museum of Patents at South Kensington. When in his thirty-third year he constructed the compensated pendulum clocks that recorded accurate time for a period of over eight years. When the Government offered £20,000 to any inventor who should make an instrument that would determine the longitude within a distance of thirty miles, the offer attracted the attention of Harrison, and he set to work and devised the first chronometer, which was taken before the Government Commissioners. They were very favourably impressed with the instrument, but, to their disgrace be it said, dallied about with the inventor so long that he lived to regret the day he negotiated with them. For forty-five years they professed to be testing the different instruments they commissioned Harrison to make, and for that period the inventor had to wait for his reward!

SMEATON'S MONUMENT IN WHITKIRK CHURCH.

AUSTHORPE LODGE, BIRTHPLACE OF SMEATON.

Barnsley Grange, near Wetherby, is the birthplace of William Congreve, that remarkable genius who has been so aptly described as "the Keystone to the Arch of the Conventional and Artificial School of the comic drama." He was born in 1669, and when sixteen years old was sent to London to study law. But his ambition did not o'erleap itself in any special anxiety to become a luminary of that profession. For, though so young, he was a brilliant wit, and preferred the company of gay litterateurs and leaders of fashion to the more sedate members of the Temple. He early showed signs of a literary bent, his first contribution to the literature of the age being a novel entitled "Incognita; or, Love and Duty Reconciled." It was quickly

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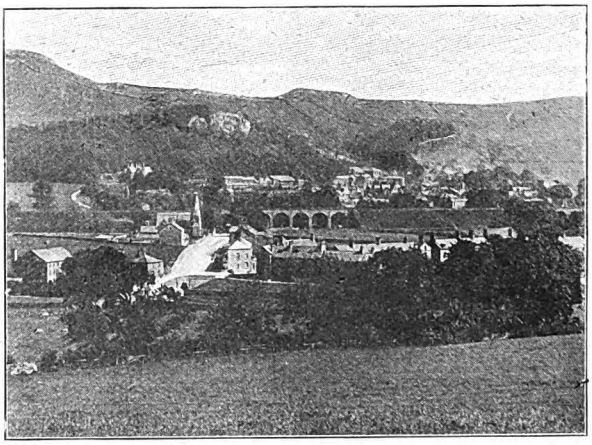
followed by his first comedy, *The Old Bachelor*, which was highly commended by Dryden. The following year he produced many other works, including "The Mourning Bride," in which composition first appeared the oft-quoted phrase, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

When Congreve produced what proved to be his finest work, *The Way of the World*, it was so badly received by the public that the author went before the curtain and soundly rated the audience for their lack of appreciation. The failure of that, "the most intellectually accomplished of all English comedies," so disgusted him with the stage that he vowed never to write for it again, a vow which he faithfully kept, although only thirty years of age at the time. He died in the Strand, London, in 1729, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.



SETTLE—WHERE DR. BIRKBECK WAS BORN.

Sailors have reason to be thankful to Yorkshire for producing such a genius as John Smeaton, the great engineer who founded the world-famed Eddystone Lighthouse. He was born at Austhorpe Lodge, near Leeds, in 1724, and early exhibited signs of an inventive mind. He spent all his spare time experimenting with mechanical appliances, and on numerous occasions demonstrated his great scientific skill. Yet, strange to say, his father, who was an attorney, desired his son to follow the same profession. But after studying law for three years, young Smeaton found it so uncongenial that he strongly protested against being kept at the desk any longer, and at his own request, was placed under a mathematical instrument maker, where he quickly acquired an enviable reputation. In 1753 he was appointed Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1759 obtained the gold medal for a paper on "The natural powers of wind and water to turn mills and other machines depending on a circular motion."

Besides erecting the Eddystone Lighthouse, which had to be taken down owing to the rock on which it was built wearing away, he constructed the harbour at Ramsgate, planned the great canal from the Forth to the Clyde, made vast improvements in wind and water mills, constructed steam engines, and completed many other works which have proved of great public utility. He died at his home near Leeds in 1792, and was interred in Whitkirk Church, wherein is a monument, a model of the lighthouse he built, to his memory.

Captain Cook was another typical Yorkshireman who wrote his name on the world's scroll of fame in characters that will never fade away. He was born at Marton, a quaint little village near Middlesborough, and was apprenticed to a shopkeeper at Staithes. But the lad longed for a life on the surging wave, and his master generously gave up his indentures. Immediately young Cook was freed from his unpleasant occupation he made his way to Whitby, where he bound himself to a ship-owner engaged in the coal trade.

After serving seven years, he was promoted to first mate. He was captain of the *Mercury* when Quebec was taken by Wolfe, and was afterwards engaged to sound the St. Lawrence river. He was with Lord Colvil, as master on the *Northumberland*, at the re-taking of Newfoundland, and in 1764 was appointed Marine Surveyor of that coast. In 1768 he set sail on a voyage of discovery and visited what he named the Society Islands, New Zealand, Botany Bay; and later, New Hebrides, New Caledonia, Friendly Isles, and Norfolk Island. In 1772 he was sent out in command of the *Resolution* and *Adventure* in order to, it possible,

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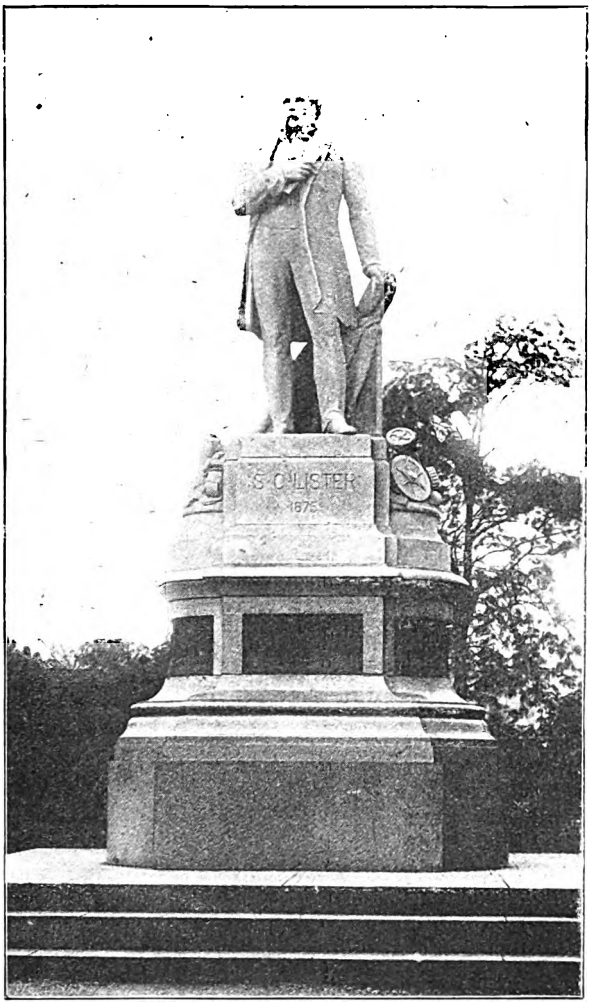
ascertain the existence of a southern continent. In 1776 the Admiralty resolved to decide whether there was a northern communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and the intrepid Captain volunteered his services. After two years spent in scouring the North Pacific he was compelled to shelter on the Sandwich Islands, which he had discovered. But as the natives were hostile to the strangers, quarrels often occurred, and during one of them the brave sailor was slain. He was buried at Owhyhee in February, 1779.



MONUMENT TO ONE OF YORKSHIRE'S INDUSTRIAL KINGS.

Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, was born at Birstall, a small place situated in the centre of the neighbourhood which Charlotte Brontë has made famous by her vivid pictures of scenes and characters that had their being in the locality. Priestley was distinguished as a theologian and philosopher, and in 1773 took up his residence with Lord Shelburne as librarian and companion. He gave vigorous support to the doctrine of philosophical necessity, and published numerous works on metaphysical and theological subjects. Unfortunately he, acting in what he sincerely believed the best and noblest way, floundered in subjects and theories that were too profound for even his powerful intellect, and as the reasonings and deductions he drew from many scientific problems did not meet with general approbation, he was far from being a popular man. In fact, on one occasion, while conducting a meeting in Birmingham, he and his friends were mobbed, and his house, books, manuscripts and apparatus were destroyed by the rabble. After this unfortunate episode he left the country and died in America in 1804, a much misunderstood and disappointed man.

If anyone seeks inspiration or stimulation to noble effort, he should study the self-sacrifice and steadfast earnestness of William Wilberforce, the great friend and advocate of the slaves, who was born in Hull in 1759. At the very youthful age of fourteen years he wrote a public letter, denouncing in no uncertain language the cruel trade of slavery, or, as he termed it, "the odious traffic in human flesh." He was sent to Cambridge when in his seventeenth year, but being a possessor of a large fortune, did not pursue his studies with any remarkable diligence, though his great natural abilities aided him to quickly gain a thorough acquaintance with the classics. After passing out of college he fully entered into the social life of the Metropolis, was returned Member for Hull, became a staunch friend of Pitt (whose companion he had been at

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school), and when the latter was made Prime Minister, gave him much valuable assistance.

When in his twenty-eighth year he determined to devote himself to the cause which had so influenced him in his boyhood. And for more than twenty years he indefatigably exerted himself to bring about the emancipation of the negro.

He made stirring speeches in Parliament, wrote powerful pleas in the Press, spent enormous sums out of his own private purse, negotiated with foreign countries, and, in fact, did all that human being possibly could do to gain such a laudable object. Scores, yea hundreds of times was he laughed at and scorned for his philanthropic ambitions. But his true Yorkshire grit, his immovable strength of purpose, his persistent, unwearying endeavours ultimately brought success, and in 1807 the Bill was made law amid a scene of tumultuous enthusiasm for its promoter, who, after twenty-one years of desperate struggling against the keenest opposition had at last gained his reward.

George Birkbeck, M.D., was born at Settle in 1776, and in early life proved himself to be a deep sympathiser with the working classes of this country. Nearly all he accomplished was for the purpose of elevating those who were not so highly favoured as himself, and in professional and scientific matters he devoted his labours to the interests of the general public. In 1779 he became a lecturer on natural and experimental philosophy at an institution in Glasgow. At the end of five years he resigned the position and came to London, where he rapidly rose into eminence as a physician. His most useful work, however, was the founding of the Mechanics' Institutions, which he originated in London in 1823, and which have since become universal. He was the first president of the first institute, and held the position up to the time of his death in 1841.

MEMORIAL TO SIR TITUS SALT.

And thus, did space permit, I could continue writing of many more Yorkshiremen who have done yeoman service for their country. Who can speak too highly of such men as Ebenezer Elliott, the renowned "Corn Law Rhymer"; of Sir Titus Salt, the man who first purchased Alpaca wool; of George Hudson, "the Railway King"; of Lord Houghton, the great philanthropist; of Lord Leighton, the celebrated painter; and of those heroic self-sacrificing men who, by their plodding and incessant labours, have built up the marvellous West Riding—the pulse of industrial England.

Some of their names are not engraved on the world's record of distinguished men. But, what is far better, their lives and their works are perpetuated in the vast commercial interests which they founded, and which to this day send forth their products to the ends of the earth.

I have written sufficient to show what a large number of England's great men are the children of her largest county. Yorkshiremen number among their fellows the hero who was the real instigator of the Reformation; the man who stands out as a paragon to all English judges; he who opposed the Scots on Flodden Field;

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the greatest critic and the greatest dramatist of the 17th century; two of the bravest navigators who ever sailed the seas; the man who built the Eddystone lighthouse; the man who invented the chronometer; the originator of Mechanics' Institutions; the man who abolished slavery; and the man who led the victors in the great Civil War. And then, as if to add another proof to the undoubted ubiquity of Yorkshiremen, the Mayor of Mafeking, the little border town that will henceforth occupy such a prominent position in the history of Greater Britain, was also born near Bradford!

CHARLES F. SHAW.

ONE LINK IN THE CABLE.

Time may have taken
  The dreams that were dearest;
  The work that lies nearest
Must not be forsaken.

Youth's joyous passion
  Of faith may have left us;
  Pain has not bereft us
Of hands that can fashion.

Obey, then, the Master!
  The furnace is steady,
  The bruised metal ready;
Strike, welding it faster!

And when we have finished
  Our span's-breadth of action,
  That seemed but a fraction,
Dull, dwindled, diminished,

Then He, who is able
  To mould it, will take it,
  Our fragment, and make it
One link in the cable.

No hurry will speed it.
  Yet cease not, nor tarry;
  For this chain must carry
As long as men need it.

Annie Matheson.

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AN EASTER HYMN.

OH! ALL YE FLOWERS AND FRESH GREEN PLANTS
THAT RISE TO LIFE IN SPRING,
JOIN IN THE THANKFUL HYMNS AND CHANTS,
WITH WHICH WE PRAISE OUR KING.

WHO ROSE FROM DEATH 'NEATH EASTER SKIES
AS WE BELIEVE WE TOO SHALL RISE.

ALL THROUGH THE WINTER DEAD YE LAY
BENEATH THE FROZEN SOD,
BUT NOW ARE BLOOMING FRESH AND GAY,
TO PRAISE THE RISEN GOD.

SO WE LIKE YOU FROM DEATH SHALL RISE
AND LIVE AGAIN 'NEATH EASTER SKIES.

EDITH EWEN.

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THE REALITY OF CHRISTIANITY.

By the Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

"Showing by the Scriptures that Jesus was Christ."—Acts xviii. 28.

THAT was the way of Apollos—a Jew born at Alexandria, an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures, and instructed in the way of the Lord. He was a man of fire, a second Elijah, though only knowing a baptism of water. He had a very simple ministry; he was a Bible preacher. This is the testimony borne of his preaching—"He mightily convinced the Jews, and that publicly"—open to public challenge—"showing by the Scriptures that Jesus was Christ." It was a literary argument; it was a high reading of history. Apollos had only one book, but all books in one. Is there a greater mistake than to suppose that because a man knows only the Bible, therefore he is a man of one book only? The Bible is not one book; the Bible is all books of light and music and truth and beauty in one transcendent volume. Apollos, therefore, took the simple course of going back upon the Bible, the religious book in which the people professed to believe, and his short and simple argument was, "If you believe in this book, you must believe this particular man to be the Christ." That is one way; that is one arm of the ministry. It is, however, only one. Nor is it the supreme arm of the ministry.

Yet it was one of Jesus Christ's own ways. If the New Testament had been written then, Apollos might have said: "I fashion my ministry upon the preaching of Jesus Christ Himself." The Lord was constantly referring to the Scriptures.

He was not referring to something that was out of reach of the people; His was no cloud-reading, His was no attempt to establish a new system of metaphysics. He said, in effect: "You have a certain book or scroll in your hands; if you believed that book, you would believe Me; you do not believe Me, therefore you do not believe your own book." That was the sharp and retortful method of the Great Teacher. If ye believed Moses, ye would believe Me; for he wrote of Me—he had no other speech—when he wrote: "In the beginning God created the Heavens and the earth," he wrote of Me; when he wrote the whole story of creation, poem or history, he wrote of Me; the red line of My Blood crimsons his whole page; you do not believe in Me, then you do not believe in Moses; you have misread your own Bible; you know it in the letter, you do not know it in the spirit; you know it as a prose classic, you do not know it as an ineffable genius of wisdom and righteousness and Divine revelation. That is a great argument. It is a mighty practice in dialectic and in preaching to take the book of the enemy out of his own hands, and say: You profess to believe this book, but you do not; lay it down, it is no property of yours.

So it is with great, kind, gracious Mother Nature. If men do not find in her the beginning of the Gospel they do not read her aright; they know nothing of the juices of her spring, they know nothing of the blushing of her summer.

Jesus Christ showed us this plan of treating the opposition when He taught in His school, and we gathered around His feet. He said: If the people profess to believe the Bible, and yet do not receive Me as the Christ, they do not read aright the very Bible they are so proud of. And He said in effect: If men come up after Me, generation after generation, interpreting nature, and do not find Me in the quarries of the rocks, in all the foliage and fruitage of the harvests, in all the beauty of light, and in all the music of colour, then they do not read nature aright, they misspell all her words, and they do not catch the scope and the tone of the Gospel which she is ceaselessly breathing. That was Jesus Christ's method. Said He of

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the Scriptures: They are they which testify of Me: there is only one topic in the Bible; all that you call Providence and history and event and anecdote, all these things come together in one sacred consolidation—Myself, My Person, My Priesthood, My Cross, My Incarnation; if you do not find these things in your scriptures it is not because they are not in the Scriptures; they are a sealed book to you, they are the prose of literature, not the poetry of experience and the delight of revelation. Beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he showed unto them, the two travellers to Emmaus, the things concerning Himself. A greater than Apollos is here.

Here, then, is one way, a great way, of proving Christ—a permanent way. We shall need literature to the end of the times, but let us understand that it is literature. He who knows one letter does not therefore know the alphabet, and there is a preaching that is as a single letter, and is as not as the total alphabet, capable of fifteen thousand times fifteen thousand permutations, changes, variations, inwrappings and involutions, and outcomes of new pictures and music.

Let us beware of this one-letter ministry and this one-virtue exaltation, this pet grace display; as if a man should select one letter of the alphabet and be strong on that, and boast of it; as if a man should cultivate some one particular grace, and judge all other men by their growth in the same excellence! That is dangerous; in criticism it is fatal; in literature it is a blunder. We must take in the sum-total and the complete idea, and judge accordingly. One man is strong on the letter W. There you give him great credit. Why should you? They say in divers circles of criticism: Whatever else he may be, there is no doubt that upon the letter W he is exceedingly and unchangeably orthodox. That is just equal to saying that you have picked out some particular item or doctrine in the great Christian dogmatics, and you are claiming to be orthodox because you are very strong upon that point. It is a mistake: it will be the ruin of the symmetry of your mind and your character. There are no solitary graces; there are no solitary worlds. God proceeds by unity and consolidation, and if you have only one grace you have no grace, for the graces belong to one another; they may be greater, or they may be less, but they are groups and clusters and households.

When Jesus Christ could make little or no impression upon the people by references to their own Scriptures, they being scholars of the letter only, and not of the spirit, He said one day: "Believe me for the works' sake"; if you will not understand My Word, if you will not correctly and deeply read your own Scriptures, believe me for the works' sake. This is My challenge: Can any other man do these works? Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, came to Jesus by night, and said unto Him: "Master, we know that Thou art a teacher come from God, because no man can do these miracles that Thou doest"—this particular kind and quality of miracle—"except God be with him." There were miracles, there were conjurings, there were skilful deceptions of the onlooking people, who imagined that their poor vision could follow the cunning of the trick; but no man can do these miracles that Thou doest, miracles that separate themselves into uniqueness of isolation, except God be with him: now, tell me how it is and come with me in this nightly solitude. If you will not believe My words, if you will not believe your own Moses, and My Moses, believe Me for the works' sake, believe Me for the results of My ministry; be decent, if you cannot be generous; be just, if you cannot be noble; and compare all other works that have been done with Mine, and believe Me for the balance.

That is the same argument which He addresses to us to-day. The works are still being wrought, the miracles are all at hand, the deeper, grander miracles; and Christ now saith to us from the heavens, bending over our stubbornness and unbelief and waywardness: Believe Me for New Guinea's sake; you know how I found New Guinea, you know the history of New Guinea as to cannibalism, barbarism, cruelty, all manner of hellish thought, desire, and practice; you knew the place before I went to it; let us go down to-day and see New Guinea. The people are singing hymns and psalms, churches are being built, homes are being fashioned and brightened and established, cannibalism is being left behind. Believe Me for the works' sake. Take any other field of missions, and all I ask, saith the Man Who died for the world, is that you

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judge Me by My works ; judge the Gospel by its results ; and when atheism, secularism, agnosticism, or any manner of worldliness has produced the same results, judge between us : until then look at the facts, read the evidence.

Nor need you go across the seas to find My works ; believe Me for what I have done for your own child. He was a prodigal, I brought him home ; he was rebellious and unfilial, he was the burden and the terror of your life, and I went out after him, as after a lost lamb, and I brought him back again. What has he been to you since? you know he has been the joy of your heart and the very glory of your household. Believe me for the works' sake. Did atheism bring him back? Did secularism convert his soul? Did agnosticism so work upon him that he hastened back to his broken-hearted father and mother? No ; the Cross touched him by its pathos, and brought him again to the abandoned home, and in his name I ask you to believe that I am the Christ.

Take any neighbourhood before the Cross is preached in it, take it after the Cross has been well proclaimed within it, judge between the two conditions of the place, and then say who is the Christ. The Christ that answereth by beneficence and social revolution and redemption and eternal progress and betterment, let him be Christ, though we have never heard His Name before ! It is the old challenge ; it rings from the very battlements of heaven, and the world is bound to answer it.

Apollos "mightily convinced the Jews, and that publicly, showing by the Scriptures that Jesus was Christ." The Saviour Himself had pursued the same plan, adding to it : If you do not understand your own Scriptures, do look at the works which we have wrought in your very midst, and believe Me for the works' sake. That is another way, but it is not the highest way. What, then, is the highest way of showing that Jesus is the Christ? You must refer to your own consciousness. A man must not find the Christ outside him only, he must find outside him a Christ which represents what is within his own secret soul, a Christ that lives in the very blood of his blood. The challenge is to us who profess ourselves to be followers of Christ. Suppose that we have an argument in a book, which we have ; suppose that we have an argument in missionary endeavour and success, which we have ; suppose these were our only arguments, people might treat them as external, critics might despise them as being open to literary and historical cross-examination of a very penetrating and difficult kind. But we have another way of showing that Jesus is Christ, and that is the way of showing what the dear One has done in our own spirit, our own heart, our own life, and our own consciousness ; so that in order to destroy our argument men have first to destroy our character. This was the way that Paul practised, and by his practice recommended ; this was the way which some of those cured by the miracles of Christ adopted. Said one : Once I was blind, now I see ; Pharisaism, account for it ! you did not do it : who did? That is right, that is the *argumentum ad hominem*. That is the challenge of the Church, if she will take up her proper arms and go to the battle equipped, furnished for the desperate struggle. You know what you were before you received the Gospel, you know your own former temper and habits ; people who have followed the development of your course will assure you that you are hardly to be identified with your own past self. This is the way in which men speak of you : How changed he is ! how less austere, exacting ! how much softer, gentler, mellower he is ! how greatly he now exceeds in considerateness for other people ! what has happened to him? "Christ has been born in him, the hope of glory," is the answer, the full answer, the satisfactory answer. We are living epistles, known and read of all men ; we have new hopes, new motives. If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature ; old things have passed away, and all things have become new ; the summer of the Lord is upon him, and everywhere he is covered and enriched with the beauty of Heaven.

So we prove the Christ by the Scriptures, by the miracles, and by human instances, and self-consciousness, and thorough knowledge of our own inward condition. Jesus has given us a new set of terms ; Jesus has started the mind upon new parallels, analogies, parables, and imageries ; Jesus has given us intellectual audacity. So now we see death, and death abolished. No Shakespeare ever

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touched that eminence of thought. To kill Death, to go to the burial of Death, to inter grim, cruel Death, and erect no stone upon his dwelling-place—that was the idea of Jesus Christ; no unbeliever ever invented it. Unbelief is intellectually poverty-stricken; unbelief lives a life of negation; it dwells in the icy caves of the eternal No, or Don't-know, or No-man-can-know. Christianity is literature, poetry, genius, intellectual vitality and inventiveness. Take that one image as proof and seal of the whole—that Jesus Christ undertook to abolish death. He who tussles with death and throws the monster into his pit, he is Lord of all.

We can prove that Jesus is the Christ. He fills all our thoughts, covers the whole area of life; He is not one of many, He is the First and Last. He handles the greatest situations; He answers the most piercing interrogatories; He does not abandon us in the darkness, He takes us to the edge of the grave, buries us, and waits for us on the other side that He may give us the chaplets and crowns of heaven's own amaranths. If this be poetry only, there is none like; if this be but rhetoric, it is the rhetoric of a mind that is steeped in the very wealth and grace and glory of God.

This, then, is our threefold argument—the argument of the Scriptures, the argument of the works, the argument of the inner personal consciousness, the miracle that has been wrought within the temple of the individual soul.

If Jesus is the Christ, then confess Him, be His followers, name yourselves after Him, in the living, vital, divine sense of His Name—the Saviour and Redeemer of all. You confess your politics, why not your Christianity? You confess your patriotism, why deny your religion? You are proud of the throne of your country, why not honour the Cross of your salvation? We want more frankness, more direct attestation and confession in this whole matter of the Christian life. It should all be done modestly, tenderly, self-distrustingly; and, once we bury ourselves in the humiliation of conscious weakness, we should say through all the thickness and folds of the darkness: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Thus we have weakness and strength, humiliation and glory; nothing in ourselves, all things in Christ. To know that and to say that is what is meant by confessing the Lord Jesus.

If Jesus is the Christ tell everybody about Him. There is no other man worth speaking about, there is no other name worth remembering. Yet out of this speech and this memory relating to Christ will come other speech and other recollection, ennobled by these primary relations to the Eternal Lord. Then every other human name will become significant; every human necessity will become an opportunity for doing good; every prodigal soul will offer you the glory of taking that wanderer back to his abandoned Father's house. If Jesus is the Christ, do not put Him on a level with others. Jesus will not have admiration.

The one thing from which Jesus runs in shocked soul and distress of spirit is applause. He is not to be admired, He is to be adored; He is not to be complimented, He is to be trusted; He is not an advance on Socrates, He is the Everlasting Father, and His name is Wonderful. So long as we set our Christ on the seats occupied by the Platos, the Aristotles, and the divers philosophers and poets of the world; so long as we reckon Him one of many, He will be but little to us. He must be the Fairest among ten thousand and the altogether Lovely. He must stand alone. The word unique we may apply to Him in a very special sense. God with us, yet God above us; now familiar as the sunlight that plays around our feet, and yet majestic as the sun which no hand can pollute.

JOSEPH PARKER.

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IN DEEP WATERS

By MRS. BAGOT HARTE.

Illustrated by SYDNEY COWELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE RYLMER HEIRESS.

"JAMES! pass me that letter."

"But, Ethel, I haven't finished reading it myself," expostulated Sir James Rylmer.

His wife rose without saying another word, and sat down on the sofa at his side. She was as pale as death, and her hands trembled violently as she drew the letter towards her and read it at the same time as her husband.

"To think that Horace should have kept his marriage a secret!" exclaimed Sir James.

"Why accept it as a certainty? *I* shall not believe he was married until I am obliged."

"But you can't shut your eyes to the fact, after reading this letter," he retorted.

"But why should he have concealed his marriage from us? There was nothing to be gained by secrecy."

"Goodness only knows what his reason was! Don't ask me conundrums. You know as well as I do that Horace was a strange character."

Lady Rylmer gave her husband a silencing look. She did not wish to be further reminded, even indirectly, of the opportunities for studying his character that her three weeks' engagement to Horace Rylmer had given her.

"I should not have cared if he had merely married and left no child," she argued, "but to leave a twenty-year-old daughter behind him, for us to take charge of, is adding insult to injury. But, happily, he has not left a son! That would have been infinitely worse; for then this house and the title would have passed to a Caprese donkey-woman's son! I can't imagine how Horace could have married so much beneath him!" Lady Rylmer spoke with disdain.

"But it was the money we wanted. What is the use of this house and a title without a suitable income to keep them up on? Six hundred a year is nothing! It is no use possessing a house like this, and a title, on such a niggardly income."

"Yes!"

Lady Rylmer uttered the monosyllable emphatically, and a look almost wild in its vehement indignation came into her face. The certainty of her husband inheriting his brother's twenty thousand a year had buoyed her up through years of struggling poverty.

"But this girl, Marie, will have to live with us for one year?" she said.

"Of course she will; as I am her natural guardian and the only remaining trustee. Besides, she has chosen to come here."

There was silence for a few minutes. Then Lady Rylmer observed, half to herself: "I wonder what she will be like?" The manner in which the question was

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put denoted a change in the current of her thoughts.

"Oh, she'll be dark and have piercing eyes, and be a thorough Italian in appearance—not the Rylmer type of woman, of course."

The Rylmers prided themselves on the beauty of the race.

"If she were to die before coming of age the money would go to you—wouldn't it, James?"

"How can I answer that question without seeing Horace's will? Besides, she won't die before then. But she'll marry and leave us."

"Of course the poor girl won't die," sharply replied his wife, annoyed to hear her very words repeated. "I wish——"

"Oh, don't worry me, Ethel," he interrupted.

"You seem incapable of thinking out matters," she continued. "Don't you realise at a glance that an uncouth, uneducated young woman will be glad to remain in the refined social atmosphere of this house for some time?"

"Hang it all! Where's the use of thinking out anything? The money is hers, and that's the beginning and end of the matter. Luckily she has to live here for a year; and we can do a great deal towards getting the house into order on her one year's income; and, if we're careful, we can save a few thousands. We needn't live in style, in honour of a donkey-woman's daughter."

"I shall insist on living appropriately and in making her happy here—if she proves amenable to reason."

"Of course, she'll leave us at the end of the year, so what is the use of troubling ourselves about her? Horace hated this house, and she'll hate it too."

"However, I shall insist on making the best of circumstances and enjoying the one year's prosperity."

Visions of beautiful gowns and bewitching hats, etc., were already floating before Lady Rylmer's mental eyes. Much of that twenty thousand pounds should come into her pocket, of that she was determined.

"It's an awful, frightful, harrowing disappointment!" cried Sir James, waxing more indignant with each word. "I always felt so certain that Horace would leave me all his money."

"Which proves the folly of ever feeling certain of anything which lies in another person's hands to settle. If you're sensible, you won't waste your energies in regrets. *I* don't intend to do so. I intend to make the best of circumstances."

"I can't make out how it is that you can take the disappointment with such aggravating coolness. I thought you would have taken it more to heart than even I have."

"If I could improve matters by working myself up into a state of misery, James, I should do it—you may be quite certain of that. But nothing can alter the wording of Horace's last will, now that he is dead. What I want you to do is to avoid advertising our disappointment by talking about the matter. I shall not tell anyone outside the family that Marie has been left all the money."

"Oh, very well," he agreed, with another sigh, hopeless and despondent. "I suppose there is nothing to do but accept the inevitable. I shall get over the disappointment in time, I daresay. The next thing to be done is to see the will. I shall go to this lawyer, Townsend, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, to-day."

"Yes, one would like to know how the money is willed in case anything happens to the girl, or if she marries against your wishes, or acts in opposition to you, or does anything else that she oughtn't to."

"Yes. I hope Horace has given us a tolerably tight hand over her." Then, taking out his watch and consulting it, Sir James said: "If I'm quick, I can catch the next train up to London."

Rylmer Hall was several hundred years old. It was a quaintly-built, rambling house, to which additions had been made from time to time. Sometimes those additions had been planned to harmonise with their surroundings; but sometimes they had not. The result, therefore, was an architectural medley; but over that medley time had cast its mellowing hand, and the effect was far from unpleasing. The house looked north, and so did most of the principal rooms; and their lack of sunshine was accentuated by possessing small windows and low ceilings. From the north side there was a distant view of the River Thames, but from the south nothing could be seen in summer-time, as a thick belt of trees divided the grounds from the high road. Altogether the estate comprised some thirty acres, and in the centre of this the Hall had been built.

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The late baronet, Sir Horace, had vacated the family seat in favour of his younger brother, James, some twenty-three years before, and had also allowed this younger brother a thousand a year to keep the house in good repair, and to enable him to live there in moderate style.

Only a few weeks after this arrangement had been entered into, James's wife had died, leaving a son. The following year the young widower married again, this time Ethel Stanley, a doctor's daughter, who had been previously engaged to his brother.

From that moment, Horace ceased to be a visitor at the Hall, but he wrote regularly to his brother, and the letters were always of a very friendly nature.

On those friendly letters James had centred his hopes of inheriting his brother's money.

The present Lady Rylmer was an ambitious woman; but her ambitions were not entirely centred on herself; Derrick, her son, was the darling of her heart, and she had always intended that he should inherit the lion's share of the family's prospective wealth, since the title could not be his. True, the willing of that wealth was in her husband's hands; but it was she who decided all matters of family importance, and she certainly intended that her husband's will should be in accordance with her wishes.

With thoughtful eyes she watched him hurry down the carriage drive.

"In one year so much can happen," she observed, mentally. "Of course Horace never intended that James should be left sole trustee. He was doubtless unaware that Sir Henry Grenfell and Lord Lorring were both dead. It is fortunate for us that they are!"

Then, changing her tone, she added, "I wonder where Laura is. That girl grows plainer every day, I believe. If she had been like me or her father, she could have made a brilliant match. It's inconceivable that a child of mine should be so plain; and she's so stupidly attached to her step-brother. I wonder how he is today."

This sudden desire to hear the latest news of her stepson's health caused Lady Rylmer to hurry upstairs to his room.

"Maurice is almost quite well," exclaimed Laura. "Mr. Trent says he may go out this afternoon for a drive."

"Oh!" replied Lady Rylmer.

"Has anything happened, mother?" Laura put the question anxiously.

"Yes, your uncle Horace is dead, and he has left a daughter of twenty, who inherits his property. A year after he went to Capri he married a donkey-

HER HANDS TREMBLED AS SHE DREW THE LETTER TOWARDS HER AND BEGAN TO READ.

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driver, and this person died about a year ago."

"A donkey-driver!" exclaimed Laura. "How very unstylish it sounds! And is her daughter coming to live here with us?"

"Yes."

"Oh, then, mother, don't let Derrick know who her mother was. He would tease her so much about it."

"Not in my presence," said Maurice, in a decided voice.

"We won't discuss the matter," said Lady Rylmer.

"And does she inherit absolutely the whole of Uncle Horace's money?" asked Laura.

"Yes—all!" The words were uttered in a harsh, sharp voice.

Dead silence followed.

"I hope the dickens I shall soon be strong again," said Maurice, breaking into the silence; "and I only wish that I had been educated for a profession. Getting something to do minus qualifications isn't easy."

"Your father has never given the matter his serious consideration," observed Lady Rylmer, pointedly. "Now he will realise the necessity of doing so. A man of twenty-three years of age is not expected to live in idleness, unless he is rich."

"And I'm the last man to do it," was the rejoinder.

For a moment no one spoke, then Lady Rylmer observed: "So you are better, Maurice?"

"Yes, thank you."

"In that case——"

"Oh, here's a telegram!" exclaimed Laura. "I do enjoy telegrams arriving. It always means an excitement. May I open it, mother?"

"Certainly not," was the reply.

Lady Rylmer tore open the envelope and read: "Arriving to-morrow nine a.m. Charing Cross.—MARIE RYLMER."

"To-morrow!" gasped Lady Rylmer. "I must go at once and give directions and ——"

But the remainder of the sentence was lost on Maurice and Laura, for already Lady Rylmer had passed out of the room.

"I wonder what Marie will be like," soliloquised Laura. "Not like the women who go about with the piano-organs, I hope."

"I shouldn't wonder if there was a striking similarity in her appearance to them. The chances are that she dresses like them." There was a twinkle in Maurice's eyes as he said this.

"Oh, that will be dreadful. But mother will insist on her wearing English clothes, I hope."

"Yes, we may trust her to do that; but our new-found relation is sure to want to live on macaroni and to eat it with her fingers," said Maurice, warming to the work of appalling Laura.

"And, of course, she won't speak English."

"Not a word; I'll bet anything."

"Oh what shall we do with her?"

"Make her happy, naturally. The poor girl is sure to be in a miserable state of loneliness at first."

"Oh, but isn't it awfully disappointing to think that we must always be poor now?"

"Don't think about it, then." The words were accompanied by a sympathetic kiss.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"And to whom is the money left in case Marie dies?" Lady Rylmer asked her husband the question without any unnecessary introduction.

"To Maurice," was the curt reply.

"*To whom?*" gasped Lady Rylmer, raising her voice.

"Maurice."

"Maurice!" she repeated as she sank into a chair, and leant back looking as if she were on the point of fainting.

"Yes, and I was never more surprised in my life. He and Horace only met twice. To think that Horace should pass me over and—and—leave all to my son is annoying beyond measure."

"'Annoying!' It's worse than that—a thousand times worse. It's disgraceful, scandalous! But surely you can upset the will?"

"Impossible."

"But if Maurice dies, who, then, will have the money?"

"I shall. I'm his heir—unless he, too, decides to will it over my head to someone else. But, of course, he'll marry. Besides, the girl is sure to marry, too." Sir James stopped speaking, then added, after a pause: "It's obvious that you and I, Ethel, were not intended to have this fortune that Horace has left behind. It's

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hard luck I admit, but we can't help ourselves."

"It's a conspiracy to keep *me* poor. Horace hated me, and was evidently determined that it should not come into my hands. But I will defeat——" she stopped.

"Don't talk nonsense, Ethel. You *can't* defeat it. You can't turn aside a *bonâ-fide* legal document; it's impossible, so don't talk wildly on the subject."

Lady Rylmer pressed her lips together. She knew she had already said too much.

"We shall have our hands full with this donkey-driver's daughter to look after," said her husband, plaintively.

"I shudder at the thought of it all. Happily she will be obliged to remain in the background for a year, and in that time I shall have to teach her how to conduct herself correctly."

"Have you told the servants that she's coming?"

"Oh, yes, and given directions for her room to be prepared, and I have told Maurice and Laura."

"You're getting over the matter quickly, I see."

"Yes, but the worst part will be telling our friends that Horace married an Italian."

"To tell one or two would be enough. They'll tell everyone else."

"Of course we must both meet this girl at Charing Cross to-morrow," said Lady Rylmer, much in the same tone as if she were going to the dentist.

"Yes, I suppose so."

With these words Sir James quitted the room.

But his wife did not stir. She remained rigidly still, thinking and thinking. The hard lines of her mouth became harder, and there was a strong element of cruelty in that hardness. Her hands stole to her face to stifle the angry sobs that rose to her lips.

"Poverty, poverty! Hateful, humiliating poverty! Is it always to be mine? No! I will defeat it. I will! I will!

Ten o'clock struck. She rose and hastened to assure herself that the invalid's wants had not been neglected. She entered his room with noiseless steps. Already he was asleep, and he was sleeping peacefully.

"He'll soon be strong again," whispered Sir James, who joined her at this moment.

"Yes," replied his wife, briefly, adding a moment later: "Remember, we must breakfast at eight o'clock to-morrow in order to catch the early train."

"Very well," he replied, at the same time registering a vow to be late.

And he kept his vow; for after waiting until the last moment and sending several messages of a hurrying-up nature, Lady Rylmer drove off the following morning.

She was the only member of the family at Charing Cross station when Marie stepped out of the train and glanced wistfully and wonderingly round her.

Intuitively Lady Rylmer knew who she was, but she made no effort to speak for a few minutes. She wanted to see how this new-found relation could act under emergencies, and the result of the few minutes' observation surprised her.

Having assured herself apparently that no one had come to meet her, the girl calmly directed a porter to put her luggage on a hansom and order the cabman to drive to the Hotel Metropole.

At this moment Lady Rylmer came forward and introduced herself.

"Then have I the pleasure of speaking to Aunt Ethel?" asked Marie in excellent English.

Lady Rylmer smiled assent and proceeded to ask questions respecting the journey, etc., all of which were answered in a frank natural manner. Marie was not guilty of an instant's shyness or of an awkward movement, but proved herself equal to all that the occasion demanded.

She noted her aunt's appearance with eyes not a whit less observant than those directed towards herself.

To all appearances the meeting might have been just an ordinary meeting between friends; yet it was to prove the turning point in the lives of the two who were now exchanging remarks to the accompaniment of smiles and outward assurances of goodwill.

"And now I can leave myself entirely in your hands, Aunt Ethel. It is so pleasant to do so after my long, lonely journey."

"But have you travelled the whole way quite by yourself?"

"Yes. My father"—here Marie's voice trembled slightly—"said that he wished me to do so."

"For one so young and unaccustomed to travel it must have been a trying experience."

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Marie smiled. "I feel so old, so very equal to taking care of myself," she said; "and I have travelled a good deal. I have been to Egypt, Turkey, and Spain."

"And is this your first visit to London?" asked Lady Rylmer, taking her seat in the hansom.

"Yes; and I have been looking forward to it."

Each moment Lady Rylmer's astonishment was increasing, and also her annoyance. Hopes of being able to overawe her niece and cow her into obedience faded into the region of impossibilities. Marie could only be managed by love—one glance at her firm yet sympathetic face proclaimed the fact.

"It's most disappointing," thought Lady Rylmer. "I shall have to cultivate an affectionate, coaxing manner instead of making her do what I wish by force of will. The latter has always been so much more after my taste than the former. I wonder if she is already in love. These Italian girls are such premature mortals. And she is a very beautiful girl. How I wish she was illiterate and commonplace, instead of everything that is attractive! It seems almost impossible to believe that she is a donkey-driver's daughter; but of course the lawyer must be right. It's just like Horace to act in a manner to upset everyone's calculations."

"And is this Westminster Bridge?" exclaimed Marie.

"Yes," answered Lady Rylmer, "we are driving to Waterloo Station, and shall take the train from there."

"I cannot tell you how much I have looked forward to coming to London and seeing everything, and shopping in Bond-street and Regent-street. I have made up my mind not to be disappointed with anything."

"If you are, it will not be our fault, dear; for we are all determined to make you as happy as we can."

Marie raised her large brown eyes to her aunt and murmured "Thank you," with genuine gratitude in her voice. "I am so glad to be in England amongst my father's people," she added after a moment's pause.

Lady Rylmer smiled a sweet, appreciative smile.

During the remainder of the journey home, conversation lagged. It was evident that the girl was growing anxious now that the moment of her arrival at the Hall was close at hand. Unfortunately rain was beginning to descend in torrents, and the country was donning its most miserable aspect.

"Is it often like this in England?" she queried, with a shudder.

"Not often—at least, we have many bright days."

"But, of course, there are plenty of amusements—theatres, operas, parties, and 'At Homes.' There is always gaiety to be had, is there not?"

"Oh, yes! But for the next year you will not be able to mix in society. A year's complete seclusion is expected after the loss of a father. People would say unkind things of you if you went into society earlier; and I am sure you would not enjoy yourself."

"No," said Marie, speaking with a touch of self-blame.

"You will have the society of your two cousins, Derrick and Laura."

"And Maurice?"

"No, Maurice is leaving home very soon."

"Oh, I am sorry to hear that. Father always said that I should like Maurice. And this is Rylmer Hall?"

"Yes, and your uncle, and Derrick, and Laura are hurrying out to greet you. Your uncle is prepared to love you as if you were his own child—and so am I, dear." A tender pressure of the hand accompanied the last word.

Marie's face lighted up. Love, mental sunshine, would be indeed welcome in this land of fogs and rain.

The next moment the carriage drew up, and Sir James hurried forward to greet the new arrival, with a look of surprise.

She glanced shyly at him, and her lips trembled with emotion. It was a critical moment in her life, and she longed to know if she had done right in cutting herself adrift from old associations and placing herself in the hands of these relations.

To eyes accustomed to the palaces of Italy, the house was small and insignificant. The long, dark hall, with its low ceilings, looked depressing on this most dismal of days. The girl's heart sank and her eyes glistened. Everything was different from what she had anticipated. She had expected brightness and an air of luxury.

"I am so glad you have arrived safely, Marie." It was Laura who spoke, and there was genuine welcome in her voice.

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"And you're awfully punctual," put in Derrick, shaking hands.

Then followed an animated chat of the accepted type for such occasions, in the midst of which Laura slipped upstairs and joined Maurice.

"She's come!" were her first words as she entered his room. "And she's absolutely beautiful, with dark hair and a lovely complexion; and when she smiles you see a lovely row of exquisite teeth."

"I always expected she would be good-looking," he answered, putting down the book he was reading.

"But she is fifty times more than merely 'good-looking.' She is beautiful! So tall and graceful! Do come down and see her. And put your necktie straight and touch yourself up. I know you'll fall in love with her."

"Hi, stop, don't rush on like that, giving my heart away in that open fashion."

"It's done you good already to hear that she is beautiful. You were looking so dull when I came in just now. I'm sure you're well enough to come down to the late breakfast we're just going to have. Shall I go down and tell her you can be expected? I'm sure she would be pleased to hear it."

"Don't chaff, Laura. Just choose me another necktie, instead of this old thing. Do you know, you are rather a trump of a sister."

"That's no news!" she replied, airily, making the required selection.

A few minutes later they descended to the breakfast-room. Sir James was the only person there, and he was looking perplexed—pleasingly perplexed.

"She's absolutely one of the most attractive girls that I have seen," he observed to Maurice, in a mystified voice; "well-travelled, well-read, well-educated—well everythinged. I can't understand why Horace kept her existence a secret—can you?"

"No, I can't."

At this moment the door opened and Lady Rylmer entered with Marie.

Laura shot an inquiring glance at Maurice, and that glance said, "Isn't she lovely?" But he failed to notice it, for Marie's face had lighted up and was turned towards him with genuine pleasure.

"My father often spoke of you," she said. "You were a favourite of his."

The remark was a good foundation on which to build a friendship, and all present realised it; but the person who realised it with the greatest force was Lady Rylmer.

Fortunately the coffee was brought in at this moment and created a distraction, greatly to her relief.

"I am sure you must want your breakfast, Marie," she said, as they took their seats at table. Then, turning to her husband, she added: "James, dear, see that Marie has a good breakfast."

He nodded assent with a smile. Marie's beauty and charm of manner had won him over to be resigned to her existence.

It was a cheerful breakfast party. All present were seen at their best, and it was evident that the new arrival would be a favourite in the family. Maurice sat on her right, and more than once her eyes were raised to him with a look that spoke of growing confidence.

He was a tall, handsome man with a fair moustache and blue eyes. His was a frank, straightforward face, the face of a man whom all trust and respect. But so far his life had been thrown on uneventful lines. His father had rigidly suppressed his yearnings to enter the army—in fact, to do anything that might necessitate present expenditure. "Why should you leave home, Maurice," he argued, "as I am certain to inherit your uncle's money when he dies, and he's twenty years older than I am? If I die first, all will be yours. At the present moment, it costs so little for you to live at home, and to tide over present difficulties is more to the point than any other consideration." In the end, against the dictates of common sense, Maurice had allowed himself to be persuaded to remain idle.

Breakfast over, Marie was taken possession of by Laura.

"I want to show you over the house," she said. "There is a history to nearly every room, and there are several private staircases; also with histories—some rather ghastly ones, and——"

"My dear Laura," expostulated her mother, "pray don't tell Marie any of the ghastly tales connected with this house—besides, they are mostly fabrications."

"I'm afraid they point to several of our ancestors being the reverse of reputable,' laughed Maurice.

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SHE POURED SOME OF THE POISON INTO THE BOTTLE LABELLED "MEDICINE."

"Fortunately I am not nervous," observed Marie, with a quiet smile; "and I don't think that anything will make me so. So you can tell me as many eerie tales as you like."

"All right," put in Derrick, "I'll come too over the house, and I'll pile on the agonies. There is one room in which the ghosts of two murderers are supposed to dance the Highland jig every night. I have tried to catch them at it dozens of times, but never succeeded."

"Susan, our old nurse, was more fortunate, she says," remarked Maurice, as all four filed out of the room.

"Marie proves to be rather a pleasant surprise," said Sir James to his wife, the moment they were left alone. "The boys evidently admire her. Under the circumstances, if Maurice and she were to fall in love with each other and marry, it would be a happy solution to everything. We could give them up this place and——"

"James!" cried his wife, indignantly. "Don't talk like a fool. This house is yours, and I shall not consent to your vacating it. And pray don't fall to the level of a match-maker."

As she said this Lady Rylmer rose and glided out of the room.

Then she waited, listening. In the distance, at the other end of the house, she could hear the sound of laughter. A look of purpose, wicked purpose, stole into her face.

She moved silently along the hall, then mounted the wide oak staircase, and entering Maurice's room glanced furtively round. But no one was there. It was a quaintly-shaped room, and out of it led a small inner room. In the latter, on the mantelpiece, were several bottles. Two contained white cordials. One was marked "Poison" and another bore the directions: "To be taken three times a day."

With trembling hands she uncorked both bottles.

CHAPTER III.

THE HALF-BROTHERS.

As calmly as her unsteady hands would allow, Lady Rylmer poured some of the poison into the bottle labelled "Medicine, to be taken three times a day"; then replaced the two bottles in their original places with studied precision, and hastily quitted her stepson's room.

Not a moment had been wasted, yet she had scarcely acted with sufficient speed, for outside the door she came face to face with the four young people. She felt herself turn cold to the finger tips—there was danger in the meeting.

"O mother! You do look ill!" exclaimed Laura. "What has happened?"

There was tender solicitude in the girl's voice most irritating to her mother.

"Nothing has happened," was the sharply-spoken rejoinder; "but I am

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tired. You forget I breakfasted at eight this morning."

"In order to meet me in London. How kind of you!" said Marie.

"But I am glad to see that you are making yourself at home," replied Lady Rylmer.

"Yes; I am taking care of her," interposed Derrick.

His mother smiled a well-satisfied smile as she put her hand affectionately on his shoulder. But he moved away, and there was a tinge of annoyance in the action. He was not an affectionate son, as a rule; although there were moments when he spoke endearingly to his mother, and strove to anticipate her slightest wish. These demonstrations of affection generally preceded a request for money, and were watched by Laura with scornful eyes.

He was a very different stamp of man from his elder brother, and many considered him distinctly the better looking of the two. In height they were the same; but Derrick was dark and more vivacious in expression. In his boyhood he had been nicknamed Dare-devil, and his friends of to-day considered it as suitable now as in the days when he was the terror of the whole household. His mother spoke of him as being the "life of the house"; but there were moments when she realised that her days would flow by more happily minus the life of the house.

Once, and once only, Sir James had ventured to suggest to his wife that it would be wise to get him an appointment abroad, where his spirits would have more scope, and his ability to spend money less scope than at present. But the suggestion had called down upon Sir James an avalanche of abuse. Thus it happened that two sons, both capable of doing good work in the world, were living idle lives at Rylmer Hall.

"There'll be trouble between the two young gentlemen now that such a pretty cousin has come to live here, mark my words," said the cook later in the day as she watched the four young people walk across the lawn towards the river.

It had ceased to rain, and the sun was making an effort to shine. Nevertheless, it was not a suitable day for a semi-invalid like Maurice to go out.

"Oh, do stay in the house," pleaded Laura, linking her arm in his. "I do want you to keep well."

"It's sheer madness to choose a day like to-day for testing your constitution," put in Derrick.

"We'll all go back," said Marie, decisively, "and ——"

"Oh, there goes the bell for afternoon tea, and that closes the discussion," exclaimed Laura. "And here comes father. Do you know, I'm absolutely certain that he has been hunting all over the house for us ever since luncheon."

"And how do you like Rylmer Hall, Marie?" asked Sir James, joining them.

"Very much. It is so different from any house I have seen before."

"But she thinks that the secret staircase and the false doors ought to be done away with," put in Laura; "and the ceilings of all the rooms raised, and the windows made three times their present size. Now, don't you Marie?"

"This is not an inquiry office, Laura," put in Maurice, as they filed into the hall.

Then, without waiting for an answer, he bounded upstairs and entered his room. He went straight into the inner room, and pouring himself out a dose of his medicine drank it off at a gulp.

"Hullo! That tastes different from usual!" he exclaimed; then he turned away without giving the matter a second thought.

Laura was waiting outside for him, and her face reflected a joyous state of mind.

"Oh, isn't Marie a nice girl, and so lovely?" she exclaimed. "To think that you should have said she would eat macaroni with her fingers!"

"Forget that thoughtless observation of mine," he answered emphatically.

"Home will never be dull with her in it. I'm so glad that Uncle Horace married. Let us give her a first lesson in billiards after tea. She says she has never even seen the game played."

"All right. We'll do whatever she wishes."

Thus, to an accompaniment of having her wishes anticipated and believing that all rejoiced at her arrival, Marie's first day in her English home passed quickly by.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY RYLMER'S MIDNIGHT WATCH.

Silhouetted against the moon-lit world, the grim walls of Rylmer Hall stood out stern and dark. In a few rooms lights

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still burnt, although twelve o'clock had struck. Derrick was even whistling in his room. He was arranging in his mind a plan of campaign, as he called it, whereby his present shortness of cash would never recur again.

His mother tapped at his door. "I wish you would be quiet, Derrick," she said, in a low voice. "You are keeping everyone awake."

"All right. I'll bring my musical entertainment to an end," he said, looking out. "I feel in such good form altogether to-night, somehow."

"What do you think of Marie?" inquired his mother.

"That she's a species of earthly divinity with a welcome amount of cash. But"—here he changed his voice and spoke almost in a whisper—"you'll have to get Maurice out of the way, otherwise she'll fall in love with him."

"You must prove yourself worthy of winning her first. Nothing that I can do will influence the end. All lies in your hands."

"Laura is on Maurice's side, too."

Lady Rylmer bit her lip. "You should make her love you instead of teasing her so much and doing all she dislikes."

With these words his mother walked away.

Left alone, Derrick made some cutting remarks about all his relations, and Maurice in particular, then put out his candle and was asleep in a few minutes.

But Lady Rylmer did not return to her own room. She waited in an alcove listening for silence to steal over the house. For twenty minutes she waited; then all seemed safe—safe for her to pass unnoticed along the corridor leading to Maurice's room.

"The suspense of not knowing how he is will kill me! I must see with my own eyes if he still lives," she said, under her breath. "Oh, why do I tremble? Surely I shall never descend to the folly of being afraid to follow up my own work! Just a few hours' steady courage—just a few hours of rigid determination—and my life will be freed from the one hateful spot on it. Yes!—yes! I will persevere. I will frustrate Horace's iniquitous will—frustrate all that stands between me and all that makes life worth living."

Pale as death and with tightly-compressed lips she stole noiselessly into Maurice's room and to his bedside. Scarcely daring to breathe herself she watched his laboured breathing and noted the pallor of his face. The rays of the moon which cast their silver brightness across the room accentuated that pallor. Carefully, very carefully, she brought her face lower and lower until it was within a few inches of his.

Was he dying? Was he already unconscious? She asked herself the questions as the blood rushed back into her cheeks. In the excitement of the moment she believed he was ceasing to breathe. Each movement of respiration was growing weaker, slower, so it appeared to her overwrought brain.

And her own heart was beating with furious force. A future without Maurice arose before her mental eyes. Oh, how good the world would be to live in, if the one mortal she hated most was no more!

She leant nearer to him, eagerly observant.

Her hand touched his. With a startled cry he awoke, and she sprang back into the shade, out of the range of the moon's silvery light. She was mistaken!

Yes, he still lived—still could be counted with the living.

"How ill I feel!" he murmured. "I must have caught cold. No—there was something wrong with that medicine. It was that which has done it. O heavens, how cold I feel! I feel as if I were dying—dying!"

For a moment there was silence, and during that silence the woman standing in the shade dared scarcely breathe. As rigid as a statue and as white and cold as a statue, she stood with the dark curtains of the bed falling around her. She must not move, she must not stir, she must remain there—a silent witness of her stepson's sufferings, and perhaps death. The poison had been long and slow in doing its work, and this told her that the amount taken might be inadequate to kill. Yet it would probably suffice to bring on a relapse.

Again the sick man moved, and muttered words of semi-articulation. "It must have been that medicine." He spoke in a weaker voice than previously, and a groan escaped him. "Oh, must I lie here and die alone?" he whispered, trying to raise himself—then sinking back with another groan, so like a sob.

But that groan and sob did not touch the heart of the hard, cruel woman.

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standing at his side. Her hands did not yearn to lessen his sufferings—but to increase them.

She stood there waiting, hoping, to see him die. The hateful wickedness of it!

Five minutes passed, then pitifully he murmured: "Oh, help, help!"

But none came in answer to that sad cry.

And the woman standing so near that their hands almost touched, uttered no reply, never stirred, save that the lines in her face grew more strained and cruel.

Her only cause of regret existed in the fact that she must stand there and witness the result of her own work.

Suddenly Maurice sprang up and tottered towards the door. It was the supreme effort of one who knows that he must act—or die. He reached the door, clung to it to steady himself, then opened it and went out.

With breathless anxiety, Lady Rylmer watched him turn to the right, watched him lurching along the corridor, and saw him push open a door. Then, without a moment's delay, she hastened towards her own room.

It was Laura's door that Maurice had opened. His faint cry: "Oh, help me!" roused her with startling suddenness.

"O Maurice, Maurice, what is the matter? What has happened?" she exclaimed, striking a match. Then as she hastily lighted a candle and held it up, the truth flashed across her mind—Maurice was ill again!

Quickly throwing on her dressing-gown, she rushed to his side, and threw her arms round him.

"Don't, dear; oh. don't!" he murmured. "Rouse the servants, and send for Dr. Trent. It's my only chance! Leave me here, and act. Something must be done."

A moment's delay, just to throw a blanket round him, then she darted down the corridors towards the servants' quarters.

As she passed her mother's room, the latter came out.

"Laura!" she cried, with well-feigned astonishment. "What are you doing?" As she spoke, she extended her hand towards the girl, who made a sudden spring to get by.

"I can't stop—I can't stop!" she cried. "Maurice is ill again, and I am going to send one of the servants for Dr. Trent at once."

"I forbid it! It is most unnecessary. Maurice has merely taken a chill; and I will not have Dr. Trent fetched for any frivolous cause. You forget how quickly his bill is mounting up."

"If that's your reason, I'll wake Marie up, and ask her to give me the money for him. She has got twenty pounds. She showed it to me. And I won't wait talking. I am going to wake up Susan."

With the last word, Laura ran her fleetest towards Susan's room, and hammered loudly at the door, then entered, and explained to the half-awake domestic what was required of her.

Susan was an old servant, the nurse of former days, and a woman of considerable strength of character and great reliance on herself. But what was most to the point, she adored Maurice. He was her idol in the family.

"Go and wake up Mary and the cook, Miss Laura. Cook can run faster than I can; and when she's gone for the doctor, I can get poor Mr. Maurice back to his room again, and light his fire."

Laura at once roused the other servants, and within a fraction of time, they were all four descending the stairs.

Stretched across the floor, almost unconscious, poor Maurice lay apparently dying.

"You've roused Mr. Derrick and Sir James, Miss Laura?" observed Susan, interrogatively.

"No; I wanted to get your help first."

"Then rouse them, miss. There's no time to lose."

Laura did as she was told without hesitation. Susan was always right.

For half-an-hour all was hurry and confusion. Sir James ordered everyone about with that aggravating volubility characteristic of men accustomed to see their commands disregarded, and know themselves unequal to enforcing obedience. Derrick growled at being awoke in the middle of the night, and Lady Rylmer walked about in a stately, injured manner, complaining that Maurice's return of illness was due alone to his persistent disregard of all care.

Mercifully, perhaps, the sufferer himself noted nothing, save that Susan ministered to his wants with divine womanly kindness, and that, at times, Laura's frail, weak hands did some kind service.

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"YOU MUST GET WELL," WHISPERED LAURA. "WE WANT IT SO MUCH, MARIE AND I."

Meanwhile, he fought on against approaching death, fought inch by inch, as men do to whom life is dear. At last the doctor arrived.

He was a big, burly man, with a deep voice and an abrupt manner. He was trusted by all his patients and feared by many: for his contempt of all that bordered on imaginary complaints led nervous individuals to think before asking him to call.

When he had a "severe case," he entered into the matter heart and soul; and strove his utmost to save the patient's life. Maurice had just emerged from being a "severe case"; and to be summoned to attend him in the middle of the night caused Dr. Trent hurriedly to appear at the house.

"My stepson has thrown all caution aside to-day," exclaimed Lady Rylmer.

"Very foolish of him!" exclaimed the unsuspecting doctor. "But I can't attribute the present symptoms merely to a chill. There's something more serious in it than that, I'm afraid."

"I hope not," hastily interposed Sir James.

At this moment Maurice's eyes opened, and a flutter of intelligence came into them.

"The medicine was wrong," he explained, in a weak voice.

"Ah, that's better. He's pulling round, you see," replied the doctor, addressing Sir James, then adding, in a lower tone to the patient: "What did you say about the medicine being wrong? You didn't take the wrong kind by mistake, I hope?"

"No; but it tasted wrong."

"Can I see the bottle?" Here he spoke to Susan. But before the latter could reply, Lady Rylmer interposed. "I will get it," she said.

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She went into the inner room, and, taking it up, was returning to the bedside, when it fell with a crash on the floor.

"How annoying!" exclaimed Sir James.

"My hand trembled," said his wife, in a well-feigned, contrite voice.

She looked so ill and troubled!

"Accidents will happen sometimes; we can't avoid them," said Dr. Trent, kindly. "After all, the idea that the medicine was wrong must be a fad of our poor young patient. It was made up by my assistant; you couldn't have a more careful man. So don't give the accident a second thought, Lady Rylmer. It doesn't matter in the slightest."

"I am so glad," she murmured.

"But I hope we shall be able to guard against any recurrence of these attacks," said Sir James, in a perturbed voice.

"When the patient has entirely recovered his strength, he will be able to fight against passing attacks of all kinds. Meanwhile, he must run his life on more careful lines; and, above all, not keep poisons and medicines standing side by side—as I expect he does. Do you hear?"

"Yes," replied Maurice. He wished he felt well enough to respond to the doctor's good-natured banter in a similar tone.

"However, you'll soon be well again," said Lady Rylmer. "This is only a passing indisposition."

"If you let me nurse Maurice, Dr. Trent, I'll see that he isn't ill again," put in Laura, who had been present during the whole of the interview, unnoticed by the others.

"I'm sure I can trust you," he answered.

"But I object to that arrangement. Laura is so conscientious that she would overwork herself, and then we should have her ill upon our hands as well as poor Maurice," said Lady Rylmer.

Dr. Trent looked at the girl's pale, earnest face, then at her mother, so dignified and determined, and thoughtfully stroked his long, auburn beard. He wished some other man had been in his place.

Meanwhile Laura had seated herself on the sick man's bed, and was fondly stroking his hand.

He was getting better every minute now. But anguish and suffering were written on his face.

CHAPTER V.

MARIE DISILLUSIONED.

Maurice slept. It was a troubled, fitful sleep; one from which the sleeper seemed constantly on the point of waking. Susan was sitting near him, and she watched him with anxious eyes. He had not rallied as the doctor believed he would, and she was beginning to fear that the case was even worse, and that he was steadily becoming weaker.

She had been left in sole charge by Lady Rylmer, who had gone up to London in quest of additional servants; for an immediate increase of the establishment was necessary now that Marie had arrived.

Laura had been asked to go up to London, too; but no allurements would induce her to leave home to-day. She had prevaricated, coined excuses, and done everything to secure being left behind, and had succeeded. However, Derrick had gone with his mother.

"It'll be a good opportunity to secure mother's support to the enlarging of my tailor's bill," thought he. "By Jove! it's big enough already. I wonder what the old heathen will say when he hears that the pater hasn't come into Uncle Horace's fortune. But, after all, health and good spirits, and superlative powers of enjoying oneself were not given one for naught—and where is a fellow if he hasn't a well-cut coat to his back? Nowhere, of course. I hope the dickens the mater won't expect me to stay always at home making myself agreeable to Marie—jolly pretty girl, though. But I hadn't the ghost of an intention of saddling myself with a wife for a dozen years to come, until yesterday. Twenty thousand a year isn't an income which a fellow should allow to slip through his fingers."

Thinking thus he travelled up to London in Lady Rylmer's company. She was curiously silent, for the events of the previous night were surging uppermost in her energetic mind. Weary and anxious, the part she had played assumed to itself an alarmingly dangerous aspect; Susan, Laura and others were all devoted to Maurice. In future she must work more stealthily.

"You look tired, mother," exclaimed Derrick.

"And I feel it," she answered. "In addition to feeling tired, I'm anxious about Maurice."

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"Oh, trust Susan to look after him," was the rejoinder.

And there was not the slightest doubt that Derrick spoke correctly. Susan could be trusted to lay down her life for Maurice if circumstances rendered it expedient.

At that very moment she was acting with complete indifference to everyone's wishes and commands—for the sake of Maurice. She had been pointedly told not to leave the patient for a moment, but she had done so, and she had acted still further in opposition to Lady Rylmer's orders—for she had left Laura in charge.

A change for the worse had taken place. The patient had lapsed back into unconsciousness, and this had caused Susan to rush off for Dr. Trent.

Trembling with terrible apprehension, Laura crouched by her favourite brother's side. "Perhaps he is dying! Perhaps he is dying!" The words rang in her ears as she pressed her lips against his hands and whispered loving tender words. But there was no answering look in his face, nothing which spoke of that brotherly love which Laura knew was hers.

"O darling, darling Maurice!" she cried, beginning to sob. "You know how I love you—oh, do get well for my sake!"

There was no reply, no responsive movement or sign. Poor Laura! Hope died within her, and she felt dull despair stealing over her. "He *must* be dying—dying!" she said to herself.

And he was the one being on earth whom she loved superlatively. She could not watch by him alone—alone! Perhaps he might suddenly cease to breathe, suddenly cease to be counted with the living. The thought was dreadful. She would not risk facing the awfulness of it. She rose and hurried out of the room, and took the stairs at a bound. Someone must come and share with her the heart-breaking vigil.

In the hall she came face to face with Marie.

"Oh, would you come and sit with me in Maurice's room?" she gasped, seizing her cousin's hand. "Susan has gone for Dr. Trent, and father, mother and Derrick are all out. The servants are of no use; and, oh, do come quickly, I'm afraid he is dying. He looks so dreadfully ill."

"Yes, I will come," and without a vestige of hesitation, Marie followed Laura upstairs. "I'm so sorry to hear that he is worse. I thought he was getting better," she said.

"Perhaps you will know what to do." Here Laura's voice fell to a whisper. "To see him die without trying to save him would be so terrible."

"But I cannot believe he is dying. Oh, I hope not." Marie spoke as one who feels keenly.

Very noiselessly the girls entered the sick-room and stole up to the bedside. Marie looked intently at the sick man and her heart sank within her as she did so, for his was the face of a man near whom the angel of death is hovering.

"Oh, doesn't he look dreadfully ill?" asked Laura, with a sob. "I am longing for Dr. Trent to arrive. It is heartbreaking work sitting here doing nothing."

"But you and I must do something immediately," said Marie, trying to speak calmly. "Fetch some brandy, at once, quickly—every instant is precious."

It was done as swiftly as eager limbs could do it. Then Marie raised the unconscious man's head and placed a glass to his lips. There followed just a tremor of his eyelids, just a small movement that spoke of life.

"Oh, I wish the doctor would come," she cried.

Moments followed during which they dared scarcely glance at the white, strained face so full of suffering. Then Laura whispered joyously. "He is better; look!"

Yes, she was right. Eyes that spoke of returning thinking-power looked straight towards the two girls. Then a flutter of recognition stole into the sick man's face. At first it was nervous and troubled, then it grew happier and more peaceful. There was even an attempt at a smile, a pitiful attempt, for it came and went so quickly Then he glanced at Marie and murmured: "Thank you."

"You must not try to talk," she said, with gentle authority.

"Oh, darling Maurice," whispered Laura, kneeling down by his side and nestling her head against his, "you will soon get well now. You must. We want it so much, Marie and I."

Intuitively the anxious sister had uttered the truth—a truth which strengthened the sick man's hold on life.

Maurice's eyes rested with clinging hope on Marie's beautiful face, now

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turned to him with pity and sympathy. No, he could not die. He must, *he must* live.

Then he fell into a tranquil sleep, the sleep which is life to a sick man.

An hour passed, then two. Still Susan did not return nor did the doctor arrive.

"I wonder what has happened?" queried Laura, in an anxious voice. "I hope Susan has not met with an accident. There is no one who can take care of Maurice like she can. I am afraid of trusting him to others."

"But Aunt Ethel and Derrick will take every care of him."

"I would not trust either," said Laura, speaking with sudden vehemence. "Mother does not like him, and Derrick is too careless and thoughtless for anything. He is mother's favourite; Maurice and I are not. That is why we have always chummed so much together. *I* think that Maurice is perfection; he has been an ideal brother to me. I'm not surprised that Uncle Horace liked him. The world would be empty to me without Maurice."

Marie looked thoughtfully at Laura's eager face, which reflected seething indignation. It was hard to know how to answer, and it would be easy to say an injudicious word, a word that might wreck her happiness in her English home.

"All will come right in time." she said, putting her hand reassuringly within Laura's.

It was early days to be disillusioned of her English relations, so Marie thought with a pang of disappointment. Her uncle, she had discovered, was lacking in force of character, and a mere puppet in the hands of his wife, whose actions and remarks she was growing to understand less and less; and Derrick overawed her with his loud voice and brusque manners.

But Maurice and Laura she was quickly beginning to regard as the two people in the world whom she could love most.

"After all I could not expect all my English relations to be nice," she thought to herself.

At last Dr. Trent arrived looking very troubled; but his face cleared when he saw the two girls sitting near the sick man. "Ah, that's right," he said to them both. "You've taken good care of him. I have spent an anxious hour on his account. Susan met with an accident and sprained her ankle, and couldn't get quickly to me or I should have been here before. But I see you have done all that was required; in fact, more. Miracles are at work, it seems. He looks so much better."

As he said the word "miracles" his eyes rested unconsciously on Marie He was a student of human nature.

"The danger is past, then?" queried Laura, smiling.

"Yes, comparatively," he answered.

"What shall we do now?" It was Marie who asked the question.

"Keep the room absolutely quiet. Excitement or noise will be dangerous. And there is another thing that I should like you to do," here he addressed Laura, "and I know I can trust you to do it. I wish all bottles labelled 'poison' to be taken out of the room. I can't in any way account for your brother's state excepting by his having taken some by mistake. Poisons and ordinary medicines should never be kept together."

"I will take them away at once," said Laura, glad to be of special service.

"You see," whispered Dr. Trent to Marie, "it's a great responsibility, a case like this; and now that Susan can't be of further use I shall telegraph for a nurse at once. Lady Rylmer is of no use in a sick-room. Miss Rylmer is the only available person and she is not experienced."

Marie listened surprised to the doctor's perplexities; then said: "I will stay here if you like until the nurse comes."

His face brightened and he nodded assent. "It's a case of life or death, you see," he said.

As he uttered the last word the rustle of silks announced a new arrival in the room.

All turned towards the door and beheld Lady Rylmer.

Indignation and consternation were written on her face. She drew herself up and looked from one person to the other.

"Laura! Marie! What are you doing here in Maurice's room? I am surprised——" She checked herself and the colour rushed from her face.

Laura was walking towards the door, and in her hands she carried the bottles labelled "poison."

(*To be continued.*)

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My First Sermon.

By DR. ALEXANDER MACKENNAL.

MY first sermon, written at college, was from the words "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." My tutor characterised it as "a lot of absurd metaphysical mysticism."

I had come up to the theological seminary from a Scottish university, charged with elementary philosophy and crude criticism; and I was much more anxious, in my sermon, to show how Jesus could be a Saviour to the whole world than to convey his invitation to burdened souls. My next sermon was on the Eternal Son learning obedience by the things which he suffered. It was so orthodox that it repelled many devout believers; a theological discourse, the theology learned from the Glasgow pulpit. My third sermon was on visiting the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and it was well received in the class and outside.

The change in my choice of subjects and method of treatment did not come from what I learned in college—I had great power of resisting that—but from what I learned in the pulpit. I was preaching one Sunday afternoon in a London suburb, to a congregation mostly of servant girls. To my surprise and dismay I found that I was not interesting them. Reflecting afterwards upon this, I began to suspect that I had not interested the congregations I had previously addressed; and then the question flashed upon me—was I even trying to interest them?

I had been content with preparing sermons, saying "whot I owt to 'a said," taking for granted that people would see and appreciate that; and "whot I owt to 'a said" was not precisely truth which I was sure of. I resolved, in the first place, that I would preach nothing which I had not verified, submitted to some test of reality. Hence my lesson from James. I was certain that pure religion and undefiled was to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world. My next resolve was, always to preach trying to persuade someone of the truth and importance of what I was saying. The sermon class did me a great deal of good, especially the criticism of other men's sermons. But it neither taught nor reversed the two lessons I learned in the pulpit.

DR. MACKENNAL AS HE WAS WHEN HE COMMENCED HIS MINISTRY.

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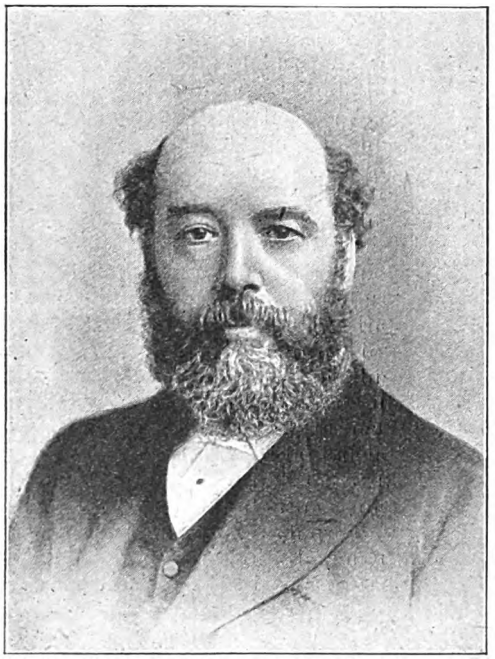
In the Public Eye

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

SECOND to none in activity as a centre of religious life in London is Park Chapel, Crouch End, and the man who is largely responsible for its splendid record is its pastor, the Rev. Alfred Rowland. Mr. Rowland unites the abilities of a fine preacher to those of a skilful organiser and man of business, and his conspicuous success at the Crouch End Chapel, with its endless ramifications of Christian work, could hardly have been otherwise achieved. He began life in the warehouse of Messrs. I. and R. Morley, but was persuaded to leave this employment and enter the ministry by his pastor, Dr. Spence, the minister of Poultry Chapel, where he attended. Young Rowland took an active part in Church work, and once when addressing the Sunday school the doctor happened to be present, and was much struck by the excellence of the young man's address. Taking his pastor's advice, Mr. Rowland entered New College, London, and went through the usual course of training for the ministry. Besides this he determined to gain academical distinctions at the London University, and took the degrees of B.A. and LL.B. Before he had finished his course Mr. Rowland had already come to be looked upon as a rising young preacher, and as soon as he was duly qualified received several invitations to fill vacant pulpits. He accepted the pastorate of Zion Congregational Church, Frome, in Somerset, and the work there prospered under his care. Mr. Rowland was approached with a view to his becoming the pastor of Park Chapel three years before he accepted the appointment, for the work of his own church was in a state of transition, and he felt he could not leave it at that time, and it was characteristic of the man that he should prefer to remain at the post of duty rather than accept the tempting offer



THE REV. ALFRED ROWLAND, LL.B.
(Pastor of Park Chapel, Crouch End.)

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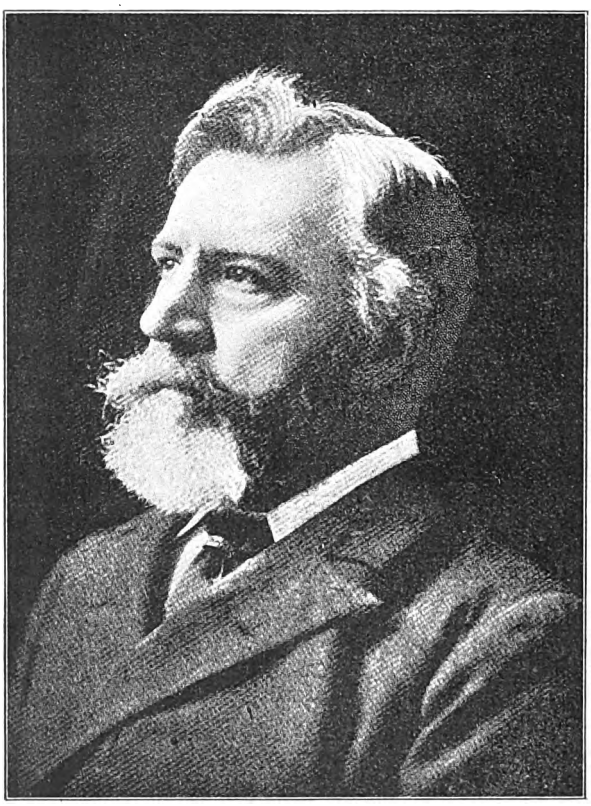
of such an important pastorate. When the invitation was renewed three years later, circumstances had changed, and Mr. Rowland felt himself at liberty to comply with the invitation. An idea of the extensive character of the work carried on by this North London church may be gleaned from the fact that it has had to be continually enlarged until its seating capacity is nearly 1,500, with a membership of 1047, and the amount raised by subscriptions for various branches of work in a year is over £4,000.

IF Richard Whiteing had not early thrown aside the engraver's tool, his pen would probably never have given us that powerful study in contrasts between Wealth and Poverty—"No. 5, John Street." "One peculiar feature of engraving," said Mr. Whiteing, who learned the art under Wyon, the engraver of the late Queen's seals, "is that you see everything through a magnifying glass of great power, which, while it concentrates the gaze on a small disc of metal, shuts out all the surrounding objects. There is nothing like it for the view of the square inch, but it tends to spoil your view of the world." And it was the world, with its endless varieties of the human type, which Richard Whiteing longed to see. As he sat on his office stool and plied his craft, he could hear its call to him to be the mouthpiece of its struggling millions, and to hold up their dark, cheerless lives in strong relief against the luxury of the spoiled children of fortune. His first contribution to literature was a sketch entitled "A Night in Belgrave Square," purporting to be the impressions of a costermonger on a visit to one of these palaces of the wealthy. This sketch at once brought its young author into prominence, but Richard Whiteing shunned publicity and resisted the temptation of writing in the immaturity of his powers.



MR. RICHARD WHITEING.
(Author of "No. 5, John Street.")

He devoted himself to journalism as the surest way of acquiring that knowledge of men and things which is essential to the production of a work of real power. He became special correspondent to the *New York Herald* at Geneva during the Arbitration, and to the *New York Tribune* in Spain after the abdication of Amadeus, and went on special missions to several of the most important European capitals. For many years he was Paris correspondent to a number of English journals and to the *New York World*. Then he returned to England and became leader writer to the *Daily News*. All the time he never ceased collecting facts and storing up impressions for his great work. At one time he projected a scheme for living altogether in some obscure haunt of poverty-stricken humanity, and of communicating his gleanings from this sombre world to the public anonymously. But he found there were ties he could not break, and the scheme had to be perforce abandoned. Everyday, however, he would disappear from the highly respectable sphere of journalism

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and clubland into that vast unknown, unrecked of London, which has no pretensions to respectability, and but too few to the common decencies of life. The first result was the publication of "The Island," the scene of which is laid in the South Sea Islands, where the people are depicted as living simple and happy lives, unmarked by those painful contrasts presented by our own social system. This book was followed by Mr. Whiteing's *magnum opus*, "No. 5, John Street." Commenced in 1893, and then laid aside owing to pressure of other work for two years, it was resumed in 1895, and the author did not rest until it was in the publishers' hands. The realism of the book is intense, but never oppressive, owing to the fine literary art displayed.

Two aspects of human life are placed side by side, the lot of the East End slummer, and of his brother man in the West. In every line of the book there breathes the author's keen sympathy for suffering humanity.

Mr. Whiteing was born in London, but he comes of a Yorkshire stock, his family having resided in the East Riding for many generations. He was educated privately, and studied art at the Government School of Designs.

READERS of THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE will like to learn something of the career of the gifted authoress whose fascinating serial story, "In Deep Waters," commences in this number.

Mrs. Bagot Harte was born in the neighbourhood of St. James's Park, and her father was a Parliamentary solicitor. She was educated partly in Paris and partly at Queen's College, Harley-street, and as a student showed considerable ability, gaining the Arnott Scholarship for proficiency in Natural Philosophy and Astronomy.

Her first book appeared in 1893. This was "Bianca," and the publication at once secured for its authoress a high place in popular favour. The reviews gave her work unstinted praise, the originality of the plot and the admirable character drawing especially appealing to the critics. The first edition was quickly sold out, and a second demanded by an appreciative public.

Other books soon followed, and more than confirmed the promise of her first.

Some of the most noted novels which she has sent out are: "The Silver Lining," "Love's Revenge," and "The Wheel of Fate." Brought up from childhood in a legal atmosphere, she early became acquainted with the many mysterious problems presented by the law, and these appealed strongly to her imagination. Some of her books deal with the vindication of persons wrongfully accused of crime, and the wonderful accuracy on all legal points, and the vivid realism of the trial scenes—which has been much remarked upon—is due to the fact that her husband, who is also a member of the legal profession, has rendered valuable assistance in supplying the technical knowledge. As a serial writer, Mrs. Bagot Harte especially excels, owing to the exciting nature of her plots and the wealth of incident that never allows the interest to flag for a moment.

MRS. BAGOT HARTE.
(Who is writing the new TEMPLE Serial.)

THE lessons of bitter personal experience have often been one of the most potent sources of inspiration to those who set themselves to adjust the wrongs of their fellow-creatures.

It was thus that William Quarrier, the founder of the Orphan Homes of Scotland, became imbued with the invincible determination to relieve the cruel sufferings of the slum child, for in his early life he was himself a dweller in the slums, accustomed to the bitter humiliations and sharpest privations of poverty. He was born in Greenock in 1829. His parents

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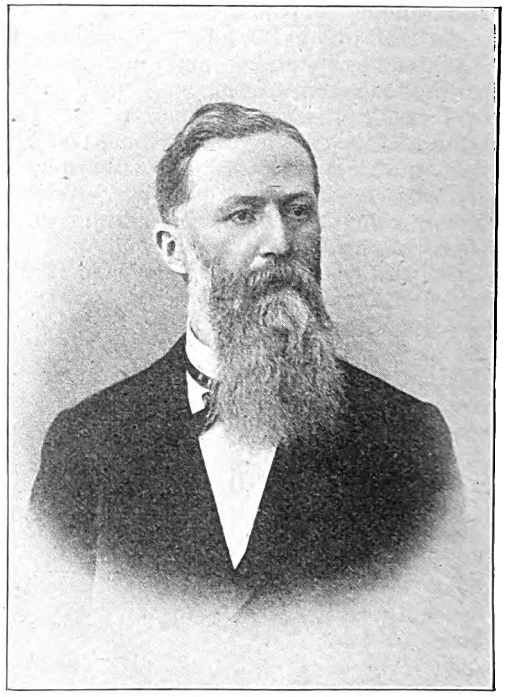
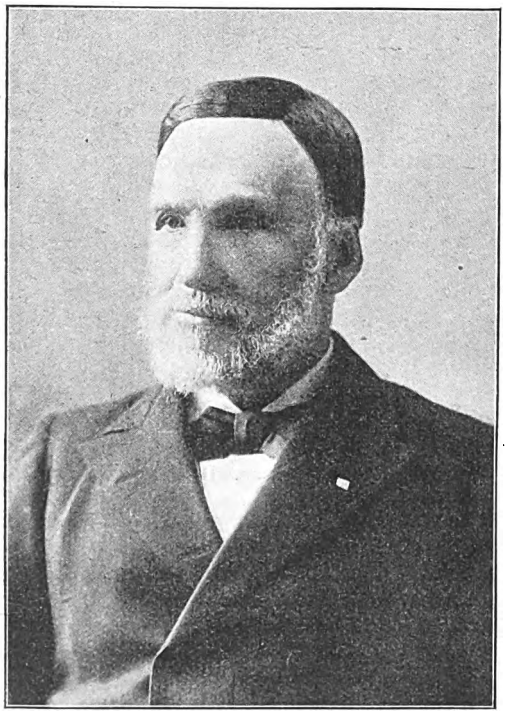
were thrifty and hardworking, but one stroke of ill-fortune followed another, and after the death of his father and when young Quarrier was only five years' old, his mother was forced to leave Greenock, and seek a scanty and hard-earned living in Glasgow. She worked in the warehouses, and though toiling like a slave could barely earn enough to keep body and soul together. When six years old, little Quarrier began the hard battle of life himself, being employed from early morning till late at night in making pins for the remuneration of a shilling a week. Another year saw him apprenticed to the shoe-making business, and he remained at this employment nearly two years. He was then thrown out of work, and his mother being unable to support him at home he had to depend entirely on himself for his own support. It was a bitter struggle, and the memory of it has never faded from Mr. Quarrier's mind. At length his indomitable spirit was triumphant. After picking up a precarious living for some time he once more found employment in a shoemaker's shop, and eventually became first a journeyman,



PROFESSOR PAGENSTECHER.
(The famous German Oculist, who attended the late Queen.
Photograph by H. Schiffer, Wiesbaden.



MR. WILLIAM QUARRIER.
(The Founder of the Orphan Homes of Scotland.)
Photograph by G. Crow & Co., Glasgow.

and then master of a fine business. As soon as ever he was in a position to do so Mr. Quarrier began the great work of his life among the children of the slums. He was then thirty-five, and from that time he never looked back, but gradually from small beginnings extended his work until at length those splendid institutions, the Orphan Homes of Scotland, to which thousands of children owe their first glimpse of hope and happiness, were evolved from it.

PROFESSOR HERMANN PAGENSTECHER is the renowned German oculist, who, some few days before her sad demise, was summoned to Osborne to attend the late Queen. Upon manifestations of the graver symptoms, however, it appears that his aid was not requisitioned. The eminent Professor had frequently attended her late Majesty since she began to experience some trouble in connection with failing eyesight, and it was he who was forced to recommend the black spectacles, in which we of late became somewhat used to see our lamented Queen while driving in the

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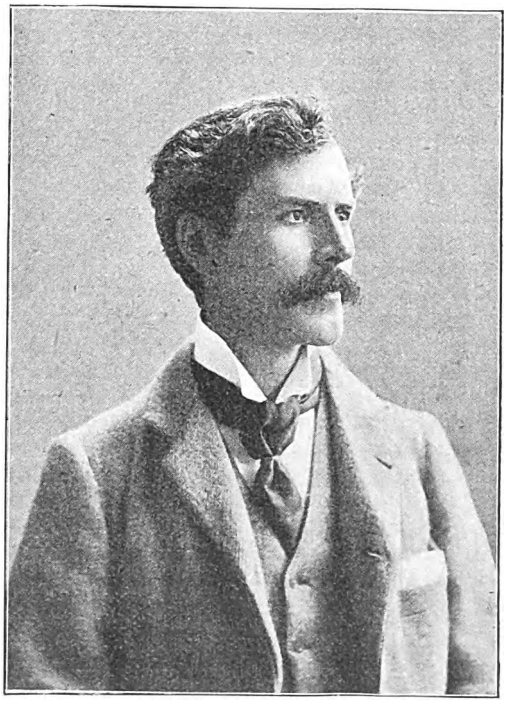
MRS. MACDONALD.
(Who is associated with her husband in all his aims and work.)
Photograph by Whiteley, Bayswater, W.

open. Professor Pagenstecher has made several stays in London, and is very fond of travel. He has many university distinctions and an unparalleled experience, which accounts for his world-renown. He is at present director of the Wiesbaden Ophthalmic Hospital, at which pleasant town he resides. He also conducts his own private eye hospital at the same place, there having built himself a universal reputation.

MR. AND MRS. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD are so united in their efforts and aims, and labour so diligently in the same field of action, that to separate them in any notice of their good work would be a graceless task. Mr. Macdonald, by sheer force of intellect and strength of convictions, has risen from the status of a farm worker in Elgin through the local Board school, where he held a pupil teachership; and after finding his way to London, through the Birkbeck and City of London College, where he studied in the evenings after doing clerical work in the City; then, through a private secretaryship to Mr. Thomas Lough, M.P., to a leading position in the Independent Labour Party. He has contested one or two Parliamentary elections and has polled splendidly, though not as yet successfully. Besides his very extensive and well-known work on trades unions, the Fabian Executive, the Women's Industrial Council, the Working Men's Housing Council, the British Economic Association, etc., he has contributed among other literary productions to the leading reviews on labour and social questions, and wrote regularly for the Dictionary of National Biography. He has propagated by addresses all over England the principles and tenets he has made it the object of his life to support. His endeavours are based on such terrible facts as these: "That in the metropolis of the richest and mightiest empire of the world there are 50,000 people who have no home; that about one in every three of the whole population is on or below the poverty line; that one death in every five is in a workhouse, hospital, or lunatic asylum." Mr. Macdonald believes that both poverty and charity are unnecessary, and is convinced that it is quite within the limits of practical politics to elevate



MR. J. R. MACDONALD.
(An ardent Social Reformer.)
Photograph by Robert Stewart, Elgin.

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workers to a place of independence and security, and that the task of the Twentieth Century is to bring peace to dwell within the land, and happiness to rest upon the hearth. To these great and humanitarian ends all his labour is directed, as is also that of his wife. Mrs. Macdonald, who is a daughter of Professor J. H. Gladstone, F.R.S., has done splendid work on the Women's Industrial Council; on the Executive of the National Union of Women Workers; as one of the conveners of the International Congress of Women, held in London in 1899, and as hon. secretary of a large district nursing association in the East End. She is, like her husband, a member of the Fabian Society, and of the British Association, and is a Fellow of the Statistical Society. With Mr. Macdonald she has travelled in Canada and through the United States, with a view to studying political and social conditions. Her pen has been powerfully used on behalf of labour laws for women, and also on many questions, industrial and commercial. Her voice has also been nobly raised in public on the same subjects. Not long ago a series of addresses were given by her on the Housing Problem, at Church House, Westminster. Mrs. Macdonald is her husband's true help-meet in both home and public life. The twain are strongly against warfare, and acted in the Conciliatory Committee in connection with the South African War, whose motto is "Peace and Arbitration."

THE REV. W. CARLILE.
(Head and Founder of the Church Army.)

THE REV. W. CARLILE, founder of the Church Army, is doing a very remarkable work. When the idea first came to him of taking the Church into the streets if the people would not come into the Church he held the position of curate to the Rev. Hon. E. Carr Glyn, at Kensington. Mr. Carlile usually conducted the evening services of the district church of St. Paul's. The congregations were very poor, the people mostly attending the morning and afternoon services. Mr. Carlile was, however, not content to preach to empty pews. The parish was a fairly wealthy one on the whole, but great numbers of poor people were continually passing through it. With the permission of his vicar, Mr. Carlile commenced small open-air services every week night from nine to ten opposite the Kensington High-street Railway Station. This spot was chosen because large numbers of grooms, coachmen and valets were wont to congregate there. From the first the services attracted a fair number of listeners, and gradually the numbers grew and from the most promising among his audience Mr. Carlile selected lay workers to assist himself in reading out hymns and portions of scripture and finally in teaching. The original idea was to obtain increased congregations for St. Paul's Church, and so at the meetings the hours of the services were announced and earnest invitations given to attend, and the consequence was a very marked increase in the evening attendance. The outdoor work, however, was not allowed to drop, but was constantly extended, and, after being organised on Church Army lines, became a most important factor in the regeneration of the masses. Mr. Carlile is noted for the originality of his methods, and, besides his Army work, he has solved the problem of how to make a City church an active centre of religious life. The services at St. Mary-at-Hill, in which the magic lantern plays a conspicuous part,

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draw together large numbers of people from all parts of London, and most successfully appeal to many who in the ordinary way would never think of going to a place of worship.

THE man who has done more than any other of our time to reawaken public sympathy on behalf of the ragged schools is Mr. John Kirk, the energetic and kindly secretary of the Ragged School Union. The movement, which owes its rise to the efforts of the late Lord Shaftesbury, Dr. Guthrie, and others, fell into disrepute when the Board schools were established and people began to feel the burden of taxation. It was quite forgotten that education was only one branch of the work of the ragged schools, and that they were equally concerned in trying to bring some alleviations to the hard lot of the poor children, and, more than all, to create in them a sense of moral responsibility. "The poor ragged schools were entirely shelved," says Mr. Kirk, "as things that had had their day, but it was a great mistake and the Hooliganism of to-day shows it." It was Mr. Kirk who restored confidence in the ragged schools; and but for him it is very possible the movement would have entirely died out. He is a native of Keyworth in Leicestershire, and came to London in 1862, occupying positions at the Pure Literature Society and Open Air Mission, till in October, 1879, he took the post with which his life-work is associated. In his long and uphill task of gaining recognition again for work that had been condemned as old-fashioned, he has been exceptionally fortunate in press alliances. With Mr. C. Ashton Bullock, of *Home Words*, he is hon. secretary of the Robin Dinner Fund, raised in publications of which the former is editor. He is similarly connected with Mr. F. A. Atkins, editor of the *Young Man* and *Young Woman*, etc., in the hon. secretaryship of "The Guild of the Good Samaritan," which provides clothing for destitute children. He is responsible for the organisation and arrangements by which 50,000 children enjoy a day's holiday under *Pearson's* Fresh Air Fund. The Ragged School Union were the staff for carrying out the hamper distribution of the *Daily Telegraph* to the cripples of London, as they are annually for Alderman Sir William Treloar's. Mr. W. T. Stead has more than once given friendly help in the *Review of Reviews*, notably in 1890 in connection with the Holiday Home movement. The Crutch and Kindness League of the TEMPLE MAGAZINE is another instance of literary sympathy. All this is tribute to the character of the man and the work—a work reaching 100,000 souls for their uplifting.

MR. JOHN KIRK.
(Who restored the Ragged Schools to public favour.)
Photo by W. J. Campbell, 2, Creed Lane, E.C.

THE ONLOOKER.

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LAURETTA.

An Easter Story. By MARY E. WILKINS.

LAURETTA was my third cousin on my mother's side. She was a very pretty girl, one of the prettiest girls that ever lived, I don't care where, but she was very prim. As I remember her, Lauretta was about the primmest girl I ever saw. All the village girls were modest and well behaved, but Lauretta went a step beyond everybody; she wouldn't do this, and she wouldn't do that, and she didn't act fairly natural about *beaux*. When Lauretta was eighteen years old, she had never let a young man go home with her, and I can see her face now when her sister Louisa told her how John Mitchell had seen her home from meeting and kissed her good-night." Louisa married John Mitchell afterwards, but that didn't make any difference. "O, Louisa, you did not allow such a dreadful thing!" said Lauretta, and she coloured up as if John Mitchell had kissed her instead of Louisa. Louisa didn't like it very well. "Yes, I did, and I am going to marry John if he asks me, and I can't see as I've done anything very dreadful," she said.

"I don't see how you could, Louisa," said Lauretta, and she still had that shocked kind of look, and her face and neck were red. Lauretta had the softest, finest skin, and coloured red as a rose in a minute, and her blue eyes would widen and grow round. I can see them now.

"You are too particular to live," said Louisa. She told me afterwards that she didn't believe that Lauretta was like other girls. "I've seen her coming out of meeting actually hanging on to mother's arm, for fear somebody would ask to go home with her," said Louisa. Louisa had always a great many admirers, and did not resort to subterfuges to keep them at bay.

"Edward Adams would be glad to go home with her, I know," I said.

"He's just dying to," replied Louisa. "I can see him hanging around every Sunday night after meeting, but he can't go home with Lauretta unless he goes with mother too. I never saw a girl like Lauretta. I don't believe she ever will get married. She won't give anybody a chance."

I felt sort of sorry for Edward Adams, because he was a good fellow and real intimate with Joseph Greene, the man I married three years afterwards. Joseph used to tell me about how Edward felt. "I never saw a man so used up as he is over Lauretta," said he; "but she won't look at him."

"She won't look at anybody else, any more," said I.

"No, that's some comfort," said Joseph; "but what is it, what has she got against Edward?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said I.

I told Joseph I would try to talk to Lauretta, and see if I could find out what the trouble was; and so I did, but I didn't make out much. I got a sort of idea that perhaps it wasn't so much because she was prim as we had always thought, as because she didn't really believe any young man wanted her, or loved her as much as her mother did; but I wasn't sure that I was right. She did bring up Hattie Jones getting jilted, after Amos Stetson had been keeping company with her for two years, and Caroline Anderson, after Jim Ladd had been ready to die for her, for five. "I don't believe men are apt to care very much about girls," said Lauretta. "They go home with them, and they go to see them, but I don't believe they care so very much more for one girl than another; and I don't see what people

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want to get married for, anyway. I like my mother better than any man I ever saw."

I got sort of indignant at that. "I think men are just as good as women," said I.

"I didn't say they weren't," said Lauretta, in her scared, meek kind of way. "I just said I didn't believe they cared so much about girls as their mothers do."

"There's Edward Adams ready to worship the ground you walk on," said I.

"He went home with Annie Whitman last night," said Lauretta; but she coloured up, and I sort of chuckled, for I reasoned it out that she must have been watching to know that Edward went home with Annie, for all she was going out of meeting herself, clinging as tight to her mother as if she couldn't walk alone.

"Well, he showed his sense, if he did, as long as you wouldn't let him go with you," said I; "and Annie is a real pretty girl."

"I don't think she's pretty at all," said Lauretta; "her cheeks are too red, and she's too stout. But I don't want any man going home with me. I don't like men."

So it ended. I couldn't make out for the life of me whether Lauretta was really so prudish that she didn't want any attention, or was afraid of being jilted, and did not believe that anyone cared for her. Lauretta always was a very modest, meek little thing; she never pushed and scrambled for anything. I don't believe that, even when she was a child, she ever thought of the biggest piece of cake or pie, and she gave away all her apples and candy and never teased for ours.

Well, time went on, and Louisa and I were both married, though Lauretta was older. She lived with her mother, and clung to her just as tightly as ever. Edward Adams wasn't married either, though he had paid attention to several. He acted as if he had given up Lauretta.

Lauretta was twenty-eight years old when the new school-teacher came to Ferrisville. She was a beauty, and no mistake. I don't know that she was any prettier than Lauretta; but you could see her further, and she came from town, and knew how to dress. Edward from the first acted devoted to her. He was on the school committee, and so had a good excuse to visit her school often, and he used to walk home with her from meeting, and take her sleigh-riding, and Mrs. Lansing, the woman where she boarded, said he called on her quite often. Folks began to think it would be a match. That was the winter when Lauretta's mother died, and she was left all alone. Louisa couldn't come to live with her, because her husband had his business in town, and couldn't leave; and Lauretta, though she had enough to live on herself, couldn't afford to hire help. She settled down to live alone, and it did seem pitiful, she was always such a timid little thing. For a little while I used to go over and stay all night with her; but, of course, I couldn't keep it up always. I said to Joseph that it was such a pity that she and Edward hadn't got married, but he said he reckoned he'd got over it, that the new school-teacher suited him pretty well.

"I don't know," said I, "I've always thought Edward Adams wasn't one to shift about very easily from one to the other; and Mrs. Lansing says he hasn't been to call on the teacher quite so often lately. I know he didn't go home with her from meeting last Sunday night, and I saw him looking at Lauretta. I don't believe but he has a great deal of feeling for her, left alone the way she is."

"More feeling than she would have for him, I expect," said Joseph, rather grimly. He was a little inclined to be a little severe on Lauretta; he had always thought so much of Edward. "Edward is pretty well suited with the school-teacher," he said again; "and she's as handsome as a picture, a sight prettier than Lauretta."

"I don't know," said I; "and I don't know about her being handsomer. You men always think that if a girl has blazing red cheeks, her beauty is settled. Lauretta is more delicate-looking, but it seems to me she is much prettier."

"Not according to my way of thinking," said Joseph. Joseph is a good man, but he never trusts one woman's opinion of another's beauty.

It was some three months after Lauretta's mother died, and the poor girl had lived alone through one of the hardest winters we had ever known: snowstorm after snowstorm, and bitter cold, and she did have a lonesome time of it. I went there all I could; but much of the time it was too bad for me to walk. I lived half-a-mile away, and we didn't keep a horse, and it was before the electric cars were put in.

Well, poor Lauretta got along somehow; she never complained, she was

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always just as sweet, and meek, and gentle; but she grew thin, and there was a sad little droop at the corners of her mouth, and her blue eyes seemed to be always looking past you, though she was prettier than ever. Black was very becoming to Lauretta.

It was Easter Sunday when that happened which no one has ever been able to explain. I, for one, have never tried to. It has always seemed to me just as well to leave some things unexplained. Easter Sunday was a beautiful day, the first real mild day we had had. The air was soft as June, the snow had gone except for patches here and there, the trees began to look green and filmy, and once in a while you could hear a bird. I may as well tell it just as it happened, as Lauretta told it to me. That Easter Sunday, when Lauretta came downstairs in the morning to build her kitchen fire, she noticed a very strong, sweet fragrance all over the house, and she could not imagine what it was; but when she opened the sitting-room door she saw. There, on the table, stood a great pot of Easter lilies. The lamp was on the table, and the Bible, and her sewing, and the pot of Easter lilies scented the whole room and the whole house.

She just stared at it. She did not know what to think for a minute. Then she saw that the window was open—the window close to the table—and she reasoned it out that somebody must have opened it and set the pot of lilies inside. Then all at once it flashed upon her that Edward Adams must have done it, for he had a little greenhouse, though he did not sell flowers. He was in the Savings' Bank. She was sure that Edward did it, and I was too when she called me in and showed me the flowers. I went to church that Sunday, and had to pass her house, and she stood in the doorway and called me. "Won't you come in just a minute?" said she, "there's time enough."

So I let Joseph go on, and I went in. "What *have* you got here so sweet?" said I, the minute I stepped inside.

"Look here," said Lauretta, and she led me into the sitting-room, and pointed to the pot of lilies.

I had never seen such beautiful lilies. I can't begin to tell how many blossoms there were, and the quantity of buds, and anything like the fragance. "Why, who sent them?" said I.

"I found them here this morning," said Lauretta.

"Why, who sent them?"

"Who do you suppose?" asked Lauretta.

We looked at each other, then I began to laugh. I remembered Edward Adams's greenhouse. "It doesn't require a very sharp wit to tell," said I, and Lauretta coloured beautifully, and I saw that she thought as I did.

"Don't tell anybody," said she. She put her arms around me when she said that, and hid her face on my shoulder.

"Don't you worry, dear child," said I, and stroked her pretty light hair. Lauretta was older than I, but she always seemed younger.

Well, I had to hurry out, and catch up with Joseph, but when I saw Lauretta come into the church a little later, I thought I had never seen her look so pretty. Her long black veil swept back from her fair hair, and her face was as delicate as a lily, with just such clear curves, and she moved with such a shy grace that people turned to look at her—and I didn't wonder. To my mind, the school-teacher, in a new Easter hat all covered with roses, was tawdry beside her; and I once caught Edward Adams looking at Lauretta, and I had my own opinion.

It was such a beautiful Sunday, full moonlight, that Joseph and I went to meeting in the evening, and Lauretta was there. When meeting was over, I expected that she would do what she had always done whenever she had happened to be at evening meeting since her mother died—edge up to me, and cling to me going out, as she used to do to her mother; but that night she did not. I looked round for her, and never was so astonished in my life. I could not believe it was Lauretta. She was actually moving in that gentle, imperceptible gliding fashion of hers, close to Edward Adams, and she actually moved on ahead of the school-teacher. The school-teacher's roses brushed Lauretta's black veil they were so close together. Then I heard Lauretta say: "Good evening, Mr. Adams," of her own accord; and I could not believe my ears. And I could not believe my eyes, when the school-teacher passed me, walking very fast with Mrs. Lansing; it turned out afterwards that she had been engaged to somebody

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else all the time, and never told; and Lauretta followed behind us, leaning on Edward Adams's arm.

I looked around, and nudged Joseph to look. "Gracious!" said he, so loud that I was afraid that they would hear him; and I had to hush him up.

Well, it wasn't a month before it was all over the village that Edward Adams and Lauretta were engaged; and they were married in the course of the summer. Lauretta let her house, and went to live in Edward's. But that isn't the strange part of it all. Lauretta did not say much to Edward about the pot of lilies for some little time; she had a sort of feeling since he had brought them so secretly, as she supposed, that there was something sacred about it, that she would not even thank him. So all she did was to say how beautiful the lilies were when he came into the room which was so sweet with them; and he said yes, as well he might. There never were such lilies. But after a while, when the blossoms had all faded, and the buds had bloomed and died, she wondered what to do with the plant, so she said something to Edward about it. She thanked him for sending it, and asked if it would not be best for him to take it back to his greenhouse and keep it over until another year. Then it transpired that Edward had never sent that pot of Easter lilies, that he had none like it, that the pot was unlike anything he had ever had, that he had never seen the plant until that Easter Sunday when he came into Lauretta's sitting-room.

They never found out where that great pot of lilies came from. Edward tried to keep the plant, but it died before the next Easter. He questioned all the florists for miles about; but none of them knew anything about it. No one knew, and no one ever will know. We can surmise and question, but we shall never know; but there is no doubt that those lilies have sweetened Lauretta's whole life, for she would never have married Edward Adams had not someone set them on her table.

[THE END.]

SOME SWEET TO-DAY.

I will not light the lamps until I've thought
What was the sweetest thing
In all my day.
I will not seek to speed
The lingering ray
Until my anxious eye somewhere hath caught
A word, a smile or something that hath passed
In my small sphere. O Memory, thou hast
Some sweet to-day!

Now fancy travels out and conjures up
A long and brilliant train;
It all floats by;
Joy and gladness go
With laugh and sigh,
And dregs of pain lie deep in pleasure's cup,
But now I see two tender hazel eyes
Turn on me—lips that smile; ah, herein lies
My sweet to-day!

A perfume breathes from pictures of the mind
And in our fancy Memory carves her lore.
Our dearest treasures in the air we find;
I know my happiness to-night was for
Some sweet to-day!

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In the Shadow of St. Paul's.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE VEN. WILLIAM MACDONALD SINCLAIR, ARCHDEACON OF LONDON.

By ARTHUR F. BARLOW.

AS the stream of traffic thunders up Ludgate Hill and approaches the foot of London's mighty Cathedral, rising sombrely magnificent through the smoky atmosphere, it suddenly sweeps round to the right of the great building, leaving on the other side an oasis of comparative calm, broken only by the ceaseless hurrying to and fro of busy foot-passengers.

Just here, where the roar of the city is stilled to a murmur, stands the ancient Chapter House of St. Paul's, looking upon the vast grey pile of the Cathedral, which, while everything around has become changed by the activities of modern life, preserves its holy calm and peacefulness, and the dim mystery that lurks behind its stately columns and in its shadowy alcoves.

There is something very old-world and peaceful in the appearance of the Chapter House itself, standing, as it does, surrounded on every side by buildings obtrusively modern. Its mediæval predecessor was on the south side of the Cathedral, and was of the usual octagonal form; the present Chapter House remains to-day just as it was when restored by Wren, with the addition of another story in the same style.

The exterior is severely plain, but inside one becomes immediately impressed with the antique flavour of the surroundings.

Many fine old pictures adorn the walls, representing beauties and gallants of other days, being portraits of the ancestors of the present Archdeacon of London, the Ven. William Macdonald Sinclair, whom I had come to interview.

Archdeacon Sinclair is tall and athletic of build, and, as one might well imagine, is a great lover of outdoor sport, especially riding, cycling, and swimming, and his devotion to the wheel is marked by the fact that he is president of the Richmond Cycling Club.

His manner of speaking is very impressive and convincing, and this is in a great measure due to the fact that he carefully weighs and considers the bearings of his subject before dealing with it.

The Archdeacon belongs to a Norman-Scottish family who own large estates in the county of Caithness. His grandfather was a well-known statesman in the reign of George III., and was the founder of the old Board of Agriculture.

Archdeacon Sinclair's father started life in the army, holding a commission in the Madras Cavalry, but he was afterwards ordained, and had a very laborious and successful ministry for twenty years at Leeds, and the remainder of his life was spent in a large agricultural parish in Sussex.

Young Sinclair, with his father's example before him, early resolved to take orders in the Church. He had a very successful career at Oxford, winning the Balliol Scholarship and taking honours at Moderations and in the final classical schools, and, like his father, he became President of the Oxford Union Society.

His first London work was as curate to Canon Francis Holland, and after being with him for eighteen months he became

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resident chaplain and secretary to the late Dr. Jackson, Bishop of London, with whom he remained three years.

The next call of duty came through an old friend of his family, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who offered him the charge of St. Stephen's, Westminster, which she had built in memory of her father, Sir Francis Burdett.

Here he gained much valuable experience. His parishioners were mostly composed of the poor and struggling, and he thus became familiar, during his ten years of work there, with the problems which would afterwards meet him in the East and North of London.

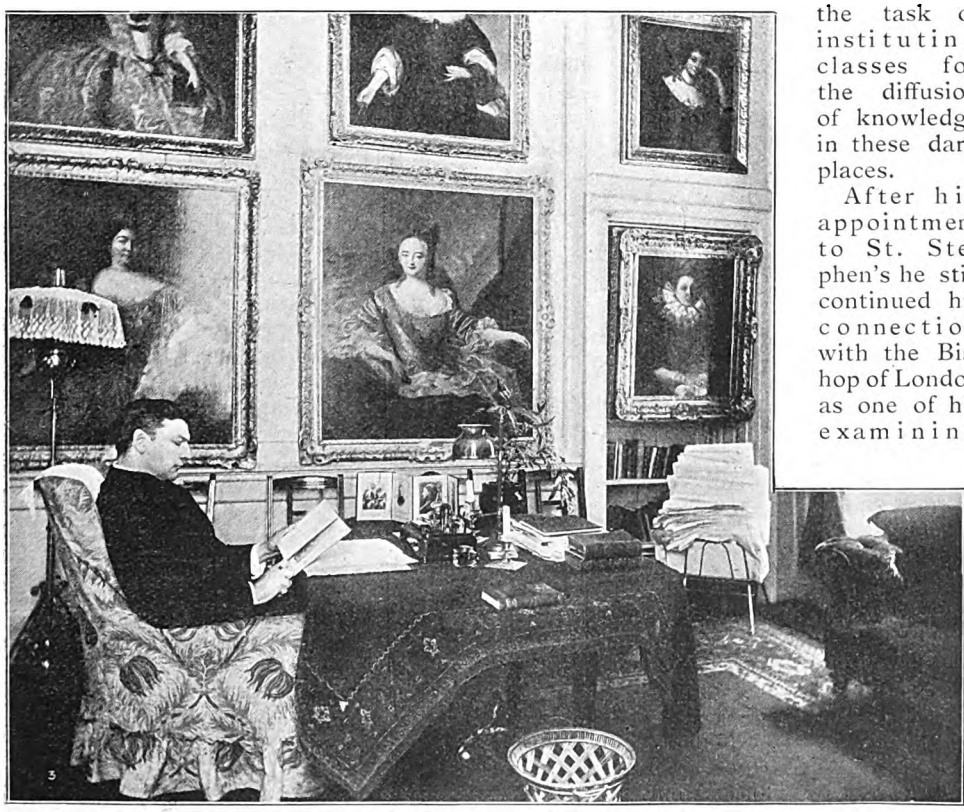
THE ARCHDEACON'S FATHER, THE REV. WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

These problems are of a very difficult and complicated kind, for this terrible scourge of poverty, which lays whole districts under its ban, renders the wretched inhabitants of the slums insensible to any appeals save what are made to them through the medium of their physical wants.

Then the dense ignorance which plays no small part in the misery of the poor, and the vice and ruffianism rampant in the slums, has also to be combatted, and here again we have one of the most potent causes of obstruction to religious influences.

Archdeacon Sinclair evidently thinks that in the education of the masses lies one of the greatest hopes for the future, and he has accordingly thrown himself heart and soul into the task of instituting classes for the diffusion of knowledge in these dark places.

After his appointment to St. Stephen's he still continued his connection with the Bishop of London as one of his examining



ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR IN HIS DINING-ROOM, SURROUNDED BY THE PORTRAITS OF HIS ANCESTORS.

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chaplains, a post which he always held under Bishop Temple and Bishop Creighton. On the retirement of Archdeacon Gifford he was appointed by Bishop Temple Archdeacon of London and Canon of St. Paul's in the year 1889. In the same year he was made Chaplain to the late Queen. Last year the present King appointed him a Chaplain of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Asked whether he considered that the tendency nowadays was towards increased Church attendance, the Archdeacon replied, "Yes, I do, on the whole. I think if you can get the right man who is a really vivid and sympathetic preacher his church will always be full, and where there are empty churches it is because the man, however excellent, has not got the special gifts required. This, of course, does not apply to the City, where there is an enormous superabundance of church accommodation for the resident Church population, especially where St. Paul's, with its vast congregations, stands in the middle of them all."

HIS GRANDMOTHER.

SIR J. SINCLAIR, THE ARCHDEACON'S GRANDFATHER.
(A prominent Statesman in the reign of George III.)

"Do you not think that these empty City churches constitute rather a serious problem?"

"The real fact about the City churches," replied the Archdeacon, "is that they are very interesting, both historically and architecturally, and that only eight or nine can be spared. There is an Act of Parliament for the union of City benefices but it gives such abundant opportunity for raising objections that the work, however desirable, is very difficult."

"The union of two benefices, you know, liberates a large sum of money, which is used for building a new church in the suburbs. The latest church that was pulled down was St. Michael's, Bassishaw, and the endowment was diverted to building a church at Edmonton. St. Michael's, Bassishaw, was one of Wren's churches, but it almost fell down of itself, and there was no money

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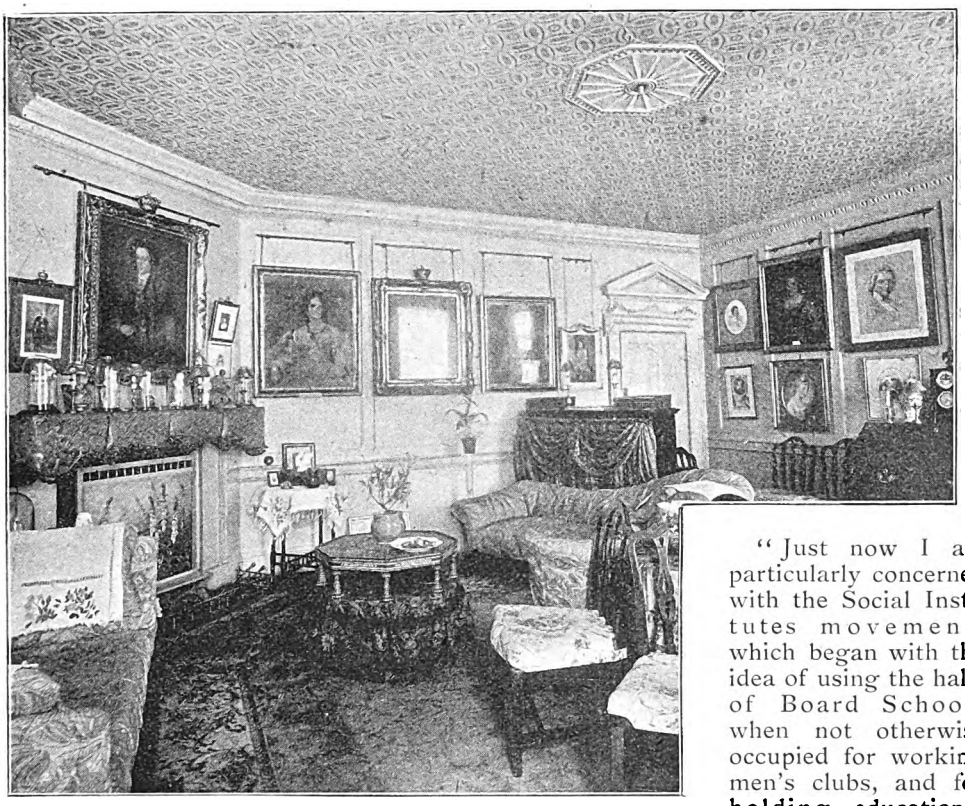

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

for repairing it, so it was better as it was. Wren probably supplied the design, but the construction was deplorable, and we are told that it only cost £2,000 to build."

"What special line do you take in your preaching?"

"Not having any church of my own I have to suit my sermons to the general audience of St. Paul's Cathedral. I endeavour to avoid all controversial topics and just to preach on simple Christian truth and conduct, and I try to bring the subject to bear on the interests of the present day as much as possible. Besides the three months in which I speak at the Cathedral in the afternoon, I preach three times every Sunday in various parts as Archdeacon of the diocese, and, of course, I try to choose my subject and adapt its treatment to the various congregations in my archdeaconry, which consists of the North and East of London, where the great majority of the congregations are composed of people from the working and lower middle classes."

"Have you any special projects in view at the present moment?"

"Just now I am particularly concerned with the Social Institutes movement, which began with the idea of using the halls of Board Schools when not otherwise occupied for working men's clubs, and for holding educational classes and lectures. Our committee is now looking for halls besides those of Board Schools, and the movement is extending all over England. It will be brought forward at the Conference at the Mansion House, called together under Mr. Dickinson, with reference to street ruffianism. I have been up till now in charge of the Diocesan Church Reading Union, which has been established for the purpose of arranging lectures and encouraging the study of the Bible and Prayer Book, Christian Evidences and Church History, and present-day subjects. We endeavour to establish three or four centres in each rural deanery. We bring out a yearly syllabus of subjects and supply lecturers to prepare the students for the examinations in June. The object of this Society is to encourage these studies among the laity, but there is another, of a similar character, of which I also have charge, chiefly intended for the clergy. It has been very well taken up and is working satisfactorily. We have lectures by great authorities at King's College, and these are very well attended."

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"I should think you receive from time to time many interesting letters?"

"Yes," replied the Archdeacon, "I have had letters from the United States, Canada, Australia, and many parts of England, about sermons of mine, which have appeared in the Church newspapers or magazines and books, and these, of course, are particularly interesting where the preacher has no congregation of his own, and has no opportunity of knowing the effect of his teaching.

"I paid, for instance, a tribute to the great services of Prince Bismarck in uniting Germany in a sermon preached at St. Paul's after his death.

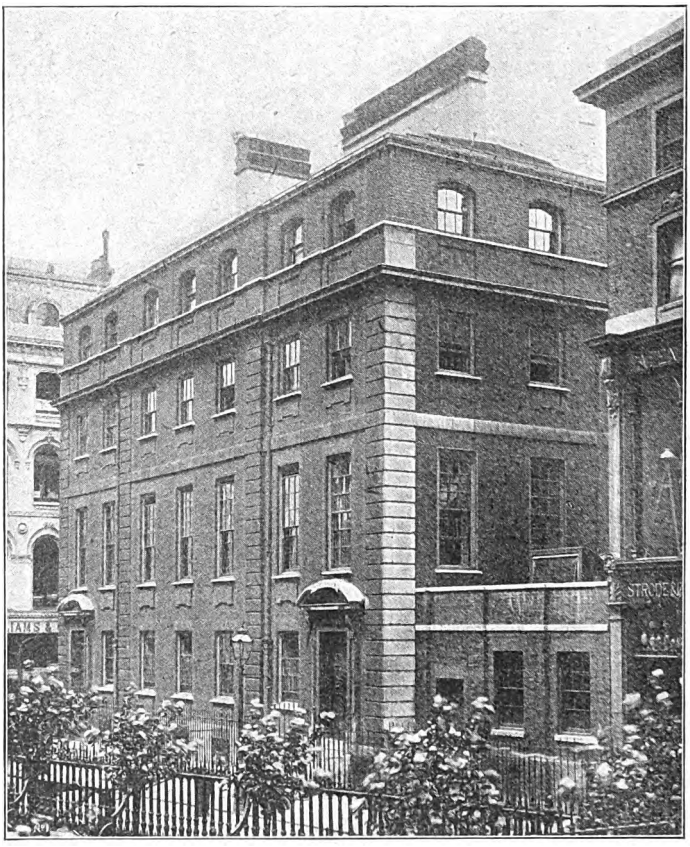
"This was translated into the German newspapers, and I had many most gratifying letters from people in all parts of Germany.

"I have had a very great number of interesting and solemn services in St. Paul's in my time. We buried eight famous men in the Crypt—viz., Canon Liddon, Sir Bartle Frere, Lord Napier of Magdala, Sir George Grey, Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Bishop Creighton, and we have had funeral services for the Duke of Clarence, Princess Mary, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Dean Church, and others.

"The Great Jubilee Service in 1897 from the west steps of the Cathedral was a most memorable event, and, in the opinion of all the royalties, could not have been surpassed for beauty and impressiveness.

"The farewell services for the C.I.V.'s last winter were most touching, and so also, even to a greater degree, was the service immediately after their return.

"The occasion on which the Cathedral was fullest was the bi-centenary of its completion, which was celebrated by the Freemasons.



THE CHAPTER HOUSE, BUILT BY WREN.

"The great oratorios performed annually at St. Paul's—'The Last Judgment' in Advent, Mendelssohn's 'St. Paul' on St. Paul's Day, and Bach's Passion Music on the Tuesday before Easter—are eagerly looked forward to by great masses of the people, these services being of extraordinary beauty.

The attendance at the Cathedral has increased markedly within my recollection. The morning congregation is, from first to last, perhaps some 2,500, not all being present at once; the average afternoon congregation is a little under 2,000, and the evening congregation upwards of 3,000, so that nearly 8,000 people worship there during the day.

"On weekdays the morning service at ten has a congregation of about 100, the afternoon at four some 400, and on Satur-

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St. Matt. IX. 29. Then touched He their eyes, saying, According to your faith, be it unto you.

We are so much accustomed to read and to hear the miracles of our Blessed Lord, that the repetition of them has little or no effect. Ah! had we but seen the pitiful crowds of diseased people continually coming to Him, crying after Him, breaking in on His retreats, when He was in the house of His friends, we should indeed have had something to think of and to talk about: For though our Lord restrained His healing power, so that it should not make too much noise in the world, and precipitate too soon the great final event of His life for which He was preparing, and though He wished His merciful actions to be strictly subordinate to His spiritual teaching, yet He did enough both to call attention to that teaching, to indicate His Divine nature, and to illustrate the results of faith in Him

FACSIMILE OF MS. OF A SERMON BY THE ARCHDEACON.

days something like 700 or 800. The seating capacity of the Cathedral is 5,000.

"The connection between the City and the Cathedral is very close. The Lord Mayor during his year of office is one of the three trustees of the Cathedral. He has a special seat under the canopy of the choir for his family and a stall for himself in the choir. He and the Sheriffs and Aldermen always attend the special services in state.

"It is very remarkable how St. Paul's has become a kind of pulse to the feelings of the people of London. Whenever there is any great crisis or event they always flock to the Cathedral. On the day after the Queen's death, for instance, when it was probable that some reference would be made to that momentous event, there were 2,000 persons present at the morning services, and at the afternoon service of prayer the building was crammed from end to end, the whole congregation being in mourning. Many hundreds were standing, and they all came entirely spontaneously without any invitation. This vast afternoon attendance was repeated daily till after the funeral. On the Sunday morning after the death no less than 30,000 people were turned away, unable to obtain admission. On that and the following Sunday the attendance at all three services was extraordinary."

In view of the serious dissensions in the Church on questions of ritual, the Archdeacon has a position of great difficulty and delicacy. He studiously avoids all party bias, and following the policy of his two Bishops, Dr. Temple and the late Dr. Creighton, tries to preserve the unity and harmony of the Church.

ARTHUR F. BARLOW.

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Who Shall Rock the Cradle?

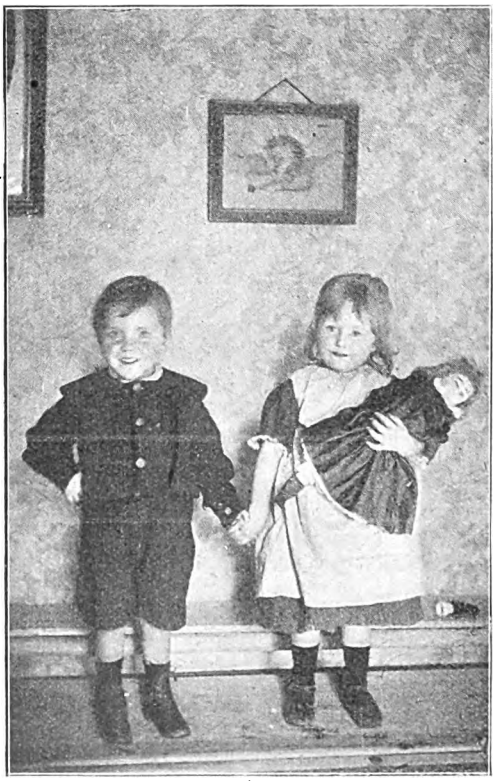
By DAVINA WATERSON.

WHEN a new baby comes to an overstocked family of scanty means, it is called by all, save the mother, a Mouth—that is, a consumer, a non-producer. If it grows up decent and industrious it becomes a Hand, working for someone else at a fixed rate. Old age, if provided for, finds him once more a Mouth, fed by his foster-parent, the State, or by private benevolence.

But mouths—infantile ones—can do something else besides take food in. They can send screams out. With puckered face and rolling head they work their legs up and down in piston fashion. A series of short, gaspy screams follow; they get crimson in the face, and tie themselves into knots. They hold their breath so long that you think they have left off crying, when suddenly the pent-up scream goes off like a steam-whistle. A human baby is the most helpless thing in the world, and has nothing in the world with which to kill its wants, save the screaming aforesaid.

Baby is crying! Nurse or mother run to hush and soothe it. Baby is asleep! Tread lightly, and come back sometimes to gaze in satisfied silence at the little face cuddling into the pillow.

Baby is crying! but there is no nurse, and mother has gone out to work or—drink. It goes on crying. The little sister left in charge drags it off the bed and takes it down to the doorstep, or the woman who gets four shillings a week for minding it discharges the motherly office by giving it unfit food, or a little soothing syrup.



LIKE THE CRÈCHE?—OF COURSE WE DO!

"Not know how to bring up children," said a woman when remonstrated with for giving her baby red herring, "Why, I buried five!"

Some of these "minders" are kind enough, but they are often too busy or too careless to do much. So occasionally one is shocked at a case, such as recently occurred, where two baby-farmers kept four infants, six cats, and four foxes, in a house nearly destitute of furniture. The children's clothes had not been changed for six weeks. At night they lay on the floor, with a

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A THREE-BOTTLE MAN.

piece of hearthrug over them. These women were receiving five shillings a week for each baby.

Now, motherly tenderness cannot be guaranteed at so much per kiss, but a judicious selection of well-disposed nurses, under the control of a committee, may be safely relied on to provide all that is positively necessary to the health of unconscious infancy.

It has been urged that such institutions tend to encourage imprudent marriages or illicit connexions. But experience shows that the destruction of babies by neglect has the effect of increasing population by lightening the probable obligations of marriage. But in the majority of places the marriage certificate is asked for. Moreover, girls who have "gone wrong" are sometimes disposed to go right. And here the crêche comes in to mind the baby while the young mother finds work. I heard recently of a mother, a mere girl, who was climbing the stiff hill of repentance by working at a factory. Here she earned ten shillings and sixpence a week, four of which she paid to a woman to mind the baby. One day she came to the Medical Mission in St. Giles, and fainted away, almost starving. This case is not an isolated one.

One day I went into the crêche of St. Albans, Holborn, which was in fact a kind of club, where ladies and gentlemen under seven years of age could meet together. The youngest were intent upon the delights of the feeding bottle, but for the older members races seemed to be the order of the day. Three babies were making slow headway by using their hands and knees, occasionally bumping their noses when the hands grew tired.

There were climbing matches. It needed a cool head to climb up by a chair and stand triumphantly for just one minute before there came a bump and then an abundance of tears. The most exciting race was that of getting all round the room without flopping. Imagine the dreadful feeling of leaving the safe support of one chair to cross, all alone, those terrible two yards before another is

SUCH BEAUTIFUL TOYS WERE UNKNOWN TO THESE YOUNGSTERS BEFORE THEY CAME TO THE CRÈCHE.

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A HAPPY FAMILY.

reached—coming in at the finish with a stumbling run and a satisfied chuckle.

As may be imagined, it requires a great deal of real love and patience to be all day with some twenty or thirty tiny children. The average mother finds one baby cutting its eye teeth rather a trial, but when five or six are on the same track it is just a bit wearing. Moreover, although the children are often pretty, they are not nice and clean, nor trained to good habits like the children of the rich; and there is a good deal to do in the way of bathing and tending. The nurses don't adopt some of the methods used by some caretakers at home—methods adopted by Mrs. MacStinger, of "Dombey" fame.

"George kept house and babies too, and when we asked him how he managed when they cried, calmly answered, 'I dabbs 'em down on the cold stones till they leave off squallin'; they don't cry much after a bit.'"

One of the largest crêches in London is the "Marie Hilton," Stepney Causeway, in connection with Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Stepney is not a beautiful neighbourhood, and the doorsteps of rows and rows of small houses are generally covered by boys or girls, minding top-heavy babies.

At half-past seven every morning, from all parts of the crowded alleys, come the mothers. Some have babies, some little children, but all have the consolation of knowing that Tommy and Jeanie and the baby will be carefully looked after till bedtime.

The mothers in Stepney can't always find threepence a day, so twopence, and even a penny a day is taken. Obviously, this does not cover the cost, and sometimes the funds run out, but the doors are still kept open.

Many of the youngsters have to be bathed and reclothed, and this is only one item among the many demands which one hundred children make on the patience of the nurses. These children are divided into three groups, the real babies being

AFTER A GOOD DINNER.

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in a room where they can crawl and tumble about at will, for the floor is covered with soft mattressing. It looked as if a flight of tired cherubs had settled down, for it was sleepy time, and they lay in a crumpled condition of careless grace.

But even the caressing hand of sleep could not restore the placidity of babyhood. Poor food, soothing syrups, late hours, have given a wizened look to the face, a nervous movement to the long, thin fingers. These babies generally share in the family meal, whatever it may be.

Besides the large crêches and those belonging to churches, some of the College Missions have them also. There is the Cheltenham College Mission, planted down in Nunhead, South London, in the midst of what promises to be a thriving suburban slum. I went to the crêche there one evening, just as the children were being fetched. The matron and nurse looked pretty tired, but had smile enough left for the few little ones still sitting on the floor in sleepy silence.

One of them, a young man about six, was sucking a "comforter," and when I made some remark about his "pipe," his feelings were deeply hurt, and he sat down to weep.

About thirty children came there every day, but these were a fortunate few compared to the number of babies who were jolted about in rickety perambulators and played on damp doorsteps. Threepence was the price charged, and for this the children were kept in comfort and with good food all day.

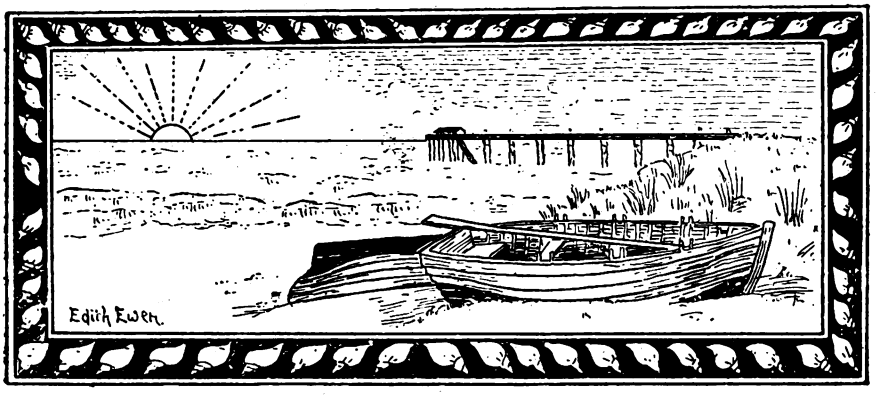
Now, the question necessarily arises—Why can't these children be with their proper guardian—the mother?

They ought to be. But in cases where the babies have only one parent, or where the mother is the sole breadwinner, because of an out-of-work or invalid husband, the crêche does good work. Otherwise these large day nurseries exist as a monument to our selfishness in not paying a living wage for the labour exacted, or in making the labourer's surroundings such that he takes to drink and gambling.

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." That is, gets first innings, has the power of making good citizens. But if we ever get, as was once suggested, State-rocked cradles, England will be in a very bad way indeed.

The question of protection for the cradle has an intrinsic importance which reaches beyond the exigencies of the hour, and will interest every man who acknowledges that social duty—which has never been publicly derided, even in the darkest passages of the world's history—the duty of the adult to the infant.

DAVINA WATERSON.



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DALTON HALL, THE OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.

(*BELONGING TO THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.*)

By A. P. EASTON.

A MODERN University College is a somewhat cold, business-like institution, where men certainly sit in front of the same lecturer, but have little further bond. The college is an organisation intellectually, but hardly socially—its soirées and its dinners require the exercise of public spirit for their success, and in a great town athletics are difficult. The quiet permeating personal touch which is the most vital part of education at the old universities is wanting, or is only perceptible here and there.

It is this kind of need which a Hall of Residence exists to supply, and in none is this idea more consistently followed out than in Dalton Hall, Manchester, which was founded by the Society of Friends. Dalton men come to know one another in the true old university fashion. There, round midnight cocoa or afternoon tea, gather those chatting groups whose friendship is often lifelong. There dons and undergraduates meet as men and members of the Hall. A man has to learn the social virtues, or to suffer for it. There is combined the charm of privacy behind the "sported oak" with the social character of Hall and Common Room, and the activities which football, billiards, socials, and discussion societies provide.

The history of the Hall, and the educational establishment from whose funds it took its rise is very interesting, and take us back to the latter end of the eighteenth century. It was in the year 1795 that the Society of Friends first determined to provide for the scholastic training of the young people of their communion, and to this end founded a school in Manchester for both girls and boys. John Taylor, father of the founder of the *Manchester Guardian*, was its master, up to about 1812.

The work of this school was conducted in premises connected with the old Friends' Meeting House in Jackson's Row, and for many years it accomplished a most useful mission until the removal of the Friends to the suburbs of the growing city finally decided them to close it.

But the educational work of the Manchester Friends was by no means finished, for in 1873 their efforts took a new and more ambitious direction—namely, the establishment of a Hall of Residence for Students at the Owens College, Manchester, which was then becoming a great educational centre.

MR. J. W. GRAHAM, M.A.
(The Principal.)
Photograph by H. W. Fischer.

To-day it is pre-eminent among the University Colleges of the Kingdom, and although thirty years ago it had not attained to anything like its present importance, it had begun to attract to itself many young men

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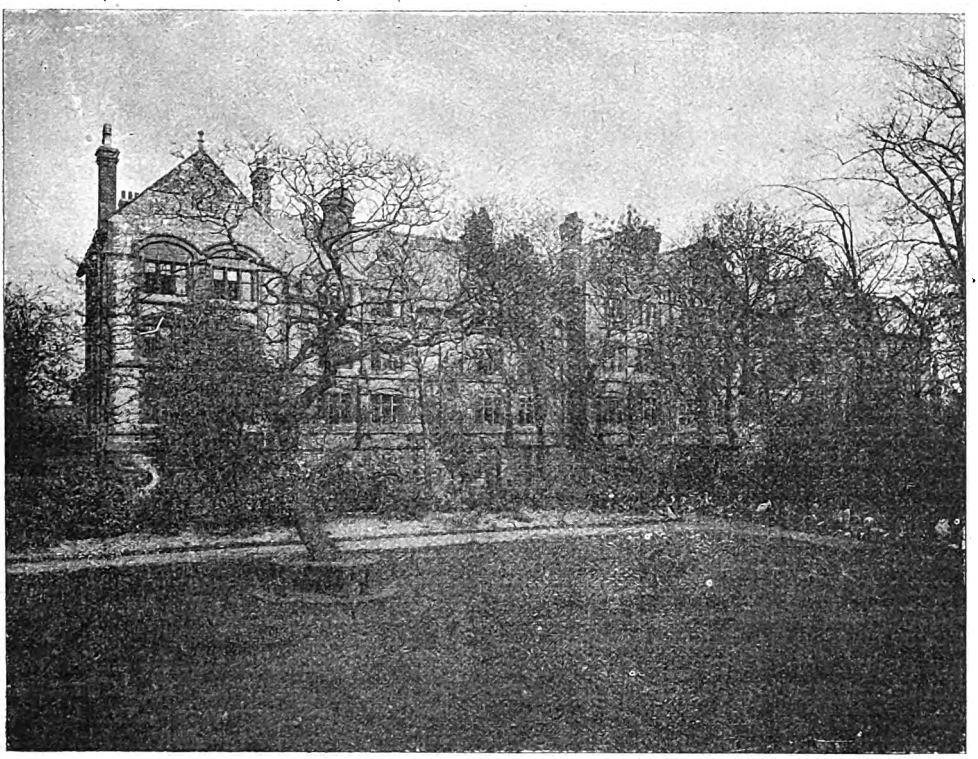
from all parts of the country, especially from the North of England.

Among these were many young Quakers who, as the college was non-residential, were obliged to take lodgings in its neighbourhood. Many of these young men were little more than youths, who had come up to the University from school, and it was manifestly undesirable that they should be thus early thrown on the world without any guiding hand to direct them.

make room for improvements, a large sum of money by way of indemnity was realised. Thus the new venture was well supported, and the "Friends' Hall" started on its career of usefulness under the happiest auspices in the year 1876.

The success of the Hall during a three years' trial was so marked that there was no question as to whether the work should be continued at the end of that time, and by three years later more commodious premises were erected, so that larger



FRONT VIEW OF THE HALL.

Though the school itself had been for some time closed, the managers had considerable funds in hand, and it was determined to meet this fresh need, and in the words of the minutes, decided: "That suitable premises should be erected, or rented, in the immediate vicinity of the new buildings of the Owens College, and should comprise a master's residence, accommodation for boarders, class rooms, etc."

The founders were encouraged to make this move from the fact that the property at Jackson's Row having to be pulled down, by order of the City Council, to

numbers could be taken, its comfort as a place of residence largely increased, and its educational efficiency promoted.

A fine site was chosen in Victoria Park, and the new building was christened Dalton Hall, a name commemorative of John Dalton, the great chemist, who was for over fifty years a member of Manchester Meeting of Friends. The new building was opened in 1882, and as time went on demands upon its space became so pressing that in 1893 twelve new rooms and a sanatorium were added, and a large plot of adjoining land acquired.

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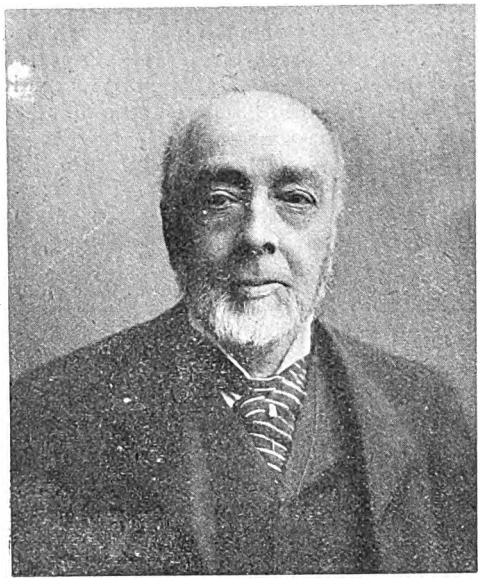

MR. G. ROOKE, J.P.
(Chairman of Committee.)
Photograph by J. Ingham & Sons.

The Hall is situated in the midst of a residential park, and there are extensive recreation grounds, in which are to be found tennis courts in asphalt, grass, and shale; a covered Rugby fives court, and small football ground. A full-sized field is provided elsewhere. Full advantage is taken by the students of these facilities for recreation, and every encouragement is given to athletics by the Principal and management, as they recognise that the neglect of proper physical exercise is not only prejudicial to health, but very often fatal to a student's success in his examinations.

Nothing could be less desirable as a system of training than that which has been induced by the non-residential character of our newer universities. The student who works privately has the arrangement of his work entirely in his own hands, and has to avoid, on the one hand, the Scylla of too great laxity in his studies and the Charybdis of over application on the other, an evil not less real than the former, and one to which the conscientious student is very likely to fall a prey. There are no such inducements for him to throw his books aside and join in some healthful game when the time of recreation arrives, as exist in the older colleges.

No student can hope to be comfortable in one of these fine old institutions who is never willing to snatch an hour from his books to join in the various activities of a corporate life.

Another great snare to the private student is the pernicious system of cramming; and there are many ways in which tutorial guidance can save a man from wasting his time. These are earnestly practised by Mr. Graham, the Principal, and his assistants, who are all competent specialists, many of whom are on the staff of Owens College. They have had long experience in preparing for University examinations, and know how to direct the student's efforts in order that he may reap the full advantage.

There have been a fair share of distinguished students during the quarter of a century of the Hall's existence; but its greatest service has probably been with the ordinary man, or the man whose difficulties are greater than the ordinary. Such men have often owed their success in merely "getting through" to the labours of the Hall tutors.

The older universities have discovered from long experience that the truest and most successful teaching is in small groups, on account of the close contact there possible between the minds of teacher and taught. This private tuition is a chief function of the Hall. It is provided in all subjects, according to each man's need; and that large class of men who are not able to keep up with the pace at which college lectures must go, are helped along.

Mr. J. W. Graham, M.A., the Principal, is a prominent member of the Manchester Friends' Meeting, was for some time one of the Editors of the *British Friend*, and has contributed largely to the literature of the Society. After graduating first at the University of London, and afterwards at Cambridge (Mathematical Tripos) he devoted himself enthusiastically to the work of teaching, and after holding several important appointments in the schools of the Society, he became Senior Tutor of Dalton Hall, which position he held for eleven years, being most successful in preparing his students for their examinations. On the resignation of the former Principal, Mr. Graham succeeded to this important appointment, and under his management the reputation of the Hall has grown. He relies more upon the goodwill of the young men under his charge, and upon

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the encouragement of right feeling and gentlemanly instincts for the maintenance of order than upon set rules.

Mr. Graham is a lecturer of repute. He is University Extension lecturer to Victoria University, and he speaks frequently on many subjects of a religious and literary character.

Although originally established for the benefit of the sons of the Friends only, Dalton Hall has always been open to any young man of good character, and the number of Friends is generally less than half the total.

No attempt is made to interfere with the religious convictions of any, but it is expected that every student will attend his own place of worship at least once on Sunday.

After breakfast there is a Bible reading, and another which precedes a cup of tea in the evening; attendance at this latter is optional.

Mention has already been made of the fine situation of the Hall. The garden is a very inviting retreat, beautifully wooded with tall trees, whose overarching boughs cast a pleasant shade. Nor are the interior arrangements behindhand. The studies are very comfortable apartments, such as it is the ambition of every young man to possess as his own exclusive sanctum, and the general arrangements throughout the Hall are marked by equal care for the student's comfort and well-being.

GROUP AT THE PORCH.

A. P. EASTON.

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COMMON SENSE
FOR
MOTHERS AND NURSES.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES

By Dr. Julia Holmes Smith.

NUMBER THREE.

About the Child's Bath, Nursery Management, and Symptoms of Illness.

CONCERNING the management of children during the early months of their lives, there are many masters with many minds; and each mother, after careful consideration of the methods proposed by these, will have to choose that which seems to her best. During the first four weeks of a child's life, the monthly nurse and the doctor in charge must be allowed to carry out their own theories; for upon these two rest not only the health, but often the responsibility of life of both child and mother. After the mother takes charge of her own baby she can then manage it according to the plan which may have been accepted as most desirable in her judgment. The very first point to settle will be the matter of bathing. Shall a child be bathed all over once or twice a day?"

I believe there are more invalids at the present time of the better class of people under fifty years of age than would have been had the theory of Preissnitz not been so universally accepted.

Men, women, and children, sick and well, were encouraged to use cold water freely, taking full baths as often as once a day, on the theory that the skin needed such treatment to insure its perfect health. These water-cure enthusiasts taught that the skin was not only the outer covering of the body, but its prime business was to excrete perspiration, and, through this perspiration, disease, actual and possible, was eliminated. Therefore, one could not encourge the activity of the perspiration glands to too great an excess. "Keep the pores open," was a command second to none.

Many of the mothers and fathers whose childhood was lived under this régime had little strength to give their children, and certainly none to waste. To my mind, although "cleanliness is next to godliness," excess in bathing is fatal to health. The robust boy or girl may be able to endure and even to thrive, having a bath every day, but the delicate baby quickly succumbs to the drain upon its nervous system. In ordinary cases, until the child has all its teeth, I consider a full bath every other day as quite sufficient, while sponging certain parts of the body should be done regularly with each morning's toilet.

The dressing of the baby should be done at a regular hour every morning. The mother or nurse should be entirely alone, in a room of a temperature of seventy-four degrees Fahrenheit. She should get all the clothes ready in the baby's nursery basket; have pins and water and powder at hand; and so arrange all other duties that she can give herself up to the baby for at least three-quarters of an hour. She should strip the child; lay it upon her lap, which has been covered with a flannel apron, rubber-lined, and sponge or bathe and dry carefully; then dip the hand in a little vaseline to soften it, and rub the child's body all over, manipulating the muscles and moving the limbs, at the same time talking gently to the little one. The washing and massage will take fifteen minutes. Then dress the baby; nurse or feed it, as may be the habit; and the morning nap follows as a matter of course. This toilet should be made, if possible, in a bright,

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sunshiny room ; and I cannot too much reprehend the fashion of inviting people "to see the baby take its bath." One of the most trying as well as comical experiences of my life was when called as a witness to the toilet of a baby who was given to vigorous protest against anything which interfered with her comfort. One servant stood near ringing a table-bell, another girl took a waiter upon which she could pound with a fork ; while a younger sister had a rattle to drown the noise of the baby's crying. There was a veritable bedlam in that nursery every day ; and the poor woman, after bearing three or four children, became the victim of nervous prostration and other serious maladies, which ended in her being taken off just at the time when the children needed her most. I am convinced that if mothers sought seclusion when attending to the duties of the nursery, and insisted upon repose thereafter, at least one of the many causes of the ill-health of women would be removed.

The hope of future generations, and necessarily of the nation, depends upon the method with which the children of to-day are trained. For it is an old proverb, which has grown into an axiom, "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined" ; and careful observers are able to predicate the future of the child from nursery experiences. The persons who are in charge of nurseries are the mother and the nurse, and upon these two depends the future of the infant committed to their care. And because there is absolutely no possibility of any single life lived alone, we are sure that the future of many lives may depend upon the method pursued in each individual nursery with each individual child. The person in charge of a baby should know how the child will look when it is well ; what variations in temperature, pulse, colour and expression are to be expected when the child is ill ; what such modifications may mean, and the dangers which lie in wait from apparently small causes. Experience, to be sure, is a great teacher ; but very few mothers are willing to sacrifice their first-born for the sake of those who are to come after ; and it has been my observation that young women, from the time the first consciousness of womanhood stirs in their hearts, are eager to receive instruction concerning the possible duties which will await them, if so be they haply may become mothers.

It is my purpose, in this article, to describe a simple method whereby the mother or nurse may tell if a child is sick or well, what part is affected, and how great the possibilities of danger may be. The helpless silence of the infant, the agitation and fright produced in the mind by any discomfort, the fretfulness which is so often encouraged in children, make it exceedingly difficult for the physician who sees the child for the first time to made a ready diagnosis. But the nurse who is always at hand and should know just how her baby looks when it is comparatively well, is prepared to watch and report changes which will help materially in deciding what course of treatment is to be pursued.

First : The countenance of the young infant who is entirely healthy and sleeping quietly is composed and still. It expresses tranquillity and content. Once in a while a smile passes over the face ; and, as an old superstition has it, "angels are whispering." In sickness the countenance changes from this expressionless character. The features become perhaps contracted, wrinkles appear in the forehead ; sometimes the nostrils are dilated, then thin and pinched, and the mouth is drawn and rigid. Contracted features, fanning nostrils, indicate chest inflammation ; and the violent wrinkling of the brows suggests abdominal disease. A frightened, staring expression indicates brain inflammation. A red face, suffused eyes, and rapid breathing show acute fever. It happens sometimes that the face of the child becomes a dead white, the skin has a shiny or varnished appearance, and then the nurse must suspect pneumonia, bronchitis, or croup, as it is a very striking phenomenon which indicates grave danger.

Second : The cry of the baby means a great deal, for it is the only conscious expression with which nature has endowed the child. Sometimes a baby will scream out in its sleep. This may mean only a slight disturbance of the system, caused by gas in the stomach or bowels, or a bad dream ; but violent and obstinate crying is always important, and is indicative of severe pain, such as the earache, or of hunger ; but the cry of earache is incessant and unappeasable except by the administration of opiates, or of remedies

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which meet the requirements of the case. This is an important fact for the mother to know. If her children scream violently from hunger and thirst, it is possible to quiet them by food or drink; but let a child have earache, and the best meal or the coolest water fails to quiet its nervousness.

Sometimes the child cries from indigestion or intestinal pains; and this may be discovered by examining the abdomen, which is often very much bloated, and also by noticing if it has any hiccough, or belches up very much wind. Headache or pneumonia or pleurisy never cause a persistent cry. Headache is expressed by a loud, sharp shriek which lasts only a second. In case of infantile pneumonia the cry is very soft, except when during coughing, and the child makes a wry face. In pleurisy the cry of the child is shrill and loud, caused by moving and coughing. Of course, children sometimes cry from pure nervousness, and this cry should be called a fret rather than a scream, and bears the same relation to the mental condition of babyhood as tears do to the woman.

The French author, M. Valleix, has divided the cry of the child into the cry proper and the return. The cry proper is given during expiration, and the return during inspiration; and it really seems as though one could learn a great deal about the physical and mental condition of the child by merely considering the method of its only expression of its mental and bodily condition. In health the cry proper is sonorous and long. The return is shorter and sharper. This return becomes stronger as children advance in age, and in different stages of health the cry changes. If there is to be a fatal termination of any disease the return ceases, and the cry has a moaning or murmuring character, pitiful to hear.

Third: The normal temperature of the child taken under the armpits is 99 degrees Fahrenheit; and every mother should have a clinical thermometer, and learn how to read it; for temperature is the best guide to disease in young children. During the twenty-four hours the fluctuations between breakfast and tea are, in health, very trifling. There is apt to be a fall in temperature in the evening, amounting to perhaps one or even two degrees.

After two p.m. the temperature may rise independently of effort or food, or disease, or anything of that sort, and yet the condition be entirely normal. But if the thermometer register over 100 degrees, then there is fever, and the cause of it should be sought, and proper remedies administered. Sometimes when this feverish condition is caused by the teeth, sponging the body all over with tepid water will reduce the fever, and the child will go off to peaceful sleep. In case this result is not attained, send for the doctor, who may, by an early visit, shorten an inevitable malady, and perhaps avert a disease which threatens.

Fourth: The respiration of a baby from two months to two years should average thirty-five a minute; and from two years to six years the average is eighteen during sleep and twenty-three when awake. Variations from thirty-five to forty-five under one year should cause no sort of anxiety, provided the child does not cry with pain as it breathes.

The child's breathing, in health, is quiet and even; the number of respirations as suggested before. But when the mother finds that the little one is breathing exclusively from the chest, and that the whole body does not swell in rhythmic motion, she may know that there is some abnormal condition. If the breath is exclusively in the abdomen, then we have lung trouble. Regular breathing and heavy, deep sleep, when the child can be moved in any direction, its eyes pulled open without waking it, indicates brain depression. Inspiration anxious and rapid and expiration easy and slow indicate water in the chest. A wheezy, short, panting breath shows asthma; and when that asthma takes on, in breathing, a metallic sound, we have croup.

Fifth: The sleep of a child offers many strong points for the observation of nurses and mothers. There is no point so important as that of deciding at what time in a severe case of illness the child began to have restless and broken sleep. When the child is born perfectly healthy, it will usually sleep, for the first month or two, twenty out of the twenty-four hours, and nurse at intervals of two or three hours during the day and night. After three months, the little brain begins to grow, the child has interest in external objects, and protests against the dull existence, and is much more wakeful during the day, but continues to take its meals at intervals through the night. After seven months

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of age, a healthful child should be expected to sleep from nine or ten in the evening until six in the morning.

In this healthful sleep the whole appearance of the child, its expression, its attitude, its breathing and its grace, all suggest the perfect comfort with which it enjoys its sleep. With a very slight disturbance of health, this ordinary calm is broken in upon, and the mother notices half-cries and startings, expressive of uncomfortable dreams or sudden pain.

Sometimes just the pressure of the tooth against the gum or a meal imperfectly digested will suffice to disturb the whole night of an infant's sleep. If the nurse or mother finds that a baby starts in its sleep, throws off the bed-clothes, grinds the teeth, puts the head where the feet should be, starts up in bed and has a dazed expression, even if the pulse and skin seem entirely healthy, she had better call a doctor.

In imagination, I hear some mother say: "This writer wants me to be very ready to call a doctor. I can ill afford the luxury." I am willing to confess that I do and shall advise the early summons of a family physician, because, in case the doctor does all he can in a grave case, a mother is spared the saddest of all regrets on the death of a darling child: "If I had only known earlier!" The sharpest pang in bereavement is the inevitable regret. To none of our dear ones has our relation been absolutely perfect, and when the arms are left empty, and the darling enjoys "Heaven's completeness," it will save a pang if the mother can say: "There was no mistake on my part; she had the best of care."

TO STIFLE CARE.

There's nothing like a breezy laugh to frighten off dull care,
    There's nothing like a sunny song to cheer you.
There's nothing like a happy day out in the open air
    To show the beauty of the world that's near you.
For grieving is a tyrant thing that holds its victims close,
    And bends them subject to its ruling only,
And care's a sullen master, all silent and morose,
    Whose prisoners must languish dumb and lonely.

But arrogant and grim of soul as both of them may be,
    It takes but these to work their overthrowing—
A song that's light and fearless and a laugh that's clear and free,
    And the open world where God's sweet winds are blowing.
Then a song instead of grieving, and a laugh in care's disdain,
    And a wholesome day out in the sunny weather,
And the prison gates are wide and broken is the chain,
    And the gladsome things of life go free together!

R. D. Saunders.

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FOR THE BAIRNS.

Conducted by
THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

THE LATE QUEEN.

IT may seem to come rather late in the day for us to be laying our little wreath on the grave of good Queen Victoria, but that is only because illustrated magazines having to be prepared so long ahead, this is the first opportunity we have had, and I feel sure the children would sorely regret it if we did not say our say too, and say it lovingly.

Her Majesty was very fond of children, as many a kindly tale could tell, and she seemed to grow fonder of them the longer she lived, for in the latter years of her life she specially liked to have young folks round her. One of the latest tales of Royalty and childhood is told in "In His Name," not about the Queen, but about her grandfather, George III., and helps us to think that the kindness to children ran in the royal blood. It makes an interesting bit of reading, as told by a tradesman of Windsor.

"Some years ago there was a boy in my employment in the capacity of a shepherd; he was a thick-set, sunburnt, sturdy fellow, about ten years old, with coarse features, and a bristly red head of hair, and each particular hair did stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine! One sultry summer day, while he was seated on a bank near the roadside, watching his flock, with a book in his hand, the King happened to be walking that day unattended, which was frequently the case at that period. His Majesty marched up to the boy, and thus accosted him, 'What, what—what book is that?' The little red-headed urchin gruffly replied, 'A spelling-book.' 'Aye, Dyche, Dyche, Dyche—a good author. Can you spell?' 'A little.' 'Let's hear you try,' said the King, as he took the book from the boy. It must have been curious to see the monarch of a great empire assuming the character of a Ragged School teacher, with a spelling-book in his hand, and hearing the ragged churl his lesson. 'Can you spell two syllables?' 'Yes, I can.' 'Come then, let us see, let us see—ABBOT?' 'A-b ab, b-o-t bot, abbot.' 'Good boy, good boy. CRIMSON?' 'C-r-i-m crim, s-o-n son, Crimson.' 'Aye, that will do, that will do. Can you read as well as you can spell? Do you go to school? Can you read the Bible?' 'My mother is too poor to send me to school, and she has got only a piece of a Bible, which is so torn, and the leaves so dirty and dog-eared, that we can't make it out at all.' 'That's a pity, pity, pity! What's her name? Where does she live?' 'Her name is Hannah Potts, and she lives in Dirty Foot Lane.' The King took out a pencil, and wrote down the name and address, and departed, to the great disappointment of the rude and surly young shepherd, who, with a cunning peculiar to some in low life, pretended to be ignorant of the King's person, when at the same time he knew very well to whom he was talking. On his Majesty's return to the Castle he called for the gentleman who then acted as his private and confidential secretary and said: 'There is a great want of education among the poor in our neighbourhood; this ought not to be. This packet must be delivered according to the directions, and the woman must be expressly told that the book is a gift from ourselves, as a reward for her perseverance in teaching her son to read. Her circumstances must also be enquired into, and her children sent to school.' The monarch put a five-pound note into a common-printed Bible, and wrote with his own hand upon the title-page: THE GIFT OF GEORGE R. TO HANNAH POTTS. The King then delivered it to the gentleman with these words: 'Let this be sent immediately, for it is our wish that every subject in these realms should be able to read the Bible.'"

Years and years hence—when you are grown *so* old! little children will gather about your knee and ask if you knew the Good Queen. And you will say you remember when she died, for there was great mourning everywhere. But they will want to know more, and you must be ready to answer them, so let me give you one or two things to be repeated on that far-away date!

Remember, for instance, the figures "1881." They are not difficult to fix in the mind; 1881 is 18 turned one way and then turned the other:

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18 is 81 when turned round, and 81 is 18 when folded back, and the Good Queen was 18 when she came to the throne, and she was 81 when she died, and during all the long years that came between she was such a loving mother to her people that when she died she was sorely missed, and everybody wished she could have stayed.

This, too, you will remember—that when Jesus called for the Great Queen, she humbly laid down her crown at His feet, and asked Him to save her, not because she was a great Queen, but because she was a poor sinner, and needed a Saviour—just like the poorest in the land. She passed through the Bright Gates as all must, saying humbly, "For Christ's sake!"

When they came to bury her there was a little incident about the funeral which no one seems to have noticed, yet which was very touching to me. The coffin was lifted reverently from its first resting-place, at Osborne, by the stalwart Highlanders, was carried by them over the threshold of the old home, and was then given to the sailors, to be laid gently by them on the gun carriage. No sooner was this done than a company of Her Majesty's Grenadier Guards silently took their positions on both sides of the carriage.

Many wondered at the appearance of the tall, strong men; they were fully armed and equipped, their great busbies firmly strapped, their heavy great-coats rolled up on the top of their knapsacks, and their haversacks filled with provisions; they were as men fitted out for a long and trying journey.

And this was just the impression they meant to convey. Their beloved Queen had set out on her long journey—through the Dark Valley to the Endless Light—and they were ready to escort her all the way, if they could. Yes, these brave men were prepared; there was not one of them but was ready to lay down his life if it could be of any service to the Queen—to escort her wherever she went. But they could not; they could only go down with her to the ship that was to take her across the dark water; they had then to return to fight life's fight here—just like us all.

Mind what it means. There is only One Who can go with us through the Dark Valley—the Lord Jesus, our Keeper. But He can, and while He lives the trusting soul can say even of the Valley of Death, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." Only the Lord can be at our right hand during all the long march through this life to the next, and He only can "keep" us.

Pack up these words, like treasure, in your hearts, so as to be able to tell them to the children in the far-off time when you are old. Keep them as a message from me to them!

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE.

Few have had keener cause to regret the death of our late beloved Queen than the thousands of poor crippled children under the care of the Ragged School Union. For more than fifty years she was patron of the Union, and this in no mere official way, for, through Prince Albert and the late Lord Shaftesbury, she was kept well informed of all the good work that was being done, and took the liveliest interest in it. As far away back as 1849 a cheque for £100 was given by her Majesty and the Prince Consort to help on the merciful work—help which the Queen continued to the last.

It was Lord Shaftesbury also—then Lord Ashley—who dared to make and carry out one of the boldest suggestions that could be made to a Prince. This was no less than to ask "Albert the Good" to go "slumming" in the neighbourhood of the notorious St. Giles', that his Royal Highness might see the wretchedness and pitiful state of the London poor with his own eyes. Nor would Lord Ashley have the Prince come in disguise, as great ones do in story-books. He knew human nature better. "You should come in three carriages," he said, "and have the footmen in red liveries—even these things are not without their influence."

And it was all done so, and the Prince "slummed it" in St. Giles' with Lord Ashley, causing a Socialist agitator to say, "If the Prince goes on like this, why, he'll upset our apple-cart!"

That little bit of pageantry—the footmen, the red liveries, and the gorgeous carriages—was as wise as it was kind. Most people when they are visiting the poor put on the shabbiest garments they can command, and do this with the kindly enough idea that they will not thereby excite the envy of the poor, or make them more dissatisfied with their lot. But it is a mistake, Whatever envy the poor may have of the rich does not come out in this way. On the contrary, the better dressed a visitor is the more do they feel the honour, and the more does it encourage them to work up, and scrub up, to show their appreciation of such an honour. It is for this reason, and as

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the outcome of a long experience, that one of the best and most regular visitors I know among the poor always arrays herself for the work as though she were about to make a call on some fastidious friend in her own circle.

All else that space permits me to say of the kindly connection between Queen Victoria and the Ragged School Union may be summed up in the words written in the year of the Jubilee :—

Workers in Ragged Schools cannot but be strengthened by the knowledge that their Queen is directly associated with them in their labours. There is always good hope for a cause when women heartily espouse it and give themselves to its service, and no nobler mission can be conceived than that of women strong in their purity and love to the sinful and the neglected. Lord Tennyson makes his hero, King Arthur, describe in noble verse how he taught his knights to "ride abroad redressing human wrongs, to break the heathen and uphold the Christ." On as great an errand day by day and evening by evening go forth the Ragged School teachers of London. May they, now that their Sovereign is at their head, with renewed vigour prosecute their war against the powers of evil.

As for our branch of the great and merciful work carried on by the Union—the Crutch-and-Kindness League—the need and the nature of it will come home to every reader when I say that there are six thousand maimed, deformed and crippled *poor* children in London alone, under its oversight. These are looked after, as best they can be, by voluntary visitors, but little reflection will be needed to see how small is the cheer which even the most devoted of these voluntary workers can give their afflicted charges. Long spells of absence must take place, and the poor bairns have too often such a dreary, dreary lot, left alone for days and days while mother is out charing, with nothing to see but the four bare walls, and nothing to do but try to "make dreams" without straw for the purpose.

The aim of the Crutch-and-Kindness League is to break this weary monotony of the maimed little ones in a way that is within the scope of all, everywhere, by getting each member of the League to write a letter once a month to the child assigned him for this purpose (and concerning whom all particulars are sent), or if happening to be too busy to write, then to send an old illustrated magazine, a toy, bit of girl's finery, or such-like—anything that may keep the child in heart with the thought that he or she has some friend in the great outside world of health and strength.

All can do this, wherever they are situated, who can hold a pen; a child can do it, and learn to be sympathetic rather than selfish; an invalid can do it, and good-hearted folk who are cut off from the busy life of crowded cities and wish to do some good, can do it. The membership of the League has thus grown, from almost every part of the habitable globe, to about 5,000—leaving a little more than a thousand members still needed to find a friend for each of the crippled mites. Perhaps you, reader, or your children, will take this opportunity of doing good in a kindly, but most helpful way.

All further particulars about the League, together with a beautiful card of membership, may be had for a stamp from *Mr. John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John-street, Theobald's-road, London, W.C.*

The following have joined since last month :—

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH.

May G. Griffin, Dublin; Jessie Harris, care of Miss Freeman, Ealing; Mrs. J. W. Smith, Leamington; Miss P. H. Abrams, Hackney; Miss A. Hewitt, Lee; Miss L. V. Marchant, Chelsea; Miss Marguerite Espley, Evesham; Mr. E. H. Starr, Wigan; The Girls' First Class Board School, care of Mrs. Reynolds, Taunton; Miss K. Copland, Finsbury Park; Master R. C. Dalziel, care of Mrs. Henderson, Bracknell; Arthur Crocker, Tiverton; Miss Amy Sack, Blackheath; Miss M. Hayward, Miss R. Newton, Miss Ethel Palmer, Miss Alice Hewitt, Miss Grace Strong, care of Miss Hayward, Sec. Sunshine Co. of C.E., Blackheath; Mr. John Forrest, Junior, Glasgow; Miss Pairman, Moffat; Miss Shipley, Moffat; Miss Dean, Liversedge; Miss Eva Townshead, Foxrock; Miss E. Perkins, care of Miss Medway, Hendon; Miss Nellie Ayre Charlton; Mrs. Annett, Acklington; Miss Horsfall, Keighley; Miss R. E. Newman, Wangford; Miss C. H. Cope, Liverpool; Miss Annie McTyre, Ballantrae; The Sunshine Co. of C.E., care of Miss Bird, Rugby; Mrs. Balfour's Three Little Girls, Watford; Miss M. Noelle Walker, Swindon; Mrs. Pettitt, Peckham; Mrs. Williams, Kendal; Miss E. M. Golby, Earlsdon; Miss Ethel Carpenter, Circencester; Miss Annie Clark, New Zealand; Robert Woodward, Esq., Toronto.

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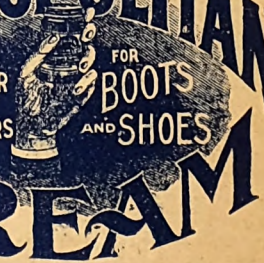

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

FOR HOME AND SUNDAY READING.

VOL. 5. MAY, 1901. No. 8.

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I report upon sample of Beamish's Stout received from Messrs. Beamish and Crawford, of Cork.

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FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

DAINTY BLOUSE BODICE.

The beautiful new painted gauzes and chiffons are horribly expensive to purchase ready-made, but those who are clever with their fingers can paint such materials at home with the greatest success. Of course, a good floral design is very beautiful, and specially effective if used for an evening gown or for large wide sash ends, but for blouses and such purposes quite a small

sprigged pattern is effective. Here, again, floral patterns look better than any other, such as a tiny sprig of mauve lilac, a few roses, or some daisies or carnations, or some small flower of the kind. Ordinary water paints are used, and it is best to sketch in the design in body-colour first. A good amount of Chinese white should be employed, and upon this the gradations of colour, quite lightly set on, must be added to carry out the light and shade successfully. A length of this material will look very beautiful if made up in blouse fashion. The best shape to employ for making up such a blouse bodice is the crossover style, with an open V-shape set at back and front, as shown in the sketch. Of course, the whole must be mounted upon a tight-fitting white silk or satin slip. The sleeves are made very full, caught tightly in at the elbow, and allowed to flow again in a full frill of the material. Lace is not introduced at all upon such a bodice, but a tinsel thread may be employed with the happiest result. For instance, a kind of cris-cross or a narrow lattice-work of tinsel thread may outline the V-shaped under bodice, and a very narrow tinsel braid be used to hold in the fulness of the sleeve. The bodice, being so thin and so flimsy, must be finished with a well-made and well-boned waistband. This can be made of black *panne* velvet, cut upon the cross and dragged tightly round the figure.

USES FOR OLD-FASHIONED EARRINGS.

Not long ago the only idea of disposing of old-fashioned earrings was to have them made into brooches. Now they may be used for almost any kind of ornament except earrings. Ingenuity has devised uses for the earring heirloom. It may be transformed into a pendant for a chain, or its centre may be made into a pin—if it is not too big for the ever unostentatious male person.

The talents granted to a single individual do not benefit himself alone, but are gifts to the world; everyone shares them, for everyone suffers or benefits by his actions. Genius is a lighthouse, meant to give light from afar; the man who bears it is but the rock upon which the lighthouse is built.

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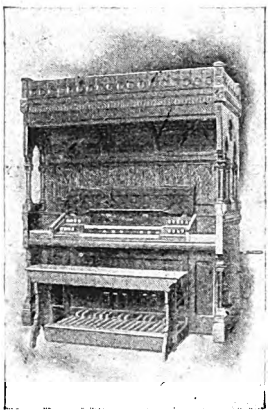

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ROYAL WIDOWS.

Death has left several of the daughters and daughters-in-law of Queen Victoria widows. Among the former are the Empress Frederick and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the latter include the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and the Duchess of Albany. Other Royal widows are Queen Margherita of Italy, the Queen of Spain, Queen Emma of the Netherlands (sister of the Duchess of Albany), the Empress Eugénie, and the Dowager Empress of Russia. The two most august Royal widowers are the Emperor of Austria and the King of Denmark. It has been the sorrowful mission of Queen Alexandra to minister at the death-bed of several very near and dear to her. She has lost a mother and a son, she smoothed the pillows of the dying Queen whose devoted daughter-in-law she was, and she hastened to Russia to comfort her sister during the mourning period that made a widow of the Empress Dagmar.

A god has its abode within our breast; when he rouses us the glow of inspiration warms us: this holy rapture springs from the seeds of the divine mind sown in man.—*Ovid.*

THE CHIEF END OF MAN.

Man's use and function—and let him who will not grant me this follow me no further—is to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness. Whatever enables us to fulfil this function is, in the pure and first sense of the word, *useful* to us. And yet people speak, in this working age, as if houses, and lands, and food, and raiment were alone useful; and as if sight, thought, and admiration were all profitless; so that men insolently call themselves Utilitarians who would turn, if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables; men who think, as far as such can be said to think, that the meat is more than the life, and the raiment than the body; who look to the earth as a stable, and to its fruit as fodder; vine-dressers and husbandmen, who love the corn they grind, and the grapes they crush, better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden; hewers of wood and drawers of water, who think that the wood they hew, and the water they draw, are better than the pine forests that cover the mountains like the shadow of God, and than the great rivers that move like His eternity. —*Ruskin.*

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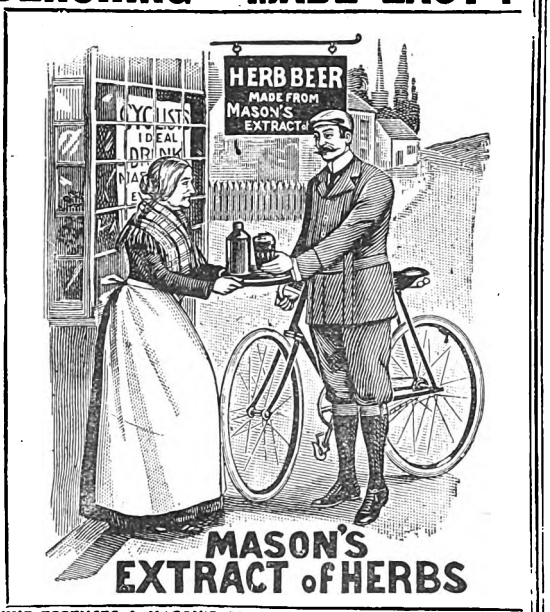

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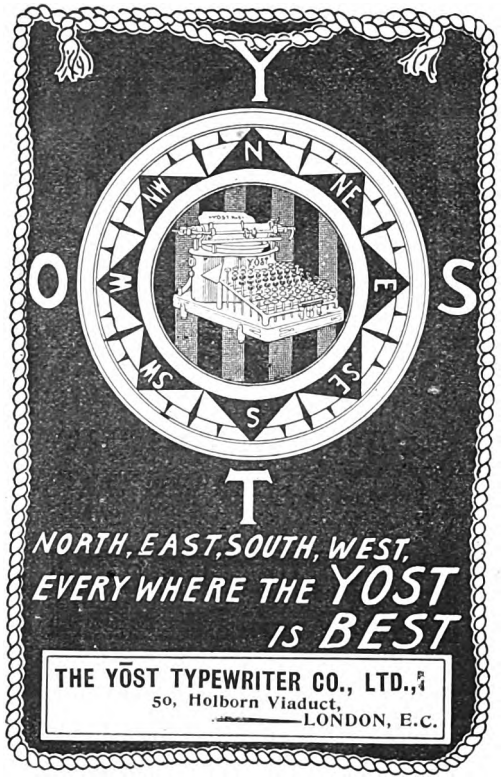

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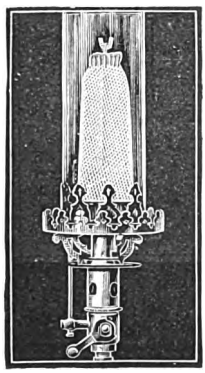

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A SPRING MORNING IN JAPAN.

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IAN MACLAREN.

A STUDY OF THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

By CORA B. PEARSON.

"DO you ken a minister in the south by the name of Watson—John Watson, forbye?" asked a stalwart man of the north country.

"Ken a minister, John Watson?" queried the son of the minister's man, with a shrug. "Weel, maybe, he's the man that preaches every Sabbath in my father's kirk."

The heather is beautiful anywhere, but it is most beautiful on the vast moorlands, where the fresh breath of the sea sweeps over its purple bloom, or up on the wild crags, where its warm tints blend in the glow of sunrise and sunset, and throw up in bold relief the glittering whiteness of the mountain snow.

That which is true of the heather of the hills or the flowers of the valley, of a rare jewel or an exquisite miniature without their dainty settings, is undoubtedly true of the man of genius—it is in the surroundings of his home, and among his own people, that his character and influence shine brightest.

In the hurry and scurry of life; in the race for place and power; in the pitiful, heart-searing scramble for existence; it is like a glimpse of home, of flowers, of everything fragrant and fair, to take up a writer who at one touch removes the outer coldness and brings back olden memories; who speaks of joy and sorrow with humour at once rippling, tender and delicate, and a pathos which reaches the centre chords of being.

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The small congregation was charmed by the quiet power, the authority, and the somewhat ascetic appearance which characterised Dr. Watson at that time, and a unanimous call to become their minister quickly followed, and then commenced a history which has been rarely equalled in the annals of church progress.

The church buildings, standing at the entrance of Sefton Park, is a beautiful Gothic structure, which cost £25,000, and the whole tone, both exterior and interior, is expressive of the work of minister and people.

The news of the settlement of a man of Dr. Watson's ability quickly sped through the great city, and the effect may be seen to-day in the concourse of people who gather, Sunday by Sunday, round the pulpit in Sefton Park Church. The cream of Liverpool wealth, the keenest, most hard-headed men of business, Greek, German, French, American, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh people; representatives of almost every European nationality, and of widely diverging thought are there.

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held by the splendid ability of one man, and united by the bond of love for his Master.

It is here, in his pulpit, in the midst of his people, that Dr. Watson is known at his best.

In connection with the College Committee of the Presbyterian Church, Dr. Watson has done work which will doubtless become of historical interest in Church annals. He was the mainspring of the movement to exchange the insignificant buildings occupied by the Presbyterian students in Queen's-square, London, for Westminster College, Cambridge, where the ministers of the future are in constant and close touch with University life. To this end he visited the churches throughout the country, lecturing on the subject so near his interest, with the result that Westminster College was opened practically free of debt.

IAN MACLAREN.

As a citizen of Liverpool, Dr. Watson is always to the front in every good and philanthropic enterprise.

His church heads the list of subscriptions to the Hospital Fund, and that unique charity, known as the Liverpool Hot Pot Fund, whereby thousands of poor families are fed and cheered at Christmas-tide, owes its existence very largely to the influence of Sefton Park Church.

Dr. Watson is accredited with a humorous incident which took place at a dinner of ceremony in Liverpool.

An air of depression seemed to be stifling the guests, amongst whom was Mr. Caine, the member for Bradford, and whilst the coffee was being served, he courageously offered £50 to the Hospital Fund, through the man who made the best pun on the name Caine, within five minutes. A solemn silence fell upon the group as the search was being made for brilliant ideas. The time was almost gone. Mr. Caine thought his £50 safe, when the doctor looked up gravely and said, "Don't be in such a 'hurry Caine.'"

The cause of the hospitals was won, the ice was broken, laughter and congratulations ran amok, and everyone was happy.

After the fame of his books, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and "Auld Lang Syne" had crossed the Atlantic, that indefatigable seeker of genius, Major Pond, quickly seized the golden opportunity, and invited Dr. Watson on a lecturing tour through the chief cities of America. Dr. Watson accepted this and a second invitation, and came home again—according to Dame Rumour—with overflowing pockets and an extra bank balance of £10,000.

Dr. Watson always speaks very kindly of his American friends. He was received with lavish hospitality. The people, especially the settlers from Bonnie Scotland, thought it a very little thing to travel two or three hundred miles, to hear the man who could write so exquisitely of the land of Wallace and Burns.

Dr. and Mrs. Watson were received by the President at White House, Washington, and there is no doubt that when Dr. Watson can be prevailed upon to cross the great herring-pond again, he will be welcomed with the same warm enthusiasm.

A story is told relative to Dr. Watson's visit to Chicago. The doctor arose earlier than usual one morning, and it was observed that a small rent had been made in the back of his coat. His attention was drawn to his unusual appearance.

"Ah!" said the doctor laughing, as he threw off the disapproved garment. "It is too early to sow 'tares.'"

It was with the same spirit of enthusiasm that the students of St. Andrews

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received "Ian Maclaren," when he was honoured by the doctor's hood of the University. When "Ian Maclaren" walked up the ancient hall every man of them leaped to his feet and broke out in singing "For he's a jolly good fellow" and "Auld Lang Syne."

And public opinion agrees generally with St. Andrews' students. The man who wrote "A Case of Conscience" must be both clever and good.

It is some six years ago since Dr. Watson asked the question as to whether the writer had read "The Lilac Sunbonnet." Then he went on to speak of Crockett's remarkable leap from the humdrum and somewhat sleepy life of a country minister into publicity as a novelist of the first rank. A month or two later and "Ian Maclaren" had followed the good example.

The public, ever buzzing to know the identity of an anonymous writer, were on the *qui vive* to learn the name of the author whose stories were appearing regularly in the *British Weekly*, and when the late Mr. Gladstone added his testimony to the general voice of admiration, "Ian Maclaren" truly woke up to find himself famous.

MRS. JOHN WATSON.
Photograph by Mowll & Morrison, Liverpool.

It was through Dr. Robertson Nicoll that his first stories were published, but they were written years earlier, and we have Dr. Watson's own word that they were read and severely criticised by his friends, being re-written many times before he could be induced to submit them to a more popular verdict.

The first story Dr. Watson senf to an editor was accepted, the second was returned to him, with the inquiry as to whether it had been written before or after dinner?

In the Theological school Dr. Watson's book "The Mind of the Master" has perhaps caused more discussion, more heart-burning, more misunderstanding than any other book of its kind published of late years, but, on the whole, the book has been generally helpful. For it is a true word that whilst Scotchmen will sacrifice their last bit, their last baubee, themselves too if put to it, for an opinion of doctrine, Englishmen are far less concerned with such points. The book has served to make men think, but at the same time the unusual views taken by Dr. Watson of certain standard doctrines disturbed the placid waters of a section of present-day Presbyterianism to their depths.

The minority led by Dr. Kennedy Moore threatened the Church with an upheaval, but they had forgotten that disruption days are past, and that, with the dawn of the twentieth century, men care less and less about the shell, providing the right kernel is within.

Also, a stronger man than Kennedy Moore was required to touch the darling of the Church—"*Our Ian*," as he is lovingly called.

In the world of fiction "Ian Maclaren" has excelled as a writer of character sketches. His novel has yet to be published. We believe that he commenced a novel, but the last we heard was that the characters had developed a hopeless tangle, and they were left to straighten matters themselves. We hope the day is not far distant when this happy event will be accomplished, and "Ian Maclaren" will furnish his world of readers with a new pleasure.

In the meantime, however, we can never weary of "Burnbrae."

In early days, as a University student, Dr. Watson was not remarkable.

The tree blossomed in late summer, putting forth rich fruit.

Dr. Watson is brilliant by painstaking and sheer hard work, thereby emphasising

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his genius. As a man, he is, according to his own way of putting it, "A good friend and a bad foe."

His mother was a Highland woman, and we believe the friendship and the kindness came from that side of the house, whilst his Lowland father may be thanked for the longheaded, far-seeing subtlety which characterises the leader.

The latter qualities may be admirable, but we like his mother's best. Dr. Watson is intensely generous and intensely sympathetic. A lady once met him in a difficult interview. Dr. Watson at once perceived the situation and plunged neck and crop into an interesting experience.

Once, as a licentiate, when visiting a Scottish manse, he caught an awful cold, and the good minister's wife doctored him. She made him a mustard plaster of alarming dimensions, and bade him wear it on his chest.

Ever obedient to lawful authority, Dr. Watson retired to rest and wore the ministerial plaster. The minister's wife had bidden him wear the mustard plaster, not whirl it whither he cared not. And so he wore it—wore it through the long hours of night, and the marks of it for many a day.

The lesson of endurance was not lost, and matters ran more easily; but the lady has often laughed over the memory of that interview, and wondered which could be the worse case—a difficult interview or a burning mustard plaster?

Many incidents of his goodness might be told in his relations with his own people in Liverpool; but we are sure that Dr. Watson would not like them to be spoken of in detail. It is, perhaps, sufficient to say that he is almost idolised by his people; that wherever there is sorrow, suffering, or burden-bearing, hidden, perhaps, deep down from general view, the minister's eye seems to pierce the barrier, and, by some means only known to himself, the sorrows are soothed and the burdens uplifted.

It is not a mere whim on the part of many of his people to call him "Father John."

A few years ago, Dr. Watson's health had a serious breakdown, and then the love of the people rose to a height which must have comforted and cheered the minister and his family in their trial.

The congregation insisted upon Dr. Watson taking a rest for twelve months. They sent him to the Mediterranean, accompanied by Mrs. Watson, and paid all the necessary expenses. Dr. Watson's ordinary salary is £1,200 a year. And when he returned to them well and strong, he received a welcome, the memory of which must remain with him while life shall last.

Dr. Watson and the Sefton Park congregation are to be congratulated upon their minister's man. He is one of the guardians of the church, the right hand of the congregation.

He waits upon Dr. Watson every morning at nine o'clock. He gives his report and receives fresh orders, and these he carries out with an exactness and fidelity which mark him as a man of great worth. As an example of his tenacity to duty the following incident will serve.

Dr. Watson and the late Hugh Stowell Brown, minister of Myrtle-street Baptist Chapel, Liverpool, were exchanging pulpits.

Mr. Brown always preached in the ordinary dress of a layman, and the minister of Sefton Park Church always preached in the customary gown.

The hour for morning service was close at hand, and the minister's man was as usual in the vestry attending the minister, when a difference of opinion occurred. The minister's man had brought Dr. Watson's robe and offered it to the Rev. Mr. Brown, but that gentleman absolutely refused to wear it.

"Sir," said the minister's man respectfully, "Dr. Watson always wears the gown in his pulpit."

"That may be, but on principle I never wear such things."

"Sir," said the minister's man patiently, "this congregation always expects to receive its minister in a gown."

"That may be," replied the other, "but not Hugh Stowell Brown."

The silver-toned clock in the vestry struck the hour of eleven, and Mr. Brown walked to the door. But the minister's man was more agile. Swiftly he passed between the minister and the door, and standing with his back close up to the panels, with his arms outstretched, and holding the gown for the minister to enrobe, he said with the utmost deference,

"Sir, Dr. Watson has gone to your church this morning without his gown, knowing the custom of your church. Sir, we expect to receive the same courtesy.

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THE REV. JOHN WATSON BEFORE HE BECAME KNOWN TO THE WORLD, AS "IAN MACLAREN."
Photograph by Mowll & Morrison, Liverpool.

I am not responsible for what you may do and say when you are in the pulpit, but until you arrive there, I am responsible for the order of this church."

"Cease your humbug, man, and let me pass," said Mr. Brown wrathfully.

Now the minister's man was not an unformidable person; he was tall, stalwart, and wore a very determined look.

Minister and man glowered at each other.

"Sir," continued the man gently, "I am very sorry that I cannot allow you to enter Dr. Watson's pulpit until you conform to the order of the church."

Already it was five minutes past the hour. With an exclamation of impatience Hugh Stowell Brown thrust his arms into the hated vestment.

The minister's man instantly bowed, as he opened the door, and Mr. Brown entered the pulpit, crimson and heated with vexation, and wearing the gown. The minister's man had an air of satisfaction as he closed the pulpit door upon the visitor, and service commenced in the ordinary way.

Hugh Stowell Brown wore the gown during the reading of lessons, and then the spirit of compromise was exhausted.

Before the sermon he pulled off the robe in the presence of the people and threw it over the back of the pulpit, casting the while a triumphant look at the vestry door. But the minister's man sat unconcernedly in his seat; he considered that he had won his point.

Dr. Watson has not reached his present altitude without crossing swords.

There are many who disagree with him in theological thought and other matters.

It is probable, though, that more often than not, this misunderstanding is through the lack of more intimate knowledge, and sometimes Dr. Watson seems to take a keen delight in mystifying his hearers and even his admirers.

Both as a writer and speaker, Dr. Watson is an impressionist of the first order.

He has the rare power of realising and absorbing the real beauty and sweetness from every character he meets; of catch-

SONS OF THE GREAT PREACHER.

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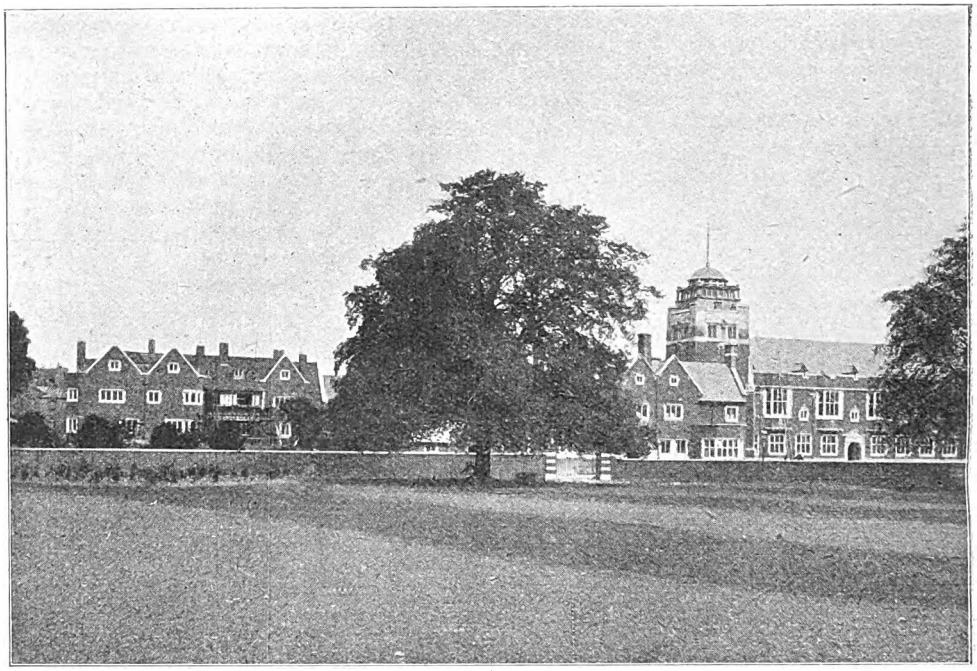

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, IN FOUNDING WHICH DR. WATSON TOOK A PROMINENT PART.

ing the ideas of good and progress which flit amongst men and often vanish like the passing sunbeams. These are stored up, are cherished and treasured, until they become almost part of himself, and then with a flood of new light, with the added strength of his own genius, they come back again to the world, to make men and women better and nearer the great ideal.

Whatever pet theories Dr. Watson may have in his ministerial sphere, it is only the very few who have his telling power and tenderness when repeating the old, old story of the Cross.

As he dwells with vivid eloquence upon the ever-glorious theme, his hearers are taken back in fancy to the shores of Galilee, and to the great day of Pentecost, when similar gifts of speech came, not to University students and doctors of divinity, but to a handful of rough fishermen who had seen, and known, and spoken with the Christ.

CORA B. PEARSON.

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Their Scientific Uncle.

By CATHERINE ADAMS.

"I THINK," said pretty little Mrs. Tremayne, with emphasis, "that if this goes on for many more days I shall go distracted. Yes, George, I am fast graduating for Colney Hatch." Her manner grew quite impressive as she concluded.

"It really is most worrying," assented her husband.

The trouble, whatever it was, appeared to be mutual, for George Tremayne looked almost as perturbed as his wife.

"George, can't you ask him to go?"

"Impossible, darling. You forget. I am his only nephew, there are heaps of nieces, but I am the only male representative of his family. Naturally enough, the old boy intends to leave me the greater part of his money, and we are not rich."

"And yet you married poor, penniless *me!*"

They were young, they had only been married a few months, so it behoved the gentleman to deprecate his wife's last remark in a singularly decided and demonstrative fashion.

Tremayne still had his arm round his wife's waist when the door opened softly.

Ha, ha, ha! dear me, young people! I am *de trop!*" chuckled a benign-looking old gentleman. The door was hastily shut again, and the sound of shuffling footsteps, beating a hasty retreat, was then heard. "I declare!" ejaculated Mrs. Tremayne. Her husband laughed. "Oh, George, how can you?" she asked, vexedly. "Only yesterday, when you held my hand for a minute, when you thought your uncle was not looking, I heard him say (*sotto voce*), "How interesting!" I believe he regards us as a pair of human problems, and that he will stay here for an indefinite time to watch our development."

"Nonsense, Cecily; my uncle will go sometime or other."

"Yes; and in the meantime, the whole place will be turned upside down through your uncle's fads. Only yesterday he dug up a whole row of newly-planted sea-kale, because he had caught sight of a bit of old pottery among the mould. He insists that there is a perfect wealth of undiscovered antiquities in the garden, and he bribes the under-gardener to dig up bits of ground, until Dobbs is in despair. This morning Horrocks came to me with tears in his eyes, and complained that you had given orders for him to escort Mr. Emlyn through the cellars."

"Well, and why should Horrocks make any bones about that?"

"*Bones!* that is just it! Your uncle declares that there are bones underneath the stone flags of the second cellar. He made poor Horrocks move two bins of some particular wine, old port, I think he said——"

"Oh! by Jove! I can't allow that."

"Ah! at last, I have roused you! You laugh at his depredations in the gardens and among my flowers; you are vastly amused when he chips off little bits of my pet China ornaments in his anxiety to know if they hail from Worcester or Staffordshire; you chuckle, yes—sir, I say the words advisedly, and let me remind you that chuckling is a reprehensible habit; I say you chuckle when your uncle presents me with a packet of 'headache-curing-hairpins,' an invention of one of his friends, and which I was in duty bound to use (I have not yet recovered from the little electric thrills those dreadful pins sent through every nerve of my head); you laughed at all these minor mishaps,

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but now when I tell you that your uncle insisted upon Horrocks removing the '84 port which you ——"

George Tremayne jumped to his feet.

"Horrocks was an ass to let him touch the bins. This must be put a stop to ——"

There was a knock at the door and the cook appeared. "I beg pardon ma'am, I thought you were alone." The woman seemed very flustered. "But, perhaps, you'll excuse me doing it here before master, but I am that put out. I must tell you that if Mr. Emlyn is going to stay here much longer, I must give up my situation."

"Oh, cook! I hope not." Mrs. Tremayne was young and inexperienced, but she had heard enough from other ladies to know that a good cook was a treasure.

"Well, ma'am, I consider it a insult to be told that I don't know how to make a *volly-vont*."

"Eh? what?" put in George Tremayne.

"A *vol-au vent*," interpreted his wife.

"Mr. Emlyn, he just come down into my kitchen," pursued cook, "and said he would show me how to get the air into a *volly-vont*, the proper scientific way."

"And did you try his way?" laughed her master.

"Indeed, no, sir, I hope I respect my calling better than that," and she flounced out of the room.

"Oh, George what shall we do?" cried Mrs. Tremayne, putting her hands to her head distractedly. The little woman was good at theatricals; the situation seemed to call for dramatic treatment. She became very dramatic indeed.

"George, dear George, *think!* Devise something! There must be a way of getting rid of your Uncle John."

"Poor old chap! he is a good old sort. But this scientific and antiquarian craze has got to be a bit of a nuisance."

"George, something must be done. Mamma, Ethel and Captain Scott will be here in a few days. Positively, your uncle must go before they come."

"But how? What can I do?"

"You must find a way. I beseech you George, as you love me, to think of some way of getting rid of your uncle."

Thus apostrophised by his pretty wife, Tremayne felt impelled to do something. He sat quietly for some time, thinking hard. Suddenly, he sprang from his seat.

"Eureka! I've got it."

"Yes; where? What?" cried his wife, catching him by the arm.

"We will plant a *find*."

"What? I don't understand."

"Yes, you will pet. We will get hold of something really good in the fossil line, find a suitable, likely spot and bury it. By judicious hinting and incitement, Uncle John will soon fall into the trap thus baited, and as the find will be something rather special, he will soon be off to town to his beloved Prehistorian Society to exhibit and lecture upon his treasure."

"You dear, delightful, clever man!" was but a small portion of the complimentary epithets showered upon Tremayne.

That night the post carried a letter from Mrs. Tremayne to her young brother. It ran as follows:—

DEAR TOM,—I want you to send me something from your museum. It must be something very special, of the Cretaceous Epoch, George says. Please send by rail, immediately after you receive this.—Your affectionate sister.

CECILY TREMAYNE.

"It is come! George," cried Mrs. Tremayne, two days later, as she saw the railway van pass the house and go round to the back premises. A box bearing the legends—'Fragile—With Care—Immediate'—was taken up to Mrs. Tremayne's bedroom, where, the doors carefully secured, it was unpacked by the pair of arch conspirators.

"I do not know much about these things, fossils and such like, but I suppose this one is all right," said George.

"Oh, Tom knows what he is about," retorted his wife, confidently.

"It's rather chalky-looking," protested George.

"Oh, of course! these things are so often found in the chalk, it is so conducive to the preservation of fossils," said Cecily, with a wise look.

"What is it supposed to be?"

"Here is Tom's description: 'Fossil—frontal bone of a pre-historic ass, found in the Valley of the White Horse.' What could be better?"

"I never heard that donkeys belonged to the Mezozic period."

"Why, George, did not Noah take a pair of asses into the ark with him?"

"Goosey! that was, comparatively speaking, an event of modern times."

"Oh, what does it matter?" the lady said, inconsequently, "We wanted a

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fossil, and here it is. The next thing is to *plant* it."

"That will be a difficult matter, the evenings are so light, the men leave off work so late, and then there is always the chance of my uncle coming upon us."

"We must do it in the dead of the night, George. Mrs. Tremayne's manner was tragical.

The stable clock had chimed out the half-hour after one, all the lights of the Manor House had long been extinguished, when two people emerged from the French windows of the drawing-room and passed through the shrubbery and into the kitchen garden, which Mr. Tremayne opened with his duplicate key. There was no moon, so Cecily carried a bicycle lamp to light her husband at his work.

"Confound those fellows! They have actually locked up the tool-house. I shall have to break a pane of glass, Ciss."

As the young squire came out of the tool-house, armed with a spade, prong, and pick-axe, he handed his wife a watering-can. Then they left the garden and walked up to the fir plantation, a few hundred yards away.

"It is essential that the fossil should be found in chalk," said George.

For a full hour Tremayne laboured at his task, making a bed in the chalk for the reception of the frontal bone of Tom Dare's pre-historic ass.

"Water it well, Ciss, else the bone won't make a good impression. Uncle John may not be so green as we think him. Thank goodness! he is very short-sighted."

At length all was in order again. The ground had been beaten and stamped into its proper shape, and the turf laid carefully back in its place.

"Only to a suspicious eye would it look as if it had been touched," said Cecily, triumphantly.

"And Uncle John is *not* suspicious."

The tools replaced in the tool-house, the pair crept softly back to the house. As they stood on the threshold a figure encountered them.

"Lawks! 'tis master and mistress!" And Jane, the head housemaid, looked her astonishment. "Is there any thieves about, sir?"

"No, no; your mistress and I have only been having a stroll round. But why are you up so late?"

"I heard someone moving about, and I got up to see if all was safe, and found the drawing-room window open."

Jane looked things unutterable as she left them.

"She does not believe us," thought Mrs. Tremayne.

At breakfast, next morning, Jane

"I CONSIDER IT AN INSULT TO BE TOLD I DON'T KNOW HOW TO MAKE A 'VOLLY-VONT.'"

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chanced to be taking Horrock's place. Several times Cecily fancied the maid's eyes were fixed on her suspiciously, and when a message was brought in that the gardener wished to speak to Mr. Tremayne at once, about something important, Jane remarked, with unction :

"You will excuse me mentioning it, ma'am, but I expect Dobbs wants to see master about the broken pane of glass in the toolhouse, and the footmarks ——"

"Eh! dear me! what is all this?" broke in Mr. Emlyn, fussily.

Mrs. Tremayne's colour rose vividly. "Jane," she said, desperately, "I want some fresh coffee, at once. This is quite cold. Mercy on us!" she thought, "I believe that Jane suspects something."

Out of doors, Tremayne had all his work cut out to allay the suspicions of the gardener, and he was obliged to invent fictitious theories to account for the footmarks found by the toolhouse.

"A lady's shoe, sir," said Dobbs, irately.

"Well, Mrs. Tremayne and I were down here last night, so that accounts for that," said his master.

"But it don't account for the broken pane of glass, sir."

"Perhaps not," and the squire turned on his heel to avoid further discussion. But if he and his wife could but have known in what light their exploit of the previous night was regarded by the servants, they would have taken them all into their confidence, from the estimable Horrocks downwards.

"First of all," said the second housemaid—she read penny dreadfuls, and her ambition lay in the female detective line —"first comes a box, labelled 'Fragile—With Care—Immediate'—which is carried upstairs *and* hopened by master. *No one*" —she paused for effect—*no one* saw the contents of the box!'

"No one!" chorussed the listeners, solemnly.

"I brought that box downstairs myself, and among the straw I found a scrap of paper. Here it is! You read it Mr. Horrocks.

"'i-z-e-d-'" read the butler. "That's the end of some word torn off, then comes 'r-e-m-a-i-n-s.' Bless me!"

"Yes," said Sophia, triumphantly, "*remains!* Now, what do we speak of as such? Only human bodies!"

"Oh, don't," said cook, "you makes my flesh creep."

"What happened next?" queried the amateur lady detective. "Why master and missis is discovered by Jane a-coming in the drawing-room window at past three in the morning. Dobbs finds unmistakeable signs of an entrance having been forced into the toolhouse. When missis hears of this at breakfast time, she shows signs of confusion, as Jane can testify to. Again, when I takes the shoes to be cleaned, I finds chalk, *chalk*! ladies and gentlemen, on the heels of missis's boots—chalk which corresponds with the chalk found on Dobbs' spade.

"Oh, my! how hawful!" cried the chorus.

Out in the grounds, the unconscious cause of all this distraction was starting for his morning ramble. To look at him no one would ever imagine that Uncle John could be capable of such shocking depredations as were attributed to him by his nephew's wife.

To him, presently, Mrs. Tremayne, true daughter of Eve, came winningly, and beguilingly.

"Just off for your morning stroll, Uncle? I think you might take me with you, and try and drum some of your clever theories into my stupid, little head."

Uncle John was not impervious to a little flattery, judiciously administered.

"Delighted, my dear, but I am only afraid I shall bore you."

"Not at all," she protested. When she has an object in view, a woman will suffer tortures to attain it. Cecily submitted with a very good grace to a two hours' walk with Uncle John, during which time he poured forth a dissertation on the molecules which go to form the human frame, and she had, perforce, to listen to such exasperatingly advanced terms as cathode rays, allotropic elements, pathognomonic indications, tetrahedronal atoms, etc., without in the least knowing what was meant. "I am quite tired," she at length declared. "Positively, I must sit down and rest." Curiously enough, she elected to stay close to the fir plantation. "By-the-bye, did George ever tell you the little story relating to this very spot? No? how remiss of him! The story goes that some curious bones have been found here at odd times, and——"

Uncle John jumped up as if he had been shot from a gun.

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"My dear child, you don't say so." Now; why could not George have told me of this before? I must go and get my tools at once."

Soon, he was hard at work, digging under Cecily's direction. He was too excited to notice anything wrong in the disposition of the turf as he hastily shovelled it back.

"Would such things be found in the chalk" asked the lady, with a pretence of ignorance.

"Of course! of course!" he said, hastily.

Mrs. Tremayne's brown eyes sparkled with excitement as she watched Uncle John poking and prodding the chalk with his pet pickaxe until he approached the spot where lay the reputed fossilised frontal bone of the pre-historic ass.

"The chalk is softer here," remarked the man of science, and his guilty niece trembled. "Excessive rain will cause it to be so, sometimes," he went on, and then Cecily breathed again.

Mr. Emlyn shovelled manfully at his task, pausing now and again to peer among the heap of chalk he had tossed up.

"What is that?" cried Cecily, eagerly, "Look! just there! Be careful, Uncle!"

Mr. Emlyn went down on his knees in the hole he had dug; his niece did likewise.

"Cecily!" he grasped her arm in his excitement, "it is a bone! Yes, a genuine fossil!" Very carefully did he scrape away the chalk and lift the bone from its bed.

"I should not care to give too premature an opinion," said Uncle John, with great gravity, "but George will be proud to know that, in my humble opinion, this is a bone of the long extinct asifolantaurus, which, as you may have heard, is supposed to be the primogenitor of the humble ass of modern times."

"Oh! Uncle!" cried that arch imposter, Mrs. Tremayne, making big eyes of wonder, and looking at the fossil with due reverence. They walked back to the house. The old gentleman could scarcely restrain his excitement and pleasure.

"Now, my boy," he said to his nephew, "you won't think me wanting in courtesy if I run up to town with my treasure? I should like Grey's opinion on this. Then, of course, there will be a little lecture to prepare for the Archaoilpokial Society."

When the old gentleman had retired to do his packing, Mrs. Tremayne threw her arms round her husband's neck, and hugged him for very joy.

"You old darling! what a clever, clever *ruse!*"

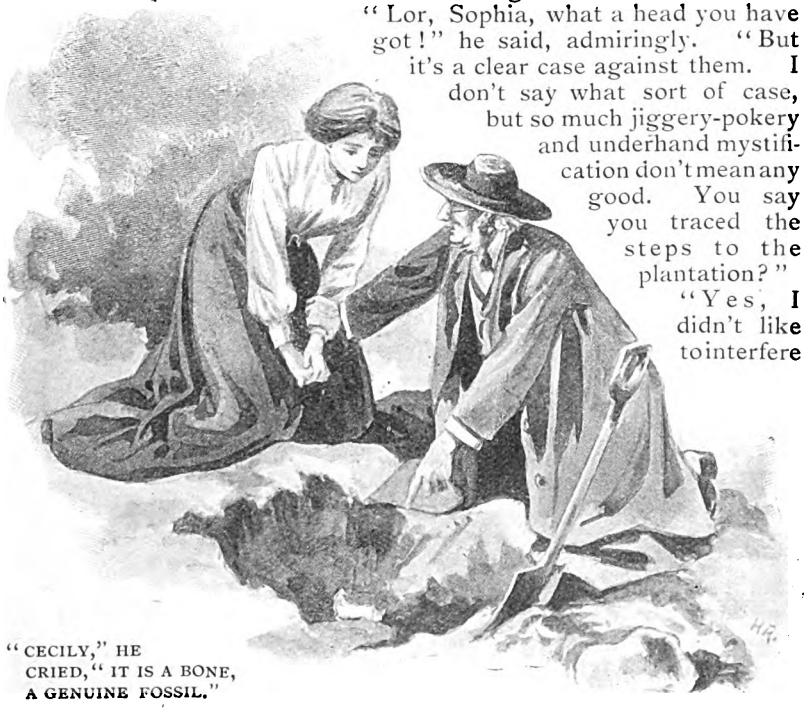
"All's well that ends well!" replied her husband.

But they would have thought their rejoicing premature if they could have heard a little conservation which was, later in the day, carried on in a sequestered part of the Manor grounds.

A stalwart young policeman was listening to what his sweetheart from the Manor was telling him.

"Lor, Sophia, what a head you have got!" he said, admiringly. "But it's a clear case against them. I don't say what sort of case, but so much jiggery-pokery and underhand mystification don't mean any good. You say you traced the steps to the plantation?"

"Yes, I didn't like to interfere



"CECILY," HE CRIED, "IT IS A BONE, A GENUINE FOSSIL."

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with it, but the ground looked different in one place, *very suspicious*, Bill, but I'll take you there now." Sophia and her lover walked to the fir plantation.

"Oh, my goodness!" shrieked she, as they reached the spot, "they've gone and dug it up again! Catch me, Bill, I'm going to faint!"

Bill, nothing loth, took her in his arms, but his face was pale as he stuttered:—

"Looks bad, Sophy, 'pon my word it does. What do you think of it?"

"Put your ear down close and I'll whisper what I think," said Miss Sherlock Holmes.

"Ah," said Bill, "you think as I do, what a horful thing."

Two days later, as the Tremaynes were at breakfast, the post came in.

"Mamma and Ethel will come to-morrow," said Cecily, looking up from her letters.

"Oh, confound it!" said her lord and master, "I beg your pardon, darling, my remark referred to something else. Uncle John is coming back."

"Oh, George, George!" cried Cecily, piteously.

"Yes, hang it all! read this."

"My dear George," read Mrs. Tremayne, "Grey is of opinion that other portions of the Asifolantaurus may be found where I made my discovery. Now, dear boy, I stand upon no ceremony with you and your charming wife" (the charming wife groaned miserably in anticipation of what was coming), "therefore I re-invite myself to the Manor, to superintend the proposed excavations, etc., etc."

"Oh," groaned George, "this is too much."

"George, whatever made you think of such an absurd, idiotic plan? It was too childish! Of course he will stay for an indefinite time; really, really, I——." To the alarm of her husband, she grew quite hysterical. He flew to the door to call help. Sophia happened to be passing; she was despatched for salts.

"He is coming back," shrieked Mrs. Tremayne, whose nervous system appeared totally upset.

"Lor, ma'am, if you've anything on your mind you had best unburden it," said Sophia, who concluded at once that this outbreak was due to the unsolved mystery.

"I cannot bear it, it will be the death of me," cried the poor lady,

"Let it out, ma'am, let it out, ma'am," persisted the maid.

"Oh——," moaned Cecily, with a long, shuddering sigh, "if he comes back I shall go crazy."

"You shall not be worried, darling," said her husband, soothingly.

"Better face it out," said Sophia, now convinced that some terrible crime had taken place. Her master and mistress were too occupied to notice her strange observations.

"George, what *shall* we do?" sobbed the distraught one.

"We will go away, dear, and shut the place up."

"Murder *will* out," the maid was beginning portentously, when the door opened, and Horrocks, with a mystified air, announced the police superintendent from Slowcombe.

"Oh!" gasped Sophia, turning as white as a sheet.

"I won't be a minute, Ciss," said George, following Horrocks.

Directly the door was shut, Sophia threw herself at her mistress' feet.

"Oh, ma'am, please say you will forgive me."

"Why, Sophia, you silly girl?" said Mrs. Tremayne, forgetting her own troubles for a minute.

"Oh, ma'am, he is come to arrest you!"

"What!" shrieked Mrs. Tremayne.

"Here is a ridiculous to-do," said Tremayne, coming back into the room with the superintendent at his heels. "Of all the idiotic chimeras! The police have got hold of a regular cock-and-bull story about some mysterious burial and exhumation." Then, in a whisper to his wife, "If Uncle John should hear of this, it will put us in a detestable position."

"Is it about the——" began Cecily.

"Sh——," interrupted her husband, with a meaning look, which was not lost upon those present.

"You see, ma'am," said the superintendent, "we have received information, and must act accordingly. Mr. Tremayne being a magistrate, I thought it best to see him at once, and as you seem to be implicated——"

"I!" cried the astonished lady, "Oh, this is monstrous;"

"I regret this very much," said the officer, "but I must say that the case looks very black against you; such a chain of circumstantial evidence——"

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"Circumstancial idiocy!" broke in the irate husband. "I'll not permit you to address such observations to my wife."

"Then, perhaps, sir, you will be good enough to explain the matter in full, so as to satisfy me that all is as it should be."

"I can't explain!" said Tremayne, indignantly. "It's a private matter. You must take my word for it that nothing wrong has taken place. Now, I must ask you to excuse us. My uncle will be here presently; he is a very nervous man; I should be very sorry if he met you here, or heard anything of this matter."

The man was puzzled. He had been impressed by his subordinate's story, but before questioning Dobbs and the two housemaids, he had deemed it more politic to interview Mr. Tremayne.

"If I leave now, sir, I shall be obliged to leave a constable in charge, for until this matter is cleared up the lady must consider herself under our supervision."

"Oh, confound it! what do you take us for?"

Mrs Tremayne began to sob again. "Tell them, George, and bind them to secrecy."

To say the least, the situation was becoming very strained.

What Tremayne would have said is a matter for conjecture, for as he opened his mouth to speak, the door was thrown open, and in walked Uncle John!

"I can't tell them now," whispered George to his wife. "For my sake, for all our sakes, put up with the bother for a little longer."

Uncle John might have been in the habit of meeting officers of the law every hour of his life, so little surprised did he seem at their presence now. His short sightedness could not have been entirely responsible for such an utter disregard of his present surroundings. No, something very extraordinary had happened.

"I'm simply come to say good-bye, my dears," he stuttered. "Such a wonderful thing! The Archaoilpokial Society has elected me to represent it in the expedition that has been fitted out for a genealogical survey of the north of Iceland. Grey was to have gone, but, he is ill. It is a tremendous honour, and I could not think of refusing. We start to-morrow, and you will not see me for a great many months. I am returning to town at once, the fly is waiting for me outside to take me back to the station. George, my boy, you will come to see me off? Good-bye, Cecily, you will excuse this very hurried leave-taking; we must let the fossils stay

TREMAYNE ENTERED WITH THE POLICEMAN AT HIS HEELS.

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until another time. Good-bye, good-bye, my dear child!" and Uncle John hurried away.

"Wait until I come back," said Tremayne, to the superintendent, as he hastened after his uncle.

But that functionary did not obey him. Left to her own devices, Mrs. Tremayne resolved to free herself from the unendurable espionage which threatened her. Volubly, she explained the whole matter to the wondering superintendent, who, being a sensible man, capable of putting two and two together when once the facts were to hand, was quite ready to absolve the lady from the position of guilt into which "the chain of circumstantial evidence" had placed her.

"And here," she concluded, "is the letter from my brother, which will convince you that I am speaking the truth, and prove that what was buried was only the fossilised bone of a Prehistoric Ass!"

"And I did not tell him, George, as I was strongly tempted to do," she plaintively remarked to her husband when he returned from the station, "that in my opinion, the ass is not an *utterly extinct animal!*"

THE MESSAGE OF HER EYES.

He looked into her eyes, and all he'd known
Of good and true and beautiful there shone,
And all that he had thought that life could hold,
In those clear depths he, raptured, saw unfold.

He looked into her eyes—the sunny days
He lived long since, and all the glorious ways
He'd wandered in, as in a mirror clear
He saw with inner vision reappear.

Hopes, strifes, ambitions—everything his soul
Had felt, or dreamed, or suffered, did unroll;
As drowning men seem in a flash to see
All things their lives had stored in memory.

He looked into her eyes, and instant knew
How much he lacked of being good and true;
How far he'd failed in struggle and in strife
Of being faithful to the best in life.

Yet shining back to him he still could see
Such loving trust, such boundless sympathy,
He felt his soul to highest height could rise
So long as he might look into her eyes.

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THROUGH TENNYSON LAND.

By HERBERT W. PATES.

(Illustrated with Photographs by THE AUTHOR.)

THE visitor to the land of Tennyson's birth who also knows the island home of his later years cannot but be struck with the resemblance which this part of Lincolnshire bears to the Isle of Wight.

Not only is this striking similarity to be seen in the landscape, where meadows with pastured kine knee-deep in grass are interspersed with fields of waving corn, but also in road and lane, narrow, winding, running up and down, following the contour of the land, passing now between clumps of trees and over babbling brooks in the hollows, now over the hill top, with no cutting to reduce the gradient. Even the soil is the same—gravelly loam with a chalk subsoil—and, owing to the kindred nature of the soil, the grasses which clothe the low banks by the roadside appear identical. Here in Lincolnshire there is not the long coarse grass of the lanes of Nottinghamshire, but short herbage, quickly browned in dry weather, with tiny blue and yellow flowers, just as in the distant island where Tennyson dwelt in after life.

Tennyson rarely visited Somersby after the family removed—probably the place too keenly reminded him of the great loss which befell him in early manhood—but the Isle of Wight must have been very home-like to him through these striking similarities—a Somersby without its sting.

SOMERSBY LANE, WHERE THE POET COMPOSED "BREAK, BREAK, BREAK."

The country for miles around the poet's birthplace is haunted with memories of him.

The smiling villages of Aswardby and Harrington, which lie some distance away, are deeply interesting to lovers of Tennysoniana, for they are supposed to have given inspiration and incident to the poet's song; the former with its picturesque water mill, where we see—

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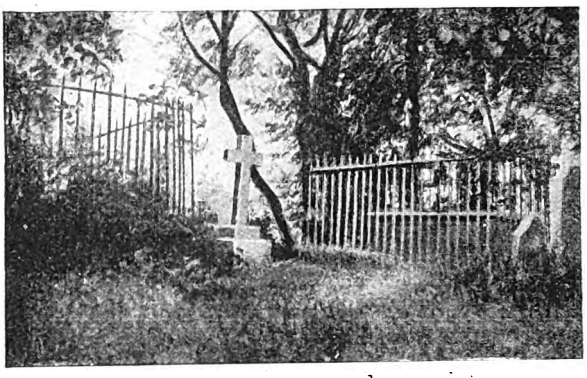


GRAVES OF THE TENNYSON FAMILY.

before us seems most near to the description.

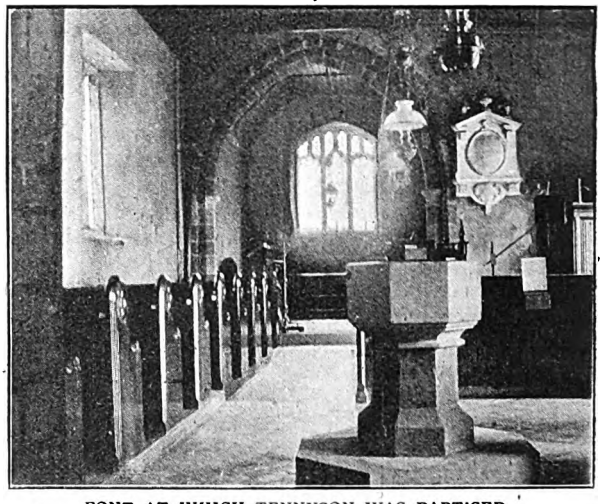
Harrington Hall, too, is taken to be the original of "Locksley Hall," having as its rival a hall in the neighbouring village of Langton.

There is less of evidence than in the case of the mill. "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" is fuller of detail, but settles nothing, even though in Harrington Church there is an effigy of the warrior "with his feet upon the hound, crossed! for

"The mill sacks on the whitened floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel;
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal,"

And the latter with its Tudor hall embowered in trees.

The mill at Aswardby is believed to be the one limned with such an artistic pencil in "The Miller's Daughter"—the poem which brought Tennyson to the notice of Royalty, and incidentally led to the laureateship. It is only fair to say that two other mills—Stockworth and Tetford—present rival claims, though the one



FONT AT WHICH TENNYSON WAS BAPTISED.

"THE MOATED GRANGE."

once he sailed the sea to crush the Moslem in his pride." Such Crusaders' tombs are too common, even in the neighbourhood, for us to be able to give much weight to this evidence.

The same may be said of the famous lion gateway which forms the entrance to Scrivelsby Court, about two and a half miles south of Horncastle.

The sensible yeoman rejects the advances of Lady Clara Vere de Vere with a dignified scorn, thus finely expressed by the poet—

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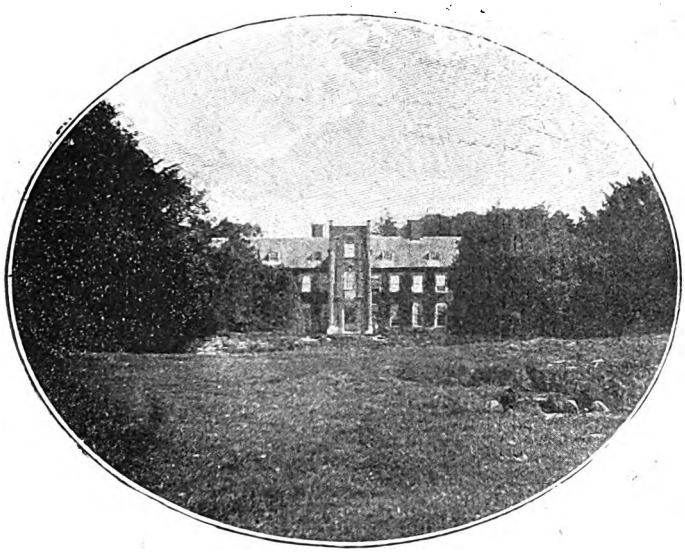
"You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply;
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I."

The yeoman speaks of a lion on the gates, and there is a lion on the gateway at Scrivelsby Court, and from this we might be led to suppose that here was the home of Lady Vere de Vere.

But the fact is that this ancient device is to be found on so many stone gates that the reference to it in the poem counts for little. Perhaps too much has been attempted in the way of identification of particular objects, and too little been allowed for the play of imagination.



THIS FINE OLD MANSION IS BELIEVED TO BE THE ORIGINAL OF LOCKSLEY HALL.

But it may safely be said that the scenes which daily met the poet's eye influenced nearly all he wrote, and if he does not always describe them individually, they are still to be found, modified and combined in his glowing word pictures.

In Tennyson's work the glamour of Lincolnshire is over all. None but a native of the county could write with the general local touch and colour which he uses. This manifests itself even when he is dealing with other lands and peoples. Camma, in "The Cup," sings:—

"Moon on the field and the foam,
Moon on the waste and the wold."

This is essentially Lincolnshire.

Turning aside from Harrington we enter Somersby through Bag Enderby, an adjoining village. These form one living, as they did in the time of Tennyson's father, but, while Dr. Tennyson lived at Somersby, the present incumbent resides at the larger Bag Enderby. There are churches in each place, and services are held alternately, afternoon and evening.

"THE BROOK."

The village tree at Bag Enderby is a curious sight. A gigantic elm, standing in the centre of the village green, it has one limb stretching out across the green over the road, and then its extremity

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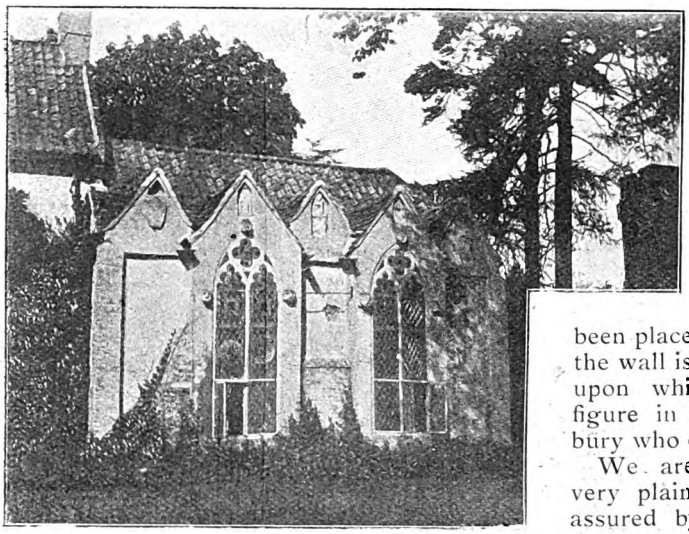


THE DINING HALL ATTACHED TO TENNYSON'S BIRTHPLACE.

rising into a leafy screen shelters the thatched cottage on the other side of the road. The middle of this arm, almost touching the ground, forms a most convenient seat, and from its worn condition has evidently often served this purpose.

Somersby is at first disappointing.

Apart from the Church, Rectory and Moated Grange, there is nothing else but a few cottages. Six hundred acres of land and dwellings for some forty people comprise the famous place. Yet in this circumscribed locality is much to be seen.

The Church (Saint Margaret's) is a small and poor building, architecturally considered. It is of sandstone, and built in the perpendicular style. The corners of the tower have been patched with broken bricks, and the incongruity is striking.

Over the door is a stone dial bearing the date of 1751, and the motto in English "Time passeth."

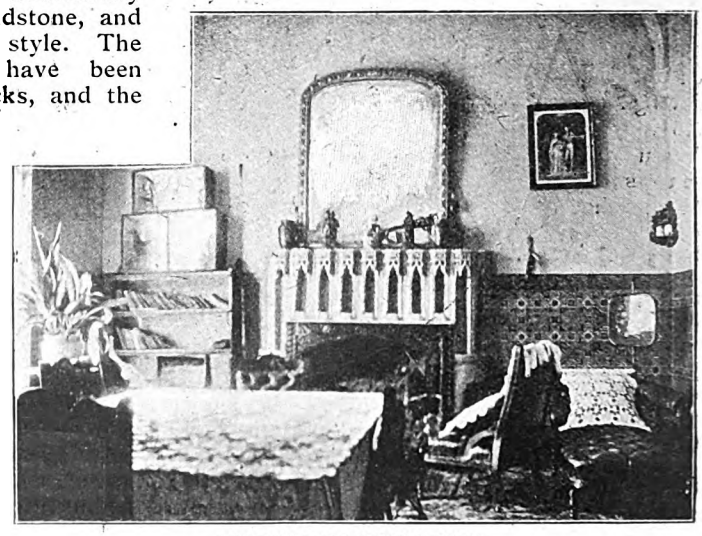
In the churchyard is a beautiful cross supposed to date from the 14th century. Its upper part forms a crucifix with protecting tabling above. The figures of Christ on the Cross and the Virgin behind are much weather-worn.

Entering the Church we find ourselves in a tiny building, unable to accommodate more than one hundred people. The little recess under the tower, some nine feet square has to serve for vestry. There is very little of note to be seen in the place. The pews are modern, having been placed by the late rector. Upon the wall is a very small mural brass upon which is carved a kneeling figure in memory of George Littlebury who died in 1612.

We are attracted most by the very plain stone font, for we are assured by the caretaker that it is the same as that at which the poet was baptised on August 8th, 1809.

Leaving the church, the caretaker guides the way to the burial place of Dr. Tennyson.

There is one other Tennyson grave of recent date. One of the seven brothers, Horatio, seemed to be more frequent than the others in his visits to the old home, possibly because he was ever wandering, and never settled like his brothers. A plain white marble cross by the side of the railed-in grave tells that his wife was laid here in 1895. The arm of the cross bears the simple prayer — very common on tombstones in this county—"Mercy, Jesu, Mercy."



INTERIOR OF DINING HALL.

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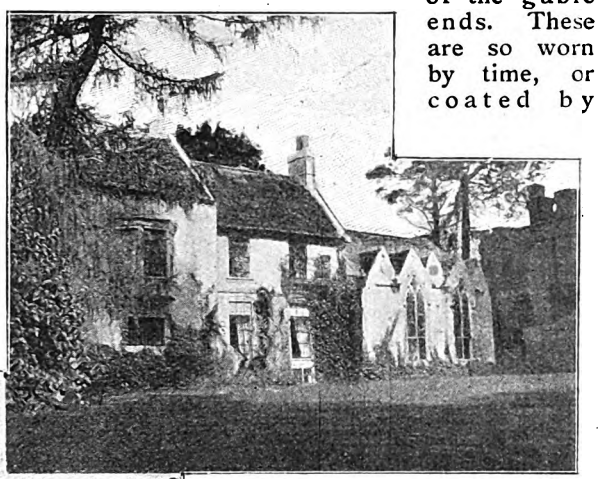
Opposite the church is a strange building, which now bears the title of the "Moated Grange," though now one cannot see where

"About a stone-cast from the wall,
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept."

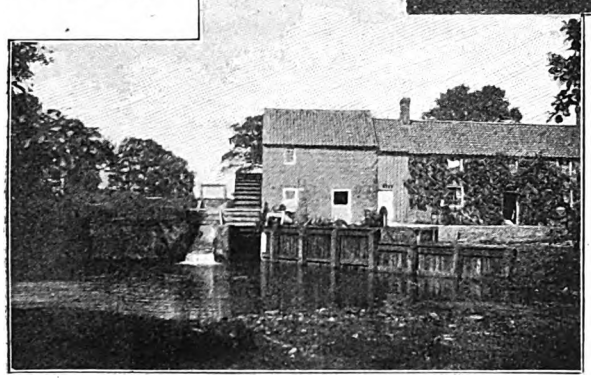
Nor can it have been true in Tennyson's day, any more than now, that

"Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver green with gnarled bark.
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray."

The surroundings of Tennyson's Moated Grange could never have been Somersby, though they have a strong Lincolnshire flavour. We are told, however, that there is the poet's own authority for the identification of the house, and this is quite possible if



SOMERSBY RECTORY, WHERE THE POET WAS BORN.



THE HOME OF "THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER."

Tennyson took his central idea from this picturesque old building and altered its surroundings more in accordance with poetic fancy.

The Rectory, now the Manor Farm, is separated from the Grange only by a row of trees. After paying the toll levied by the present occupant, we stand at length upon the lawn in front of the house where Tennyson was born on August 5th, 1809. It stands facing away from the road, so that a chance passer-by would see none of its beauty. Evidently it is composed of what were formerly two buildings. The windows of the present dining-room are very peculiar. They are lead casements, glazed with coloured glass and of ecclesiastical appearance. In fact, this end of the house is strikingly ecclesiastical, with its Gothic stone arches in which the windows are fixed, with its grotesque heads on each side of the windows, and the statuettes in the niches which occupy the peaks of the gable ends. These are so worn by time, or coated by colour-wash that the outlines cannot be traced, having melted away into an artistic softness. This part of the house was evidently intended for a private chapel.

The place imparts feelings of great seclusion and peace. One seems almost out of the world, and it is not difficult to trace the influence of this lovely spot on the poet's growing mind and powers of imagination.

On a summer's afternoon, still and dreamy, one could imagine the "Lotus Eaters" to have been written under similar conditions.

"All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream."

True, the setting of the "Lotus Eaters" is a coast of "yellow sand," but what of that? Was not the beautiful lyric:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea"

composed while walking Somersby's lovely lane at five o'clock in the morning?

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Close your eyes upon the lawn beneath the trees and

'The gushing of the wave,
Far, far away doth seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores ——."

But the brook! We must not forget the brook! If any part of Somersby stands out recognisable from the poet's writings it is the "Brook," which flows not five minutes' walk from the house.

Much of Tennyson's description is, of course, applicable to other brooks, and yet so much is peculiar that there can be no mistake here.

"By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow, weed, and mallow.

At last by Philip's farm I flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

Over these enchanted scenes—enchanted because a poet's seeing eye has dwelt upon their beauty and given us its message, we cannot linger too long or too lovingly.

There are other spots as beautiful, associations as romantic—ancient halls and noble ruins that bring back the memories of the past; homely village sights and sounds known to us all, and brooks that "flow on for ever" as sweetly as Tennyson's—but there is a charm thrown over the home-land of a great poet which we seek elsewhere in vain, for, though we may apply his description to our own familiar scenes, they can never be quite so true of any other spot as that from which he drew his inspiration.

HERBERT W. PATES.

THE LONELY MOUNTAIN.

When melted snows have told the stream
The sweetness of the sod they kissed,
And, with the spring's first daylight, gleam
The creatures of the morning mist;

When winter's icy work is done,
And grasses burst from pebbled walls;
And all things gladden in the sun,
And steeple unto steeple calls;

Then Nature swells a friendly song,
The little buds speak out at last,
And in the woodland comrades throng,
And thou alone no comrade hast!

If now and then a passing cloud
Caress thy brow, or swallow please
To pause above, a moment bowed,
They vanish, wayfarers like these.

O lonely mountain! Night shall steal,
And only they thy grandeur guess
Who know the friendless vast, yet feel
The majesty of loneliness!

Agnes Lee.

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"RIGHTEOUS OVERMUCH."

By JANIE E. OWEN.

REGINALD HARPER was looking things squarely in the face. He had been pulled up suddenly. He had reached a crisis in his life, when self-deception was no longer possible. For weeks he had been dreading the moment now upon him; dreading it, and yet in his blindness half hoping it would never come. But it had come; the situation was forced upon him.

To the ordinary reader, there was nothing in the letter Reginald had just read, and flung on to the table, to account for his present hopeless frame of mind. It was merely a frank, open-hearted sort of epistle regretting that a pleasant correspondence was beginning to drop off, and fearing that Reginald was either ill or overworked. It was signed "Yours most sincerely, Marion Trent." A most ordinary everyday sort of letter, with a genuine ring of sincerity about it, as of friend to friend but nothing more.

Reginald picked it up from where he had flung it, and read it for the second time. Then he walked over to the window, and looked out into the darkness. Finding therefrom no inspiration, he returned to the fireside. There was no help for it; he had been drifting on for months putting off the evil day, deceiving and self-deceived. Now the situation was untenable, and he gave himself up to the exigencies of the moment.

Reginald Harper had always a bad memory for dates, but the day on which he had first seen Marion Trent was a fixture in his mind. It was the second day of his summer holiday, and the first of his stay at the health resort whither he had gone to spend it. There was not a particularly congenial party in the hotel during his visit—he was more than half disgusted with them. Mrs. Trent was his neighbour at dinner, and she and her daughter were decidedly of Reginald's frame of mind. Gradually the three began to separate themselves from the rest; they were intellectually, mentally and socially akin. A holiday which at the outset promised to be a dead failure turned out one of the pleasantest he had ever spent, and Reginald was very loth for it to end. Of course the friendship then started was kept up; Mrs. Trent and Marion were remaining some time longer at St. Hilary, and when Reginald heard from them that the influx of uncongenial spirits was unabated, and that they meditated themselves returning to town, he wrote immediately asking permission to call. He never for a moment disguised from himself that it was Marion to whom he was drawn; there was something so genuine, so trustworthy, about the girl, he told himself; no tomfoolery, thinking of love and marriage in connection with every man who showed her the least attention. She was a true woman and he was glad that the bond of friendship was strong between them. He was so sure of her good sense and comradeship that one day he told her plainly that he valued her friendship largely because she was so unlike other women whose one idea was love and marriage. And Marion had laughed and said, "You certainly are frank enough, Mr. Harper! Yes, I agree with you. Let us be an exception—let us always be frank with each other."

Reginald recollected that he recoiled slightly before her self-possession, she entered so utterly into his ideas on the matter. After that, however, the friendship grew apace. They all three saw a good deal of one another, but very often he and Marion were alone. Mrs. Trent had calmly accepted the situation, and her daughter apparently rejoiced in it. She made no sentimental moan to Harper,

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but told him frankly she had been badly treated, and that to meet with one who proved himself worthy of trust was balm to her wounds. Reginald wondered at the fierce longing which burnt within him to kick the man, but he resolutely closed his eyes to a fact which was beginning to assert itself. He went home that night and abnegated himself by writing to Marion a letter descriptive of the poverty to which his family had been reduced, and which his efforts alone prevented from being sordid. He did not, he assured himself, tell her that he had been forced to sacrifice a promising career for the treadmill of London office work by the fraudulent failure of the bank receiving his father's confidence, merely to gain Marion's sympathy, but in order that there could be no misconception as to present and future relations between them.

As a matter of fact it gained him her sympathy, rousing in his disappointed heart a fire of gratitude, and matters went on as before. Gradually, however, Reginald found himself getting less frank with Marion; he had overstepped the mark even of friendship, he declared to himself, and he called himself a blundering fool for having warned Marion not to fall in love with him. At this point in his retrospections Harper laughed aloud—*he* had been the one needing the warning; his blindness had been appalling. He roused himself to dig his heel into the coals clogging in the grate. It was a relief to his mind, and the result was momentarily brilliant. Then he went back to the day when he had gone to Waterloo to see Marion and her mother start for a visit to the West of England. Marion was in the gayest of moods—not a trace of regret about her.

"Good-bye," she laughed, "I wonder who will tire of writing first." Reginald went back to office in a very sober frame of mind—do what he would, no amount of pulling together would shake off the blank feeling which came upon him. That evening he went to the theatre, and on his return sat up till the small hours writing to Marion a critique of the play. It was the baldest of excuses, and hardly deceived himself.

After the first two or three letters from Marion he began to hate opening them. She seemed to be so thoroughly contented and heart whole—while he by this time had grown to recognise what had come into his life. He knew at length that he loved Marion with the whole strength of his being, that he dared no longer try to deceive himself. The passion of jealousy which shook him when he read Marion's frank accounts of outings and expeditions, in which the name of a college chum of her brother's figured conspicuously, almost frightened him. Reginald was in a quandary. He dared no longer pose as Marion's friend; he dared not hint of love to a woman whom, encumbered as he was by a dependent family, he could never hope to make his wife. Frankness in this case was out of the question. He was at his wits' end, and so Marion's letter remained unanswered, until at length she wrote again—the letter which Reginald had just read at the opening of this story—and which was forcing him to a decision.

And the decision which, after hours of mental struggle and agony, he arrived at, was characteristic of the man's uprightness and integrity. He laid down for himself hard and fast rules, and followed them blindly. There was no middle course, he declared. He must either act the part of a hypocrite and profess friendship for a woman whom he loved with every throb of his being, or else he must drop completely out of her life and let her for ever go. The contingency of his ever being set free to make his own happiness was too remote to be considered. If he let her go it must be done utterly and completely. There could be no half-measures, no gradual dropping, for the frankness, which he had asked Marion to give him, would itself frustrate that. There could be no explanation of any kind, he had no right to raise even a suggestion as to love in Marion's mind; she must, as far as he was concerned, be perfectly free, perfectly unbiassed. He must submit to be misconstrued, misjudged, and even blamed by the woman who was the whole world to him. Late as it was when he arrived at this decision he sat down and wrote to Marion. And his letter, seeing the frame of mind he was in, was a masterpiece. A suggestion of a lack of interest in his correspondent, engendered by her absence, not untinged by resentment at having been called in question for his silence. A few details as to entertainments and engagements which had filled his time. A bald allusion to the weather, a formal enquiry after the health of Mrs. Trent, and an apparently

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superficial apology for not having had leisure to write earlier. The whole signed, "Yours faithfully, Reginald Harper."

Reginald smiled bitterly over that word "faithfully." Marion would never know how *exactly* that most formal of endings hit the mark in Reginald's case.

Then he went out noiselessly and posted it, lest by the morning his resolution should fail. The clock struck two as he dropped the letter into the box. Reginald never forgot the spasm of agony that shot through him as he realised that the letter was beyond recall. That, even now, he might contradict it never occurred to him. Reginald regarded the deed as irrevocable.

. . . .

Marion put that construction upon Reginald Harper's letter which was the most obvious. Evidently he was beginning to tire of her friendship. She was deeply hurt, and after the attitude he had assumed not a little mystified. So loth was she to drop him altogether, that she wrote twice without receiving any answer, and upon their return to town, even went two or three times to the neighbourhood of his office, in the hope of meeting him. She did not do so however, and, to all outward appearance, they passed completely out of each other's lives.

. . . .

Three years brought a considerable and pleasant change into Reginald Harper's life. His youngest sister had followed the example of the three elder ones and had married, while a not inconsiderable legacy from an old college friend had set him free to follow his own bent and take up his much-loved profession. It was indeed a labour of love, and such labour tells; in a comparatively short time he made rapid strides. The thought of Marion Trent was interwoven with every hour's work. Men recognised and admired the unfailing courtesy of Reginald in all his dealings; women were touched by and wondered at his gentleness and chivalry. The influence of the beloved woman, to whom every day was bringing him nearer, leavened his whole life. At length a day came when after a silence of three years, Reginald set out with the definite purpose of finding Marion. He had made arrangements for his patients to be amply cared for during his absence.

As a first step in his quest, he went to St. Hilary, and put up at the same hotel where

REGINALD WAS BY HER SIDE IN AN INSTANT, WITH BOTH HER HANDS IN HIS OWN.

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he had first met Marion. He had known some time since that she had left London. Nothing seemed changed either in the place, or the hotel itself. In the smoking-room that evening he met one of his late fellow clerks at St. Mary Street. Over in one corner of the room was a party of card-players. It struck Reginald that the stakes were very high, and he did not like the air of the thing at all. One of the players bore on his face the unmistakeable marks of the confirmed gambler and drunkard. He was playing, it seemed to Reginald, feverishly with an almost bestial relish.

Reginald raised his eyebrows at Tom Muller, his friend, who gave a shrug and said :

"Goes on like that every night—Ferrers there (indicating the man whom Reginald had specially noticed) started the thing and keeps it going. Makes a good thing of it, I believe, but (lowering his voice) the fellow is an unmitigated cad."

Reginald turned in very soon. He found that the same room was assigned to him that he had had on his previous visit, and remembering the thinness of the partition, hoped that his neighbours would not be rowdy. In about half-an-hour this question was decided for him.

He heard unsteady steps on the landing, the opening and shutting of a door, and the remark, in a thick voice :

"I want that money."

The sound of a chair pushed back was the only answer.

"I say, give me that money," was reiterated.

"Ted, I can't—I dare not. It is all we have left to pay our expenses here, and if you lose it what ——"

"Confound you, give me that money," replied the man, evidently moving forward to enforce his demand. A chair was overturned, and a woman's voice pleaded :

"Oh don't, don't."

Reginald's blood boiled, and he was on his feet to rush into the next room, when he suddenly remembered that he had no right—that in spite of being at the mercy of an apparent brute the woman had made no appeal for help. He stamped heavily across his room. Then he heard a little strangled cry, and the sound of falling coin. After that the door opened, and shut again, the unsteady steps went down the stairs, and from the next room came the sound of a woman sobbing.

Next day he asked Tom Muller who was in the room next his. "The Ferrers, I believe? Why, have you run amuck already, Harper? He went up soon after you last night and came back with a fresh instalment. Did you hear him going to his bank?"

Reginald held his peace about what he had heard.

Late that afternoon, as he was making his way back to St. Hilary, after tramping many miles into the surrounding country, he came suddenly upon Marion in a small wood not a mile from St. Hilary. He felt no shock of surprise. So closely had she been interwoven with his life during the past years that he forgot that those years had passed in silence, and it seemed to him perfectly natural to meet her there in the familiar place.

Marion on her part was shaken, and lost her self-possession. She looked pale and worn. Reginald was by her side in an instant, with both her hands in his own. It seemed to him that Marion must know what was in his heart. "And so I have found you, Marion," he said in a voice tense with feeling.

Marion drew herself up.

"I never knew that you had been looking for me," she said with a touch of the old frankness, yet with a slight haughtiness.

Reginald plunged at once into the heart of the matter.

"Marion, I have longed for you, hungered for you for years—but in those old days I was not free to speak—not free to offer you my love, but now, darling—will you take the love I offer?

Marion turned a shade paler, if that were possible. She was bracing herself for a great effort.

"Evidently, Mr. Harper, you do not know—that I—that—you have no right to speak like this to me."

"I know, Marion, that I have forfeited your esteem, but be pitiful, my beloved—oh let me love you, now ——"

"Reginald! Reginald! stop. You must not," she panted. "My husband ——"

Reginald flung aside her hand which he had been holding. "Your husband," he said bitterly. Then he broke down suddenly, "O God, help me!" he moaned. Marion stood looking on at his misery. Presently he looked round at her, and, with the hardness again in his voice, said :

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"And I have the pleasure of once more meeting Mrs. —— ?"

"Don't, Mr. Harper!" cried Marion. "There is no need for bitterness to me. My husband is Ted—Ted Ferrers."

Reginald laughed aloud.

"That brute!" he exclaimed. "No need for bitterness, when you have given yourself to that brute?"

His eyes fell at that moment on her hands. On the wrist of one was a fresh, livid bruise. His thoughts flew back to what he had overheard the previous night. He cursed Ferrers under his breath. Marion heard.

"You forget yourself to speak thus of my husband," she said. Reginald interrupted her rudely. "Wifely duty!" he sneered. "You do not love him? Marion, tell me that." He seized her bruised wrist, and before she was aware, kissed it madly. She wrenched it away with a sobbing cry.

"Reginald, do not make it harder for me than you need."

On the instant his mood changed. "God forgive me what I am doing. Marion, be pitiful—do not go. I am mad, I think, but think what he has robbed me of."

He glanced significantly at the hand he had kissed.

"I would give my life for you, Marion, you know that. Darling, let me save you—I know—you need say nothing—I heard last night." Marion winced.

"Reginald," she said gravely, "you must go—go away—right away from St. Hilary—at once. If you are still my friend do me this kindness."

"But, Marion, I am not still your friend," he interrupted passionately," I am your lover. Only on one condition will I go—that you come with me."

Marion broke down utterly.

"Have I fallen so low?" she said brokenly. "I thought I had enough to bear. It is cruel of you, Reginald, unmanly, so to take advantage of my misery."

Suddenly the tension of Reginald's passion relaxed; he was once more in his right mind.

"Marion, can you forgive me? I will go. It *is* the only way. Only promise me this. If ever you are in any strait, and need me, or if ever you are free to come to me—Marion, will you let me know?"

"I promise," she said faintly. He left her without a word, went back to St. Hilary and took train for London almost before Marion had recovered her fortitude sufficiently to return to the hotel.

And the silence thus broken fell again between them.

. . .

All the intelligence that Harper received of Marion (and it was very scanty) came from outside sources. He met Tom Muller one day as he was driving home from his round. He hailed him, and gave him a lift in his dog-cart. Muller appreciated greatly this man, upon whose friendship the sudden access to prosperity had had no effect. They talked of many things. Of old office days with its drudgery, to which Muller was still a bond-slave; of old pleasures and interests. Then Tom turned suddenly to Harper's flying visit to St. Hilary.

"Packed your traps in a precious hurry that time, Harper. Pity you went because really it was rather 'classy' after that fellow Ferrers cleared out. By the way, I heard the other day that he's come to a complete smash—run through all his wife's money, and now he's down at Great Marton horse-breaking. By Jove, he was a cad, though, to that little wife of his—dirty brute."

Reginald said nothing, only having at that instant reached St. Mary Street, he pulled up so suddenly as almost to throw the horse on its haunches.

Muller sprang out.

"Good-bye, old chap, and many thanks. Better than 'busing it, you know."

Reginald drove on with a nod, and a curt "Good-bye."

It was seven years at least after that meeting in the wood near St. Hilary, that the message which Reginald longed for, with a fierce longing, came. "Can you come?" it ran. In an hour's time Reginald had booked for Great Marton. He knew not why Marion had sent for him—whether she had at length reached the limit of her endurance, and had in extremity turned to him for help, or whether she was free. A very madness of joy seized him as he thought that Marion had only promised to send if she were free. At the junction, where the Great Marton line branched off, he changed trains. It was market day, and the place was thronged. Reginald had perforce to take a seat where it was available. He

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found himself in the company of several farmers, and a couple of market-women. Conversation turned on an event which seemed to fill everyone's mind.

"Iss, 'tis very sad to my mind," said one of the women, "I never heard tell of such a thing—a man to go and take a deer cheal up behind a 'orse like that—but, there, they do say he was drunk as usual." "Well, he's paid dear for it," said the other, "and so's that pore young wife of his—her's got no chance, they say. —Ferrers was as dead as a door-nail when they picked 'im up."

Reginald started.

"Has there been an accident?" he broke in.

One of the women began volubly, but the man on Reginald's right took the words out of her mouth—he was laconic enough. "Yes, sir—Ferrers, the horse-breaker down 'ere, was driving the cussedest 'oss ever you 'eerd tell on with his little cheal up alongside. Mrs. Ferrers—she begged un to leave the b'y 'ome, but no. Just as they was on the start Ferrers must 'ave flicked his whip, for off goes that 'oss. The wife hangs on and pulls the little b'y out, but gets knocked down 'erself—and she don't stand much chance, I'm afraid."

"IT WILL ALL COME RIGHT, DEAR, IN SPITE OF OUR MISTAKES—GOD WILL SEE TO THAT."

"And Ferrers himself is dead, you 'say?" re-'oined Reginald.

"Yes, sir."

"Nasty drunken brute," said one of the women, "though, there, I shouldn't ought to speak like that of one that's gone."

The train pulled up at Great Marton. Reginald leaped out, and enquiring his way to the Ferrers' house, hurried out, leaving the train to dawdle by the platform after the manner of local trains.

In ten minutes time he was in Marion's darkened room. Her face was uninjured, but it bore traces of the agony she had undergone. She smiled as Reginald approached her bedside.

"You have come quickly," she said.

"Marion, my beloved," he groaned in anguish, burying his face. Presently he looked up, feeling her hand feebly touching

My man seed it all, and he sez the way she hung on to that 'orse was wonderful—till she was throwed down, poor thing." "'Twas a plucky thing to do," said one of the men, joining the conversation, "and the way she pitched the little chap into the hedge was a sight—just as that brute of a 'oss knocked her down." "I s'pose they'll kill en—that 'oss, I mean," remarked a man at the farthest corner.

"Bless yer sawl, he killed hisself and the man what was driving 'im as well

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him. "Why, why did you do it?" he whispered.

"I had to save Rex," she said. I could not let him share his father's fate—Oh Reginald, it was awful! awful!" and her drawn face grew whiter still.

"Marion—you are free—free!" said Reginald as though her last words had reminded him, "at last my darling—I will make you so happy—you must come home to me—we shall ——

"No, dear," interrupted she, "do not ask me to stay. On, I cannot. You would not ask me, Reginald, if you knew how awful my pain is. If only I could have —— had a different life. Reginald, if you loved me in those old days why did you not speak?"

"Marion, I thought I had no right to offer my love to a woman when it seemed I should never be able to make her my wife. How could I ask you to wait, and wait, and then perhaps fail you?"

"Not if you loved me, dear," she said, "there could have been no failure. Dear, I am not reproaching you, but, oh, if only you had given me the choice how gladly I would have waited."

"But, darling," said Reginald, half hesitatingly, "I could not, I dared not ask you for such a sacrifice. It seemed to me, then, that I should never be free—and now—now it is too late. Oh, God, what have I done that this is come upon me?"

"Hush, Reginald—hush! Perhaps I have been to blame. I might have waited—but I never dreamt that you loved me—and so when mother died, and Phil went abroad I was so lonely, and then Ted came. I did not send him away. Hush, Reginald, do not say one word. Poor Ted, he used to be so good to his mother—but—it was all a mistake—everything seems wrong."

She panted as though the effort of speaking were too great, and lay back on the pillows. Presently she rallied.

"It will all come right, dear, in spite of our mistakes—God will see to that, Reginald. And, Reginald, before I go I wanted to ask you if you will take care of Rex, and not let him grow up like—I mean make a man of him."

Reginald groaned aloud. It was almost beyond his power to maintain his self-control. "Trust me, Marion," he said, putting a strong curb upon himself.

Presently Marion asked for her child, and Reginald fetched him to her. The day dragged out its hours of pain, and as its light began to wane, Marion entered into that life which explains and atones for all this world's sorrows and mysteries.

. . . . .

MARION FERRERS,
Died May 10th, 18—.
Aged 27.
"There shall be no more pain."

Every year on the same day a man and a boy came and read this inscription, and spoke tenderly of the woman dear to both; till by and bye, as the years rolled on, the boy came to man's estate, and the man grew bent and white-headed. One year the old man did not come. He had gone beyond the grave.

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America's Model Prisons.

By A. FREDERIC WHITE.

WHEN a court of justice passes sentence of imprisonment on a man for the first time, one of the saddest reflections which his punishment calls up is that his doom may be, as the convict's too often is, practically life-long.

After a man has been twice sentenced he is confidently expected back by the prison officials for his third, and then his fourth "lagging," and so it goes on to the end, until almost his whole life has been spent within prison walls, with the briefest intervals of freedom.

Surely something should be done to prevent the constant recurrence of this frightful evil, but when we look into our prison system we can find little calculated to strengthen the morally weak, but rather the contrary, for, besides the contaminating influences of prison life, the degradation which the prisoner undergoes too often destroys his last shred of self-respect, and prepares him for his second and greater fall.

What can be worse for a man who, on his release, will have to battle with more than ordinary temptations than to have every trace of individuality stamped out of him, and his choice between passive obedience and open mutiny simply regulated by the fear of punishment?

It is necessary, in the first place, that the prisoner should be regarded as a man, that he should to some extent be treated as a free agent, choosing between right and wrong, and their consequences. He should be continually able to improve his position by his own efforts, and this will afford a far better lesson in self-restraint than the "cat."

By the ordinary indiscriminate method the tendency is to carefully preserve the moral limpness with which the prisoner came in, until such time as he shall be at liberty once more to commit further depredations on society.

In America a far more scientific method of treating criminals prevails, and though the punishment meted out to them is quite severe enough to act as a deterrent to others, it is so regulated that its influence shall be reformatory, and that element of

AN EXPERT CONVICT COMPOSITOR.

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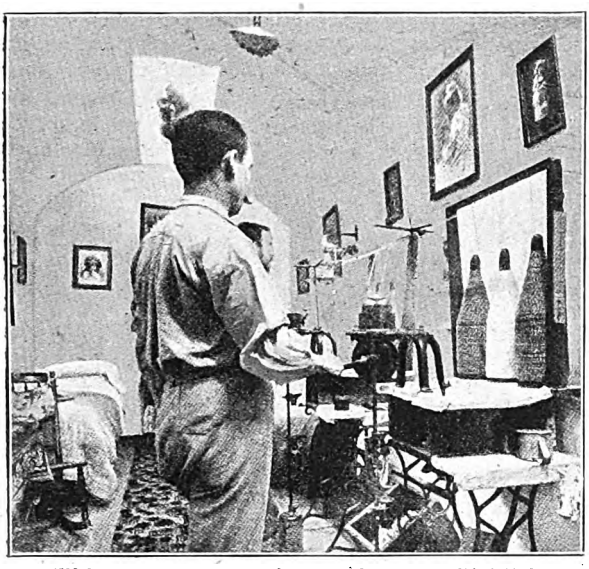


KNITTING HOSIERY—NOTICE THE PICTURES THAT ADORN THE CELL WALLS.

the prisoner's self-respect and free agency, which is held so lightly over here, is given a place of the first importance.

There are, broadly speaking, two kinds of convict establishments in America, the one consisting of the State Penitentiaries, such as Sing Sing Prison at New York, Auburn Prison, the Pennsylvania State Penitentiary, etc., and the other of the reformatory prisons such as Elmira, Massachusetts Reformatory, and the Sherborn Prison for Women.

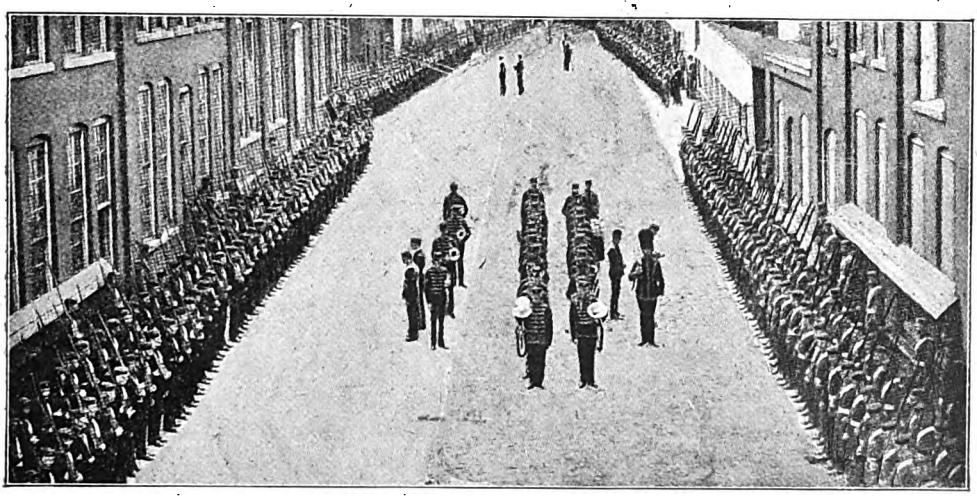
It would be a mistake to suppose, however, that the principles underlying the reformatory system are entirely confined to the latter class of institutions, for they enter very largely into the management of nearly all American prisons.

The Elmira Reformatory at New York may be taken as being typical of its class, and some of the methods adopted certainly sound very revolutionary to English ears.

The ages of the inmates range between sixteen and thirty; none but first offenders can be sent there, and it is at the discretion of the judge sentencing the prisoner whether he shall consign him to one of these reformatories or an ordinary prison.

The length of time which he spends in confinement depends to a large extent on the prisoner himself. He cannot be detained for more than the maximum period which the law allots to his offence; but he has the chance of reducing his sentence to a mere fraction of the time which he would have to serve in an ordinary prison. Men who have been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude have been able to claim their freedom under the system in force in a single year, though this is exceptional.

Some, through repeated misconduct, never reap any advantage for themselves, while others (the majority) obtain a respite of fully half their sentence, and are so strengthened by the stern ordeal through



MILITARY DRILL AT THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY.

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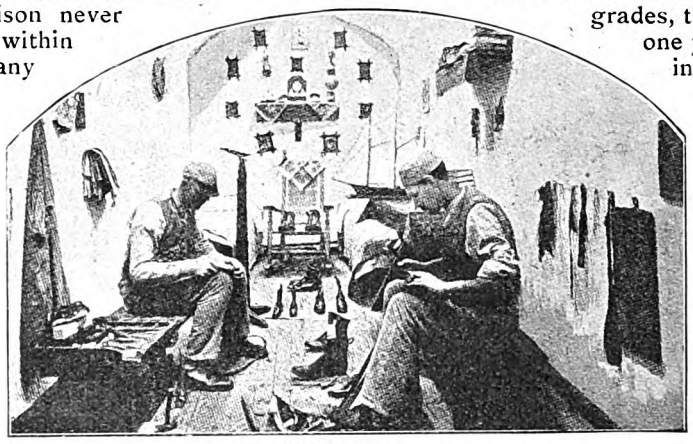
which they have passed that the cases of relapse into crime are comparatively few. Quite 80 per cent. of those who leave the prison never again come within the walls of any penal establishment. The prisoners are divided into three grades, the new convicts always being placed in the second, and it depends entirely upon their conduct whether they rise to the class above or sink to the lowest.



SHOEMAKING.

The prisoner seeking a reduction of sentence has to qualify in three branches —labour, school and personal conduct—for each of which three marks a month are awarded, and if he can obtain the full number of nine marks a month for six consecutive months he gains his place in the first class, and if he maintains his position there for another six months running, he is liberated on ticket of leave.

Thus it is just possible for a prisoner to obtain his release in a single year, but, as already mentioned, not many have ever accomplished this, the stringency of the regulations being such that frequent downfalls result, for if a single mark is lost, the prisoner has to begin all over again. The great majority, however, are to be found in the middle and upper grades, the figures for one year being 74 in the lowest or punishment grade, 485 in the middle, 498 in the second division of the first grade, and 278 in the upper first.

Generally an overweening confidence marks the newcomer when the system is explained to him in the Superintendent's office.

"Oh, if that's all, I guess I shall soon be out," is often the flippant comment of the probationer for freedom.

A BUSY DAY IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE.

The Superintendent, merely repeating a warning, dismisses the man to make trial of the task which appears to him so easy.

Then the tribulation begins, for he finds that he has not only to get through the tasks assigned in a manner which an ordinary employer of labour would consider fairly creditable, but he must put his heart into the work, showing an anxiety to please, and being ever on the watch to anticipate the wishes of the overseers.

The rules as to tidiness and deportment are

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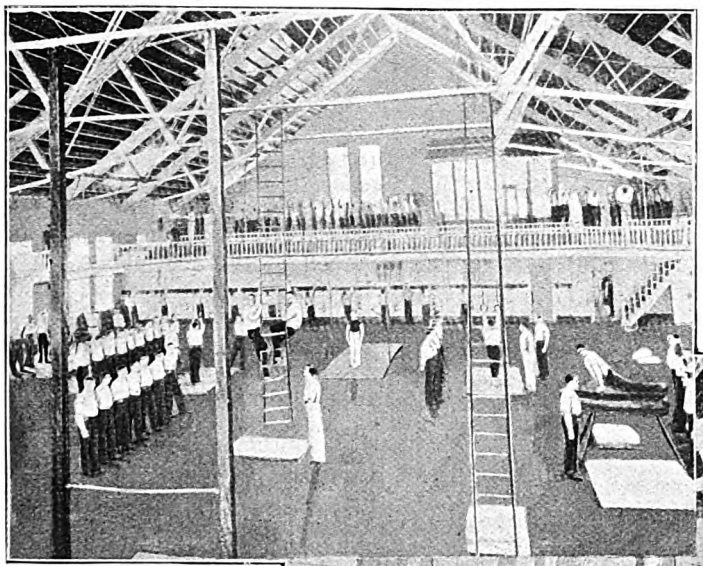
very strict, and unless a man is constantly on his guard he will be sure to come to grief.

For instance, he will perhaps leave his coat unbuttoned, which is against the rules, or he may fail to tidy his cell quite to the satisfaction of the warder, or to polish his tin platter to a mirror-like brightness with the whitening given him for the purpose.

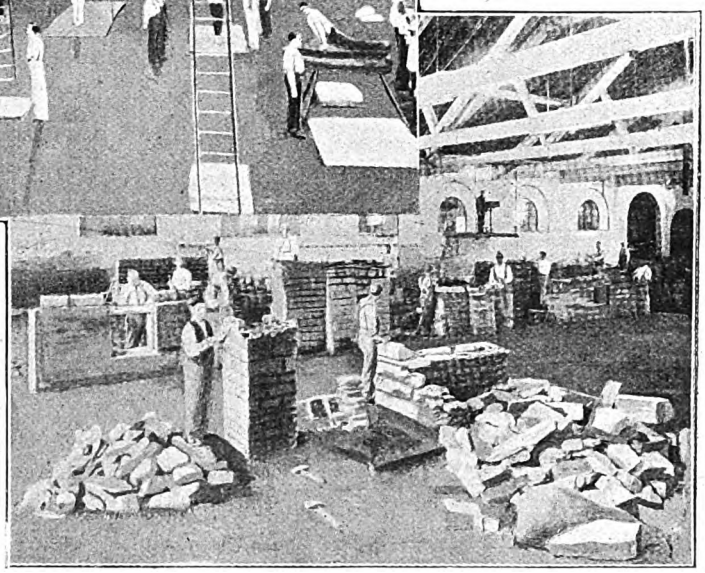
If he has failed in any of these particulars he will find on retiring to his cell at night a pink paper, the sight of which he soon learns to dread, for it is a record of the bad marks which his lapses, however slight, have earned for him, and which spoil his record for the month.

Now comes the critical time, for if he becomes discouraged by failure, and begins to let things slide, he will find himself down to the third grade with startling suddenness, and there he will most likely remain for some time, unless he can overcome his mortification and summon courage to make another effort to rise.

The dress of the prisoners and their treatment is altogether different in the several grades. In the first the men wear a light blue uniform and a military cap. Their cells are much better. They have the privilege of dining together in a common mess-room, and are allowed to talk freely, and their food is also somewhat better than that of the others, and they have unrestricted use of the library and reading-room during their leisure hours. They are under military discipline, and have officers and sergeants chosen from their own ranks, who preserve order while they march from cells to workshops, and assist the warders in supervising them at work.



PRISONERS EXERCISING IN THE GYMNASIUM.



BRICKLAYING.

The men in the second grade wear ordinary civilian's dress, they have their meals in their own cells, and their privileges are altogether much fewer. The third rates are treated like ordinary convicts, wearing prison dress, and always being superintended by warders. They have no privileges allowed them, and are made to feel at every turn the degradation of their position.

In all this there is something very repugnant to the soul of the average convict, who has never practised any self-

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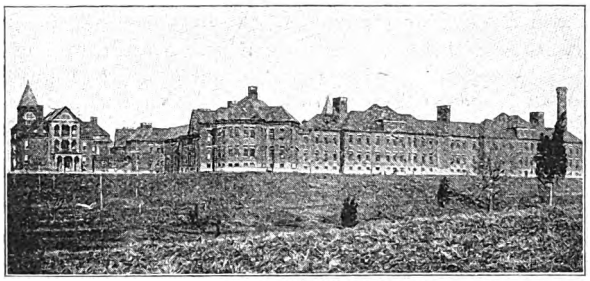


A TYPICAL AMERICAN PRISON.

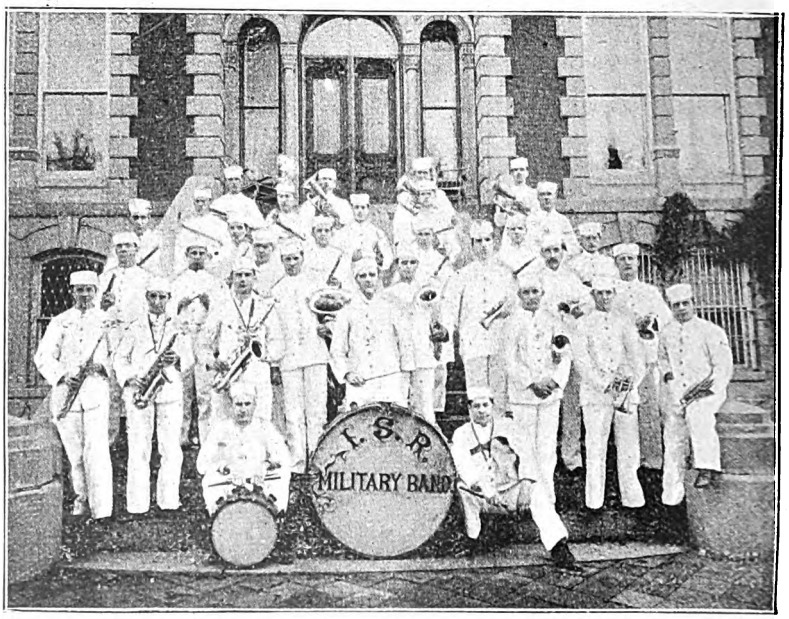
discipline, and whose failure to control his inclinations has brought him within the reach of the law. The many rules on little points of personal conduct, regarded by the prisoner as merely designed to render the shortening of his sentence an impossibility, are in reality meant to encourage the power of self-restraint.

It takes a good deal of education before the prisoner can appreciate the advantages of the reformatory system. After a very short experience of the galling vexations which any attempts at improvement entail, he longs to be sent to one of the State penitentiaries where he can work out his full time in comparative peace as he calls it. If he would maintain his position in prison rank, to say nothing of advancement, it means constant striving and frequent failures, and however confident he was at first of being able to go through anything to be once more at liberty in a comparatively short time, he has not yet acquired the stamina to keep up a good heart under constant set-backs.

In this reformatory there is a gymnasium, with steam baths and massage establishment attached; all prisoners go through a regular course of gymnastic exercises, and those who require it receive the massage treatment. What is still more important is the military training they receive, this being quite as thorough as that given at the National Military Academy, though it is not so comprehensive.

Another special feature of the reformatory is the wide scope of the scholastic studies which the prisoners pursue in the evening after the day's work, and which form one of the chief grievances of the newly-entered convicts. It is a factor in their regeneration to which the authorities attach great importance, and certainly there is little to complain of in the liberal spirit with which the tree of knowledge has been planted in their midst.

Not only are such elementary branches of learning as reading, writing and arithmetic inculcated, but grammar, the higher mathematics, geography, American and English history, and English literature, all the best authors, being read from Chaucer and Shakespeare downwards. These literary readings form a pleasant relaxation, and are eagerly looked forward to by most of the convict pupils. To further cultivate this taste, and at the



ILLINOIS REFORMATORY MILITARY BAND.

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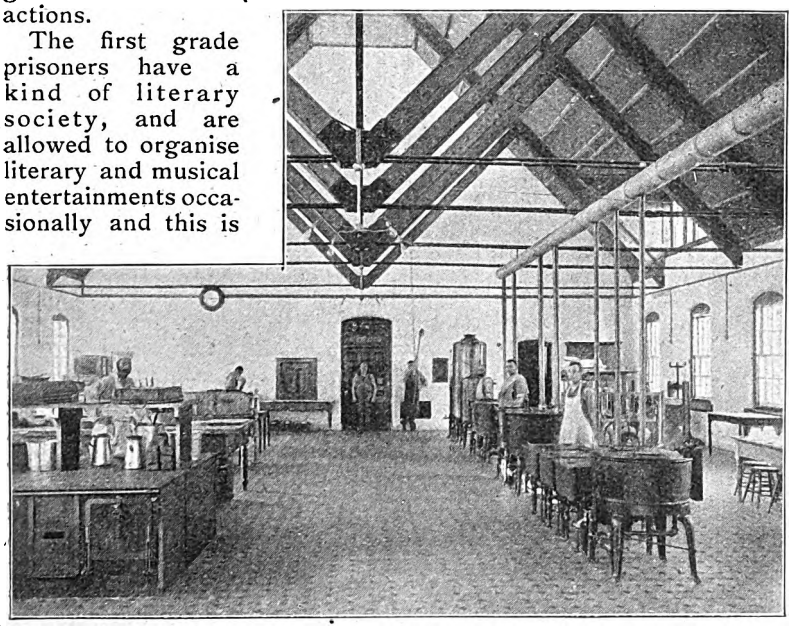
same time to provide wholesome moral instruction, lectures are given weekly by competent men on all kinds of literary and ethical subjects, and these are followed by debates in which the prisoners are encouraged to exercise their reasoning faculties and give their opinions. The moral teaching of Socrates was, for instance, the subject of one lecture, and it was very interesting to see with what keen interest they followed the exposition of the great philosopher's teaching, and in the debate that ensued many of them displayed a pretty just appreciation of the principles of right, though this intellectual judgment is no safe guarantee of a man's actions.

The first grade prisoners have a kind of literary society, and are allowed to organise literary and musical entertainments occasionally and this is one of the most highly prized privileges which they enjoy.



THE PRISON KITCHEN.

Most of the reformatories are modelled on similar lines to the Elmira Institution. In the Sherborn Prison for women the system has proved an even greater success than in those for men, women being far more susceptible to reformatory influences.

By far the larger proportion of the inmates are in the upper grades. There are seldom more than nine in the lowest, while in the first there are nearly 100. The first class, as in the Elmira Reformatory, has two divisions, one being composed of prisoners who have qualified for it without a single slip, and the other of those who have only reached it after repeated failures. The women in the first division of the first class are called "Trust Women" and they have a considerable latitude allowed them, and are to some extent trusted with the supervision of others.

When they leave the prison, places are found for them unless they have a husband and home to go to. Many ladies are willing to give them a trial in domestic service, as the reputation of the institution for effecting a complete change is well established.

Turning from the professed reformatories to the ordinary prisons we find the principle of reformation still actively at work.

In the Pennsylvania Eastern State Penitentiary, for instance, everything that unnecessarily degrades the prisoner and lowers his self-respect is studiously avoided. The convicts do not wear the broad-striped dress which takes the place of our own broad arrow device. They work in their ordinary clothes, with heads unshaven and with such facial adornments as moustaches and whiskers growing at will.

This is all part of the general plan of keeping up the moral tone of the prisoner by treating him as a man.

The labour to which prisoners are condemned is generally looked upon in the light of a punishment, but in this prison it is a privilege, for by the faithful performance of his duties the convict is able to obtain for himself many little alleviations of his lot, as he is allowed to provide himself with certain luxuries out of his earnings.

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"The severest punishment in our institution," said the late Warden Cassidy, who was a well-known prison reformer in the States, "is the deprivation of labour. The very first thing we do to an unruly prisoner is to take the tools and material away from him. Labour is a privilege. Many of the prisoners have earned considerable amounts by their labour, and when their work is taken from them as a punishment the cost of their daily keep is charged against their surplus earnings. Under the operation of this rule there are few infractions of prison laws, and these few quickly repent and make terms with the authorities to begin work."

Tobacco, so dearly prized by the habitual smoker, is a luxury unknown to the English prisoner, unless he procures it by stealth, which is sometimes the case. In the Eastern State Penitentiary its use is allowed by permission of the doctor, and as the prisoners buy it for themselves, out of their own earnings, it forms a great incentive to work.

It is a strict rule in our own prisons that prisoners shall not be allowed to look at a newspaper, but it is not so in most American prisons, as those who have worked sufficiently well to be able to afford it are encouraged to subscribe to their county paper, and the literary papers and there are even one or two selected daily newspapers, such as the *New York Herald*, which they are allowed to take. These papers undergo no mutilation, but are read in their entirety by the prisoner.

It would surprise the governor of an English prison if he were to receive a request for the introduction of a piano into a prisoner's cell, but in the Eastern Penitentiary there is no bar to a man who is musically inclined being allowed to discourse sweet music on whatsoever instrument he is master of, provided, of course, that he, or rather his friends, provide the instrument.

The time allotted for music is from supper time (six o'clock) until nine. Violins, flutes, jews'-harps, and many other kinds of instruments help to brighten the prisoners' evening hours, and many play very well.

These are some of the concessions which the industrious and well-behaved prisoner is able to win for himself, and such tangible and present evidence of the effects of well-doing appeal very strongly to a man.

The cost of a prisoner's keep is charged against his earnings, and any surplus which then remains is divided between him and the State.

A good steady worker can make quite a respectable sum for himself, and this he can expend on such little luxuries as are permitted by the authorities, some of which have been mentioned, or he can give it to his family.

Very little short of £2,500 is paid to the families of men confined in this prison during a year. A man is frequently able to hand over to his wife a sovereign or more when she comes to see him, once in three months, and, though the sum is small, it is a great assistance, and often helps to keep the home together. Sometimes, if work is plentiful, he is able to send her something before the time comes round for her next visit.

The prisoners' wives are allowed to bring them in many little things which would be prohibited in an English prison; but there is a strict rule against food of any kind being admitted.

In the reformatories a prisoner who has earned his freedom before his full time has expired is never allowed to go until a place has been found for him, so that it is his own fault if he does not lead an honest life. Without a fair chance the best prison training in the world must be of no avail. Thus it will be seen that the greatest pains are taken from first to last to ensure that whatever good a prisoner has in him shall be carefully fostered, and not crushed out of him by adverse circumstances.

A. Frederic White.

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JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

SOME INCIDENTS IN A GREAT CAREER.

A SPLENDID intellect, a character rock-like in its integrity, but flower-like in its power of breathing out sweetness; a great soul with no room in it for small things; a vision so fixed on the Eternal that it cannot see the trifling and unimportant; a scorner of conventions and of all that mars the strong presentment of truth; such is the estimate we unconsciously form of Joseph Parker.

And from his boyhood upwards it has always been thus, the same impulsive soul seeking an outlet for its energies, the same fearlessness in expressing convictions, and never content with a mere ideal, the ever ready hand stretched out to grasp the plough.

He was born at Hexham, in Northumberland, in the year 1830, his father being a stone mason and builder—"A strange figure that old stone squarer," said his son of him in after years, "both as man and master; with the strength of two men and the will of ten; fiery and gentle, with passionateness burning to madness, yet with deepest love of prayer; no namby-pamby speaker weighing words in troy scales, and mincing syllables as if afraid of them; hating lies as he hated hell itself. . . A lie with him was no slip of the tongue, it was notorious, scandalous, diabolical, infamous and infernal."

His mother was a gentler figure, a woman of rare piety and sweetness, between whom and her son there existed a perfect bond of sympathy.

When unexpected guests would drop in to tea and the family supply of milk ran short she would often say "Perhaps, Joseph, you don't mind not having any milk in your tea, for I have not got any," and he would reply, "Not a bit, what do I care for milk? Why to have this tea given as you have given it, it is rich with the thickest cream, sweet with the sweetest sugar."

At the age of twelve Joseph was an ardent teetotaller, and to hide his conviction in his own breast was as foreign to his nature then as it is now. In his own expressive phrase he "began to talk."

He joined a drum and fife band, organised in the temperance cause, and became a leading spirit in it.

When he was nearly fourteen the subject of the boy's future proved a puzzling one to his parents, and he was put for a time to his father's trade, but the experiment did not prove a success.

The youth's own aspirations, as yet unexpressed, turned towards the ministry, and, perhaps unconsciously at first, he began a course of study which would fit him to realise his ambition.

The Mechanics' Institute opened its stores to him, and after a time he began to form a small library of his own. On his shelves there were, he says, "Zimmerman on 'Solitude,' and Borrow's 'Bible in Spain,' and two or three or half a dozen more books, more to me than ever the British Museum Library was or is likely to be."

He taught himself shorthand, and practised unweariedly until he could take down verbatim, though the system in vogue then was long and clumsy to what it is now. He practised elocution, and made himself acquainted with the works of more than one master in oratory, buying "The Speeches of Charles James Fox," and cutting from the newspapers those of contemporary orators, which he used to declaim in the fields and lanes.

He learned the whole of the fifth book of "Paradise Lost," and delivered it in the open in a voice of thunder as if he were addressing an audience of a thousand people. He also committed to memory long passages from the Bible.

Before he was seventeen he had often addressed boys' meetings, but it was not until he had reached his eighteenth year that he delivered his first sermon. One day he was present at an open-air meeting held by two local preachers, and

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followed the service and addresses with the closest attention. Carried away by a sudden impulse he boldly stepped to the front as soon as the last speaker had finished, and chosing for his text the words, "It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the judgment than for you," he poured forth such a torrent of fiery eloquence that his hearers were astonished.

"I did not spare the iniquities of the age," he says, referring to this first effort, "I loosed all the thunders I could command, and delivered my soul with audacious frankness. The sermon was necessarily extemporaneous.

"Neither thought nor word had I prepared. I simply knew that the age was corrupt, and taking the hundred rustics as representative of the total iniquity I hurled upon them the thunderbolts of outraged Heaven.

"Some persons are kind enough to think that even now I am not wholly destitute of energy, but I can assure them that at eighteen, tornadoes, whirlwinds, and other energetics cut a very secondary figure when I was on the saw-pit."

When he was nineteen he set up as a schoolmaster, christening his establishment the "Ebenezer Seminary." His prospectus was characteristic, and after setting forth the subjects taught as "Grammar, Algebra, Latin, Greek, and Book-keeping," concluded with the announcement that "the conductor of the Ebenezer Seminary does not undertake to supply his pupils with brains."

Before he was twenty-two years old he had taken upon himself the responsibilities of matrimony, his bride being Ann Nesbitt, daughter of William Nesbitt, a deacon of the Horsley Congregational Church.

Though both were young and inexperienced, and the bridegroom's prospects in life quite unsettled, the union proved a singularly happy one, for Ann Nesbitt, deeply religious, and possessing good abilities, an artistic temperament, and a large and sympathetic nature, proved an ideal helpmate for the young genius in his coming struggle with the world. For twelve happy years their union lasted, until death separated the faithful and devoted wife from her grief-stricken husband.

The reference to his lost Annie in "Tyne Chylde" is singularly touching and pathetic: "The old man and his wife lie in the quiet churchyard; and Annie, where is she? Has she grown old along with me? Would the kind God ever divide lives so intermixed as ours? Let me read again, and see if I can find one like Annie amongst all the angels that will shine upon me in vision."

Feeling that his true vocation was the ministry, Mr. Parker hesitated no longer, but wrote to Dr. Campbell, the Pastor of Whitefield Tabernacle, stating his aspirations and asking for his advice.

Dr. Campbell's reply was an invitation to the young man to come up to London and occupy his pulpit for three Sundays.

He acquitted himself so well that the doctor requested him to prolong his stay, and under the guidance of this good and able man, who did not spare his criticism where immaturity of style and lack of judgment demanded it, he was trained for the ministry.

His first pastorate was at Banbury, Oxfordshire, and a most successful one it was. The little building soon overflowed, and had to be greatly enlarged at a cost of £600. He did not confine himself to the ordinary pastoral work, but preached in the open air, and went into the poorest quarters of the town, where he was often very roughly handled owing to the fearlessness with which he rebuked evil-doers.

He met in public debate George Holyoake, the noted Secularist, and won from his opponent a warm tribute not only on account of the strength of his arguments but for his conspicuous fairness.

He was greatly beloved by his people, and received more than one practical evidence of their affection. "When I was twenty-four years of age," he says, "with £2 10s. a week, and in a lodging over a draper's shop, there came in one day a man and said, 'I want you to take this as a little present from me.' I opened it; it was six volumes of a commentary, and I keep those six volumes to-day near my study chair. I often read the little legend on the flyleaf and look at the 1854."

While at Banbury he won the second prize (£75) in an essay competition on the subject of "The Duty and Privilege of Christians in regard to the support of the Ordinances of the Gospel."

The fame of his ability soon overstepped the narrow bounds of his own pastorate. After fulfilling an engagement to preach

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at Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester, one of the most important in the denomination, the congregation were so delighted that he received a pressing invitation to accept the charge, from which the celebrated Dr. Halley had just retired.

But the Banbury Chapel having incurred a debt of £600 in connection with his ministry, Mr. Parker could not be prevailed upon to accept the tempting offer until the Cavendish Street people, rather than lose him, offered to pay it off.

At Manchester, for the first time, Mr. Parker had full scope for his great talents. Despite the opposition which he met with in some quarters, where he was regarded as a presumptuous young man, who had usurped the place of older and better men, he made his way by sheer force of intellect and tireless devotion to his work. His church, capable of seating seventeen hundred people, was always packed, and all the church organisations, Sunday-school, classes, home and foreign missions, were brought up to the highest state of efficiency.

About this time he published his brilliant counterstroke to Professor Seeley's book "Ecce Homo," which was creating a great stir in the religious word. "Ecce Deus" was widely quoted on all sides, and accepted as a masterly vindication of the Christian standpoint. It received high encomiums from leading divines, some of those who were loudest in its praise being of the Anglican persuasion.

He received from the University of Chicago the honorary degree of doctor of divinity at the early age of thirty-two, and from that time became known to the world by his familiar title.

Two years later Dr. Parker led to the altar Emma Jane Common, a woman of the noblest character, and intellectually capable of appreciating all the great qualities of her husband. For thirty-four years she was the stay and comfort of his life, the confidante of all his inmost thoughts and secret troubles, and when some two years ago she was taken from him the heart of the man was crushed within him, and only the depth of his faith enabled him to bear up as he has done under this terrible affliction.

While Dr. Parker was so brilliantly filling the Manchester pulpit an ancient and renowned church in London was in sore straits.

This was Poultry Chapel, the oldest Congregational church in London. The migration of the inhabitants of the City to the suburbs had so thinned its congregations that serious thoughts were entertained of selling the building and site, and establishing the church elsewhere.

As a last resource a deputation waited on Dr. Parker to persuade him to undertake the arduous task of bringing back the people to a City church.

Dr. Parker, after careful consideration, felt that he could not leave Manchester, where he was doing a splendid work, and his people were delighted with his decision. They presented him with a purse of £700, which was only accepted on condition that his future actions were to be entirely unfettered.

A year later when the London deputation again waited on him Dr. Parker recognised it as a clear call of duty, and at the age of forty he came to London to take up the great work of his life.

Although those of his brother ministers whom he consulted (and they were men well qualified to give an opinion) tried to dissuade him from leaving Manchester, saying that it would be impossible to gather a congregation in the heart of the city, and that not even Spurgeon himself could prevent people from being out of town on Sundays, he felt that his opportunity would come through the weekday service, and as soon as ever he came to London he started the famous Thursday morning services which have become such a feature of the religious life of the metropolis.

His anticipations were more than realised; people flocked to his chapel not only on weekdays but on Sundays also, and he became so inundated with requests from all sides to preach away from his own chapel that he drew up the following humorous notice:

"As an arrangement for self-protection I am driven to announce the following as my charges for general public service; in all cases travelling expenses must, of course, be paid:—

"Preaching on behalf of the salaries of poor ministers—Nothing.

"Preaching for ministers whose salaries are less than £100 a year—Nothing.

"Preaching at the opening of chapels —Six volumes of standard literature.

"Attending tea meetings — Fifty pounds.

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"Going to bazaars—A hundred guineas.
"Serving on committees—Two thousand pounds."

For three years the work went on increasing in scope and influence, until the narrow dimensions of this City church proved quite inadequate to accommodate the numbers drawn together by the great preacher. It was now decided to erect a new building which should be worthy of his ministry, and the site on which the City Temple now stands was acquired.

At the opening of the City Temple on May 19th, 1874, Dr. Parker was supported by many leading men of other denominations, among whom was Dean Stanley, who, in a most sympathetic speech, told how he looked forward to the time when the exchange of pulpits between Churchmen and Nonconformists would be legalised. Afterwards several noted clergymen promised to preach in the City Temple, among whom were the Rev. W. H. Fremantle, now Dean of Ripon, and the late Rev. H. R. Haweis, but they were inhibited by their bishops.

The Thursday morning services, which were commenced in the Poultry Chapel, became an even greater power when transferred to the City Temple. The congregations are composed of people of every class, and shade of thought; City men, workmen, clergymen of High Church and Low Church, dissenting ministers, and Salvationists rub shoulders together, all held spell-bound by the eloquence of the wonderful preacher.

No wonder the working men love Dr. Parker, for when he urged them to come to his after-dinner talks this was how the invitation was couched:—

"Come in your working dresses. If you like to bring your dinners with you bring them. If during the address you would like to smoke your pipes smoke them. If, at the end of the address, you want to ask any questions bearing upon it, ask them."

Of Dr. Parker's generosity and kindness of heart many instances could be given, but here is one of them:—

"A fellow minister had worn himself out, and at the age of fifty-five suffered from the effects of bad health and impoverished resources. Dr. Parker's gift to his old friend on his birthday morning came in the shape of a lovely bunch of roses—fifty-five in number—and in the heart of each rose Dr. Parker had unobtrusively placed a sovereign."

Dr. Parker is the soul of honour, with a scrupulousness that is rare even among good men. When the failure of his health prevented him from fulfilling all his engagements during a lecturing tour in America, and he was thus absolved from his contract, he sent for Major Pond, his lecture manager, and said to him:—

"Major Pond, I shall sail for my home to-morrow. My health is such that I cannot go on. The long voyages frighten me and I am so completely collapsed when I arrive at the end of a day's journey that I cannot address my audiences. . . You owe me £220 according to this statement (which the Major had sent him). I propose to go away from America owing no one and having no one owe me, and you wish to pay me? You give me this cheque which I suppose is good." Holding the cheque in his hand he proceeded to tear it up. "You are an honourable man; I want you to feel welcome at all times in my house in London. As to what you owe me I propose to give you 500 years to pay me, and if when due you cannot meet it, I will renew it 500 years more."

Dr. Parker's editorship of the *Sun* is still fresh in everybody's mind. The sale of the paper leaped up by many thousands during the week he occupied the editorial chair, and at the conclusion the proprietors offered him a very handsome cheque as some remuneration for his services, but he tore it up in their presence; he had been working not for money but for a principle.

Many other instances might be adduced to show the greatness of the man, but these will suffice. These and many others, and an admirable sketch of the doctor's life are to be found in a little book written by Mr. Albert Dawson, sometime his literary assistant and private secretary, and published by Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co.

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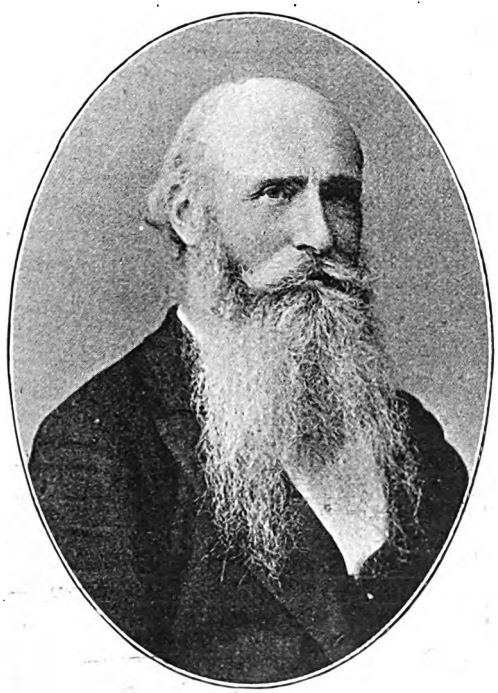
How a Great Dictionary is Made.

A Visit to Dr. Murray's Oxford Scriptorium.

By HUGH W. STRONG.

LEARNED, laborious, untiring: such is the idea that one well-nigh unconsciously forms of a great dictionary maker. The almost Sisyphean task of reducing the great mountain of "words, words, words" to a plain of ordered print, when the language daily grows with the Englishman's necessity of fluent, facile expression, seems to demand inexhaustible industry, the patience of a greater than Job, and the philosophy of a Diogenes. The mental portrait which the imagination draws of the lexicographer is that of the jaded slave of a superhuman purpose. It is—in the instance whereof I am writing—a pleasant awakening to the actual. Though part of the research work for the great Oxford dictionary on historical lines has to be done at the Bodleian because of the exceptional facilities of that great World's Library, the Scriptorium of Dr. Murray is in the midst of those agreeable surroundings which the married Oxford don, with much practical wisdom, has made his own during the last twenty years. North Oxford, with its grovelike roads, bordering on the parks, is in very agreeable contrast to the Grub Street where the earlier lexicographers worked; and Dr. Murray's residence, "Sunnyside," in the Banbury Road, appeals to the interviewer as a delightful retreat wherein to complete the great task which Dr. Johnson so bravely began.



DR MURRAY.
Photograph by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

I saw the Editor of the "Oxford English Dictionary" on his return from his favourite recreation of mountain climbing among the Welsh Alps, and the ten years of further steady application to a single great undertaking, which had already occupied eleven years, was faced with a complacent cheerfulness begotten of the Long Vacation—in his case but three weeks' holiday, with proofs following by every post. One thought of Boswell and his lively description of Dr. Johnson's nonchalant attitude under like circumstances.

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Dr. Adams found him one day busy at his dictionary, when the following dialogue ensued :—

"This is a great work, sir! How are you to get all the etymologies?"

"Why, sir, here is a shelf with Junius, and Skinner, and others, and there is a Welsh gentleman who has published a collection of Welsh proverbs who will help me with the Welsh."

"But, sir, how can you do this in three years?"

"Sir, I have no doubt that I can do it in three years."

"But the French Academy, which consists of forty members, took forty years to complete their dictionary."

"Sir, thus it is. This is the proportion. Let me see; forty times forty is sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman."

With so much ease and pleasantry could he talk of that prodigious labour which he had undertaken to execute. (BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*.

By the way, Dr. Murray enrols himself among the ardent admirers of Boswell's idol. In his Romanes lecture, "The Evolution of English Lexicography," Dr. Murray speaks very handsomely of Johnson's great work, as is its due, in his interesting review of its pedigree, tracing its forbears in the first Vocabularium and the first Glossarium down to the first "dictionary" of Sir Thomas Elyot, Florio's "World of Words," Cockeram's "English Dictionary," and so on to the works of Kersey and Bailey. For a dramatic relation of the absorbingly interesting story of the long and remarkable lineage of the last and greatest of English dictionaries I cannot do better than recommend the reader to the Romanes lecture just mentioned.

And now let us listen to Dr. Murray himself, as he discourses on the origin, genesis, and *raison d'être* of the dictionary of dictionaries :

"The late Dr. Trench, then Dean of Westminster, who had already written several esteemed works on the English language and history of words, read two papers before the Philological Society in London 'On Some Deficiencies in Existing Dictionaries,' in which, while speaking with much appreciation of the labours of Dr. Johnson and his successors, he declared that these labours yet fell far short of giving us the ideal English dictionary. Especially, he pointed out that for the history of words and families of words, and for the changes of form and sense which words had historically passed through, they gave hardly any help whatever. No one could find out from all the dictionaries extant how long any particular word had been in the language, which of the many senses in which many words were used was the original, or how or when these many senses had been developed; nor, in the case of words described as *obsolete*, were we told *when* they became obsolete or by whom they were last used. He pointed out, also, that the obsolete and the rarer words of the language had never been completely collected; that thousands of words current in the literature of the past three centuries had escaped the diligence of Johnson and all his supplementers; that, indeed, the collection of the requisite material for a complete dictionary could not be compassed by any one man, however long-lived and however diligent, but must be the work of many collaborators who would undertake systematically to read and to extract English literature.

He called upon the Philological Society, therefore, as the only body in England then interesting itself in the language, to undertake the collection of materials to complete the work already done by Bailey, Johnson, Todd, Webster, Richardson, and others, and to prepare a supplement to all the dictionaries, which should register all omitted words and senses, and supply all the historical information in which these works were lacking, and, above all, should give quotations illustrating the first and last appearance, and every notable point in the life-history of every word.

"From this impulse arose the movement which, widened and directed by much practical experience, has culminated in the preparation of the Oxford English Dictionary, 'A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society.' This dictionary superadds to all the features that have been successively evolved by the long chain of workers, the historical information which Dr. Trench desiderated. It seeks not merely to record every word that has been used in the language for the last eight hundred years, with its written form and signification, and the pronunciation of the current words, but to furnish a biography of each word, giving

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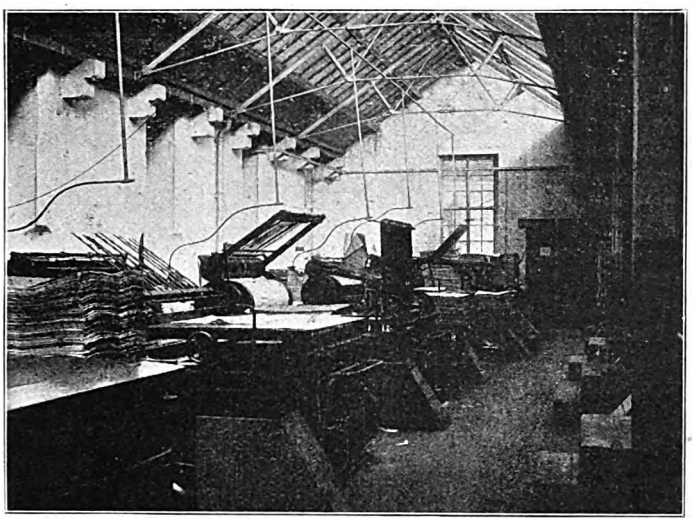
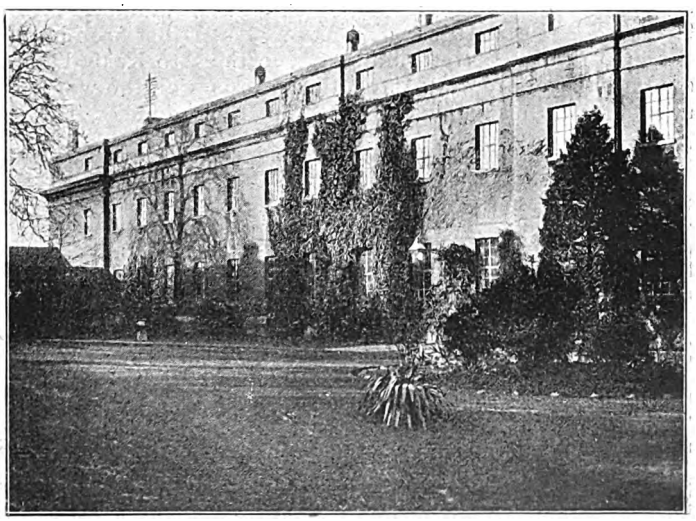


PRINTING THE DICTIONARY.

as nearly as possible the date of its birth or first known appearance, and, in the case of an obsolete word or sense, of its last appearance, the source from which it was actually derived, the form and sense with which it entered the language or is first found in it, and the successive changes of form and developments of sense which it has since undergone. All these particulars are derived from historical research; they are an induction of facts gathered by the widest investigation of the written monuments of the language. For the purposes of this historical illustration more than five millions of extracts have been made, by two thousand volunteer readers, from innumerable books representing the English literature of all ages, and from numerous documentary records. From these, and the further researches for which they provide a starting point, the history of each word is deduced and exhibited."

The Scriptorium, in which the compilation of the New English Dictionary on Historic Principles, founded on the materials of the Philological Society, is carried on under the immediate personal superintendence of Dr. Murray, lies in the rear of "Sunnyside," beside the smooth-cut lawn. Inside the little annex-like porch we find the millions of pigeon-holed slips (each pigeon-hole holds two thousand) dealing with "S" still awaiting, like Peri at the gate of Paradise, their opportunity of entering the Sanctum Sanctorum where the dictionary is noiselessly made, save for the rustle of other slips and the scratching of pen on paper, as the methodical plan of construction is followed with exactitude. It has the advantage of simplicity that Dr. Johnson claimed for the systematic structure of his dictionary, which, in the principles of its construction, had this one thing in common with its great modern rival, a store of quotations illustrating the several distinctive uses of words of the same orthography yet with different meanings. But we get a sense of proportion and scale when we compare the numbers of the quotations in the respective dictionaries. In the new English dictionary I—to "imperishing"—gives 33,672 quo-



THE "LEARNED SIDE" OF THE UNIVERSITY PRESS WHERE THE DICTIONARY IS PRINTED.

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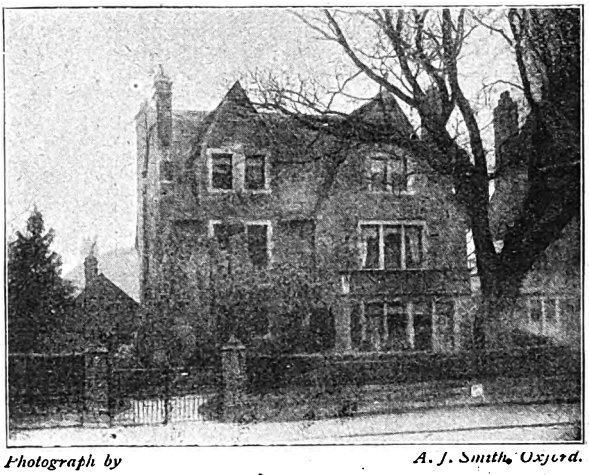
tations, against J's, in Dr. Johnson's dictionary, 2,813—just one in twelve!

Bishop Percy furnished us with the following details from Johnson's own lips:—

"He began his task by devoting his first care to a diligent perusal of all such English writers as were most correct in their language, and under every sentence which he meant to quote he drew a line, and noted in the margin the first letter of the word under which it was to occur. He then delivered these books to his clerks, who transcribed each sentence on a separate slip of paper, and arranged the same under the word referred to. By these means he collected the several words and their different significations, and when the whole arrangement was alphabetically formed he gave the definitions of their meanings, and collected their etymologies from Skinner, Junius, and other writers on the subject. It would not be difficult to find some quotations from authors whose writings were not conducive to the highest morality; on the other hand, he would not quote Dr. Clarke, whom he greatly admired, because he was not orthodox on the Trinity." (BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson.*)

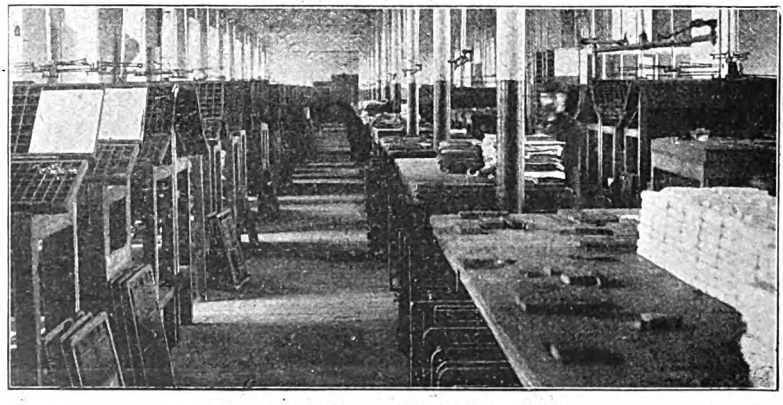


Photograph by *A. J. Smith, Oxford.*

"SUNNYSIDE," THE RESIDENCE OF DR. MURRAY, WITH SCRIPTORIUM IN THE REAR.

Here, in the Scriptorium, we see the quotations appropriate to the words beginning with a particular letter of the alphabet collated in one pigeon-hole; historical facts, etymological tracings, derivative suggestions gathered together in other and separate pigeon-holes. So, like the construction of a building, with infinitude of detail and nicety of arrangement, the dictionary is built up, and the genius which has been aptly defined as a capacity for taking pains is once more justified of its work. When the editor comes to deal with the individual word a plenitude of material is ready to his hand. His is the crowning task of writing the life story of the word, from its origin to its present-day uses, selecting, adjusting, correcting, and finally presenting it with all its fossilised history and nuances of expression.

"A" and "B" were disposed of in Volume I. of the New English Dictionary published in 1888; Volume II., C, appeared five years later; Volume III., D (with E by Mr. Henry Bradley), 1897; Volume IV., F and G, by Mr. Bradley, has just been published; while Volumes V., H to K, by Dr. Murray, and VI., L to N, are on the way, so that just half the task is done. The emptied pigeon-holes have



THE DICTIONARY COMPOSING ROOM.

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been filled with ever-swelling hosts of words and works of reference in daily requisition, and the Bodleian is less and less a daily resort for information, and more and more a supreme court of appeal on knotty points.

At the Clarendon Press, it goes without saying, the Dictionary has all those advantages of exceptional typographical resources, careful composition, learned reading, and perfect printing, which stamps it with University authority and prestige. The arrangement of words, meanings, derivations, references, and quotations could scarcely be bettered. The discovery of a printer's error might well be rewarded with a crisp bank note, since the careful scrutiny which the already published volumes have undergone has not yet disturbed the complacency with which the Clarendon Press is wont to regard a work that has passed through the refiner's fire of its elaborate system of correction.

Due allowance being made for the proportionate importance and completeness of the dictionaries, the new Oxford Dictionary will, even by its completion in, or before, 1910, establish a record, and, though record-making is commonly a pursuit far-removed from the intellectual, Dr. Murray has a proper pride in the speed with which the new English dictionary is being produced. Anent this interesting point, he draws a striking comparison :—

"The famous Deutsches Worterbuch of Jacob and William Grimm, after many years of preparation, began to be printed in 1852; Jacob Grimm himself died in 1863, in the middle of the letter F; the work was expected to reach the end of S by the close of the past century. The great Woordenboek der Nederlandsche Taal was commenced in 1852; its first volume, A-Ajuin, was published in 1882, and it is not yet quite half-finished. Of the new edition of the Vocabolario della Crusca, which is to a certain extent on historical principles, Volume I., containing A, was published in 1863, and Volume VIII., completing I, in 1899; at least twenty-five more years will be required to reach Z. None of these works embraces so long a period of the language, or is so strictly historical in method, as the new English Dictionary. Rather are they, like Littre's great Dictionnaire de la Langue Française, dictionaries of the modern language, with the current words more or less historically treated."

A careful student of the Oxford English Dictionary has made some ingenious calculations which are worthy of citation here. They are based on the dimensions of the Dictionary from the beginning of Volume I. to the word "Infer," but excluding from "Graded" to the end of G. Allowing for short columns, it will be found that as many as 16,516 columns, 10⅛ inches long, have now appeared. If these columns, each 2½ inches wide, were set on end the type would extend for upwards of 2½ miles—4,645 yards, or say :—

Nearly four times as high as Snowdon.

Only 602 yards short of the height of Mont Blanc.

Over 38 times as high as the top of the Cross of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Nearly 69 times the height of the Monument.

More than 14 times as high as the Eiffel Tower.

Upwards of 15 times the length of London Bridge.

Almost 100 times round the dome of the reading-room of the British Museum.

If a maypole were made of the Monument there would be sufficient type to provide 69 strings, each 202 feet long.

A single column of type with the lines placed end to end would measure 7 yards 2 feet. The lines already in print, end to end, would reach for about 72 miles, or a little further than from Charing Cross to Folkestone. A single column, taken haphazard, contains 4,248 letters, punctuation marks, etc., and 746 words, including 59 abbreviated words; taking this column as a basis the dictionary already contains about 70,161,384 letters and 12,321,181 words.

Not the least remarkable feature of the Dictionary is its price. For a penny a purchaser receives 1 yard 1 foot and 8 odd inches of solid printed matter, 2½ inches wide, on unexceptionable paper, turned out in the best manner of the University press. By the courtesy of the Controller (Mr. Horace Hart, M.A.) I am able to give three illustrations of the Press in its relation to the production of the Dictionary, from photographs specially taken for this article.

The editor of the New English Dictionary counts as an authority on the subject of the longest word, and for the

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edification of the circles in which this is a recurring matter of controversy he should be heard on the moot question. Dr. Murray points out in his note to "In-Infer" that those who are interested in the length of words will observe that incircumscriptibleness has as many letters as honorificabilitudinity, viz., 22. The authority quoted for the former word is one Byfield, a divine, who, in a treatise on Colossians, published in 1615, wrote "The immensity of Christ's divine nature hath . . . incircumscriptibleness in respect of place." In the recent biography of Dr. Benson is an entry from the Archbishop's diary to the effect that "the Free Kirk of the North of Scotland are strong antidisestablishmentarians"—26 letters.

HUGH W. STRONG.

SEALED ORDERS.

Out she swung from her moorings,
And over the harbour bar,
As the moon was slowly rising,
She faded from sight and afar,
And we traced her gleaming canvas
By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,
Nor whither her course would be;
Her future fate was shrouded
In silence and mystery.
She was sailing "under sealed orders"
To be opened out at sea.

Some souls, cut off from moorings,
Go drifting into the night,
Darkness before and around them,
With scarce a glimmer of light;
They are acting "under sealed orders"
And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty
Through good and evil report,
They shall ride the storms out safely,
Be the passage long or short;
For the ship that carries God's orders
Shall anchor at last in port.

—*Helen Chauncey.*

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A PLEA FOR CHURCH UNITY.

By The REV. SILAS K. HOCKING.

IF Jesus Christ taught anything with definiteness and insisted upon it again and again, it was that His disciples should not quarrel, that those who did quarrel were not of His spirit. The one supreme command which He gave was that they should love one another. This was the distinguishing badge by which they were to be known. Again and again He insisted on love as the condition of discipleship, and declared that quarrels which sprang from bitterness and uncharitableness were alien to His spirit, that only by being servant of all, and taking the lowest seats, ministering in every possible way to the needs of others, could the highest life be reached. Yet, notwithstanding the very plain and definite teachings of the Master, perhaps no people in the world have quarrelled more than those who have professed to be His followers. The ill effects of these quarrels have been wider and deeper than we can form any conception of. The outside world is quick to see and sharp to criticise.

It is to be feared we have sometimes imagined that our differences have only affected our organisation, that the result of our quarrels has travelled no further than our denominational boundaries, and that the great outside unbelieving world has not been touched or influenced in the smallest degree by the disputations which have gone on in our ecclesiastical courts.

And yet if any man will talk with the ordinary non-churchgoer to-day he will discover that these quarrels and divisions have been among the chief causes that have kept him out of the Church. The fact of our divisions is being constantly flung into our teeth, and we are told frequently, in language more forcible than polite, that it is in vain we preach the beautiful idealism of Christ's Sermon on the Mount to the outside world when we fail to put those very teachings into practice in our own lives. Hence every man who sincerely desires the spread of Christianity in our midst, and the growth of a Christ-like spirit, must rejoice in the striking union that was last year effected between the two great Free Churches in Scotland. It shows to the unbelieving world, at any rate, that religious people are able to sink their differences, to forget their quarrels, to bury the hatchet, and to come together as brethren should.

And here the question will very naturally be asked, why cannot the same thing be accomplished in England? Christianity is perhaps more divided, the Church is broken up into smaller fragments, on this side the Border than on the other side. The condition of the great Methodist Church, for instance, is often a complete puzzle to our friends from the other side of the Tweed. Methodism is represented in England to-day by some six or seven distinct organisations, each organisation having its own complete machinery, its own missionary society, its own publishing house, its own hymn-book, its own conference, and its own set of officers. In point of doctrine there is, as far as I know, no essential difference; ostensibly they take the interpretation of Scripture as found in the sermons of John Wesley—though, as a matter of fact, all the Methodist denominations have, in several important particulars, left Wesley's sermons considerably in the rear. That, of course, is inevitable from the wider culture of the age, and the great advances made in Biblical criticism.

In the main, however, all the Methodist Churches are one. Even in points of ecclesiastical polity the differences are comparatively small and unimportant, and there seems no reason in the world why generation after generation the great Methodist Church should continue presenting these object lessons of dissension and division to the world at large. In Canada a union between all the Methodist Churches was effected well on to twenty

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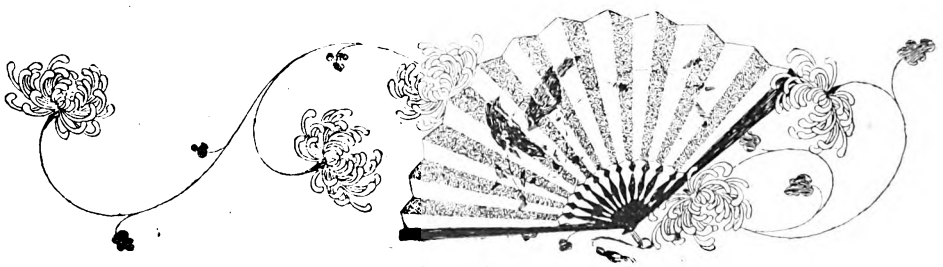
years ago, a union which has been fraught with blessing on every hand. Yet we in this country find that all our attempts in the same direction end in failure. For many years past in my humble way I have been advocating a closer union. These separate organisations, with their separate sets of officers, mean a very considerable waste of energy and wealth. One set of officers might do the work of the whole; one publishing house would be all the better and stronger if it could undertake all the work of denominational publication; one great missionary enterprise would be far more powerful for good than so many different, and in some cases feeble, organisations.

And what is true of the Methodist denominations is equally true of the other Nonconformist communions in this country. To the man in the street there seems no reason in the world why the two great congregational bodies—the Baptists and the Independents—should not form one organisation. The mere detail of the form of baptism surely ought not to be an insuperable barrier. In such a small matter of detail every man might be fully persuaded in his own mind, and choose such a form of baptism as most commended itself to his judgment and conscience. Yet, so far, every attempt at union in this country has been abortive: indeed, at the present time there seems a greater probability of fresh dissensions, if one may judge by the correspondence that goes on in the secular press, than of any organised union between existing denominations. The result of all this, say what we may, is that in the outside world our religious organisations are very largely discounted. The Church as a Church is being thought very lightly of, and the ministry as a separate caste is winning for itself less and less respect.

Books are written to-day to show that if men are to find the Christ they must not go inside the religious organisations, that Christ is on the outside, that He is to be found rather on the hillside or in the street than in the temple or synagogue. This is the burden of more than one book which might be named, which is being sold by thousands and tens of thousands in this country to-day. The power and influence of those books lie in the large measure of truth they contain. To rail at all organisations is folly; we must carry out the divine ideal through human machinery; but our great aim must be to make these organisations embody and represent the spirit of the Master. We must prove to the world by a life of faith and charity and purity that Christ is still dwelling in the midst of His people.

SILAS K. HOCKING.



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IN DEEP WATERS

By MRS. BAGOT HARTE.

Illustrated by SYDNEY COWELL.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Sir Horace Rylmer dying abroad, the title falls to his younger brother James. To the disgust however, of the new baronet and his wife, it turns out that Sir Horace had years before contracted an unequal marriage in Italy, and that most of the money is left to his daughter Marie, a girl of twenty, and on her death to Maurice Rylmer, a son of Sir James by a first wife. Marie Rylmer arrives at her uncle's, and proves, in the baronet's own expressive phrase, to be "well-travelled, well-read, well-educated, well-everythinged." Sir James foresees the union of Maurice and Marie. Lady Rylmer, however, in the interests of her own son, Derrick, attempts to poison Maurice.

CHAPTER VI.

DID SHE SUSPECT?

"DR. TRENT asked me to take these away," observed Laura, addressing her mother and glancing at the bottles of poison.

"It is necessary, considering the patient's condition," he added.

"Yes," said Lady Rylmer. She uttered the monosyllable with a gasp of relief, and the strained look in her face relaxed.

"What has happened?" she demanded. "Why is everyone here?"

"Hush!" answered Dr. Trent, authoritatively, for Maurice had started up and was looking about him with frightened, troubled eyes.

Lady Rylmer gazed at the speaker, her face aflame with indignation.

"Are you aware that you are addressing *me?*" she observed, scarcely knowing what she said.

"Your stepson is very ill," said Dr. Trent; but there was slight hesitation in his manner.

"Is he worse?" whispered Lady Rylmer, speaking a shade more naturally.

"He has been, but he is better now," replied Dr. Trent.

There was silence for a few minutes. Possibilities and fears were coursing through her mind that she dared not diagnose. She felt herself standing at the edge of a precipice. A quick word, an injudicious look, might bring retribution in their train. Dr. Trent was a man of keen observation; a man whose thought-reading eyes she shrank from facing.

"It is unfortunate that I was absent from home. Where is Susan? I left her in charge of my stepson," she observed.

"In her hurry to fetch me she fell down and hurt her ankle. We must have a trained nurse now."

Lady Rylmer winced. For a stranger to mount guard over Maurice would clash with her power over him. She cast a sharp glance at the doctor, then at Laura, now striving to open the door notwithstanding having her hands full.

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"Take those bottles to Mary at once and tell her to throw them away," said her mother, following her out of the room.

As the door closed, Marie walked up to Dr. Trent's side, and said, looking straight up into his face: "Tell me what I ought to do. I want to do what is best."

He looked at the patient, then at her, stroked his beard thoughtfully, and answered: "Stay here until a trained nurse arrives. I will send one, and——" He stopped. "Why, Susan!" he exclaimed, as the door opened, and she came limping in.

"It's me, sir, sure enough. I know my duty," she added, "and it wasn't my duty to stay away and leave one I've nursed in long clothes to be neglected."

"You have acted unwisely," said Dr. Trent, speaking, however, in a half-forgiving voice.

"No, sir, I'll not admit it. I know what's best to do, and what's to be expected of my lady. She's changed a lot during the last two days, and I'm one as sees below the surface. No, dead or alive, says I, I'll go back to Mr. Maurice's side—and I've comed."

"Then it is quite unnecessary for me to remain any longer. Good-bye," said Marie, extending her hand to Dr. Trent.

"Thank you for your valuable services," he replied.

Then Marie walked noiselessly towards Maurice. He was awake, and the ghost of a smile came into his face as she placed her hand gently on his.

"I am leaving you much better, and you must go on getting better and better," she said.

There was magic sweetness in her touch, and it meant strength—no, more than that, life—to the man to feel her hand on his

"I shall soon be well," he whispered, with confidence.

"That is right," she answered.

Then she left the room.

Laura was waiting outside. "Oh, Marie, I am so sorry that mother found us there," she began, excitedly. "I did not want her ever to know. That is why I did not call the servants to help. She is very annoyed at it, and when I asked to explain matters to her just now she declined to accept any explanation, but walked past me in silence to her boudoir and shut the door after her."

"I will go at once myself to her and explain everything," said Marie, "in case blame should be attached to you."

"Oh, don't go!" implored Laura. "You don't understand mother. I do! Come to my room and have a chat."

Marie thought for a moment, then said "Yes." She was so anxious to live in happiness at Rylmer Hall.

With appalling suddenness, a fear that her attempted crime was suspected had taken possession of Lady Rylmer's mind. She sat with her face buried in her hands in an agony of dismay. If Maurice died, and the cause of his death was traced, it would mean——

Her hands dropped from her face, and she sprang to her feet. The thought of what might follow if Maurice died was too awful to contemplate, too ghastly to believe possible. With sharply-defined distinctness, she recalled all Laura's movements and words, as she carried away the bottles of poison. Did the girl herself suspect the truth? And Dr. Trent, had he managed to accumulate proofs of her guilt?

Only yesterday her conscience was comparatively clear! Yet now it seemed already weeks since she had taken that first terrible downward step towards perdition.

"But if it had succeeded with the swiftness that I intended, all would have been successfully ended now. Marie alone would have stood between the money and us. Oh, it was worth attempting—worth almost the agony of the present moment! And nothing, save being a positive witness to the deed, can give others the power to denounce me. Yes, I am safe from the horrors of that, and must not let myself dwell on such a possibility. It would be madness, absolute madness, to act as if I knew myself to be suspected. A suspected person is touchy, inclined to resent thoughtless remarks. I must be bright and genial, and disarm my enemies."

She was rapidly growing calmer, rapidly becoming more capable of thinking how to face the harrowing position with diplomatic adroitness. She must appear anxious about Maurice, solicitous for his recovery, careful that he should be nursed with unfailing attention. No one must suspect that she craved for his death—especially Marie.

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"I will ring the bell, and send for her and Laura. No, I must go back to Maurice's room. Perhaps they are still there."

Having come to this decision she glanced at herself in the opposite mirror. But the white face there reflected caused her to start and sink into a chair. Alas! the last twenty-four hours had wrought sad havoc with her beauty.

Strangely young-looking for her age, she could have passed as a beautiful woman of about thirty the day before. Now there were new lines of care on her face, which revealed her true age.

A groan escaped her white lips. Already her crime had cut home! For years she had revelled in the knowledge that she could withstand the cruel inroads of time, and maintain unimpaired her charm of face and form. She longed to draw aside the veil that screens the future, and to know the end of her present miseries. But she must not think. There was danger in it now. She must act as if no fortune had slipped through her fingers, and no rash attempt to arrest it had followed.

A few minutes later she was searching for Marie and Laura. She found them in the pretty little sitting-room, looking south, which had been hurriedly got ready for the former's occupation.

"My dear girls," she exclaimed, "I have just been and peeped at Maurice. He looks so much better already. Our good Susan is doing her duty heroically—poor thing, in terrible pain herself, yet attending to his wants in the most efficient manner. I thought you would be glad to hear it. Poor girls! I am afraid you had a very anxious time when I was away in London."

"We want to tell you all that happened and why you found us acting nurse," said Marie; "and when you know all, we hope you will exonerate us from all blame."

"Blame! Oh, I never really blamed you. But I felt surprised to find you there—that was all. It was so very natural and sweet of you both to rush up, and do your best—so like young people, to be impulsively kind."

"Then you are not annoyed with us?" said Marie.

"Oh, no; now that I have had a few minutes to think the matter over, I see it in its true light. I know, too, how very fond Laura is of her step brother."

"Yes, mother, I am devoted to him. Do you really think he will get quite well again?"

"Yes, I am sure he will. Susan is a splendid nurse. Now let us talk about something else, or you will become quite depressed." Then, changing her voice, Lady Rylmer continued: "Marie, this room is going to be refurnished, and I want you to come up to London to-morrow, if poor Maurice is better, and choose what you would like for it."

"How kind of you," answered Marie, with genuine thanks in her voice.

Then they began to discuss the blending of colours and the arrangement of furniture. Poor Laura, overtired with anxiety and weary from the effects of a bad night, tried to listen, but failed, and fell asleep.

Then her mother's voice fell to a whisper, and Marie's did likewise,

"I HOPE YOU WERE SPEAKING GOOD OF ME, LAURA."

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and the afternoon that had begun so stormily, drew to a peaceful close. Afternoon tea was brought in, and Laura awoke just in time for the hot cakes.

"O Marie, we quite forgot to have any lunch!" she exclaimed.

"No lunch!" said Lady Rylmer, in consternation. "You must, indeed, think that I am a neglectful hostess, Marie. This must never happen again. I will order some sandwiches to be brought in at once."

"Oh, we'll make up for our lunch, then. And Marie never had hot cakes at Capri, and she loves them, I know——"

"Who loves hot cakes?" interrupted Derrick, strolling in. "I know I do."

"Marie does," observed his mother. She was glad to make a remark that might lead to the conversation flowing in a light groove.

"Before I have my tea I must get to know how Maurice is," said Laura, vacating her place next to Marie.

She was away only a few minutes.

"He's better, much better, and he spoke to me," she cried, joyously, re-entering the room. "Isn't it lovely to think of it? Oh, Derrick, you must give me up my place. *I* was sitting next to Marie."

"But it happens to be my place now," he replied, in a voice which told her it was fruitless to argue.

CHAPTER VII.

MAURICE RE-APPEARS.

A week passed, then a fortnight, and each day brought some change in the internal and external appearance of Rylmer Hall. It was congenial work to Lady Rylmer this beautifying of her home, and she entered into it with zest; which, however, would have been many degrees greater if thoughts of Maurice had not coursed through her mind night and day.

She feared him now, and she despised herself for so doing.

And every minute, every hour, brought the time nearer when he would be well again; and he, the man whose life she had sought, would be constantly before her eyes. At the sound of his voice and the touch of his hand she would shudder and recall the moments when she stood at his side in the dark, hoping to witness his death. Every day she grew to hate him even more than she feared him, yet to repeat the effort to shorten his life never occurred to her mind. Susan was nurse, and she watched over him with an assiduity which defied others to injure him, or to interfere with the course of his recovery.

Marie asked after the invalid once every day, but never referred to him at any other time. Laura, alone, seemed to be fully acquainted with his exact daily progress.

"Maurice is coming down to-day," she informed Marie, when the latter had been three weeks at the Hall. "And"—here there was a mysterious ring in her voice—"he wants to see you, because—oh, here he is."

"So I was under discussion," he exclaimed, entering the room. "I hope you were speaking good of me, Laura."

"Of course I should do so if it were necessary, but it isn't with Marie, and I have told her that you wanted to speak to her."

"Yes, that is true." Then, turning towards Marie, he added: "I am so grateful to you for coming to my rescue when I had that mysterious relapse. It was most kind of you. I shouldn't be here to thank you if you had not."

"I am so glad that I was here at the time," she answered, simply.

"And does he not look well now?" asked Laura, in the manner of a show-woman, addressing Marie, whose cheeks had become carmine during the last few minutes.

"I say, Laura, I'm not on exhibition," he observed, with a quiet smile.

"Oh, I know that. But, all the same, I am going to talk about you. Marie and I often discuss you when we are alone. You see, we're rather hard up for something to talk about as a rule."

At which remark there was a laugh, and Maurice took advantage of it to sit down at Marie's side.

"You're lucky in not possessing a sister younger than yourself to lord it over you," he observed.

"But I'm so glad to see you looking quite well again," answered Marie, with a smile.

"Thanks, awfully. I hope you are growing resigned to this wretched climate and to Rylmer Hall and its ghosts. I see that a general brightening-up of the place is in progress in honour of your arrival.

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Perhaps it'll have the effect of scaring away the ghosts. One old chap has been rapping on the wall of my room ever since I was taken ill, and uttering unearthly groans for my enlivenment."

"Oh, don't let us talk about ghosts today. Have you seen Derrick's startling get up? He's having new suits and new ties without end. Father disapproves of his developing into a dandy; and being a dandy doesn't suit Derrick."

"Look here, Laura," interrupted Maurice; "don't gossip, but ring for tea to be brought in."

"Very well, and you can stay and join us as my guest."

"All serene," concurred her brother.

"Oh, here comes Derrick. How annoying!"

"Annoying to see your brother coming, Laura!" exclaimed a steely voice—Lady Rylmer's. "I am astonished that you should say such a thing."

"It slipped out unawares, mother."

"Yes, you often speak most thoughtlessly. So you have come downstairs, Maurice," she added, turning towards him. "I hope you will be careful not to be ill again."

"Yes," he answered shortly, looking straight into her face.

She noticed the look, penetrating and thought-reading, and her manner became a shade less dictatorial, a shade less self-confident, and without saying another word she left the room.

In the hall she came face to face with Derrick.

"Mother, I thought you were going to pave the way for me to ask father for a couple of hundred?" he said, rather sharply.

"Yes, and I have tried to do so, but failed. For the first time all my arguments fell short of the mark. He says that he knows you are going to take advantage of Marie living with us to run into debt, and that you can face the consequences of doing so yourself. He absolutely mentioned once more that he wished you would get a post abroad." With these words Lady Rylmer began to mount the stairs and Derrick walked up by her side.

"I hope you suggested that Maurice could do the same?" he observed, sarcastically.

"No, how could I? You know he'll not be strong for months."

"A weakly fellow is best out of the world. You can't expect *me* to begin working like a nigger when he remains here living in clover."

"Of course not. I pointed out the injustice of it to your father, and I know he won't press the matter again unless you ask him for a big cheque."

"At all events you can get Maurice sent away to some dead-alive hole on the south coast, under the pretext that it's good for his health, and that'll leave me a free hand with Marie."

"I wish you were more judicious in that direction. You ought to treat Laura more kindly, considering what friends they are."

"Beating about the bush was never in my line, and I'm not capable of it."

"You'll have to make yourself capable if you're to succeed in winning Marie. Remember she is old for her age and observant and thoughtful."

"Anyhow, I'll go and join them now. It's of no use leaving the position open for Maurice. Oh, but I can't, though. I must come to some arrangement about cash. I'm in a beastly hole with old Jacobs. He says he'll come here and make a fuss if I don't hand him a hundred to-morrow."

Lady Rylmer sank down into a chair, with a gasp of consternation.

"Jacobs! You have been to that unscrupulous villain again?"

"Yes; there wasn't any option in the matter. I couldn't be without ready cash. Women have such strange ideas on that subject. They don't understand that a fellow must spend money."

"I fail to see any reason for a man to do so when he happens to be without the requisite money to spend. However, how you could put yourself into the hands of that old villain again baffles my comprehension. It was madness."

"Madness or not, where's the use of talking about the matter now, mother? I've had the money—and spent most of it."

"Betting, I suppose?"

"I put a fiver or two on a horse, I admit, and I lost it."

There was silence for a few minutes. Lady Rylmer fidgeted about nervously, then she observed:—

"I can't get you out of this trouble with Jacobs. You must rise to the occasion and keep him at bay. There is only

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one thing that I can assist you in—namely, gaining Marie as your wife. And I will do that."

"Meanwhile Jacobs will give me no peace. I *must* settle with him."

"But you cannot."

"I must rise to the occasion and do it."

"How?"

"How?" The question was repeated thoughtfully. "I can't answer that question now, mother. I'll first get the money and tell you later how I got it."

CHAPTER VIII.

TROUBLED WATERS.

"Ethel, there will be trouble between the boys if we keep them both at home," exclaimed Sir James, in a voice of great annoyance.

"What do you mean by trouble?" calmly responded his wife.

"Jealousy and quarrelling," was the reply. "They never got on well together in the past, and at the present moment matters are in that condition that we must expect a quarrel at any time."

"You said that a fortnight ago, the first day that Maurice was able to come downstairs. So far nothing has happened."

"I see, though, that something will happen in the near future. Surely you cannot close your eyes to the fact that both the boys are in love with Marie. I feel myself in a most awkward position, and only wish Horace had not left a daughter behind him."

"So do I," concurred his wife, warmly; "for then his fortune would have been ours."

"I can't send her away or Maurice—at least not now in his present state of health—and you raise objections to Derrick going. It seems to me that my guardianship of Marie is going to launch me into troubled waters. I can't see my way clearly at all except by sending Derrick away."

"It would not be fair to Marie to leave her so much in Maurice's society. Especially when she prefers Derrick and——"

"You're wrong there, I'm sure."

Lady Rylmer bit her lip to stifle an exclamation of cutting scorn.

"Anyhow, our discussing the matter will not benefit anyone," replied her husband. "I'll get out my pass-book and go over it. We seem to be spending money too fast."

He was fond of having a grievance, something on which he could sharpen the edge of his powers of complaint.

He lounged back in his armchair, then turned all the cheques out of his pass-book in a jerky manner. Next he consulted the final figures in the book.

"But where has all the money gone?" he exclaimed, aghast. "Only a thousand left! Do, Ethel, come and help me to run over these figures; you're better at that kind of work than I am. There must be some mistake in the summing-up."

"Pass it to me," said his wife, curtly, glancing at him with scornful eyes. She despised him for always asking for her assistance. "Yes, there must be something wrong. I have kept count of the disbursements myself. There is a mistake of five hundred pounds."

"Oh, I'm glad that you agree with me; but I knew I was right! I wonder why the bank cannot keep clerks capable of adding up correctly. It's quite disgraceful! It gave me quite a shock. I shall write very strongly to the bank on the subject; such carelessness is quite unpardonable."

"Before you write, let us go through the cheques, to see if we can detect where the mistake has occurred."

"Oh, very well, you can. It seems a wise thing to do; but almost unnecessary."

"I will get your cheque-book, and you can read out the amounts, etc., whilst I compare them with the entries in the pass-book."

There was no reply. Lady Rylmer's businesslike habits annoyed her husband; he regarded them as a reflection on his own incompetency. However, to argue was useless—one glance at his wife's decided face and compressed lips told him so. He took the cheque-book from her hand, and began to turn over the counterfoils in a leisurely manner.

"Let us begin from the day that Horace's solicitor advanced the two thousand to you," said his wife, in her most practical manner.

Then for a few minutes Sir James resigned himself to the uncongenial work of calling out dates and amounts, and awaiting an occasional "Yes," from his wife.

"That's all!" he observed, putting down the cheque-book with an air of relief.

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"But there is one for five hundred, drawn to bearer and cashed on May 15th, which you have not called out. It is down in the pass-book, and—here it is!"

But Lady Rylmer did not hand the cheque to her husband. She laid it in front of her, and studied it intently—very intently.

"It can't be mine!" gasped her husband.

"It is signed by you."

"But it can't *possibly* be mine. It hasn't come out of this cheque-book."

"Let me look carefully through it. You are so careless!"

"But I know I'm right—absolutely certain that I am. I——"

"A cheque-form has been torn out here. Look, one is missing!"

Sir James stared with mute surprise at the two counterfoils, from between which the missing one had evidently been extracted.

"Certainly—it's—it's evident—one has been taken away," he murmured, excitedly. "Who's done it? That's the question."

But there was no reply. With trembling hands Lady Rylmer again laid the forged cheque in front of her on the table—and studied it with a sinking heart.

"There's forgery in it! Why don't you say who you think must have done it," hotly demanded Sir James, "instead of contenting yourself with staring at it? The signature won't speak and say who wrote it."

"How can I tell at a glance? I must study it first."

"Pass it to me. I may recognise the handwriting."

"It is merely a clumsy imitation of yours—that is all." With these words Lady Rylmer took up the cheque and passed it to her husband.

"One thing is certain—no one who looks carefully at this signature can doubt that it isn't mine," said Sir James, quickly and in a voice of relief. "Of course I shall repudiate it, and leave the bank to trace the criminal; so, personally, I shan't be out of pocket."

"You will have to prove clearly that you did not sign it."

"I shall leave the signature to speak for itself."

"But who can have gained access to your cheque-book?"

Sir James looked perplexed. "Hang it all! I never thought of that!" was his reply. "Someone in the house must have done it."

Silence followed as husband and wife studied afresh the forged signature.

"Whoever the criminal may be," added the former, with as much decision as he was capable of mustering, "I shall not screen him—or her. Five hundred pounds is a large sum, to me. The penalty of the crime must fall on the right shoulders, and the bank must accept the

"WOMEN DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT A FELLOW MUST SPEND MONEY."

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consequences of the carelessness of one of its clerks—I won't!"

"James, you must be careful how you act. Be warned by me—don't precipitate matters, and plunge the family into trouble and disgrace. Let us try to find out who the criminal is before you act in the matter. You must be cautious."

"You're talking in enigmas. I can't understand what it is that you refer to. I wish you would express yourself more clearly. The criminal can have no claim on me for consideration—"

"I am not sure of that, and that being the case, you might wound yourself by acting without due thought."

Sir James looked at his wife with sudden dismay. "You don't mean to say that you think Derrick might have done it?" he said with a rush.

"Derrick! Open-hearted, straightforward Derrick, act in such a manner!" was the heated reply. "No, of course not! It is cruel to let your lips utter such thoughts."

"But I thought——"

"Oh, don't try to diagnose the current of your mind—don't, James! It's always running in the wrong direction, and it's unkind to others. Derrick would not touch a penny that belonged to another person. You know it—at least, you should know it."

"I should certainly be awfully surprised and keenly disappointed if he ever did anything of the kind. But I can't understand what you are driving at. Who else can have done it?"

"You have another son."

"Maurice."

"Yes."

"To intimate that Maurice did it is absurd. He is incapable of it—utterly incapable."

"I am by no means sure of that. He is restless and discontented at home."

"Not now."

"Yes, he is. He is clever, and so can conceal the fact. Besides, look at the 'e' in Rylmer. He alone makes his 'e's' like that."

"You are right. I wish you were not."

"Then you realise the necessity of being careful what you do in the matter?"

"But I can't lose five hundred pounds. He must give it up. In that case I shall say nothing at the bank. But, hang it all! I won't believe Maurice guilty."

"You will find that he is."

"He can't be. He asked me for money to-day."

"A blind—a mere blind! Do you mean to say you believe he would be foolish enough to let you know he had any money?"

"I scarcely imagine he would be so unwise."

"Of course not! But you can't incite the bank to drive the crime home, when I tell you I am sure that Maurice has committed it."

Sir James's weak face displayed conflicting opinions. He turned away from his wife's steady gaze and looked through the window.

"Supposing we speak to him at once about it?" she suggested.

"Would it not be better to wait until I can see him alone?"

"No; the matter must be settled at once. If Maurice is not the criminal, we must not hinder the bank from acting with all possible speed. Hard things will be said of you, if others consider you acted tardily."

With the last words, Lady Rylmer opened the French window and looked out, then motioned to Maurice.

He came quickly, and with a look of irritation. His stepmother's manner contained an aggravating element of authority which he resented, especially as Marie was near.

"Maurice, something very serious has happened," began his stepmother. "The signature to this cheque for five hundred pounds has been forged. Your father and I recognise the handwriting as yours. If you confess your crime now, you will be treated with great leniency. If not——"

"You both believe that I forged that signature?" he jerked out in a low, hollow voice, looking from one to the other in utter consternation.

"Yes!" sharply retorted Lady Rylmer. "We are forced to do so. The writing is unmistakably yours."

"Maurice looked at her with concentrated anger, then turning towards his father, he said, imploringly: "For Heaven's sake, father, tell me that you do not believe what this—this—woman says?"

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CHAPTER IX.

UXORIOUS AND UNJUST.

To Sir James the position was fraught with painful complications. He cast a furtive glance at his son, then looked nervously towards his wife, conscious of the humiliating fact that she held the reins of his thoughts in her strong, determined hands; and that he was powerless to defy her.

But could it really be true that Maurice had robbed his own father?

"The handwriting certainly looks like yours, Maurice," said Sir James, in a strange, half-apologetic voice.

"You say that because Lady Rylmer wills that you shall. In your heart you do not believe it," cried Maurice, facing his father defiantly. "And may God forgive you for allowing yourself to become the mouthpiece of a cruel, unscrupulous——"

"Stop!" thundered Lady Rylmer. "Stop!" she added, waving her hand dramatically towards Maurice. "We are prepared to discuss the matter from a calm, charitable point of view. Do not imagine we contemplate harsh measures, but I warn you not to let yourself grow excited and passionate."

"Not to grow excited!" he repeated, turning fiercely on her. "Do you think that I am the man to calmly accept being branded as a forger? Good Heavens! You must think that I am an unmitigated scoundrel."

"But the writing is yours!" she said, slowly and emphatically.

"It is not! I vow it is not! I declare solemnly that it is not."

"Look at the cheque yourself," commanded his stepmother. "It lies on the table."

With trembling hands, Maurice took it up and studied it; and as he studied it, he became a shade paler, a shade less indignant and confident. His hand stole up to his forehead and remained pressed against it, for he suddenly awoke to the fact that danger was ahead, danger of a description that might wreck his whole life.

A certain peculiarity in the formation of the "e," in the forged name, reminded him of his usual signature; otherwise it was a clumsy copy of his father's.

"You realise that argument is useless?" Lady Rylmer spoke sharply. She read his thoughts and hoped to catch him at an unguarded moment.

"Years ago I discovered that it was useless to attempt to argue with you, and I will not do so now," answered Maurice. "I will do nothing else than deny, utterly and entirely, that *my* hand wrote the signature to this cheque. I almost feel that I am acting wrongly by condescending to deny it." Then, turning towards his father, he added: "You know that I am above suspicion."

"I have always believed so, certainly," was the reply.

"Yes, it has caused us great pain to speak to you as we have just done," put in Lady Rylmer. "But five hundred pounds is a large sum for your father to lose at the present moment, just when there has been a large increase in our expenses."

"I can't imagine how I shall manage without it," grumbled her husband, waxing emphatic.

"You can trust me to do my level best to help in tracing the criminal," said Maurice, placing his hand on his father's arm, "if you will only admit that you feel certain I am not implicated. Probably the forger could be easily run to earth at this stage. Every moment is of importance. Will you give me the right to represent you in the matter? I swear to clear myself in your eyes—although I can't believe it's necessary—by bringing the right man to justice."

Lady Rylmer's eyes were on her husband. She did not say a word. She only looked at him, intently, severely. But he grew nervous under the influence of her eyes, and shrank away from his son's touch and stood alone.

"Maurice! don't play with fire—for that is what you are doing when you offer to force this unhappy matter to the front," said Lady Rylmer, severely. "Remember that, although you wish to take care of yourself by having everything placed in your own hands, your father and I will be the first to whom the police would apply for further information, and that information"—here she leant forward and gazed into his face—"would be founded on the truth. We could play no deceitful part."

With a quick, sharp moment Maurice turned round and faced her.

"It is you who have concocted this mean plot to ruin me!" he cried. "I see it in your face. You *know* the

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accusation is false. I defy you to do your worst."

"Worst! Do you mean to say that you think I am likely to suggest that your father should put the matter in the hands of the police? Of course not! Did I not say that it was to be treated in a quiet spirit?"

"Yes! But *I* shall not treat it quietly. I shall drag it forward and insist on the matter being gone into."

"Which will end in your being convicted in all probability. Penal servitude is the punishment for forgery, remember. You will have yourself to thank for everything if you bring it forward—but we shall suffer almost as much. The family honour is very dear to us all. Maurice"—here her voice fell to a beseeching whisper—"give in, throw yourself upon the mercy of your father, who is longing to make forgiveness easy. Confide in us both, and you shall not have reason to think yourself harshly treated——"

"Provided, of course, that you return me what you have not spent of the five hundred," added Sir James.

"Heavens! Have I not told you that I am innocent?" cried Maurice, bringing down his fist on the table with a heavy thud, "Why do you try, Lady Rylmer, to draw me into your hateful power? But the most cruel cut lies in my father believing me capable of committing crime."

As he uttered the last words, Maurice's voice became very, very weak. The next moment he sank back into a chair.

"Water," he murmured, "water."

Sir James was gone in an instant to get it, and was back again in a fraction of time. He held the tumbler to his son's lips. Lady Rylmer looked on passively.

"We can't do anything more in the matter to-day," she murmured. "It's tiresome!"

"I shall go up to the bank and ask who cashed it," murmured Maurice, almost inaudibly.

"Beware of setting the ball rolling in the wrong direction," said his stepmother.

"I care for nothing! I will sacrifice my life—if necessary—to prove my innocence."

Saying this Maurice rose slowly and tottered out of the room.

"Oh—it's—very incomprehensible!" groaned Sir James as the door closed.

"Incomprehensible! The matter is as clear as noonday to me. This indignation and anger is only coined for the occasion—nothing else. He'll make a grand display of striving to right himself, and after that he'll let the matter sink into the background. Two things you must certainly do. One is to try to get him to give you some of the five hundred back—mind, don't get too energetic when you speak about it—and the other to warn him never to act dishonestly again."

"I'll try to do both," was the reply.

CHAPTER X.

DERRICK ALARMED.

"Derrick!"

"Yes, mother," answered the young man, entering the room and closing the door behind him. "What's happened?" he added, quickly.

"O Derrick, how could you?" sobbed Lady Rylmer. "It was cruel! cruel!"

"What in the name of goodness has happened?"

"The money—the five hundred pound cheque!"

"Explain more, please. I'm at sea in the matter. I can't guess what you are talking about."

"You *must* guess! You *must* know! Why do you prevaricate? Why have you done this wicked deed and left me to find it out?"

"What wicked deed? Tell me exactly to what you refer, please." Derrick's face was growing serious.

His mother looked at him with curious eagerness. "Surely I am right?" she gasped. "The signature to the five hundred pound cheque was written by you?"

"I'm still in a mental maze," was the answering remark. "I wish you'd speak out frankly, mother."

Lady Rylmer's hands met in a tight clasp on her lap, and she looked fixedly at her son.

"If I only felt sure that you had not done it! But if you are innocent, you will not know to what I refer. It is this, Derrick," here her voice fell to a whisper. "Amongst the cheques which have been cashed that were returned in your father's pass book to-day, was one for five hundred pounds, and the signature to it is clearly forged, and——"

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"Great Heavens, mother! You didn't tell father that I was the forger, did you? He'd believe it if you told him. He believes everything that you say."

"I did not say it, Derrick! Of course not!"

"I'm thankful you didn't, as I am *not* the culprit. You have a very unflattering opinion of me, evidently!"

"I knew you wanted money," she murmured, half apologetically.

"And supposed forthwith that I should proceed to steal from my father!"

"Oh, forgive me, Derrick!" In a voice of pleading humility the words were uttered, as she extended her hand toward him. "Forgive me! I have been so much tried and worried lately."

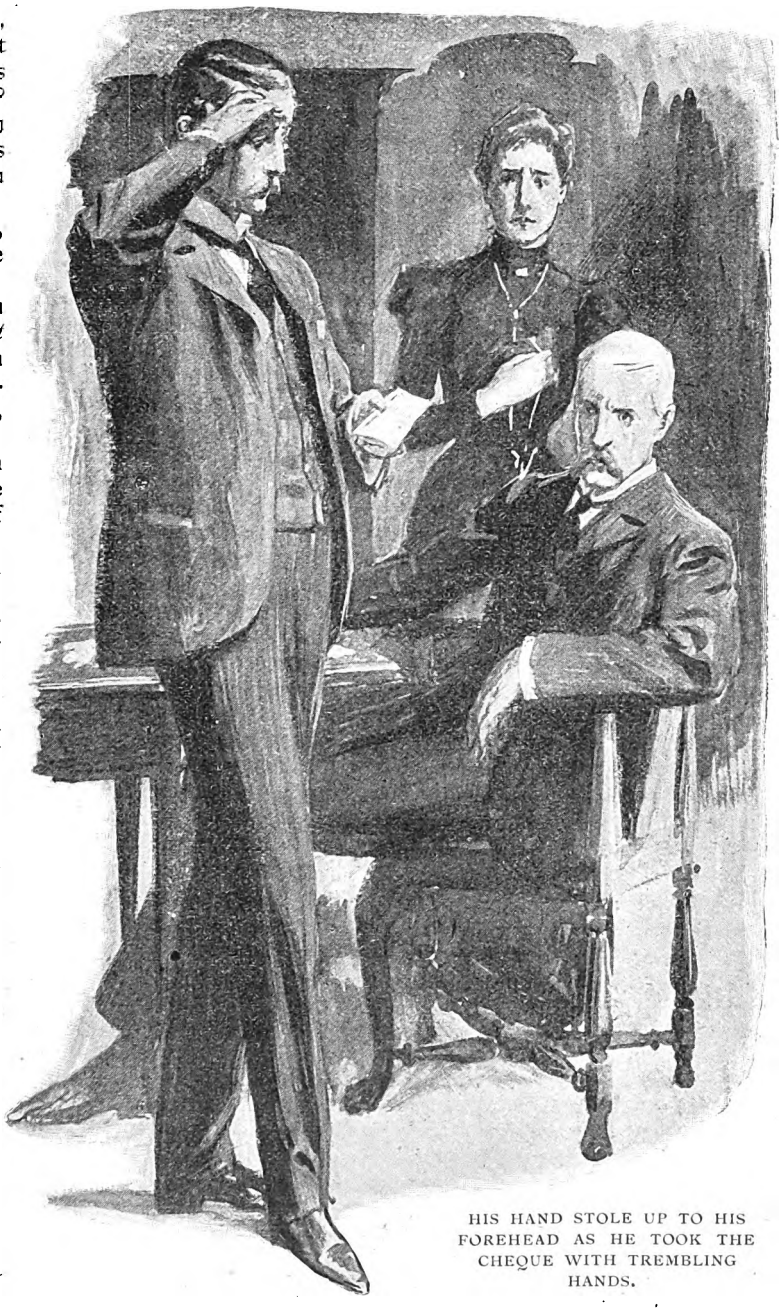
"What did you say to father?" he asked, ignoring his mother's entreaty.

"I said that I recognised the forged signature as Maurice's work."

"By Jove! You are clever, mother!" There was a ring of complete forgiveness in Derrick's voice. "It'll take some of his presumption down, at all events; and when he's squirming under the insult of being accused, I can have my innings with Marie."

"Yes." It was emphatically said.

For a moment mother and son looked into each other's faces. They were much alike; but she was the stronger and more clever of the two.



HIS HAND STOLE UP TO HIS FOREHEAD AS HE TOOK THE CHEQUE WITH TREMBLING HANDS.

"And when are you going to break the ugly news to Maurice?" he asked.

"It has been done already."

"Already! You don't let the grass grow under your feet! And what did he say?"

"That he was innocent."

"Did father believe it?"

"No."

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But Lady Rylmer knew that he would have done so had she not been present at the interview.

"I wonder what phase Maurice's indignation will take. Not the stormy—Marie's presence here will put a stop to that."

"I don't know what he'll do."

"Father, of course, won't do anything worse than rail at him generally. The future baronet's name can't be dragged through the mire. But he's not the man to submit mildly to being the family black-sheep."

"He will have to leave home, naturally."

"He'll fight hard to remain. Can't you see, mother, that he's wildly in love with Marie?"

Lady Rylmer looked irritably at her son.

"I have not time enough to consider if he is in love or not. Every moment of my day is engaged with supervising the improvements in the house. He may be in love with her. It is not impossible. And she may be in love with you, Derrick."

"By Jove! I only wish I could believe it. If she were—but it's not likely. She never looks at me, and she never speaks to me when she can avoid doing so."

"Girls are strange beings!" observed Lady Rylmer drily.

"They must indeed be"—Derrick spoke bitterly—"if her pointed manner of ignoring me speaks of love."

"Of course, she does not venture to ignore you?"

"Doesn't she, though! She's in love with Maurice—and Maurice is in love with her, and I'm more or less in the way. That's the long and short of the matter."

There was silence for a moment. Then Lady Rylmer said, quickly: "Don't, on any account, let Maurice know that you are aware he has committed forgery. It would complicate matters. Things must be managed smoothly, and you must keep your temper under control."

"Once he's out of the house, I shall be sweet-tempered to a saintly degree—that is, if Marie remains."

"Of course she will remain. Where else can she go?" There was a ring of triumph in the manner of asking the question.

CHAPTER XI.

A SWEET CONFIDANTE.

Maurice paced his room with quick, nervous strides. How could he act? What could he do to defeat the cruel accusation which had just been brought against him? Opposed to him were ranged his father, and, worse—a million times worse—his stepmother. The former would simply act the part he was told to act; but the latter would plan, plot, and connive, and talk convincingly to those whom she was anxious to win over to her side—in short, constitute herself an overwhelming power against him.

And he, Maurice, what ability had he to withstand her? Little, indeed; for, owing to having accepted the ruling of poverty, he had given himself no chance of making friends outside his own home. A broken-down tutor had given him what little education he had received. Year after year had drifted by, with the expectation of becoming wealthy dancing alluringly before his eyes. Meanwhile, it had seemed foolish to force matters to a culmination by leaving the paternal roof and entering the world in a lower position than would be the case if he waited.

And so he had waited, and waited. And this waiting had landed him friendless and poverty-bestricken at an age when many men are well known and widely respected. Was his friendlessness a part of Lady Rylmer's plan to ruin him? He asked himself the question with bitterness.

There was no man living to whom he could go and say: "I am in a sore fix; give me the benefit of your advice and help."

Worse still, he was penniless—absolutely without the means to seek legal advice.

Like a flash of lightning, these thoughts darted through his excited brain. Fate was against him, and his misfortunes seemed so undeserved. And there was Marie. How he loved the girl! What would she think if she knew the mean crime of which he stood accused? The colour surged into his face, and all that was evil in his nature rose to the surface. Then suddenly there was a change in his expression. A faint smile came into his face; for he realised that he need not fear Marie would believe he was capable of committing this forgery—if he explained everything to her himself.

Yes, he must tell her himself, now, without loss of time.

Acting upon this determination, he pulled himself mentally together and went downstairs to find her. As often happened now, Marie and Laura were in the homely

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south room known as the schoolroom, where many generations of young Rylmers had grappled with the three R's. This room had, so far, escaped the improvements which had followed Marie's arrival, and it still ranked as an unused room. This fact secured for the girls extra privacy.

"O Maurice, dear, you're not to come in, and if you do you're not to stay. Marie and I are having a quiet chat!" said Laura, as he entered.

"Really!" he answered, trying to smile incredulously, and succeeding tolerably well to appear as usual. He did not wish to tell Laura his trouble.

Then he sat down on the edge of the table with the air of one who intends to remain.

"If you don't go away," said Laura, adopting an amusing air of authority, "Marie and I will turn you out."

"You don't mean to say so! And how will you do that? Carry me out?"

"Yes!" Then, turning to Marie, she added: "You and I could manage it, somehow, couldn't we?"

"Of course, if we tried long enough," was the cheerful reply.

"Let us begin now. You can take hold of his feet and I'll take hold of his head. You see, he might kick."

"Joyous prospect for Marie, if I do," put in Maurice, sliding off the table and settling himself in an armchair, with a kind of now-come-on expression. "But I am not to be spirited away. I've come to stay," he said, pointedly.

"We'll see about that!" responded Laura. She enjoyed a passage of arms with her brother.

"Oh, by the bye, the new brougham has come," he observed.

"Oh, has it?" she said, springing to her feet. "I am glad it has arrived at last! It's grand to think that our days of driving about in that antiquated old barge on wheels are over. I've always thought that Noah must have driven away from the ark in one like it. But after being choked up with all those animals, it must have been a relief to get out into the fresh air under any circumstances."

"Won't you go and see the brougham?" suggested Maurice.

"Yes, that I will." Laura knew that the suggestion contained a hint; and she was quite quick to take hints from Maurice.

"I'll go at once," she said.

Marie watched her hurry off without attempting to go too. She was learning to read Maurice's face.

"I want to speak to you about something very serious, Marie," said Maurice, walking towards the girl he loved, and taking a chair at her side.

"Yes," she answered, looking anxiously towards him. "I hope that nothing very sad has happened."

"An untrue and groundless accusation has been brought against me," he began quickly, and in an unsteady voice; "and before news of it could reach you I wanted to tell you how unjust and wicked it is."

"But you did not think that I should believe it? You ought to know that I have too much faith in you ever to believe evil of you."

"Thank you for saying that. It makes it easier to tell you everything; but, all the same, it's a hard thing for a man to have to say that his father believes he is a scoundrel."

"But your father cannot believe that!"

"He does, for he has accused me of forging his name to a cheque for five hundred pounds."

"He accuses you of writing his name to a cheque and getting the money?"

"Yes."

"Oh, but he cannot, cannot mean it!"

"He says he does. Of course, his opinion is always made for him by Lady Rylmer. He's not a free agent in any matter."

"Yes, I have observed that she has a ruling spirit, one which dominates other people and makes them think as she does. Oh, but I am so sorry! but of course the mistake will be quickly rectified, and all will come right."

"I doubt it."

"But why do they believe that it is you who have forged this cheque?"

"Because"—here Maurice bit his lip and struggled to keep calm—"because you see, they happen to know that I'm hard up. My stepmother has an idea that most people are willing to do anything for cash—I have sometimes thought that she is!"

"You are not poor, are you, Maurice?" The girl's face was turned to him as she

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said it, and there was sympathy and tenderness in the movement.

"Yes—awfully." He jerked it out.

"Then are you—would you be very much annoyed and hurt if I were to say I wanted to let you have some of my income. Of what use is it to me? I do not want so much money. It is useless, quite useless, and you must want it so badly."

Maurice smiled negatively, then said in a clear, distinct voice: "Thank you very, very much, Marie. It is awfully kind of you—but I couldn't accept it; I couldn't, indeed," he added, with growing decision. "The recollection of your kindness will be something pleasant to think of when I'm miles away.

"But you are not leaving home, Maurice? You are not strong enough to go away."

"At the present moment I don't know what will become of me. I can't remain here. However, we won't talk about the future now. I'm so awfully glad to know that you, Marie, do not believe in my guilt."

"Do confide in me and tell me more. What may happen about this cheque? Would you," here she glanced around nervously, "would you like to escape from England until the matter has been righted? Because if you would, you will let me lend you some money to go away with." Marie's hand rested gently on his arm. "Because my father was so fond of you, and——" She stopped. Her eyes glistened, her lips trembled.

Maurice sprang to his feet and began pacing the room. The present was a moment of sore temptation. He longed to tell Marie that he loved her; yet felt that his lips were sealed, sealed by the trouble overhanging his life.

"Maurice, do, do confide in me," she pleaded. "Is anything very terrible likely to happen?"

"There is no chance of my being arrested, if that is what you refer to," he answered, gently, bringing himself to a standstill in front of her.

"Oh, I am glad! Everything will come right in the end, I am sure."

"I fervently hope so," he murmured, looking down straight into her face.

There was a momentary silence, and that momentary silence was broken by the sound of Lady Rylmer's voice close at hand.

"O Marie, dear, where is Laura?" she asked, blandly; but her expression of face did not support that blandness.

"She has gone into the grounds, Lady Rylmer," replied Marie, in a confused voice. "Shall I go and tell her that you want her?"

"Yes—do, dear, please."

Maurice made no effort to follow Marie. In silence he watched her leave by the open French window, then he strode through the hall and upstairs to his own room.

"Marie shall know before the day ends that he is accused of forgery," thought Lady Rylmer to herself.

CHAPTER XII.

LAURA'S ADVENTURE.

For years it had been a trouble to the Rylmers that they did not possess a "respectable-looking vehicle" as they described it. In fact, this drawback had done much towards preventing their keeping on friendly terms with the county families.

Lady Rylmer's pride had stood between her and paying calls in the "family barge"—that being the name by which the old carriage was known in the family. Certainly it would have been a trial, even to a less proud woman, to drive to an At Home in a carriage which compared so badly with the others which appeared on the occasion.

Now, however, a new brougham had actually arrived, and was in the coach-house, ready for inspection by those who wished to see it, and Laura was the first to wish to do so.

There were two paths to the stables; one, the most direct, led through a small coppice, the other was more circuitous, but it was less steep; and Laura prefered the former. For a short distance, it was bordered by the ruins of a quaint old tower, the only remains of a small castle which had been allowed to fall into decay.

Laura had reached the ruins, and was just passing them, when the franctic barking of a dog in the small upper room of the tower attracted her attention. She stood still; for she recognised the dog's bark. It was Derrick's fox-terrier, Torment, who was worrying another animal, and she immediately feared that there was some cruelty on hand. With

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growing apprehension she moved nearer the ruins and looked anxiously up at the small window of the tower; but nothing could be seen which would account for the dog's excited barking. Trained to be vicious, Torment was a terror to Laura, and whenever she heard him barking she was on the alert for the safety of her pets.

Now she recollected with a pang of dismay that she had not seen her black Persian kitten for several hours. It was a very precious pet in her eyes; not only for its own sake, but because an old friend, Ted Draycott, had given it to her.

"Torment! Torment! Come down!" she cried, and her voice rang out entreatingly.

Immediately the barking ceased; but although there was quiet, he did not come down. She went nearer the tower and listened. A man's voice could be distinctly heard, and that voice was urging on Torment to recommence worrying the animal, evidently in his power. A moment later there was a fierce yelp, followed by a faint mew.

"O Derrick! I know you're there, for I can hear your voice. Dont't let Torment hurt Diavolo. Oh, please don't! Bring him down to me."

"Why don't you come up and fetch the little brute?" was the answer.

"But I am afraid of the stairs. You know that they are considered dangerous."

"If they will bear me, they'll bear you."

"I will risk it, then. Please hold Torment back until I get up to the room."

"Hurry up!" was the answer; and there was a mocking element in the way it was said.

Feeling her way as well as she could, Laura quickly stumbled up the dark, broken stairs, for Torment was again barking furiously, and every moment she could hear faint "mews," which spoke of terror. At last she reached the door. Here it was darkness intensified.

"O Derrick, do open the door!" she entreated, imploringly. "I'm so frightened, and I can't see anything."

"Open it yourself," was the taunting reply.

"I can't! I *can't!*"

"Then Diavolo must continue to have a bad time, that's all I can say."

The heartlessness of that remark imbued Laura with sudden strength and determination. Her hands felt quickly for the door. She found it, and tried to push it open. But stronger hands were holding it closed on the other side.

Fear deserted Laura, and her indignation rose at a bound. Summoning all her strength, she leant against the door, and succeeded in pushing it a little way open. "Derrick, if you don't let me in at once," she said, "and give me Diavolo, I shall go and fetch Marie."

Instantly the door was flung open, and she stumbled in over the broken flooring. Diavolo was clinging to a projecting stone, whilst Torment yelped and barked just below.

"You wretch!" cried Laura, turning on Derrick, with flashing eyes. "I shall let Marie know of your cruel conduct."

"Oh, will you? I'll see about that! Look here, if you're sensible, you'll promise to do no such thing. The little brute hasn't been hurt; a good frightening can't do it any harm. Promise you'll keep the whole thing quiet?"

"No, I shall not. If you choose to be cruel to a dumb animal, you must take the consequences."

"It's you who'll have to take the consequences," he thundered, turning scarlet with passion. "You'll do wisely to say that you believed it was all a joke."

"I shall not say an untruth to screen you."

"All right, then, I'm equal to dealing with you. Good-bye."

With these words Derrick took Torment up in his arms and walked out of the room, shutting and fastening the door after him.

"Oh, don't leave me here!" cried Laura, realising his purpose too late.

There was no reply. The only sound that met her ears was Derrick's footsteps growing fainter and fainter in the distance. She called again and again; but there was no answer. Then she glanced nervously round. Very dark and dismal looked the small room in which she found herself a prisoner; and her knowledge of Derrick's character caused her to realise that there was no certainty as to when her imprisonment would end.

She took Diavolo in her arms and made her way across the uneven floor to the small, narrow window, there to wait,

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hoping that someone would pass near whose attention she would succeed in attracting.

In the distance she caught sight of Marie, and then, a moment later, saw Derrick join her.

"I expect she is looking for me," thought Laura, then she became aware that there were movements not far off. Very slow, very stealthy, were those movements. Immediately there stole over poor Laura a feeling of uncanny alarm. She glanced through the aperture, and saw, standing amongst the ruins at the foot of the tower, a tall, gaunt, badly dressed man. He had a restless manner, and kept looking round in a nervous, suspicious way.

Ten minutes passed, still he did not move. Then another ten minutes lagged slowly by. He became impatient, and uttered a low, short whistle, and waited to hear if there was any reply.

None came. With an angry oath, he began to ascend the stairs leading to the very room where Laura was imprisoned.

(*To be continued.*)

A SOLDIER'S DREAM.

The thick, low beat of distant drums,
Thro' clouds of dust, falls on my ear,
As bravely on the long line comes,
Chasseur, dragoon, and grenadier.

With swing and toss of plumed head,
Mid sloping rows of shining steel,
They pass, and he who boldly led
Them long ago, for woe or weal

Rides on before; and in that face
Deep-scarred and brown, I see once more
Him who abhorred defeat, disgrace,
Leading victorious as of yore.

A glance of those gray eyes, and lo!
With cracked voice calling, silly hand
Outstretched in greeting as they go,
I rise to follow his command.

And waking, find it but a dream,
That flash of scarlet, blue and gold.
How strangely real it all doth seem,
To me, grey-haired and bent and old!

Harriet R. Goff.

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In the Public Eye

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

HALL CAINE, the famous novelist, was thirty-two years old before he published his first work of fiction. His career began in an architect's office, where he acquired a competent knowledge of his profession; but he never practised, and, leaning to its literary side, wrote a good deal for the trade papers—*The Builder* and *The Building News*. This was his first start in journalism, and his success as a writer decided him to make it his profession. He became attached to the staff of the *Liverpool Mercury*, and held the position of leader writer for six years. He formed a warm friendship with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the painter-poet, which lasted till the latter's death, in 1882. Rossetti invited the young man to come to live with him in London, and, under the congenial influences of the poet's home, his powers ripened rapidly. In 1882 he brought out his first book, "Sonnets of Three Centuries," and he became a frequent contributor to the *Athenæum* and the *Academy*. It was in this same year that Rossetti died, and the young author paid a tribute to the memory of his friend in his next book — "Recollections of Rossetti." Then came "The Life of Coleridge" and "Cobwebs of Criticism." His first novel appeared in 1885—this was "The Shadow of a Crime"—and a year later appeared "The Son of Hagar." Public approval, however, hung fire until the publication of "The Deemster" routed all the critics, and opened the eyes of the world to the fact that a great novelist had arisen in our midst. "The Bondman," "The Scapegoat," "The Manxman," and "The Christian" were all well received, and sustained the great reputation of their author. Mr. Hall

MR. HALL CAINE.
(Author of "The Deemster" and other famous novels.)
Photo by J. Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

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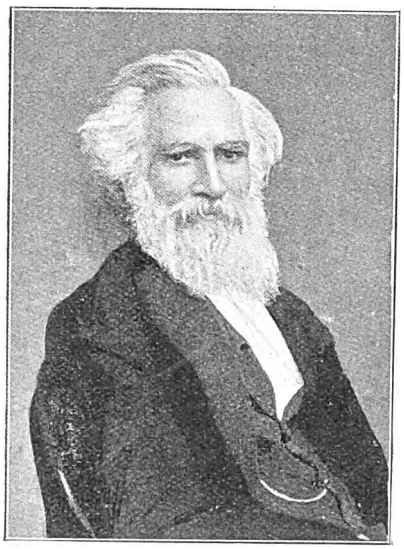

MR. JOHN PASSMORE EDWARDS.
(Who has founded over seventy Institutions.)

Caine has travelled abroad a good deal, and in such outlying countries as Iceland and Morocco. When the Jewish persecutions in Russia were at their height he went to Poland and the frontier towns of Russia at the request of the Russo-Jewish Committee. He was also chosen by the Authors' Society to go on a special mission to Canada, to conduct negotiations with the Canadian Government with regard to copyright in that colony. He assisted in drafting a Copyright Bill, and received for his services the thanks of the Colonial Office.

JOHN PASSMORE EDWARDS, whose philanthropic labours have formed a glorious episode in the charity record of the past century, is as active as ever in devising fresh channels for his benevolence in the new.

He is a Cornishman by birth, and first saw the light in a humble cottage in the village of Blackwater, and was taught to read and write at the little village school. At the age of twenty he came to London and obtained a minor post in a large publishing house. His energy and ability did not allow him to remain many years in a subordinate position, and he brought out a number of small magazines on his own account. But the turning point in his life came when he became proprietor of the *Building News* and afterwards of the *Echo*. Purchased for a few thousand pounds, the circulation of the *Echo* went up in a marvellous way after he assumed control, and he made it a model evening newspaper. A few years later he sold a two-thirds share of his paper to a a syndicate for £50,000, buying it back later on for a much larger sum.

His success only served to emphasise the nobility of his character, for, unlike many men, he did not see in his wealth opportunities for mere self-indulgence. The watchword of his life has been, "Work for the good of others." As he told his audience on the occasion of the founding of the Falmouth Hospital, he has always felt that if he was stronger or more fortunate than many others it was his privilege to assist those who were less fortunate—an ideal which, if followed out more generally, would do much to alleviate the misery in the world.

Mr. Passmore Edwards has founded, entirely at his own expense, over seventy fine institutions, and these not of one kind, but of all kinds, each being established to meet some pressing need, for which his ready sympathy had been enlisted.

Hospitals and free libraries head the list in point of number; then there are homes for the epileptic and a farm colony for their employment; convalescent homes, childrens' homes, museums, science and art schools, technical institutes, and a public garden at Woolwich.

Mr. Passmore Edwards's influence on the *Echo*, with which he has now entirely severed his connection, was always exerted on the side of truth and justice. He has published two books, one at the time of the Crimean War entitled "The War: A Blunder and a Crime," and the other on the iniquitous opium trade.

THE Corporation of London never numbered among its members a nobler and more true-hearted citizen than Alderman Sir William Treloar, whose philanthropic work among the poor children of London has made his name familiar throughout the country.

The annual feasts of London's little ones at the Guildhall are, in the kind-hearted Alderman's own words, as good as a dozen Lord Mayor's banquets, and forty times as much fun. Now that Alderman Treloar has led the way, his colleagues on the Corporation have lent their heartiest support. Funds have been

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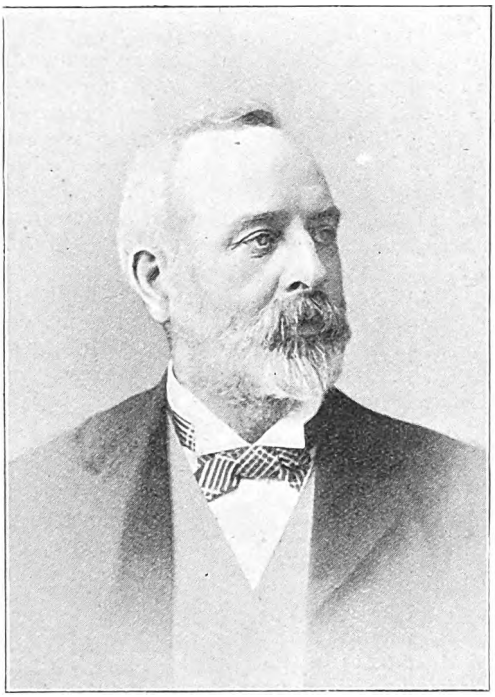
voted to help provide the good cheer, and, at the feast, Lord Mayor and Aldermen, clad in their robes of state, mingle among the little ragged guests, while the "Children's Alderman" himself is known to all as a personal friend, who has a kind word for each and is as full of fun and high spirits as if he were a boy again.

Sir William has won for himself so warm a place in the affections of his constituents, that it is doubtful if there is a man in England who could successfully contest an election with him in his own district, of which the following is proof enough:—

Lord Rosebery, when Prime Minister in 1895, intended to stand for the East Finchley division at the L.C.C. elections, but after it had transpired that his opponent would be the "Children's Alderman," he announced his intention of withdrawing, and most people saw in the worthy Alderman's personality the cause to this effect.



SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR.
(The Children's Alderman.)
Photograph by W. I. Wright, Upper Norwood

Sir William was born in a house standing on his own well-beloved Ludgate Hill, for the improvement of which he has done so much. The house stood just where the railway bridge now spans the street. His father was the founder of the famous carpet business, and, after leaving school, where he showed great proficiency, young Treloar joined him.

For some time he steadily avoided public life, though frequently invited to stand for the Corporation elections, but at length he was persuaded to contest Farringdon Without and received the greatest number of votes ever accorded to a member of the Corporation.

He has for many years been a member of the Presbyterian Church under the ministry of the Rev. J. Reid Howatt, so well known to TEMPLE readers, and himself a great lover of the bairns. Sir William, Mr. Howatt, and Mr. John Kirk, of the Ragged School Union, have worked hand in hand for the poor children of London, and the name of the great Alderman is one to conjure with in thousands of poor homes.

MR. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, in their unique and invaluable literary collaboration, have been described as producing jointly such perfect unity of method that their intimate friends cannot pretend to trace a separate hand in any part. Mrs. Webb is of slight, girlish figure, with a bright, expressive face and cordial, unaffected manner, and notwithstanding a brain teeming with learning and knowledge (statistics, economics, and abstruse subjects) is quite in her element and a thorough woman in the setting of her own home, surrounded by her cosy and artistic *Lares et Penates*. Mr. and Mrs. Webb's workshop, if I may so call their writing room, where an expert secretary is kept constantly at work, is an educational sight to voluminous writers who want to keep their papers in order and don't know how to do it. One side of the walls is lined with drawers all labelled to contain the notes for their next great work—an elaborate investigation into English Local Government of the 19th century. On other sides are shelves full of quaint blue boxes to hold all the pamphlets and literature appertaining to the subject. The magnitude of the work may be guessed from the

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MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY WEBB.
(Two Great Authorities on Local Government.)

fact that the first part will not be ready for three years (though nearly two years have already been spent in accumulating information), and that the volumes will take eight years to complete.

I stood aghast at the stupendous labour undertaken by this disengaged-looking, smiling penwoman, who seems to glory in her work and speaks of it enthusiastically as being so "very, very interesting." "But before you have finished," I said, "these walls will overflow, and what then?" "Oh, then, there are other rooms upstairs," was again the laughing reply. "And when the book is finished all the notes, etc., will be collected, as have those of our other books, and deposited in the London School of Economic and Political Science for students to refer to for proof of every word our books contain."

Mr. and Mrs. Webb's previous work, on "Industrial Democracy," was gathered from six years' personal investigation into every industry in all parts of the Kingdom. Before that came their "History of Trades Unionism," the result of three years' special research on the subject. At the same time they are no dry-as-dust records, but full of interest and romance. Mr. and Mrs. Webb are both singularly fitted for the task they have imposed upon themselves—the former by his legal education and his long experience in public offices and in political and municipal life, the latter as coming from a family of capitalists who have had the control of great industrial concerns. As Miss Beatrice Potter—tiring, as all thinking women do, of society life, where she had been a well-known figure—she threw herself into work at the East End, and, in order to get correct information, Miss Potter disguised herself and first trained for six weeks as a tailor's finisher, and then went boldly and sought employment at the East End, and worked in the lowest "sweating dens." It may be imagined her short training turned her out a sufficiently bad worker to ensure her frequent dismissals, and thus to widen her field of investigation. The result of this courageous experiment was published in the *Nineteenth Century* in 1888, under the title of "Pages from a Workgirl's Diary." Shortly after, Miss Potter was called upon to give evidence before a Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Sweating System, and several of her recommendations were embodied in the Report of that Committee. She wrote a critical analysis of the co-operative movement in Great Britain, and became a lecturer on the subjects which she had so much at heart. These two enthusiasts in the Democratic cause—Mr. Sidney Webb and Miss Beatrice Potter—married in 1892, and characteristically spent their honeymoon in gathering material for their "History of Trade Unionism," which, with their other writings, have become standard and classical works on the special subjects with which they deal.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON, the well-known author and journalist, was born in the busy capital of the Midlands—Birmingham. He was

MR. MAX PEMBERTON.
(The Popular Author and Journalist.)
Photograph by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.

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educated at Merchant Taylors' School and Cambridge University, and commenced his journalistic career in 1885 on the staff of *Vanity Fair*, under Mr. Gibson Bowles. He first attracted notice by a number of brilliantly written articles on social topics contributed to several important journals, among which were *The Standard*, *The St. James's Gazette* and *Chambers' Journal*. But though this was a very gratifying success, far greater triumphs were in store for him.

His first book, "The Diary of a Scoundrel," created a great impression, and placed him in the front rank of popular authors.

A good story is told *apropos* the title of the book. At the time of its publication Mr. Pemberton was staying with a friend at the seaside, and wishing, with the natural pride of a new fledged author, to show his companion a copy of the work, he stopped at a bookstall and asked for it.

"The Diary of a Scoundrel?" queried the clerk jocosely and little suspecting whom he addressed, "Yes. That's the hexperience of the hauthor, I hexpect." Mr. Pemberton contrived to maintain his gravity until he had retired with his purchase.

Mr. Pemberton's success as an author did not bring to a close his journalistic career in which he has also achieved some remarkable triumphs. After leaving *Vanity Fair*, he joined the staff of the *Illustrated London News*, which he left to take over the editorship of *Chums*, which became under him one of the most widely read of boys' papers. He was able from the first to hit off the taste of his youthful public and when his own fine serial, "The Iron Pirate," appeared the success of the paper was ensured. He resigned the editorship of *Chums* in order to devote himself entirely to literature, but the journalistic instinct could not be repressed, and some time after he became the editor of *Cassell's Magazine*. "The Impregnable City," which followed "The Iron Pirate," was equally well received and is by many considered a distinct advance on the former work. Since then his triumphs have followed in quick succession.

MRS. SARAH A. TOOLEY.
(Who has achieved fame as a Biographer and Interviewer.)
Photo by Wayland & Co., Streatham.

THE career of Mrs. Sarah A. Tooley affords another instance of a writer first discovering latent powers under the stress of necessity. Mrs. Tooley, it is true, evinced from girlhood a strong literary bent, and often longed to enter the lists as a writer, but possibly a distrust in her ability to succeed restrained her. After her marriage she went to live at Dumfries, where her husband was the minister in charge. Here a great misfortune befell them, for Mr. Tooley was stricken down with spinal complaint and could no longer discharge his duties. His wife faced the situation most courageously, and cheerfully took upon herself the onerous responsibilities of the breadwinner. Though not a professional writer, she had had while a girl at College the advantage of studying literature under Professor Henry Morley, and in the important matter of literary style she was well equipped to enter upon a journalistic career.

The first contribution which came from her pen was a vivid and truthful description of Lochmaben, where she was living. It was accepted by the *People's Friend*,

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and after this encouraging start Mrs. Tooley contributed frequently, getting her articles accepted by many of the most important magazines and newspapers of the day. She has always been peculiarly successful in dealing with the personal element in literature, and thus she early developed a great talent for interviewing.

In her books also it is as a biographer that she especially excels. "Lives Great and Simple" was her first book, written in a charmingly easy and attractive style. This was followed by a "Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe." Perhaps the most popular of all her works has been her "Life of Queen Victoria," written before her Majesty's death. This is not a narrative of the political events of the reign, nor of the Queen's wise influence over the destinies of her people, but deals with the subject entirely from the personal aspect, and forms a most striking picture of the simple and beautiful life of our late revered Sovereign. The admirable judgment and taste displayed in handling her materials, and the wealth of fresh matter gathered from inspired sources, make the book exceedingly popular.

GIPSY SMITH.
(The Great Missioner.)

THE story of the life of Gipsy Smith, the great missioner, is probably the strangest that belongs to any one of the evangelistic workers of to-day. The title "Gipsy" is no fancy one adopted to catch the attention of the multitude, for Mr. Smith belongs to an ancient tribe of gipsies, and during the early part of his life wandered with his parents from one part of the country to another. Then there came the great change, wrought at Cambridge in a Methodist chapel, when the young man came to know and love his Master. Travelling to London a little later, Mr. Smith came under the influence of the Rev. William Booth—now the famous General of the Salvation Army—and became one of the evangelists of the Christian Mission. For five years he worked devotedly in this cause, but at the end of that time the Christian Mission became the Salvation Army, and Gipsy Smith struck out for himself. At Hanley some enthusiastic friends rented a huge circus, seating about 3,500 people, and this for four years was filled to overflowing with congregations of working men, who listened attentively to every word the gipsy said. But in 1886 Mr. Smith found his true vocation. He decided that he was more fitted for a wandering missioner than to be a regular pastor, and ever since then he has held wonderful, soul-stirring missions all over the country.

He has been to America, where meeting after meeting was crowded. His methods are the reverse of conventional, and he works and prays hard for every soul that comes within his reach. There is a peculiar fascination about Mr. Smith's addresses, for they come straight from his heart; but that is not the only reason, perhaps, for his marvellous in-gathering of converts. His personality is so distinct, his manner so genial, his words so earnest, that it is not difficult for the sinner to find a way to repentance under his guidance. Gipsy Smith takes an immense amount of care and trouble over his sermons, and often lets them "lie" in his mind for weeks, before he considers the idea ripe enough to give to his listeners. He has a sweet, baritone voice, is fond of reading, pictures, and music, but cultivates no fads, for he says: "If a missioner carries these with him, he treads on somebody's toes at his first service. I have watched other people's failures and have tried to steer clear of them."

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OCCASIONALLY there is a curious sight to be seen in the London streets. It is a party of Japanese sailors, who are evidently under the guidance of a lady. Many are the queries made by the casual onlooker, but few know of the good work which Miss McLean is carrying on amidst the officers and men of the Japanese ships that put into our docks at Tilbury. More than a score of years ago Miss McLean started the work of meeting the Japanese on their arrival in England. Many magnificent vessels are built in British yards for the Japanese Government, as the latter has expressed a preference for them to those of any other state. Officers and men are then frequently sent over to take the vessel home. At Tilbury, close to the docks, Miss McLean has founded an Institute, where the Japanese find not only house-room, but a real home, where the truest of Christian kindness is showered upon them. "Love ye the stranger" is the motto of this earnest labourer, who has devoted her life to this special work. The mission is not conducted on any stereotyped lines; it is distinctly and refreshingly personal in its influence. "Usually these men only come to England once," says Miss McLean, "and therefore to conduct them to see the best institutions and take them into good homes greatly tends to convince them of England's true greatness." Miss McLean is very grateful for help, and there are two ways in which many of us can give our aid—either by receiving a party of these men one day at our home and giving them a few words of welcome, or by supplying equipment in the shape of Gospel tracts in Japanese. Many country seats have been already thrown open to different parties of Miss McLean's sailors, and these days have been infinitely appreciated by both officers and men. It is an interesting fact that the photograph given here of Miss McLean was taken by Lieutenant Tajo of the battleship Shiliskina.

MISS MCLEAN.
(The work of this active Philanthropist lies among the Japanese Sailors in London.)
Photo by Lieut. Tajo, of the "Shiliskina" Battleship.

She is the authoress of "Open Doors in Japan," "Echoes from Japan," and "Seafarers from the Land of the Rising Sun," all of which are intensely interesting books. "I only wish Japan to be better understood," writes Miss McLean. "I, as a non-connected worker, am solely seeking their good, whilst welcoming them on a strange shore."

ARTHUR FOLEY WINNINGTON INGRAM, the new Bishop of London, was a Keble man, and took his degree in 1881, was ordained curate of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, in 1884, and became private Chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield in 1885. In 1888 he was made head of the Oxford House, Bethnal Green, where he had for the first time scope to show what manner of man he was. Before this date the efforts to bring East and West together had been on the lines satirised in the "Child of the Jago." Superior people had gone down East, but their advances had only met with laughter or dislike.

But Dr. Ingram is too intensely human for anything of this sort. He played billiards, smoked, boxed, lived as a man amongst them. His cheery faith, hopefulness, and good fellowship marked a new departure. East London above all things needs hope, and both as head of Oxford House and Bishop of Stepney he has been the Apostle of Hope amongst the poor of Bethnal Green.

He attracted around him a band of the right kind of 'Varsity men, wholesome and human—they have taught a lesson to the weedy East Ender difficult to overestimate, that is, how to take a thorough good

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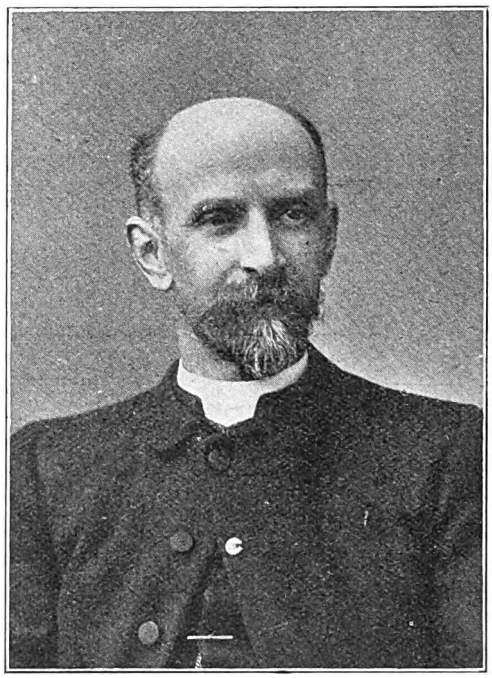
hiding without squealing. As a preacher the Bishop eschews all rhetorical display, all pompous ecclesiastical dictum. He has something to say, and he says it with a charming simplicity and a manly force. His appointment to the Bishopric of London is a worthy recognition of the great work he has done as Suffragan amongst the poorest inhabitants of the Metropolis.



THE REV. EVELYN R. HASSÉ.
(One of the foremost men in the Moravian Church.)
Photograph by Tuohy, Bedford.

THE Moravian Church occupies a comparatively small space among the many denominations in this land, but it has a large and most honoured place in history, as the first-fruits of the martyrdom of John Huss, being the earliest Protestant Church in Christendom, and founded in 1457. It is now best known perhaps for its missionary zeal and its splendid educational establishments. The Rev. Evelyn R. Hassé is its most outstanding representative in England. As befits such a cosmopolitan Church, he is of a mixed strain, his mother having been a Van Bülow, a near relation of the Prussian General who led the advance at Waterloo, while on his father's side he is a pure Huguenot, of the nobility of Cossart de St. Aubyn d'Espiez, and connected by marriage with the poet Montgomery, who was also a Moravian, of which Church Mr. Hassé's father was a Bishop. Born in Ireland, and educated at Fulneck School, Mr. Hassé had as schoolmate the Right Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith. After a short spell of business life Mr. Hassé went to college in Germany and entered the ministry. Beginning his clerical work at Kingswood, near Bristol, he passed to Gracehill, in the North of Ireland, where he was made President of the Irish Conference, but it was while he was stationed at Mirfield that he so put his heart into the Christian Endeavour Movement as to make him the power for good in wider areas he has since proved. His six years' work in Bedford has but increased this influence, his Thursday Bible Readings having always the high average attendance of 120. If one may venture to guess at the secret of his power it is the gracious and Christ-like personality which lies behind all he does and says. The winsome persuasiveness with which he presents the truth prepares its own way by the hearer's conviction of the man's utter sincerity. His ministry has had many seals to it, and the testimony comes from many hearts that he is "a brother beloved."

THE ONLOOKER.

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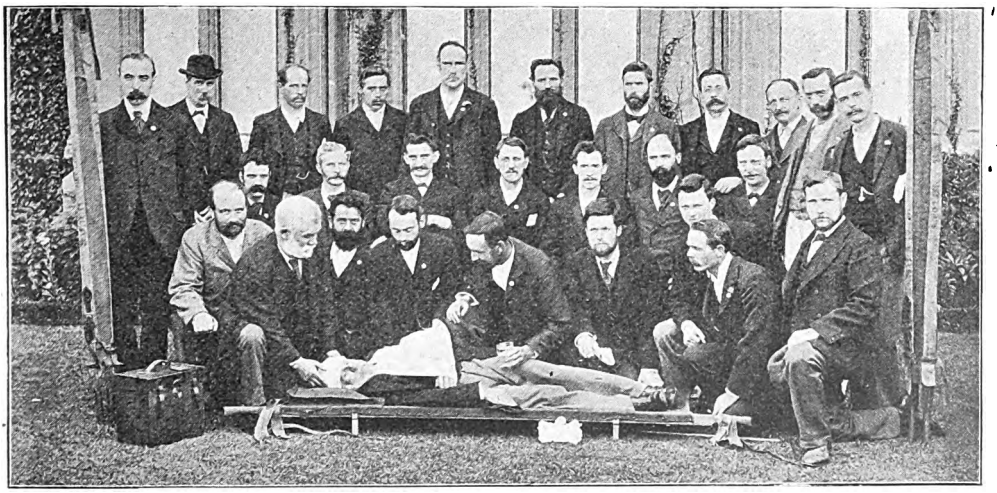
The London City Mission.

By AUDREY WINTER.

THE famous City Mission is practically a Home Missionary Society, a Foreign Missionary Society, and a Mission to the Jews, all rolled into one organisation. It sends workers into all parts of London and its suburbs, ministering to all classes and nationalities of men. The Mission is purely undenominational, and works for no particular church or sect. It is supported by men and women of all schools of religious thought, and its committee numbers amongst its members many prominent Churchmen and Nonconformists of to-day. Its aim is to take brightness and sunshine into the lives of those whom the Church cannot and does not reach; to teach them the truths of Christ's Gospel, and to help them to live better lives in the future. The general public knows little or nothing of its work, and therefore does not realise what a powerful influence it has had on some of the poorest and most unfortunate inhabitants of the Metropolis.

The beginnings of the Society read almost like romance. People in far parts of the kingdom had heard of the awful state of the denizens of the London slums. They had read of the rookeries crowded with criminals—men and women—of the worst type, of the heathenish customs of the people, and of the terrible drunkenness which existed also. At a prayer meeting in Dublin, the minister who conducted made reference to these terrible evils, and desired that his flock would pray for a blessing to rest on those in London who were trying to stem this torrent of sin.

Amongst those present was a young man, David Nasmith, from Glasgow, who had gone over to help the minister in his work. At the close of the prayer meeting several people went up to him and suggested that he should go to London and try to set others to work in order to save those living in sin and misery. The young man replied that he would like to go, but



MISSIONARIES GIVING A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION OF FIRST AID.

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that the necessary expenses would be great and he had no money.

A few remained to talk the matter over, and, before the evening closed, several ladies undertook to raise £100 a year, and David Nasmith had promised to go. Accordingly, the young man, full of hope, arrived in London, and engaged a four-roomed cottage near the canal at Hoxton.

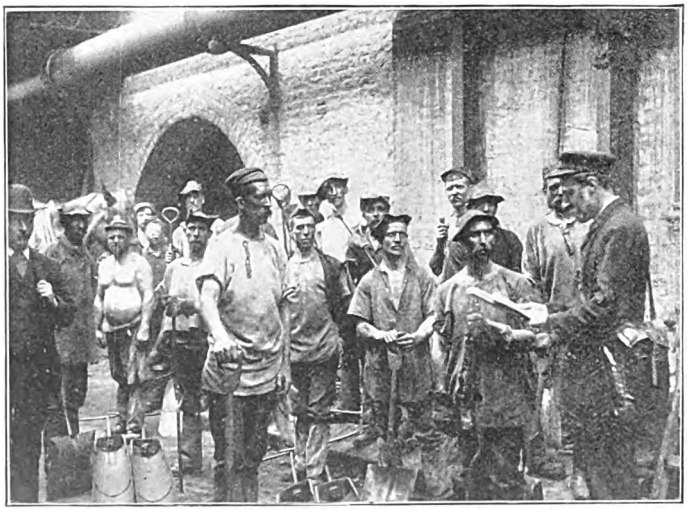
Poor, friendless, and unknown, David Nasmith began to plan out his work. He first visited poor districts in various parts of the city by day and by night, in order that he might know exactly the condition of the people. He then called on the Bishop of London and told him why he had come to London, and submitted to him a plan for the proposed mission. The Bishop listened to him courteously, but declared that a scheme for uniting Nonconformists and Churchmen could not possibly succeed, and therefore he must withhold his sanction. Nasmith next went to Dr. Campbell, a leading Nonconformist minister, and fully explained the scheme to him. The Doctor promised to consider the matter, and when Sunday came referred to the idea in his sermon. He, however, arrived at the same conclusion as the Bishop, and refused to have anything to do with the proposed mission. Many clergymen, ministers, and laymen were called upon, but Nasmith was unable to find one who would aid him in his efforts.

He had, in his visits, come across two men, as poor as himself, who were fired with the same zeal and enthusiasm. The three determined to bind themselves together for work in some way. They agreed to meet in Nasmith's sitting-room at six o'clock in the morning—their only spare time—and on May 16th, 1835, after spending some time in prayer, the young Scotchman proposed: "That we who are now present form ourselves into a society to be called the London City Mission." Mr. R. E. Dear seconded and the third member of the little party, Mr. W. Bullock, supported, and so the mission was begun. A constitution was agreed to, a small sum of money subscribed, and the little society commended to God.

For a time the work progressed but slowly. The early morning meetings were kept up, and the three original members were able by degrees to add others to their number. Nasmith spent a good deal of his time in writing letters and circulars, hoping to gain friends by this means. Then suddenly the Society became popular, for news went forth that Vice-Admiral Harcourt, son of the Archbishop of York, and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton had become members, the latter accepting the post of treasurer. Men of the right kind followed their example, and subscriptions flowed into the exchequer. Districts were mapped out and arrangements made, and the inaugural meeting took place on December 17th, only seven months after David Nasmith had taken up his residence in London.

After this meeting the Society made much progress, and within a year forty-one missionaries were at work visiting the homes of outcast London. The missionaries were instructed to make acquaintance with all the men, women, and children in their districts, and as these districts were at first only small, it was possible to gather the children into Sunday Schools, and to visit regularly the aged and sick.

In the early days of the Mission it was found that the public-houses were the greatest hindrances to the raising of



A MEETING IN A GAS WORKS

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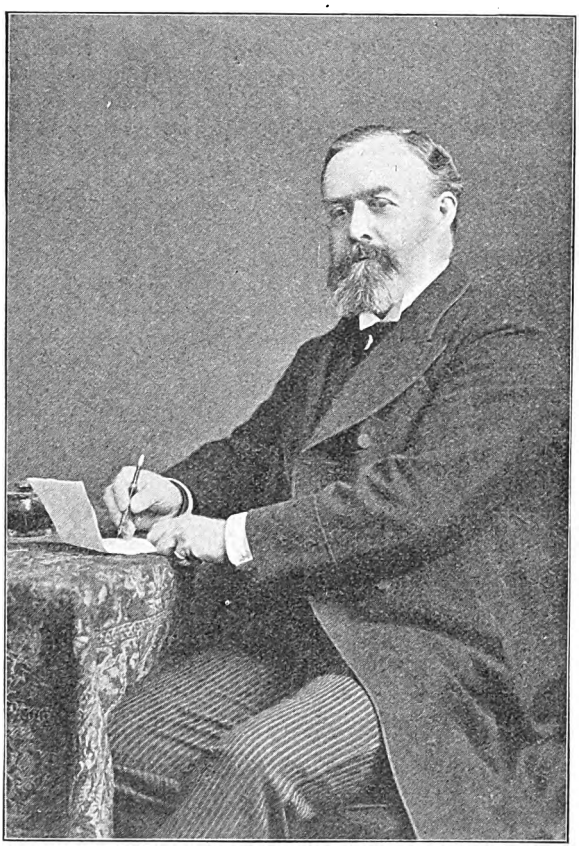
the people. One of the missionaries, encouraged by the vicar, visited all the public-houses in his parish, and the results seemed so good that he was appointed to visit the four hundred public-houses in the parish of Marylebone. This branch of the work has so extended that about nine thousand of the public-houses are visited by the missionaries. They mix in the bars and tap-rooms with the customers, talk to them, reason with them, and by these means many have been induced to reform and lead better lives.

As the Mission grew it was found advisable to make a special effort to reach the foreigners who reside in East London and those who are connected with the docks. Thousands of men of all nations tread the streets of the capital, and often used to live for months at a time under the very shadow of our churches without learning anything of our religion, and, alas! only acquiring a knowledge of vice and crime.



MR. F. A. BEVAN,
Chairman and Treasurer of the Mission.
(Photograph by Fradelle & Young, 246, Regent Street, W.)

One of the missionaries, who came across a large number of Hindoos and other Asiatics, learned Hindustani, and, in time, other Eastern languages, so that he could readily converse with them. He became a missionary to the Orientals exclusively. Others were appointed to the French, Germans, and Italians who crowd our great port, and the Bible is read and the Gospel preached by a staff of well-qualified men in more than twenty languages. The work amongst the French is carried on mainly in Soho, and the missionary has reaped an abundant harvest from his labours. A large number of Germans live in West London, as there a better scale of payment for work is received than in the East. But the great attraction for the Germans are the various clubs. The Social Democratic and Anarchist clubs are their favourite resorts, though politics are not so much discussed as we would imagine.

Not the least interesting, with regard to the foreign work, is that amongst the sailors. There are hundreds of Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians and Austrians amongst them, and the missionary's influence has often protected them against temporal loss, for there are numbers of sharpers who hang about the docks with the only object of getting hold of poor, ignorant foreigners, and fleecing them of what little treasure they possess. Many of these foreign sailors are Roman Catholics, but they, nevertheless, listen to the missionary's teaching, and acknowledge him as a friend. One of the Dock Missionaries in his report tells the following interesting story:—

"The *C*——, lying near the repairing sheds, was crowded with English workmen, who were making extensive repairs. I came upon this vessel unexpectedly, being unaware that it had entered the dock. I saw it in the distance, and as I came nearer, I noticed among the crew a considerable going and coming, with

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much shouting and gesticulation. I was quite unaware that all this movement had reference to me, but so it was, and when I got near I was met with a chorus of *Buenas noches, Senor; pasa abordo.* (Good evening, Sir; come on board.) I found I was among nearly thirty Spaniards, who had known me on former vessels at different times, in the various docks in London. It was very gratifying to me to think that I was received as an old friend, and that these Roman Catholics were glad to see me and welcome my teaching among them."

The Spanish Anarchists are of a different type and temperament to the Germans. One, whom the missionary tried to influence, would not hear a word, declaring that he wanted no opinions, and refused to know anything of God and Christ. He was afterwards known to be one of those who committed horrible deeds in Spain. But all Anarchists are not like him and they often acquire violent opinions through cruelty and injustice, and again I give in a missionary's own words the description of another.

"C.D. was a very different man. He used to be a member of a Republican club in Barcelona. He read his Bible, and listened to Gospel preachers in that city, but refused to have his children baptised by the priest of the parish. He thus incurred the enmity of the friars and sisters of the neighbourhood, who influenced his employer to dismiss him from his work; and because he had a Bible and French and Spanish pamphlets, he, when the bomb throwing occurred, soon found himself amongst the three hundred who were put away, some in Montjuich, and others in the military prison. He was supported by his son, who, when his father was banished, ran away from Spain and joined him at an Anarchist resort in London. I obtained for the father and son work in Spitalfields at a boot factory, and introduced them to a minister who was interested in Spain. . . . Presently they gave up their old principles and called themselves Protestants. Eventually the mother and another son came to London. I have gone to the house from time to time and had reading and prayer with the whole family."

Besides the foreigners from the South there are those from the North. The Scandinavian sailors seem at times to fall an easy prey to the land sharks who are always on the look out for them. To lessen their danger a reading room exists for their benefit, and and it is open daily from two until ten in the evening. In that room sailors can write letters to their far away homes, and can also receive letters from their relatives. The room, therefore, forms a link between them and their home across the sea. Lantern services are held there, and are much appreciated.

Indians and Africans are also looked after, and men with special qualifications are told off for that particular branch of work, while the Jews are visited by men of their own nationality who have become Christians.

A MISSIONARY AND HIS COMRADE HOLDING MIDDAY SERVICE ALONGSIDE H.M.S. ALBION.

The needs of the ayahs have not been overlooked, and now there is a comfortable home where those Indian women can rest who go to and fro between England and India as nurses and attendants on ladies and their children. At this home, in King Edward's-road, Hackney, ayahs can be engaged for the outward voyage.

The Home Mission work is intensely interesting. Men with special

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THE MISSIONARY WITH MESSRS. W. H. SMITH AND SONS' FACTORY MEN.

qualifications for the work are appointed. Workshops, factories, gasworks, and similar places are visited by those who know something of the temptations of a workman's life. Old soldiers work amongst the soldiers and visit the Chelsea pensioners, and the police force has its own missionary, whose services are received with gratitude by the blue-coated guardians of the city. An accompanying photograph shows a missionary reading to a group of men in a gasworks, and it is interesting to note the different expressions on the faces of the listeners.

Another feature of the Home work is that in connection with the factories and men in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street and the Strand. A good deal of work is done amongst the carmen and news-boys and men of some of the chief newspapers. The *Globe*, *Echo*, *Evening News*, *Sun*, *Westminster Gazette*, *St. James's Gazette*, and *Star*, all send humble representatives in the persons of news-boys and men to the mission meetings, and large gatherings of the employees of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons are also held. One of the photographs shows a large group of the latter with the missionary. In some cases publishers invite the missionary to speak to the men in a room in the printing works. Gambling is terribly rife in the streets outside newspaper offices, for many congregate there in order to get the latest gambling and sporting news published.

The Christian Church is always asking the question, "How can we reach the men?" But it apparently comes no nearer to the answer. The London City Mission endeavours to answer it by putting qualified men to teach their fellows. Our churches are often devoid of men, because the ministers who should guide and teach are incapable of getting into touch with their hearers. They often live in a world of books and not of men, and their worldly knowledge is so small that they have no sympathy with the thoughts and actions, the ideals and feelings of their congregations.

The Mission tries to avoid this. Special missionaries are appointed to the railway men, others to dockers and ship builders, another to hotel and club servants, while canal boatmen, postmen, telegraph boys, navvies, stablemen, lodging houses, cabmen, carmen, and many more have each

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an appointed worker—a man who understands the trials and temptations of life and the particular need of the class of men whom he visits.

One missionary gives much of his time to the poor hay-carters of Cumberland Market. Their lives are very hard. They spend most of their time on the road, going backwards and forwards between London and the villages of Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, and Essex. Many of them are very ignorant, and some unable to read. They have no opportunity of attending church, but they listen attentively to the missionary and take his literature into their own villages. There is a great need for a rest-house and shelter for these men. Their only resort is a public-house, and if a place could be found it would be a great boon to the work and to the men.

The work amongst the coal porters and carmen is perhaps not so varied and fascinating as that amongst the foreigners, but it is not without its interesting side. Sunday by Sunday "coalies" and their families have been gathered together in the morning and afternoon in, sometimes, queer places. One meeting place was a loft, lent by a kindly disposed merchant—while others have met in the Coalies' Hall.

Of late years the "dockers" have been often before the public, on account of the strikes that have frequently taken place. Many people, therefore, know something of their lives and their work, and that the regular dockers are usually of a different class to the casual labourer. The latter is a man who, chiefly through carelessness and misfortune, has dropped from a higher social scale. He is generally hard and bitter and recklessly indifferent, and his moral nature has become very low. He is more difficult to approach than the ordinary docker, and apt to be suspicious of all attempts to improve him. Both classes of labourers are employed in unloading the big ships that bring in all kinds of merchandise; spices from the East Indies; tea, coffee, rice, and cocoanuts from the Asiatic ports; wool and cotton from Australia; wheat and sugar from America; besides spirits, wines, and woods.

The casual men are often out of work, and therefore sink lower and lower, and often fill a pauper's grave. The dock missionary has a hard task, and many difficulties to contend against, but the results of the work prove that a large proportion of the men thankfully accept the chance to become better when given a helping hand.

From dock-labourers to ship-builders is only a short step, and an illustration shows a city missionary with his helpers holding a service alongside *H.M.S. Albion*. Many of the building-yards are freely opened to the missionary. At the time of this photograph two or three of the Admiralty vessels were building and finishing. Three times a week services were held in the dinner hour, and the number of men present testified to the popularity of the informal meetings.

The number of the men now at work is four hundred and fifty-eight, and they are all missionaries who have prepared carefully for the work they undertake. As the Society is governed by an equal number of Churchmen and Nonconformists, so the examining board consists of an equal number of clergymen and Nonconformist ministers. Although the original aim of the Society was to bring the outcast of London to the knowledge and love of God, other work has naturally gone side by side with that attempt. Numbers have been restored to their homes, many sent to refuges or asylums, hundreds have had employment secured to them, many social evils noted, and much influence brought to bear upon matters of social reform.

Many of the missionaries are also able to render first aid, having gone through the requisite course of instruction. This knowledge has been exceedingly useful, and many people have cause to be thankful that the City Missionary knew how to bind up a wound and tie up a broken limb until a doctor could be summoned. The supporters of the Mission have changed since its formation in 1835. Its present committee, however, have its welfare as closely at heart as had the courageous pioneers. Mr. F. A. Bevan, who is the chairman and treasurer, gives many an anxious hour to the carrying on of the work, while the two secretaries, the Rev. Robert Dawson and the Rev. T. S. Hutchinson spend the whole of their time in directing the work of the society from its head-quarters at 3, Bridewell Place, E.C. My thanks are due to the Rev. R. Dawson for so kindly placing the photographs at my disposal and for information as to the Society's work.

AUDREY WINTER.

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COMMON SENSE FOR MOTHERS AND NURSES.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES

By Dr. Julia Holmes Smith.

NUMBER FOUR

How the Baby Grows—What can be Learned from the Pulse.

A VERY natural source of pride on the part of a young mother is in the size and physical perfection of her child. "It does not matter now," says the woman who hears the first cry which assures her of the guerdon of maternity—"it does not matter whether my child be a boy or girl, only say it is perfect." To this sexless ideal, "It," her heart has, through weary months, aspired. She has lived for "It," hoped, dreamed and suffered. Now she only claims for "It" perfect condition. And this proves the marvellous unselfishness of the mother-heart, since tenderness and, in a large majority of cases, veritable adoration await the healthy new-born child. And, thank God, even the frail, misshapen morsel of humanity meets, on the very threshold of this hard life, the patient love of the mother who bore it, while she hides in her own heart the bitterness of so much of disappointment, and surely through no fault of hers.

There is often, on the part of inexperienced mothers, anxiety lest the child, who weighs, perhaps, much less than a neighbour's, may be too frail to live.

Mere size and weight are of no consequence.

If the cry is loud and the breathing regular, then the child is well. For, be it remembered, the average weight of a new-born child is only seven pounds. And, while there are many splendidly developed, perfect human creatures who press down the scale to eleven, and even twelve, pounds, such excess is exceedingly rare; and there are many that are exquisite in their daintiness, yet fail to weigh more than four pounds. But these, both alike, if healthy, show a skin smooth and delicately mottled when exposed to the air, flesh firm and elastic to the touch, the bones even, and arms and legs moving easily in their sockets.

The growth of a baby is most rapid in the first few weeks of life. The child should gain in height from six to seven inches, and proportionately in breadth, during the first year; and from the fourth to the sixteenth year it should gain two inches every year. There are certain diseases, such as rickets and scrofula, which retard growth; and the mother should notice the development of the child in this direction most carefully, in order that some inherited malady may not gain a great deal of headway and so cause fatal results long before she knows anything about it.

Too much perspiration about the head when sleeping; a coldness in the feet and hands; an abnormal growth of the head, and slow closing of the fontanels—all point to some chronic malady; and unless change in food or habits in exercise make a radical change, the mother had best ask advice.

A mother or nurse should be especially careful in not putting the child upon its feet too soon. The bones of a young child who is still nursing are deficient in lime and other earthy substances which go to make up their strength; and many a case of bow-legs or distorted knees or ankles has been the result of a mother's pride in showing that her baby is smart enough to stand alone.

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I think a baby, under a year, should never be encouraged to show its physical strength in any way, except in lying flat upon its back or stomach, and in kicking and thrusting about the arms, or, when left alone on the floor, making its own experiment in creeping.

The natural restlessness of an infant will cause it to do its best to move about, and the mother who has never told a child to stand up will be surprised very frequently to feel the pressure of its feet against her arms, and find that the little one has discovered the use of its legs by instinct. A lazy baby is an unhealthy baby. A lazy, languid child is an unhealthy child. And medicine, not the stimulant of scolding or bribe, is to be administered by a physician when the mother finds that her child is inert and indifferent to play, willing to sit quietly, and not eager for amusement.

The pulse of the child varies from 100 to 150. It is faster in the girl than the boy after seven years of age, and is always slower during sleep. According to Muller, the pulse at birth counts from 130 to 140, and during the first year from 115 to 130; during the second year from 100 to 115, decreasing in rapidity till the seventh year, when it ranges between 85 and 90. The frequency and character of the pulse change, however, from excitement or when the child is romping; so that one need not be frightened unless the rapid pulse is accompanied with other symptoms of disease. In the old time, nurse and doctor had to depend on the pulse to measure the amount of fever or the extent of constitutional depression. Now the clinical thermometer, to which reference was made in a preceding article, will more accurately show the condition of the child. Many times a little child, being fatigued with play, will show flushed cheeks, panting respiration and a very quick pulse. The mother need not be alarmed unless these suggestions of illness are verified by the thermometer. And, again, a child comes in from a long excursion in the snow, perhaps, or from paddling in water; hands and feet are cold, nose is blue, and yet the reliable thermometer, put in the arm-pit, will relieve all anxiety by showing no greater change in temperature than a fraction of a degree.

It is notable that fever or any inflammatory diseases will produce a much greater acceleration of pulse in a child than in an adult. Often a slight attack of indigestion, which a man would not notice, will make a baby's pulse run very high; and there is often exacerbation toward evening. An irregular intermittent pulse is indicative of fully developed meningitis and other severe organic diseases of the brain. But sometimes it comes from disease of the heart; and to decide its cause one must be careful to consider other symptoms.

The baby's stomach is very small in proportion to its size, and the intestinal digestion very rapid. Therefore, during the first few months of its life, it takes very little food at a time. If by any chance the stomach is overloaded, nature resists, and the contents are simply thrown up. It is important, then, that a mother should know that when milk comes up unfermented, just as the child has swallowed it, the stomach has taken in more than it can hold, and there need not be necessarily any difficulty with the food.

Besides, it is a fact that the liver, which is very large in proportion to the size of the child, sometimes presses against the stomach if the baby is laid on the left side just after nursing; and this compression may cause vomiting; so it is wise always to have a new-born baby, indeed any child not large enough to turn itself, laid first on its right side to sleep. This makes room for the stomach, and prevents any pressure upon the heart.

During the process of dentition there is a sympathetic disturbance through the whole organism. Many times the nervous irritation causes a diarrhœa; but as long as the appetite continues, and no other indication of disease appears, such discharge from the bowels is salutary, being nature's effort to relieve the system of undue pressure.

Careful observation has shown me that very many times when children have had a teething diarrhœa suddenly checked, eczema has resulted, which has made the baby an eyesore to mother and friends, and rendered life itself a burden to the little one.

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A BOER QUARREL.

A Story of Dutch Life.

By C. H. KEMSLEY.

JAN Schierhoud, junior, was hard at work in the lands, engaged in ploughing. The hot sun beat down relentlessly, and big beads of perspiration stood on the young man's brow. Afar off could be seen the farmhouse, wherein resided *Oud* Jan and his *vrouw*. It was a white building, with thatched roof, surrounded by a paling—a dwelling that might be met with on any Dutch farm in South Africa.

In front of the building a Cape cart was standing, and near by a fine cock ostrich was moving about, picking at the dried grass, scorched by the summer sun. Young Jan followed the plough, and guided it over the ground with unerring hand. But his thoughts wandered from his work. Old Jan's son was an ordinary young Dutchman; there was nothing striking about him. He was tall, awkward looking, and strong, with reddish-brown hair, uncombed, small moustache, and short, prickly beard. He had laid aside his coat that he might work the better, and wore an old coloured flannel-shirt, unbuttoned at the neck, a pair of corduroy trousers, and on his feet a pair of broken *veldschoens*. He disdained socks, except on Sundays and other special occasions.

But young Jan had a soft heart. He was in love with a Dutch girl named Johanna Van Der Merwe, who lived with her parents about two miles off. She returned his affection, and Jan would have been the happiest man that walked, had not *Oud* Jan and Paul Van Der Merwe been at loggerheads over the question of water rights—a point of difference that had ofttimes occasioned blows, and even worse, between Dutch farmers. Jan was pondering over the matter as he followed the plough. He had just heard from Johanna that her father had declared that none of the Schierhouds should go on his farm, and Jan knew it would now be difficult for him to see his *meisje*.

He plodded through the soft ground after the plough, which was drawn by six oxen, and, though he kept his line true, Jan's attention was not on his work.

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"Why should a stream of water prevent me from seeing her? And why should they quarrel about such a trifle? It's stupid. Why can't Paul Van Der Merwe leave us alone, and not encourage Piet Van Wijk to make love to ——"

Here the young Boer's soliloquy was interrupted by the native boy leading the span, shouting "Woa, onwoa," as he threw up clods of mud to make the oxen stop. The end of the field had been reached, and the plough must be turned to furrow another row. "*Breng 'om rond*," said Jan to the leader. The boy pulled at the tow rein, the oxen turned, the Kaffir driver clapped his whip, and the plough was again moving. Jan worked till one p.m., then, throwing on his coat, proceeded to the farmhouse for his meal.

Oud Jan and his *vrouw* "Tante" were seated at table as the son made his appearance. The big, heavy, old Dutchman was holding forth with much warmth on the matter of the water rights, and hurling invectives at the absent Paul Van Der Merwe. "This fellow, Paul," he was saying, "wants to have the whole stream. But I'll—I'll show him he won't get it. He says I have no right to dam up the stream for a few hours to water my land. I would get very little water if I didn't. Besides he can have the full stream when I have finished. He threatens to thrash any of us who come on his farm. Let him try," said the old man angrily, as he brought his fist down heavily on the table. "Just let him try. Not that I wish to go there, for his farm is a disgrace to the district, and I'll tell him so too."

"Tante" expressed her coincidence with his views in terms more forcible than polite, but for awhile young Jan remained silent. He wished to try and settle the difference between them, and he was wondering if they would ever be friends again.

At length he remarked by way of a suggestion: "Why don't you make a dam, *Vader*, and let the stream fill it during the night? Then you need not cut off Van Der Merwe's supply."

"You say this to me?" said the old Boer fiercely. "Have I not as much right to the water as Paul, and more so too? Let him build a dam himself. Were it not that there was a rogue of an English *magistraat* in the dorp I would go to law. But you can't get justice from *rooineks*."

So *Oud* Jan continued, breathing vengeance the while against his neighbour, and at one time his great friend, but the son made no further comment.

"Are you going to the *vergadering* this afternoon, my son?" said the old Dutchman later on. "There's going to be some warm talk about the way the English are treating *onze broeders* in the Transvaal."

"No, *vader*, I'll work."

Jan was not interested in meetings. He was not clever, and had practically no education. He could only think of one subject at the present time, and that was the love he felt for his *haartje*, as he called Johanna Van Der Merwe. He did not care then whether the English took the Transvaal, or whether the scab-inspectors were too strict with the Dutch farmers, or whether Government should help them to destroy the locusts, which did such an enormous amount of damage to crops. Besides, he had another reason for not wishing to go: his *haartje* had asked him to met her that afternoon when her father would have left for the meeting.

"It's good for you to go to these meetings," replied the old farmer. "You will learn there what rascals the English are."

However, young Jan would not go, and, after seeing his father safely off, he returned to the fields. He worked for another couple of hours, then went back to the house, and, carefully attiring himself in his best clothes, proceeded to the trysting-place—a quiet spot about half a mile from the Van Der Merwe's dwelling.

Jan's heart beat high when he saw Johanna standing there waiting for him. She was a simple Dutch girl, strong and healthy, with a good-natured, open face. She was dressed in common white material, which hung loosely about her ample figure. On her head was an ordinary Dutch *cappie* tied by strings under her plump chin, while below her dress there peeped out a pair of thick, yellow *veldschoens*.

Slyly Jan's arm stole round her waist, and he gave her a resounding kiss, which the girl accepted without demur.

Johanna was the first to speak.

"You know, Jan, pa is so angry with *Oud* Jan, and he has been encouraging

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that beast, Piet Van Wijk, to come to our farm. He wants me to marry him, but I won't" (clenching her hands tightly). "The other day Piet came bothering me, and I gave him such a box on the ears. I told him I would never like such a fool as he."

Jan was pleased on hearing of this treatment of his rival.

"You are a fine girl, Johanna, and I love you very much," he said, admiringly.

They continued to talk for some time, quite unconscious that they were being watched, till the sun commenced to descend behind the mountains, when they parted.

Jan felt very happy as he walked home, and so taken up was he with his own thoughts that he did not notice that he was being followed. Suddenly, he felt a touch on his back, and, turning his head, saw Piet Van Wijk behind him, carrying a sjambok.

Piet was a bully, and was angry that young Schierhoud should be preferred by Johanna to himself.

"You have been talking to Johanna," said he, in a threatening voice. "Are you going to give her up, because I want her for my wife? If you don't, I'll sjambok you."

Jan looked at the other with less of anger than surprise. The idea of his giving up his *haartje* was too absurd. He thought it a foolish question to ask. "Give up Johanna? No, of course not."

"You won't?" replied the other, raising his sjambok, menacingly.

"No," said Jan determinedly.

"Oh, oh!" laughed Piet. "Then take that," as he struck the other violently with the sjambok.

Jan, though he was in love, was not going to stand such treatment. He rushed at his assailant, locked his arms about him, and a hot struggle ensued, during which the sjambok fell to the ground. Gradually Piet began to tire, and Jan, twisting his legs tightly round his opponent's, put forth all his strength. Van Wijk staggered, and then—splash—they both toppled over the bank into a stream of two feet of water—the *casus belli* between the two neighbours. Jan fell uppermost, and regaining his feet quickly stood over his submerged adversary. First, taking a good hold of his opponent, he lifted his head just above the water, "Now, said Jan to Piet, who was at his mercy, "are you going to leave Johanna and me alone, or do you want to be drowned?"

Piet attempted to speak, but what with exhaustion and the amount of muddy water he had imbibed he could only make a gurgling noise, so Jan, to emphasise his words, pushed the other's head under the water again, notwithstanding Piet's violent struggling.

After a few seconds he again raised Piet to allow him to take breath. Then he repeated his question.

"Ja, Ja," cried Piet, eagerly, as he spluttered and blew out thick muddy water.

This did not satisfy Jan. "Swear that you will not interfere with me and Johanna," and he made a movement as if to again duck his fallen opponent.

Piet nodded readily in assent.

"Put up two fingers and swear." (The Dutch mode of taking an oath.) Piet immediately drew up his right hand, dripping wet, and holding up two fingers swore, as solemnly as his condition would allow, not to interfere with either of them, Jan meantime retaining a firm hold until the ceremony was performed to his own satisfaction.

"Get up then," said Jan, as he assisted the other to rise, and the pair, thoroughly soaked, clambered on to the dry bank.

"You have sworn solemnly?" said Jan.

"Yes; I don't want to have anything more to do with Johanna. Why, she is not——" Piet looked at Jan, whose face was set sternly, and glanced furtively at the stream. He stopped, thinking it wiser not to finish the sentence.

The recent opponents then shook hands, and parted better friends than probably they had ever been previously.

On returning home Jan's attention was first directed to a change of raiment. His father had already arrived, and the young Boer found him and his mother in the sitting-room. *Oud* Jan seemed very angry, and he was talking loudly and indignantly to his *vrouw*.

The meeting, it seemed, had broken up in some disorder owing to a quarrel arising between the two old enemies, which would have lead to blows had not the others interposed.

"He said he would shoot me," cried the old Boer, as he related the incident to his son, "if I came near his farm." Then

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raising his voice indignantly, Jan exclaimed, "Shoot me, indeed! I'll flay him alive if I catch him."

Young Jan felt sad on hearing what had taken place at the meeting, and he began to think that he had great difficulties to surmount if he would marry Johanna.

When *Oud* Jan's anger had cooled somewhat, he turned to his *vrouw* and said, "Hand me the Bible, Tante. That rascal Paul quoted from the Holy Book to show that he was in the right about the water. I am going to read it, and just prove to him that the Bible is on my side."

"Tante" gave him the Book, and "Oud" Jan was soon engrossed in its pages.

The Schierhouds retired to rest at 8 p.m. that evening as usual. Boer families go to bed shortly after the evening meal, and rise with the sun. When all the lights had been put out, and everything was quiet about the farm, Jan slipped softly out of the house, and was soon striding along the road that led to Van Der Merwe's farm. The distance was nothing to him, and he went along at a good, swinging pace. At length he came upon the house, and then proceeded more cautiously, seeking the shade as far as he could. The Van Der Merwes, he knew, would have retired, but he was afraid of being seen by any of the native boys employed on the farm, and his visit made known to old Paul. He glanced eagerly around, but saw no one, then crept to the back of the building, stole up to the window, and tapped gently. There was no response, so he tapped a little louder. Presently a face showed itself at the window, which was cautiously opened, and Johanna's head appeared.

"Is that you, Jan?" she whispered.

"Yes," replied the other in the same low tone.

"Oh, Jan," said the Dutch girl in some alarm, "pa says I must have nothing to do with any of you, or he will thrash me."

"Let him try," replied Jan, stoutly.

"You must be careful though, Jan."

"We must make up the quarrel between them, my *haartje*. It will be difficult, but we must plan some scheme."

Then the two put their heads together, and began to discuss the best way of terminating the quarrel. While they were thus engaged, voices were heard. "Still!" said Jan, as he crouched down, while Johanna withdrew from the window. They had hardly concealed themselves when two kaffirs passed close by, talking loudly as is their custom, on their way to their huts.

The Dutchman and his girl were unobserved, and they continued their interrupted conversation.

At length Jan said he must be off.

"I'll bring the spades, and remember we must be at Scholtz's at half-past eight to-morrow evening."

She gave a low laugh of assent, and Jan, bidding her an affectionate "Good-night," slipped away.

Young Jan was up next morning at his usual early hour, and the sun as it rose from behind the mountains saw him at work in the fields. But it was apparent that the young Boer had something on his mind. Occasionally a smile played about his mouth, and at other times he seemed convulsed with inward laughter. He screwed up his face in a most comical manner, as if to repress the mirth that would come bubbling up. As the day was drawing to a close Jan appeared so restless and fidgety that "Oud" Jan remarked to him: "What's the matter, my son. You can't sit still and smoke comfortably."

The other bent his head and remained silent.

That evening young Jan again left his father's home quietly, taking with him this time two spades. About half-way to the Van Der Merwe's he met Johanna, and the pair of conspirators traced their steps towards Jan's home. However, on approaching near the dwelling they made a long detour, as if to avoid observation, and then followed the stream of water—the cause of all the angry words—upwards until they reached a point near a farm house, which belonged to a German named Scholtz. He was an ill-tempered, surly old man, whom Jan and his sweetheart detested.

"Now for our work," said Jan, as he handed Johanna a spade, while retaining the other for himself.

There was not much moon, but the light was quite sufficient for their work.

The Dutch girl proved that she could handle a spade to good purpose, and, while Jan dammed up the stream, she commenced digging a trench to divert its course. Their object was to run the

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water into the German's vegetable garden, which lay in a hollow about fifty yards off. The task was no light one, but both worked with a will, and at length their efforts were rewarded by seeing the water running swiftly into the garden.

"It will serve him right," said Johanna. "He's a nasty, ugly old man."

They both sat down, and laughed heartily. They felt quite proud of the scheme they had contrived.

"But, Jan," said the girl a little uneasily, "you must be careful, and not let them know we did it."

"All right," replied the other. "But it will be difficult for me to keep from laughing." And he burst out again into loud guffaws.

After breakfast the following morning, *Oud* Jan was sitting on his stoep, smoking his big pipe, when his son came hurrying up, and told him, in a solemn voice, that someone had cut off their water, and the stream was quite dried up.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the old man in an outburst of rage. "It's that villain Paul Van Der Merwe. He's been up to some trick."

Picking up his sjambok, he hastened with his son to see for himself. He was examining the "furrow," when his attention was arrested by the noise of a horse's hoofs, and, looking up, he saw Van Der Merwe approaching with a gun slung over his shoulder.

"There's the man who has done it."

And with these words, *Oud* Jan hastened to meet his sworn foe. Prompted by the same feeling of enmity, the intruder put his horse at a quick trot.

"You have been taking my water again," shouted Van der Merwe, shaking his gun angrily at the other old Boer.

"You lie, you old rascal. You cut off the water yourself."

"You see I have brought my gun. I am not going to stand any more nonsense. If you don't give me my water at once, I'll shoot you as you stand there."

"You—you dare!" shouted the exasperated Jan. "I'll break every bone in your back with my sjambok. It's you that has stopped the water from coming here."

The other was about to make some angry retort, when young Schierhoud interposed, saying, "The water must have been turned away further up. We have had no water to-day. Come and see for yourself, Oom," concluded the artful Jan to the indignant visitor.

"It's some trick," muttered old Paul, but he followed the father and son to the stream, and saw that the bed was quite dry.

"I'll saddle your horse, *Vader,* and you can go with Paul and find out the cause."

"Yes, I'll get to the bottom of this," put in Van Der Merwe, doggedly.

"So will I," replied the other, not to be outdone.

Together the old Boers rode off, maintaining a sullen silence, for neither was quite sure he was not being made a dupe of. At length they arrived at the spot where the water had been dammed up. Neither said anything, but followed the new course the stream had taken, and then, for the first time, they perceived Scholtz, standing mud-deep in his garden. The water, flowing in the whole night, had regularly flooded it. There was one sheet of water, from which the tops of the taller vegetables only appeared. Others were entirely submerged.

Dismay was plainly depicted on the old German's face as he surveyed the damage.

"*Himmel!*" he was saying aloud. "Who has been doing dis?" He put his hands to his head, and tore his hair wildly.

At the sight of a common enemy, the old farmers forgot their own quarrel, and instinctively moved closer to one another.

"It's Scholtz's doing, Jan," said Van Der Merwe, in a confidential tone.

"We'll teach him a lesson to make fools of us like this, won't we, Paul?" responded the other.

"Hi!" they shouted in unison to the German, but he was too much concerned about his vegetables to heed the voices. Again they shouted in angry tones.

The old gardener looked up, and observed the horsemen.

"What do you mean by cutting off our water?" shouted *Oud* Jan, seeing that the German's attention had been arrested.

"Just you come here," said Van Der Merwe, threateningly.

The old German at first seemed astonished at being addressed in this fashion, then burst out indignantly, "Do you tink I am such a fool as to let the water

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in like dis? 'Can't you zee dat all my vegetables is spoild? *Himmel!* if I could catch de man dat did dis, I would break his bones in liddle pieces" (shaking his fist angrily in the air).

"Who did it, if you did not, then?" asked one of the Dutchmen.

"I don't know. I only wish I did. But what do you tink I vant with so much water? I don't vant de whole stream to make my vegetables grow. They are all drowned," he almost screamed.

"Someone has been playing a prank on the old man," said *Oud* Jan to the other.

"I tink I know who did it. If only I could hab him here" (clenching his hands) "I would teach him one liddle lesson," said the irate gardener, half to himself.

"Who was it, Scholtz?" inquired Van Der Merwe, eagerly.

"It's dat black nigger I turned off *mein* farm de odder day. He done it for spite, but if ever I zee him again, I'll give him sometink to remember me by. Just zee my vegetables!"

He looked at his garden in such a helpless sort of way, with such a dismal expression on his countenance, that the two old Boers burst out into a loud roar of laughter, their big bodies shaking so much that they almost rolled off their saddles. The old German gave them a glance of anger and disgust, which only served to increase the others' merriment.

The two neighbours rode off in high good humour. Having broken away the dam, and allowed the water to run into its true course, they returned to *Oud* Jan's farm the best of friends.

"You will have some coffee with me, Paul?"

"Ya, dank 'u."

And the two old enemies were soon seated on the stoep, drinking coffee, and smoking their pipes. The little difference that had existed between them was then and there amicably settled.

* * * *

It was not long after this satisfactory ending to the scheme, so skilfully carried through by the young people, that arrangements were made for the marriage of Jan Schierhoud, junior, and Johanna Van Der Merwe. The day prior to the wedding the young Dutchman rode over to the house of his betrothed. An important ceremony was to take place that evening.

Jan and his *haartje* were to *opzit*. The young couple retired to a small chamber, and, on the thick wooden table in the centre of the room a long tallow candle was placed burning. Through the solitary hours of the night young Jan and Johanna "kept company." The others in the house had retired, and all was quiet. It was an old Dutch custom, intended to give the engaged couple an opportunity of meditating upon their approaching marriage, and, if either wished, to withdraw at the last moment from his or her promise. Neither, however, seemed impressed in the least with the solemnity of this ancient rite. Jan whispered into his *haartje's* ear, and both went off into a fit of laughter. The tears rolled down their cheeks as, convulsed with mirth, they rocked to and fro. They still remembered the trick they had played on their respective parents. The candle gradually burnt down to its socket, flickered for a second, and then went out. They both rose, for the *opzitting* was over. Jan left the house, as day was just commencing to dawn, mounted his horse, and was soon on his way to his father's dwelling. But neither had needed any such test of the constancy of their love.

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HOW QUEEN VICTORIA USED TO SPEND SUNDAY.

By YORK HOPEWELL.

SO great and universal was the love which the British in all parts of the world bore towards their late Queen, that almost every action and word of hers was made to bear a significance and meaning which would scarcely have been troubled about at all in the case of an individual less important and less beloved. Hence, not only professing Christians, but thousands who make no profession of having any reverence for the Sabbath day, according to the demands of the Fourth Commandment, are nevertheless curious to learn how she regarded that day, and how she herself usually spent it.

At the outset of this article it may be said that the Commandment spoken of might well be taken as the text whose basis forms the precise lines upon which the Queen acted regarding Sunday work and worship. It formed the text of Royal obedience and the standard of Royal duty. The Queen's attitude towards the observance of the Lord's Day may be taken as having fallen under two heads—firstly, as regards its being one day of rest out of every seven; secondly, as regards its being a day for special worship of the Creator by His creature, Man.

Wherever she might be staying, the Queen had as little work done on Sunday as could possibly be managed. Of course, where State etiquette and affairs demanded the attendance of certain officials at Windsor, Osborne, or Balmoral, each and every day, there was of necessity a certain employment of persons about the Castles, who would otherwise have been at liberty all Sunday, and nobody regretted this more than her Majesty herself. Personally she preferred that every servant should, as far as possible, have Sunday entirelyfree from work, and this she herself tried to manage so far as it could be done.

Accordingly, there is no need for those who know that there were a great number of officials on duty with the Queen each Sabbath, to explain that her Majesty's wishes or commands were not the cause of this. It was simply the outcome of State business and regulations. And, to the writer's knowledge, the Queen more than once interfered to prevent one or other of her servants being too much employed on Sundays, and with a view to giving such an one more time for rest and worship.

The Queen was extremely religious. Those of her subjects who call to mind many little events in her private life during her long reign will at once deduce this, even were there not more prominent proof of it. The way in which her Majesty spoke in her letters to her people after some great personal trial, such as the death of the Duke of Clarence, gave us an insight into the real religious mind of our Sovereign. And this religious mind showed itself distinctly in the way the Queen spent her Sundays. She never omitted attending Divine Service at least once on the Lord's Day. And often she did so twice a day. Whether she was staying at one of her own homes, or on the Continent, or visiting at some favourite subject's house on that day—a rare occurrence this last one—never made any difference in this respect. Sunday morning service always found one person ever ready for it, and the preacher at the Royal Chapel connected with the Queen's residence could always reckon upon the attendance of his Queen at any rate.

The Queen had private chapels at all her residences, in which, as a rule, nobody attended Divine service except the Royalties, the household, and the guests at the Castle. She practically tabooed attending such places as Whippingham Church, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and Craithie Church, as she was subjected to such "mobbing" and rude staring by the crowds of visitors who

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used to congregate there when it was known that she would be at service.

Before the Sunday morning service, her Majesty, having risen at the usual time, about eight o'clock, went through such State documents as admitted of no delay or putting aside. Her private secretary only brought forward those papers that were absolutely necessary to be dealt with, and having perused these and given her instructions regarding them, the Queen's Sunday business may be said, as a general rule, to have come to an end. Her Majesty took her breakfast, whenever the weather was at all fine, in the open air. A tent was erected on the lawn of the house where she was staying, and far into October, if the days were bright, this served as a breakfast-room for herself and her Royal companions. By the time the meal was over, and a little free and easy talk had been indulged in, it was almost time to prepare for morning service, and most people of the Court accordingly thus prepared.

The little chapel in Windsor Castle is not far from the grand corridor, and the Queen had to mount the steps of the small white and gold staircase to reach it and her pew. For the Royal pew is raised above the floor of the chapel, and from it her Majesty could see all the members of the household seated below. Were there such a thing as inattention or somnolence, therefore, amongst the few down there it could not fail to be noticed. And rumour has it that on more than one occasion it was gently and privately reproved later on, much to the dismay of the delinquent, who fancied himself or herself unnoticed in those "forty winks" during the occasionally dull discourse of a Court chaplain.

This is not the place to speak of the various favourite preachers, but it may well be said that, even of those who often officiated before her, the Queen had one or two special favourites. And these were not always the ones who avoided speaking plainly on certain matters. What may not be generally known—indeed I have never seen it mentioned in an article that I know of—is the fact told me by one who has often appeared before her Majesty in her chapels that she always sang the hymns from a written sheet of paper, and never used a hymn-book. Some Court official had the duty regularly delegated to him each week of copying out in a large hand the whole of every hymn that was to be sung on the following Sunday upon separate papers. And these sheets were the ones that the Queen sang from.

When in Scotland, the Queen joined in the Presbyterian mode of service just as fervently and heartily as she did in that of the Church of England when at Osborne or Windsor. She did not like long sermons, a quarter of an hour being the limit allowed to Court preachers.

After chapel came luncheon, which differed nowise from that of weekdays, and then came the question of how Sunday afternoon was to be spent. Now the larger proportion of people have one special method of spending Sunday afternoon. They look upon it as being an extremely quiet, drowsy time, restful after an extra good dinner; and accordingly they betake themselves to a peaceful chamber where they can doze along very nicely till tea-time!

The Queen used to spend the afternoon quietly many years ago, in little walks and talks with her husband when he was living, and later with her children as they grew up. But of late, when she was too old to take long walks, and when most of her sons and daughters had left her, she spent Sunday afternoon mostly as she spent other afternoons, by taking a long drive. Her usual companion on these occasions was the Princess Beatrice, though sometimes Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, for whose companionship the Queen showed latterly a great fondness, went with her. The Queen's carriage was invariably drawn by two or four horses on these drives, and was, except for the equerries, devoid of all state.

Indeed, when the writer has met it sometimes along the roads about Windsor it might often have been passed by unnoticed, as simply an ordinary carriage with occupants of the better class, by one who did not know or recognise her Majesty.

Should any Royal visitors, such as the Princess of Wales, be staying with the Queen, it was almost a *sine qua non* that they should accompany their Royal hostess in her drive on Sundays, and the fortunate visitor to Royal domains who chanced to meet the carriage was often privileged to see three Princesses accompanying the Queen.

The latter was always, when I thus met

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the carriage, seated at the right-hand side facing the horses, no matter which way the wind or rain was coming.

After the drive came the Sunday tea, and it must be confessed that this was truly a real English Sunday tea-time scene. It was taken indoors and the grandchildren were generally very much in evidence at it.

They did enjoy that delightful gossip with their grandmother at the Sunday tea. Yet the talk was ever interesting, and there have been many lessons, grand, noble, and Christian, instilled into Royal minds from loving words and advice spoken by the lips of the Sovereign at these meetings. No family party in the land was more essentially truly a typical English one than that round the Queen's own table at the Sunday tea. Her Majesty all her life had a woman's failing—and how many men object to it, too?—for afternoon tea.

Tea being over there was a general break-up of the Royal party until the dinner later. The hours intervening were spent largely according to the individual inclination of the members of it. The Queen herself mostly rested, or held quiet conversation with her most trusted attendants. Very often the band of the regiment in attendance at Windsor played on the East Terrace of the Castle, and the various members of the Royal family strolled out on the terrace to listen to it. Sometimes the Queen herself appeared there, but lately she confined her enjoyment of the music to standing or sitting in one of the wide windows of the drawing-rooms that look upon the beautiful scene over the East Terrace, where she had a good view of the promenaders, and could hear the band excellently without any fatigue.

The junior members of the Royal family usually came out and promenaded the terrace, and took infinite interest in the crowds of public who also attended by permission of the Sovereign, to listen to the music. They also, on their part, found much pleasure in watching these juvenile royalties.

The dinner-hour having arrived, the Queen had always one certain guest, namely, the clergyman who had preached to her during the morning service in her private chapel To that gentleman, her Majesty always made a point of being especially attentive, often discussing the subject of his discourse with him, and still oftener conversing about church preachers, and methods of bygone days.

She took great interest in such matters, and few people were better worth listening to than the Queen on these points, for her experience was so extensive and so prolonged. Many a clergyman who thus spoke with her has acknowledged how much he owes to her for wider views and better knowledge on many subjects than he had previously.

When dinner was over, she usually stopped in the grand corridor to say a few words both of welcome and of her pleasure to the guest or guests, and then retired to her own private sitting-room for the rest of the evening. Here she either read, or had read to her by the lady-in-waiting, some book in which she took much interest, often a religious work or study; or else one of the Princesses or waiting-maids was called upon to sing and play some of her favourite pieces from the oratorios or some songs. This amateur musical festival was generally much enjoyed by the Queen, who had ever been greatly charmed by singing and pianoforte playing. She used at one time to take the accompaniments herself, but that was years ago.

Then at last, about eleven o'clock, or a little sooner, the Sunday of the mightest sovereign on earth came to an end with the arrival of bedtime. Sunday nights in Royal palaces, as in the humblest homes throughout our land, usually see an earlier bed-time than week nights. The hostess of Windsor Castle having assured herself earlier in the day that all the arrangements for the night-rest of her guests were quite satisfactory, they retired when they were so disposed. She herself, at the age of eighty-two, or nearly so, could always retire knowing that her Sunday had been well and wisely spent; that her conscience approved of what she had done during the hours of the day. No wonder the Queen spent a happy Sabbath, and that she enjoyed Sunday. Would that everybody did the same!

YORK HOPEWELL.

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HELEN KELLER.

The Wonderful Blind Deaf Mute, of Harvard University.

By REV. JAMES JOHNSTON.

THE story of Helen Keller, the phenomenal deaf, dumb, and blind student recalls the famous blind mute, Laura Bridgman, whose powers aroused the wonder of two such keen observers as Dickens and Lyell some sixty years ago.

In the case of Laura Bridgman, despite the loss of sight, hearing, smell, and impaired sense of taste, she became under the skilful tuition of that noble-hearted benefactor, Dr. Howe, of Boston, the wonder of her time. Of Laura's career the Hon. Charles Sumner observed that it "warms with magic influence the hearts of men," while "she throws untold interest about the blind, and the sympathy excited by her remarkable case is extended to a whole class." Charles Dickens, likewise, subsequently wrote eulogistically of Laura in *American Notes*.

It would appear that the record of Miss Keller is even more noteworthy than Laura Bridgman's. Helen Keller was not born blind or deaf, but—

> Alas! the summer's blight,
> The dread disease that none can stay,—

a long and wasting illness, when she was only eighteen months' old, left her in a blind, deaf, and dumb condition. In spite of this, Helen became possessed of an unusually acute perceptive faculty, which she names "the power of feeling with my soul."

At seven years old her devoted teacher and life-long friend, Miss Sullivan, was engaged for her, and, through the tuitive gifts of this lady, Helen Keller has shown extraordinary physical and mental development, her achievements indicating how carefully she has been trained and with what marvellous success.

When it is remembered that Helen was seven before she was taught anything, her accomplishments are the more astonishing. All languages are a joy to her, and since, in a moderate degree, she has learned by placing her fingers upon her instructor's lips, nose, and throat, and exercising her own muscles in imitation, to use her voice, she can, of course, learn the oral part of any other language in practically the same way. Especially is she helped by the vibration of the speaker's lips, interpreting what one is saying by placing a finger on the upper lip of the speaker, if the latter is at all clear in enunciation.

Endowed with the sense of touch only, Helen Keller has, nevertheless, by this means, struggled upward under heroic circumstances, so that, in face of well-nigh overwhelming disqualifications, she has earned the title of being a student of marked promise,—speaking English, acquainted with French and German, writing a good hand and operating a typewriter accurately; a prodigy indeed!

Apart from the initial stage of learning, viz., by the aid of her fingers, the raised letter books serve for grammar, composition, and so on; her excellent memory supplying the rest.

After a course of private training in girlhood, from her inseparable companion, Miss Sullivan, she entered the preparatory school at Cambridge, Mass., in order to fit herself for Radcliffe College, and was given for entrance examination the papers, in part, which the candidates for Harvard and Radcliffe have to answer.

These she passed with great credit, no allowance whatever being made for her. The answers, amazing to relate, were type-written, in clear, precise English, with few mistakes in spelling, punctuation, or anything else, and this too, at the early age of sixteen, a little over four years ago.

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Miss Keller's methods of learning are interesting. Her hands are wonderfully sensitive, flexible and delicate, and scarcely ever still for a minute, inasmuch as she has to do all her seeing and hearing and much of her talking with them. Invariably the hands are clasped in Miss Sullivan's, and, in that way they "talk" almost as readily as other people in ordinary conversation.

As may be inferred, Helen was not entirely satisfied with that medium of communication, and, determined to conquer all obstacles, she bent her whole energies to escape this limited range of communication, with the result that she has learned to articulate and talk like her fellow creatures. Though her speech is somewhat indistinct, still it can be easily understood, and she is improving all the time, gaining clearness by practice, and depending less upon employing the alphabet of the hands. When talking aloud she speaks quickly, as a rule, fixing her unseeing eyes upon her companion's face, and every feature alive and glowing with interest. Displaying wonderful clearness in the expression of her ideas she uses no unnecessary words.

MISS HELEN KELLER IN HER TWENTIETH YEAR.

A crowning triumph came to Helen Keller a year ago, on passing the entrance examination to Radcliffe College, the women's annexe of Harvard University, with flying colours, qualifying her to become a regular member of the Freshman Class revelling in the delights of the higher education. The examination papers were in the raised point system, her answers written upon a typewriter, in the use of which she is nowadays an expert. At the lectures previously Helen was accompanied by Miss Sullivan, who conveyed to her through the manual language the professor's words. Surely no other college girl in history ever before had to combat such disabilities in preparing for admission as Miss Keller and, perhaps, no other ever felt such exultation over examinations passed and ambitions achieved. It seems that Miss Keller not only fulfilled the entrance requirements, but so absorbing is her devotion to study, that she also passed in advanced Freshman English and advanced French. She reads French and German as efficiently as English, and essays to speak in the former languages. This heroine even studies Latin, and is well equipped in Greek; a brilliant reward for the past seven years of persistent effort.

Her work at Radcliffe during the first few months of college life has realised the highest expectations in History, French, German, English, composition, daily themes, etc. Unlike most of the students attending the college lectures Miss Keller takes no notes of what she receives, being gifted with the rare faculty of retaining what she has once heard. To her, this capacity of "holding fast" is of advantage in many ways. In addition to acquiring from the field of study or gleaning in social conversation, she has the happy faculty of being able, so to speak, to take up with her friends "just where they left off."

Of Miss Keller's personal traits several pleasant features may be noted. At the age of sixteen she was described as a tall, graceful, well-formed girl, with bright and attractive face. With pretty brown curly hair, she dressed simply and comfortably, like any other girl of her age. Seen among other girls one would hardly notice any difference between her and them, as she joined in all their plays, laughed and

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talked, and enjoyed the fun and frolic as much as those around her. A healthy girl, then and now, seldom knowing what

AS SHE APPEARED SOME YEARS AGO.

sickness meant, Helen was as gay and cheerful as a bird. Accustomed, likewise, in the intermissions of study to dance with her schoolfellows in perfect time to the music of the piano, she was always popular among them.

Until that time Helen Keller had been told little concerning death, and had only a vague idea of what the "Angel of the Shadow" implied. But about the same period she began to realise it sorely by the decease of her dear father, an editor by profession, settled in Tuscumbia, Alabama. Helen's grief was very great, and although earnestly wishing to go direct home to comfort her mother, it was not at that juncture thought desirable.

Dowered with intellectual qualifications which enlist the attachment of those who are close to her, Miss Keller has the winning virtues too, through her wholesome sense of interest in others and her appreciation of all that goes to make life pleasant. As a friend says, she makes much sunshine for herself and everyone around her. In a less degree it may be declared of Miss Helen Keller what Sumner finely said of the historian Prescott: "Wherever he passes he leaves a path of sunshine, and flowers spring up in his footprints"; so characteristic is the air of playfulness from her presence.

The spiritual nature of Miss Keller is elevated to such a degree that she may almost be regarded as having a virgin soul—a being as sinless as our fallen nature will permit.

Her achievements are not confined to purely intellectual pursuits. The ranks of cyclists received a notable addition about five years since when she joined them, riding the wheel, or using a tandem bicycle with a friend, and deriving as much joy as any of her companions from this novel exercise. She is also fond of walking, and exercises herself in sewing, crochets, embroiders, and is reputed to play a capital game of chess.

A visit by Helen Keller to the Boston Art Museum some two years since was pronounced by those present a unique scene, as the gifted, beautiful, blind girl passed with rapt face from statue to statue, examining each with deftness and quickness, showing astonishing perception and appreciation of the artist's thought through her sensitive fingers as readily as a seeing person could take it in by a glance. Not less surprising was her familiarity with Apollo, Medusa, and Neptune in the old Greek mythologies, and the references thereto in the writings of Euripides and Sappho, or the mighty creations of Pericles and Michael Angelo.

Miss Keller's case is one that furnishes

ASCERTAINING WHAT A PERSON SAYS BY PLACING THE FINGERS ON SPEAKER'S NOSE, LIPS, AND THROAT.

good ground for satisfaction with the age in which we live. A century earlier, a child who had lost the power of sight,

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hearing, and speech would have been condemned, at the best, to something akin to a useless, if not animal, existence. Happily, in our day, even to a soul so fettered, much of the best that life has to give can be imparted. Not everyone, unfortunately, is so favourably placed as Miss Keller is in the quality of the education she has received, but, as a writer remarks, what has been accomplished in this particular instance may reasonably encourage every rational effort to help others labouring under the same hardship.

In order that Helen Keller—a worthy type of noble young womanhood, may be lifted beyond want or thought of material needs—a number of generous Americans, including the novelist, Mr. Howells, have secured a sum of 50,000 dollars for her education and support, and her loyal teacher, Miss Sullivan, during their lives.

HELEN AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

What vocation she may eventually follow, whether literary or scholastic, is undetermined. Miss Keller has already a wide knowledge of English, and her style of writing is promising, displaying much individuality. While she may always be under the misfortune of lacking much in human experience that others have, she makes such rich use of what she has that her future endeavours in the line of writing may bring forth many surprises. Although entirely deaf and blind, Miss Keller frequently shows appreciation of sound and colour.

Her inspiring qualities may be judged from a recent reply to the question, "The one New Year's resolution I have tried to keep." Helen Keller's answer was as follows: "I have, like other people, I suppose, made many resolutions that I have broken, or only half kept, but the one which I send you, and which was in my mind long before it took the form of a resolution, is the keynote of my life. It is this—always to regard as mere impertinences of fate the handicaps which were placed upon my life almost at the beginning. I resolved that they should not crush or dwarf my soul, but rather be made to blossom like Aaron's rod, with flowers."

That the words might be appropriately uttered by Helen, not to

> falter more or less
> In my great task of happiness,

all who know her will appreciate. Not caring to be "exploited" and rarely allowing herself to be photographed, she is the enbodiment of self-forgetfulness and sweet simplicity of nature.

Happier too, than the blind girl of Castel-Cuille, doomed to despair, of whom Longfellow sings in his translation from Jasmin, the French peasant-poet, Helen Keller lives in a world serene, where "the shades are less, and the lights are higher," content to repeat on life's ways Milton's immortal lines of submission:—

> God doth not need
> Either man's works or his own gifts.
> Who best
> Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best.
> . . . .
> They also serve who only stand and wait.

JAMES JOHNSTON.

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Conducted by
THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE.

I have before me some letters written by a member in Bangalore, South India, to her little charge in the South of London, and I cannot refrain from giving a few extracts; they are so womanly and sympathetic that they may be suggestive to other members :—

I am so sorry, dear, to learn of your sad trial, and I am going to try to make your life a little brighter by writing to you once a month or sending you a magazine, and you will write in your own turn and tell me about yourself, won't you, dear? Tell me about your home, and your brothers or sisters—you have two or three, haven't you? I am sending you a stamped envelope with my address, so if you just put your letter into the envelope and have it posted, it will get to me all right, but it will take a long time to get to this land, for I am far across the sea. I wonder if you know where India is, Katie? I expect you do, as you are getting a big girl—you are fourteen, are you not? You must tell me when your birthday is. Well, a month ago I was in England—in London, where you are—and then I came with my father and mother and sister in a very big ship, and we were one month on the sea! Isn't that a long time to be travelling? India is the home of the brown people, you know, and it is a much hotter place than England. We never have any snow or ice or frost here, but the sun shines every day, and it is all very bright and warm . . . You must ask me any questions about India or about England or about myself, or about yourself—any little things that trouble you or that you would like to have help about—you will ask me, won't you, dear? For we are going to be friends, Katie, are we not! and friends always tell each other their troubles and their joys, you know. . . . Poor little Katie! you have had a lot to bear in your little life—more pain than ever I have had—and, dear, I think you are very brave. I always think that Christ must love and be very tender, especially to those who have had much pain, because He so knows what it is, doesn't He? and He will and does help you, I'm sure, to bear it bravely and patiently. All those months lying in the hospital must have been hard to bear, but you were a brave child. How did it happen, Katie, in the very beginning? Were you quite right when you were a small child? I am so glad you help mother with her needlework: she must be very busy; does she do anything else? Are you fond of knitting? What is your favourite occupation, Katie? Do you ever play with dolls, or do you think you are too old for them? I used to be very fond of dolls till I was about thirteen, when I went to a boarding school in England, and then we were always so busy with lessons I had no time to play. I looked after a little girl there—Ethel was her name—she was only eight when she came to school, and I used to help her dress in the morning and put her to bed at night, and altogether look after her. She was so young, dear little mite, to leave her father and mother, but they are missionaries in Madagascar (an island off Africa). But she is a dear little child, and we both love each other like sisters now. She misses me very much, poor little thing, and I miss her too. I write often to her. She writes to say, "I do love you so, *so* much, darling pet, and I want you back so!" She is ten now: she was dreadfully lonely when she first went to school, and I tried to make her a little happier.

I think I may take it on me to say that none of us can read such a letter as this without feeling interested; there is such kindly, self-unconscious womanliness flowing through it all. If that be so with us, who may be grown-up and strong, is it hard to understand how such a letter can give food for thought, for pleasant day-dreams, and unwearied talk for many, many days, to a poor, suffering girl, compelled by lameness and a weak spine to keep in-doors month after month, with few, if any, to speak to beyond mother (when she is not out at work), and the weekly visitor

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from the Ragged School Union? It is to her a waft of fragrance from afar, and sunshine comes with it.

Yet there are six thousand such poor and crippled children—many whose cases are far worse than this one's—in London alone! The loneliness and weariness of these young sufferers is often beyond expression. Yet there are many kind hearts in all parts of the world who fain would cheer these maimed children—the little "prisoners of God"—if they could. Can it be done? It can—by the Crutch-and-Kindness League. Its working is fairly denoted by the member from whose letter the above extract is given; all that the League asks is that a letter be sent once a month, or, failing time for this, some illustrated magazine, or anything else that would interest a poor, friendless, and suffering child. Who cannot do this, young or old, weak or strong, living afar-off or near? Already members are in all quarters of the globe; distance is nothing, the good heart is all, and it is difficult to think of any simpler or kinder way of training the young to a sympathetic disposition than by this means.

All further information about this most helpful and beneficent work may be had for a stamp from *Mr. John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John-street, Theobald's-road, London, W.C.*

It gives me very great pleasure to mark the quick increase of members of the League in Jerusalem, and the more so in noting the Arabic names—as may be seen in the subjoined list of new members for the month. It was in Jerusalem that the great League of Pity began nineteen centuries ago. That natives of Jerusalem should write to poor crippled children in far-away London now is a proof of very much more than the progress of steam and machinery. I feel it in my heart to sing with these Arab lads the great *Hallel*! This letter will be read with interest:—

Jerusalem.

I told our boys' school about the League, and gave them the story of Cripple Charley to read, and they were so greatly interested in it that several of them have begged me to send in their names for membership in the Crutch-and-Kindness League, and to have a boy to write to. These boys are all Arabs, Christians, and mostly members of the Church of England. They are day scholars in the school, and all speak and write English fairly well. Should you accede to their wish they will write regularly, and do all they can for the cripples given them. As we have no cripple institutions here, and there is so little for young people to do in this kind of work of love I hope you will be able to let the boys do this little kindness. The only English boy in the list is Jack Palmer. The boys could, perhaps, have one cripple between two to write to and be kind to.

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH.

Miss Rosalie E. A. Deane, Cuckfield; Mrs. Tomalin, Southend; Miss Beatrice Parry, Tunbridge Wells; Miss Eva Mott, care of Miss Hayward, Blackheath; Cyril Harris, care of Miss Freeman, Ealing; Miss A. Ellis, Bromley, Kent; Miss L. Wheeler, St. Leonard's-on-Sea; Miss Dorothy Hoblyn, Plymouth; Miss Monica Lang, St. Issey; Miss Frances Martin, Cirencester; Miss J. M. Pallister, Haverfordwest; Miss Lilian Flower, Broadway; Miss Alice Drysdale, Glasgow; Miss G. Cunnington, Buxton; Miss E. Huckle, Bury; Miss Dora Heald, Fallowfield; Miss M. E. Risk, Bath; Jack Clappen, Stanley Clappen, Cirencester; Miss F. Rippen, Stoke Newington; Miss A. Cunningham, care of Miss Cattermole, Highbury; Miss Olive Baraugh, Hull; Miss Davies, Birmingham; Miss Edith Stanton, Finsbury Park; Miss Rose Mollison, Glasgow; Miss Ursula Slater, Evesham; Miss Helen Rolason, Birmingham; Miss Nellie Roberts, Tiverton; Miss Clara Taylor, Liverpool; Miss Grace Bates, care of Mrs. Drysdale, Liverpool; Miss Joyce Brown, care of Mrs. Drysdale, Liverpool; Miss Amy Calder, Upper Norwood; Miss Helen Evill, Hyde Park; Blanche Pratt, Lily Philips, Ethel Philips, Alice Kent, Flora Bramwhite, Annie Clark, care of Miss Howard, E. Dulwich; Miss A. Gibbons, New Zealand; Nasir Jamal, Tewfik Barakat, Jack Palmer, Benjamin Haddad, Peter Shaghoari, Emil Meo, Mub-arak Morcas, Aziz Jamal, care of Mrs. Blyth, Jerusalem; Miss Saunders, Stoke Ferry; Miss E. Sinclair, Wallasey; Mrs. Davis, Miss Cathie Shand, Miss Daisy Clark, care of Mrs. Davis, S. Africa; Miss Annie Foster, Liss; Miss Frances Payne, Wimbledon; Miss Winifred Dyke, Weston-super-Mare.

OUR COMPETITIONS.

I have received several letters suggesting subjects for competition. Some of these are very good, but some are far better. In both cases are many suggestions which have already, and recently, been acted upon.

One young friend pleads for the opportunity to play the novelist. I should myself like this very much, but I don't know where the space is to come from, for the novels are few that can be crushed into a column or two, and it would be a little hard on other would-be competitors to see the room taken up month after month with what has "to be continued in the next." This writer is anxious that the novel idea should be put into execution soon, or he will be over the age to compete! Let me congratulate him both on his growth and his genius for tales; let him keep up the genius, and the years will bring him nearer to the time when he can have his first novel accepted by a publisher, and be found, to his delight, and—of course—that of many readers, in book form.

The best, most abundant, and most likely suggestions have come from Una Mann, Sunnyside, Otley, to whom, accordingly, I have sent the prize volume. I am not, of course, going to print her letter right-off, but

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I intend using some of the topics she suggests, without saying which comes from her head, and which from my own, so that no one may be jealous. That's fair, isn't it? Whether it is her idea, then, or my own, doesn't matter, but the next competition will be this :—

"OUR TOWN."

To be sure, everybody doesn't live in a town ; some folks live in cities, some in villages, and some in hamlets, but the size or importance of the place does not matter. What I want you to do is to give a description of the place *you* live in, the queer folks who live there too, together with anything in the way of history or tradition connected with it, taking the chance to sharpen up your powers of description of people or scenery. All letters must have the name and address of the writer, his or her age (under 16), and be sent—not later than the 20th of this month—the sooner the surer—to Rev. J. Reid Howatt, The Crescent, Camberwell Grove, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.

For the best letter I shall give a handsome and interesting volume, such as has brought out the hearty thanks of all who have been fortunate to receive one. Mind ! by the 20th, and no harm if earlier—so set to work at once.

As I have no wish to enter into the competition myself, let me give this month just a few items that may amuse.

Here is a word worth committing to memory, to be uttered severely and threateningly when you want to terrify one younger than yourself into submission :—

Suelpaardelooszonderspoorwegpetroolryting.

The meaning does not matter very much, the sound being everything, but it may be as well for you to know that it is Dutch for "the quick-horseless-open-ordinary-road-running-petroleum-carriage or motor-car."

* * * *

This may also help you to acquire Chinese. It is a half-way house, being "pidgin-English," or Anglo-Chinese. I once started to learn Chinese myself, but find this easier :—

Singee songee sickapence
Pockee muchee lye (rye) ;
Dozen two time blackee bird
Cookee in e pie.
When him cutee topside
Birdie bobbery sing ;
Himee tinkee nicee dish,
Setee foree king.

Kingee in a talkee loom (room)
Countee muchee money ;
Queenie in e kitchee,
Chew-chee breadee honey.
Servant-gilo shakee,
Hangee washee clothes ;
Chop-chop comee blackee bird,
Nippee off her nose.

* * * *

This may enable you to remember the days of the month, though you must not forget that the peculiar dampness of the poetry is only occasional :—

Dirty days hath September,
April, June, and November ;
From January up to May
The rain it raineth every day.
All the rest have thirty-one
Without a single gleam of sun ;
And if any of them had two-and-thirty
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.

* * * *

At a recent public school examination for girls this composition was handed in by a girl of twelve (you needn't agree with it unless you like) :—"The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their toung till they are spoken to, and they answer respectable, and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where the water is deep. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and he stops wading and stays out nights, but the grown-up girl is a widow and keeps house."

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FOR HOME AND SUNDAY READING.

VOL. 5. JUNE, 1901. No. 9.

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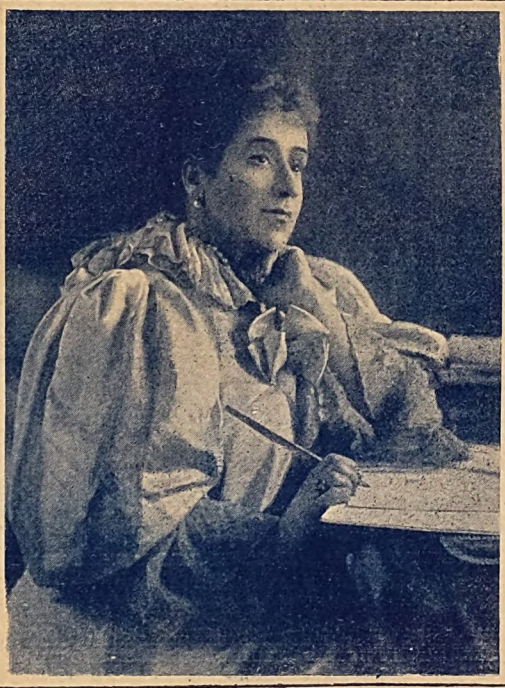

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FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

HAVE YOU LEARNT:

That many people are better than they seem? That he who accepts many gifts pays dearly for them? To defer the discussion of vital questions until after breakfast? To make the best of dreary weather, the brown landscape, and the grey sky? That to get something for nothing is contrary to the laws of nature and mankind? A new, important lesson from the books you read, the work you do, or people you meet?

AN INTERESTING TRIO OF SISTERS.

The Duchess of Northumberland's sisters are interesting types, as representing the cultured, clever, but serious-minded aristocrats of the earlier Victorian era. Lady Frances Balfour is a clever woman and strong-minded. In 1879 she married Colonel Eustace Balfour, of Whittinghame, himself a man of many interests and attainments. Lady Frances is a great reader and a thoughtful writer, articles from her pen, on topics of the day, often appearing in the leading reviews and magazines. She also possesses the rare gift of oratory, and takes rank as one of the best women platform speakers of the day. Lady Mary Carr-Glyn is well known in ecclesiastical society as wife of the Bishop of Peterborough. But the Duchess of Northumberland's unmarried sister, Lady Victoria Campbell, is, perhaps, the most strenuous and original in her works and ways. She has practically retired from society, and interests herself solely in religious and philanthropic labours in the Highlands of Scotland. She now resides in the Island of Tiree.

There is energy of moral suasion in a good man's life passing the highest efforts of an orator's genius.

WEDDING "PROGRAMMES."

Favours at weddings seem entirely out of date, and the well-known bunches of white flowers, green leaves, white satin ribbon, and silver foil are no longer seen at the smart marriages. Another new notion is to have the initials of bride and bridegroom printed on the outside of the leaflet of hymns, etc., given to the guests on their arrival at the church—the "Wedding Programme," as it was funnily described at a recent wedding.

Thus, under the name of the church and the date of the marriage would appear the two sets of intials, "A.B.," "C.D."—the initials separate and not intertwined. An old-established custom decreed that a bride's veil should cover her face as she enters the church and goes up the aisle. But a recent important bride changed this convention, and walked into church and to the chancel-steps with her veil thrown back over her hair.

This, by the way, is the Royal mode of procedure when an English Princess is married.

LADIES AS POOR-LAW GUARDIANS.

The question of ladies as Poor-law Guardians is one of frequent recurrence. There is much to be said in favour of having a lady Poor-law Guardian on every Board of Guardians, as there have been many instances where the women and children in the workhouse have suffered needlessly owing to the fact that their necessities were not fully understood or gone into by the existing Board, composed entirely of men. The ordinary officials can very well cope with the men who are casuals or regular inmates of the "house," but it is essentially a woman's work to see to the welfare of the women and children. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the innovation may gain ground and become custom.

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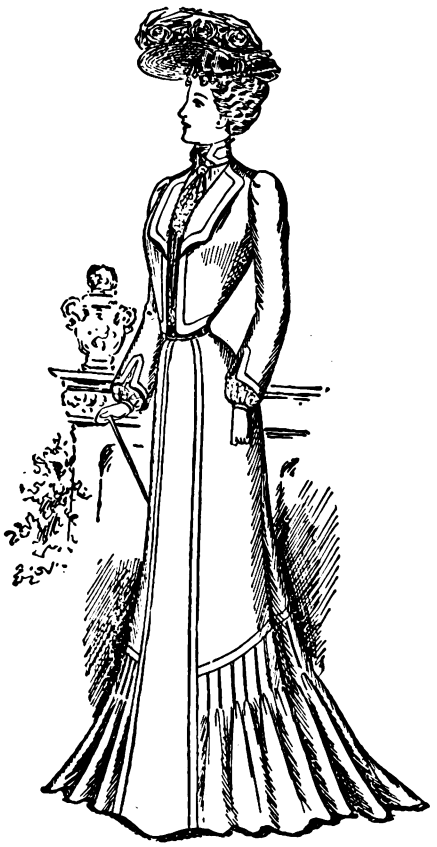
FRIEZE GOWN.

A very useful gown can be arranged from frieze of not too dark a shade—such a gown as many girls are requiring for travelling and afternoon wear, or from Saturday to Monday occasions, before the weather gets really hot. The question of luggage is always a difficult one upon such occasions, and if only a toilet can be obtained that will allow of several changes, its possession will prove of enormous value. In such case a pale grey frieze, or even a rough blue frieze,



is recommended. This is warm enough, if a coat is supplied, for most occasions, while certainly if a grey is chosen it will look smart and dressy if a bright blouse is worn with it. The skirt should be made with strappings of the frieze, while no lining need be used for such a skirt, and the coat may either be made in the short bolero fashion, with cut-open sleeves and a dressy under-sleeve beneath, or it can be cut in quite long three-quarter shape; all must depend upon the figure of the wearer, but the latter arrangement would probably prove most useful. For the bodice either a white tucked silk could be employed or a grey glacé trimmed with coffee-coloured lace. Such a blouse would look perfectly smart for afternoon and calling wear, while it would be none too much for even travelling, if the coat is worn over. With such a dress a really pretty large black hat would be more suitable than anything else, for black is economical and always looks well, while it could be trimmed with black tulle and pink roses, and could be lined with white tucked chiffon, with a big bow of black velvet resting on the hair. Grey gloves must, of course, be worn with such a costume—suède for smart occasions, but for travelling it is better to wear grey doeskin gloves, which wear so well, although a little expensive in the first place.

THE RUFFLE.

The ruffle, even in the days of Queen Elizabeth, was never in greater glory than now. Ranging from a tiny thing worn round the neck to an enormous creation which frames the head and face, and rests far back on the shoulders, the ruffle is to be seen on nearly nine-tenths of smart costumes. Quite the most becoming are the very transparent ones, which show the line of neck through, and are made of the thinnest black or white tulle or net, wired to stand well out. The thicker ones are apt to blot out the graceful line from the ear to the arm, and put the whole figure out of symmetry. Long chenille ends are worn with these ruffles, sometimes with little butterfly dots of net to match the ruffle at the end of each rope.

An enormous white net ruffle is edged with the smallest violets possible, and is a becoming finish; this, like similar ruffles, has long chiffon ends, pleated. Other ruffles are made of soft silk poppies or roses in any colour, crushed together to make them like a whole bed of flowers. The long ends are formed of strings of blossoms.

A thousand times to come short of the mark of the high calling, and yet to have courage, is a noble result. If we are not frustrated a thousand times we have no strength. The buckler is brightened by scouring, the sword is sharpened by grinding. To attain courage is a noble achievement. To sink down into limpness and invertebrate acceptance of the thing called fate, to be a moral jellyfish instead of a highly-organised human being, with a bold power of resistance and defiance, is to become unworthy of the powers given us by Nature.

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GREEN VOILE GOWN.

The dress illustrated is very smartly and becomingly designed. The model from which it is sketched was made of mignonette-green voile, piped with velvet in a rather deeper green. This piping, carried down the front, is afterwards arranged in a wavy line so as to assist the idea of a shaped flounce. There is none, however, but the skirt is so cut as to flow out just as a shaped flounce would. In front the skirt opens over a panel of accordion-pleated green silk, and the revers are faced with similar silk,

embroidered in gold and fine chenille, the latter showing the tones of bright red, cream, and amber that appear on the blossom of the mignonette. The waistcoat, collar, bodice-revers, and under-sleeves are all made of this embroidered silk. The puffs of the sleeves and the folded belt are both made of the green silk. A little lace bow in a creamy tint is fastened at the neck. The hat is made of rush-green chip, and trimmed with lace and roses. Mignonette or reséda green is expected to be very much in favor this season, especially in the paler tones that have even more grey than green in them. In this pastel tint it has almost the effect of a neutral colour and as it combines extremely well with mauve, it has all the qualifications for success at a time when pale and half-mourning colors are in request.

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WISDOM.

Wisdom is not the same with understanding; talents, capacity, ability, sagacity, sense of prudence—not the same with any kind of these; neither will all these together make it up. It is that exercise of the reason into which the heart enters—a structure of the understanding rising out of the moral and spiritual nature. It is for this cause that a high order of wisdom—that is a highly intellectual wisdom—is still more rare than a high order of genius. When they reach the very highest order they are one; for each includes the other, and intellectual greatness is matched with moral strength.—HENRY TAYLOR.

There are four things that come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.

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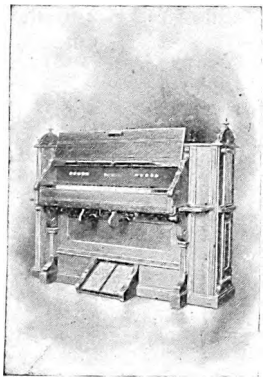

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FOULARD GOWNS.

Surely the joys of foulard will never wane. These beautiful materials seem to get lovelier year by year, and although the larger designs are as fashionable as ever they were, still we seem to be using a good deal of the old-time spotted foulard, which is so dainty and pretty and always becoming. The spots are set much further apart than they used to be, while, as to the color, the beautiful cornflower blue and a lovely shade of deep violet are

amongst the most modish. In every case these gowns are being made up with lace, cream-color if you will, but tan-color for choice. Indeed, the deeper the shade of lace the smarter it seems to be. Quite plain skirts, so far as the actual cut is concerned, are used for these foulard gowns, but the whole skirt is then strapped and striped with bands of lace insertion. These are carried down almost to the foot hem, and there end in a sharp point or mitre. Occasionally, quite a vivid contrast is used for the waist-band, collar, and cuffs, and one of the prettiest Royal blue foulards I have seen showed these details made of pistache-green panne velvet. The bodice was cut slightly open over the shoulders, and a very handsome capelet of coarse biscuit-coloured lace was arranged as flatly as possible, while the under-front was also of tan-coloured lace, arranged over white chiffon; and, although so simple, this gown was extremely smart and becoming. With such a costume almost any hat could be worn, but either a large white or a large black one would undoubtedly look best. A touch of the pale green colour should be added, and, while talking of such vivid contrasts, I might mention that one of the most Parisian of these combinations is a touch of cerise with violet. Indeed, violet foulard, carried out as I have suggested, with waistband and cuffs of cerise, would look especially smart and stylish.

FROU-FROUS.

It is important nowadays to own so many pretty frou-frous. For instance, the flounce of our gowns, the lining of our cloaks, the insides of our sleeves, must all be edged with frills and furbelows of some kind or other. The French have a dainty and fascinating way of piping the edge of their lace with a tiny ruching of chiffon. This is very suitable for using for the lining of cloaks and the cascades on our under-vests. Petticoats, of course, require something more substantial, and here closely-gathered lace of a not too expensive quality would be the best to use. Neck-ruffles are all the mode, and are made more of white tulle or white net than of anything else. A charming fashion is a huge ruche of white net and a huge ruche of black net combined; either the black or the white being worn next the face, whichever proves most becoming.

The man who cannot govern himself is unfit to rule others.

True culture carries with it an atmosphere of breadth—the world and not the village. A woman, lacking it, was said to betray by her conversation a mind of narrow compass, bounded on the north by her servants, on the east by her children, on the south by her ailments, and on the west by her clothes.

There are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and despatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to your own credit and interest, and that of others, may be committed; without the third nothing can be well done; and without the fourth opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall.

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Few English faces can carry this style of hat really becomingly, but, happily, we are allowed as much licence as we will, and we may, therefore, turn our hats back or tilt them over the face, just as we will. Black hats made of gathered or tucked tulle are delightfully becoming, and as they are not expensive we need not question their somewhat fragile

properties. Width is more the fashion in millinery than height, and the great thing is to have our hats and our toques as broad as possible. This is easily arranged by adding a feather of good proportions on either side, while, so long as the hat is fairly large, it can be bent and twisted and tipped and tilted into almost any shape we will. All the new summer hats are of the finest and flimsiest straw. Often, indeed, they are merely folds of chiffon, which form the shape, each fold being edged with a piping of black velvet. These are the fashion, but one can scarcely recommend them to any girl who has a limited amount of pocket-money.

Instead, one would recommend a fine make of crinoline straw. The edge of each fold, even in this case, can be effectively piped with black velvet, while quite the prettiest arrangement we have had for a long time is that of lining the brims of such hats with tucked white chiffon. Burnt straw is to be much worn a little later on, and there is a curious and very pretty satin straw which is mixed with the burnt straw, and blends very happily. For country wear it is a great mistake to load such millinery with artificial flowers and fruit. Simplicity should be the point at which to aim.

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SMART EVENING GOWNS.

The newest and prettiest arrangement seems to be the combining of net with tiny black velvet ribbon. The arrangement is a little intricate, but it is most effective when finished, and I am not sure that an arrangement of the kind could not be evolved from a half-worn dress, which we wish to smarten and bring up to date without very much outlay. There will, of course, be a certain amount of work entailed, but this we shall not grudge if the effect is what it ought to be. Supposing we have a black net or black

lace frock in hand, I suggest covering the whole of the skirt with narrow black velvet ribbon, arranged in a kind of criss-cross design, the bands of velvet being set some distance apart, and where they join being tied with a little bow of the velvet into a sort of Louis XV. knot. Each of these bows should be centred with jet —just a few jet sequins threaded on a needle and tacked into position are all that is required. The bodice should be carried out with the threadings of velvet, carried in lines from the *décolletage* to the waist, while round the actual *berthe* the ribbon velvet should be arranged in a pattern. This can be done by working it all on net, and cutting the superfluous net away afterwards. The sleeves can be carried out in an open-work design *en suite*. Do not stint the sequins employed, for the glittering and scintillating effect will be extremely decorative. Doubtless this idea will suggest further notions of the kind to my numerous readers, and I strongly advise them to start renovating any black gown at hand in the manner I suggest, for it is a mode that is as new as new can be, and it is quite certain to last for many months to come.

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The man whose heart is set on money-getting cannot be other than sordid. His thoughts are on the earth. He has no goal in life that is worth while. The man whose heart is set upon the attainment of lofty character—who loves to work that he may make the most of himself and help others to make the most of themselves—is a king among men. If we know such a man we love him. When he dies the world will still be in debt to him. His life is worth while. A great character is like a magnet. Its influence may be unseen, but it is none the less powerful. Men as spontaneously pay homage to genuine excellence as they draw breath. The man who has mastered himself is always a prince, whatever his environment. Others who have fought the same battles know the struggles that were necessary to attain that mastery, and respect the character that could not be overthrown by them. Those who have not mastered themselves cannot master their environment, and they recognise in the man of self-control that character which they have fought for and failed to gain, and involuntarily bow before that which is superior.

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A mother has no right to bring up a daughter without teaching her how to keep house, and, if she has an intelligent regard for her daughter's happiness, she will pay her particular attention, so as to make her proficient in this respect.

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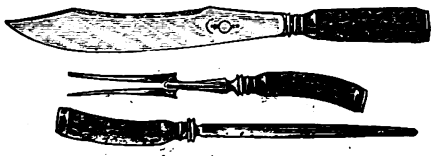

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

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THE GREAT GATHERING OF ROYALTIES ON THE OCCASION OF THE BETROTHAL OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA WHEN CZAREWITCH AND PRINCESS ALIX OF HESSE.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT. THE GERMAN EMPEROR. THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA. EMPRESS FREDERICK. KING EDWARD VII.
THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG. THE CZAR. THE CZARINA. THE DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG.

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ROYALTY AND THE CAMERA.

A TALK WITH MR. J. RUSSELL.

By ARTHUR F. BARLOW.

THERE is probably no profession which brings its followers into contact with so many celebrities as that of the photographer.

The magician of the camera is not only a frequent visitor to royal palaces, but he meets the most eminent people in every sphere of life—nobles, statesmen, divines and lawyers, stars of the musical world and of the stage, and the brothers of the brush and pen.

Mr. J. Russell, the head of the well-known Baker-street firm, who kindly consented to give me a few of his interesting experiences, has met half the crowned heads of Europe, has been a constant guest at the houses of the nobility, and can count by the hundred the famous people who have sat for him.

"Yes," said Mr. Russell in reply to my question, "I have paid several visits to Continental Courts, and one of my most frequent sitters has been the German Emperor.

"A rather untoward incident occurred in connection with the first sitting.

"I had taken up my quarters at Berlin and the Emperor was in residence at the Royal Palace at Potsdam. The appointment was made for eight o'clock in the morning, but unfortunately I misunderstood the interpreter, and reached the station just too late for the train. It was half-past eight before I arrived at the Castle, and my reception from the officials was anything but encouraging. They were all up in arms about it, and poured forth the vials of their outraged dignity. They gave me to understand that his Majesty was not accustomed to be kept waiting, and, while bidding me get my apparatus together with all possible speed, held out very little hope of the offence being overlooked.

"Just at that moment, when I was beginning to feel a little dispirited, I spied the Emperor coming along the terrace. I went up to him and explained the facts, and he at once smilingly waived aside my apology, saying, 'I quite understand; it is of no consequence.'

"In taking the Emperor's portrait I was very nearly falling into an error, which would have rendered my visit fruitless. His Majesty's left arm, you know, is considerably shorter than the right, some four inches, and this arm was exposed to the camera, although the shortness was not at all

MR. J. RUSSELL.
Photo by Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

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noticeable from where I was standing.

"I was about to expose the plate, when an attendant touched me on the arm and whispered, 'The Emperor will not accept any photos taken from that side.' It was a most fortunate thing that I received this hint, for I had only six plates with me, all the others having been broken on my journey.

"I first took the Emperor in a German military uniform, and then in that of an English admiral. This latter has always been a great favourite with his Majesty, and he has frequently ordered copies of it since.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.
Photo by Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

"Before I went away the Emperor made an appointment for me to come another time to take him on horseback. He also commanded me to come the following day to photograph the Empress.

"I have very pleasant recollections of this visit. The Empress was most kind, taking me herself through the principal rooms of the palace, so that I might choose which was the most suitable for the purpose of the photograph, and selecting and arranging with her own hands the flowers which were to enter into the picture.

"I shall never forget the first sitting which the late Queen gave me. It was in 1893, and took place in the White Drawing Room at Windsor Castle, where the Queen was generally photographed.

"The Empress Frederick was staying at the Castle at the time, and she and Princess Beatrice were included in the group.

"I remember that my idea was that there would, of course, be several gentlemen in attendance, but to my surprise the Queen came into the room with her two daughters and only one Indian attendant, and, on leaving, there was really no one to open the door for her, so my son did so and stood by while her Majesty and her daughters went out.

"There is very little form and ceremony on these occasions, not nearly so much as one would imagine."

"I suppose you find a good deal of difference in this respect between the English and some foreign Courts?"

"Yes. In Germany, for instance, there is a great deal more of that kind of thing, though I must say that, being an Englishman, I had not much to complain of from their officialdom.

"'Of course you will wear evening dress,' said one of the officers of the Court to me while we were discussing my coming interview with the Emperor. 'No,' I said, somewhat taken aback, 'I have not got such a thing as a suit of dress clothes with me. 'But no photographer here,' he protested, 'would think of appearing before royalty in any other dress,' and he seemed quite aghast at the solecism which I was preparing to commit. 'I am not a German, but an English photographer,' I said decidedly, 'and I knew nothing of such a custom, so I must go in my frock coat,' and in it I went accordingly.

"I omitted to mention that I believe it was through the Empress Frederick that

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I received my first command to photograph the Queen. I had previously photographed the Empress at Fredrickshof, her beautiful palace at Homburg, where she received me in a very kind and unassuming way. Throwing a wrap over her shoulders, she took me out into the grounds, and showed me the lovely scenery from all the best points of view, and seemed genuinely pleased at my admiration of her charming home.

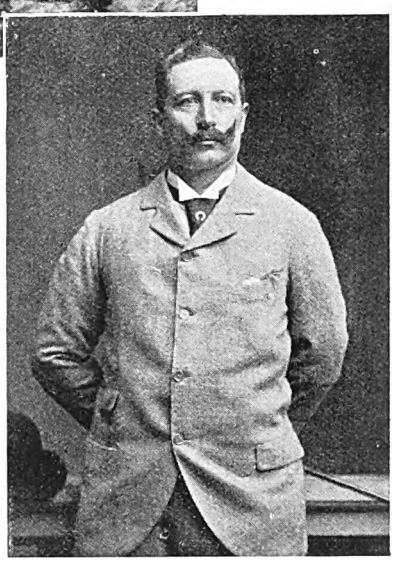
"The Empress possesses great artistic taste, and at the time of my first visit to Windsor, she arranged the furniture and flowers in the room so as to make everything look to the best advantage. I should think she spent quite half-an-hour before she had everything distributed to her entire satisfaction.

"The Queen was in many respects a good sitter," said Mr. Russell in reply to my question. "She was most obliging, and always ready to follow the photographer's suggestions.

"Did she ever make any suggestions as to how the photos should be taken?"

"Not recently. When she had grown so much more feeble, but for-

THE LATE QUEEN AND KING EDWARD VII.



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK. THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

TWO ROYAL MOTHERS AND THEIR SONS.

Photos by Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

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merly she took a great interest in it. She would take off her cap and replace it with a bonnet to give variety to the pictures, besides suggesting the arrangement of the accessories.

"When did you first photograph the present King and Queen when Prince and Princess of Wales?"

V.R.I.

Photo by Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

"It was in 1863, shortly after they were married. I took them first when they were staying at Goodwood House, and after that I was frequently summoned to Marlborough House to take portraits of the Prince and his family.

"Almost every year I photographed the Prince at Cowes, and on one occasion I spent three weeks on board the royal yacht Osborne taking photographs singly and in groups, of all the celebrities on board.

"I have taken several other Royalties at Cowes—the late Czar of Russia, when he was Czarewitch, and the Dowager Empress, and their little son, the present Czar, who was then only six years old; also the late King and Queen of Denmark. I on more than one occasion took the Royal party in a group with the ship's company under the command of the captain, Lord Charles Beresford.

"I have taken quite 150 plates of Queen Alexandra, which represents a good many sittings, though in the case of royalties we always try and take as many at a time as possible.

"It has to be done very quickly, too, for, of course, their time is very valuable.

"I sometimes have two cameras and take as many as sixteen plates.

"The present King is an ideal sitter. The last time I photographed him at Marlborough House. Before putting on his uniform he came through the conservatory to see that everything was in readiness.

"I took him in his uniform, as admiral of the Fleet, and this is the only photo of him in this dress which has been published.

"The King has been most kind in getting sittings for me. By special command of the late Queen I went to Coburg to take photographs at the wedding of the Duke of Coburg's second daughter to the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt.

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"Her Majesty had arranged for the last group to be taken on the day after the wedding, but when the time came, and I did not receive the expected summons, I did not know what to think of it. I happened to meet the Prince of Wales, and mentioned the matter to him, and he then informed me that this gathering had been put off till the following day, but that there was a private party that day at Rosenau to celebrate the betrothal of the present Czar, then Czarewitch, to Princess Alix of Hesse, and he asked me whether I should like a pass for this function. Of course, I eagerly accepted the offer, and the Prince, turning to his equerry, asked him to get me a pass from the Hofmarshall. The equerry's mission proved a fruitless one, and he was informed that as the function was strictly private no passes could possibly be issued.

"Shortly after I again met the Prince coming downstairs, and he stopped me and said, 'Is it all right about the party, have you got a pass?' When I told him the result, he exclaimed, 'Oh, they don't understand; I will go and see what I can do myself.'

"Needless to say, the Prince was not denied, and, a few minutes after, a messenger arrived with my pass. Had it not been for the Prince I should never have secured the extremely interesting photographs of the present Czar and Czarina; and his kindness went still further, for he superintended and directed everything, even to arranging all the groups for me.

"'Now you must take the Czarewitch and Princess Alix,' said the Prince, after the groups had been disposed of, and he prevailed upon the young couple to come forward and be taken together.

"After that he induced several of the others to come forward singly, and I was busily employed in taking photos of one

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.
Photo by Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

THE KING AND QUEEN AND DUKE OF CORNWALL, TAKEN IN 1874.

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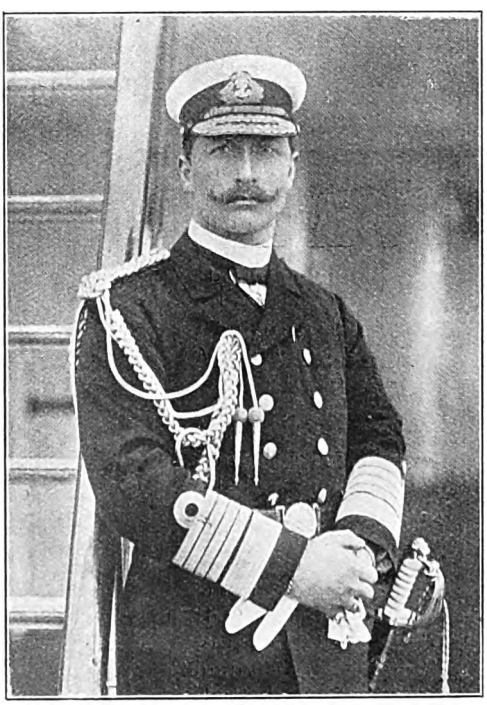
THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE YEAR FOLLOWING THEIR MARRIAGE.

distinguished person after another as fast as possible.

"'Is there anyone else you would like to take,' looking round the group. 'I think you have got them all, haven't you?' I said that I should much like to take the German Emperor, but his Majesty was missing for the moment, and the Prince called out, 'The German Emperor is wanted; where is the German Emperor?'

"His Majesty came forward, but smilingly protested that I had photographed him so many times before that I could not possibly want him again.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN HIS UNIFORM AS ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.
Photos by Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

"'But I have never taken you in that uniform,' I said, and without further objection the Emperor submitted to the ordeal.

"The wedding group which I took the next day is one of the largest groups of royalties ever taken, and among those who were present were the Queen, the German Emperor, the Prince of Wales, the Empress Frederick, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught."

"Have you ever been to Russia?"

"Yes, I went there at the time of the coronation of the

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Czar and got some very good photos of the processions in the Kremlin.

"The Emperor gave me permission to photograph in the Conservatory at the Kremlin, where the ladies of the Russian Court passed through.

"He promised to give me a sitting himself, but the fearful crush that occurred, by which great numbers of people were killed, so upset him that he abandoned the idea."

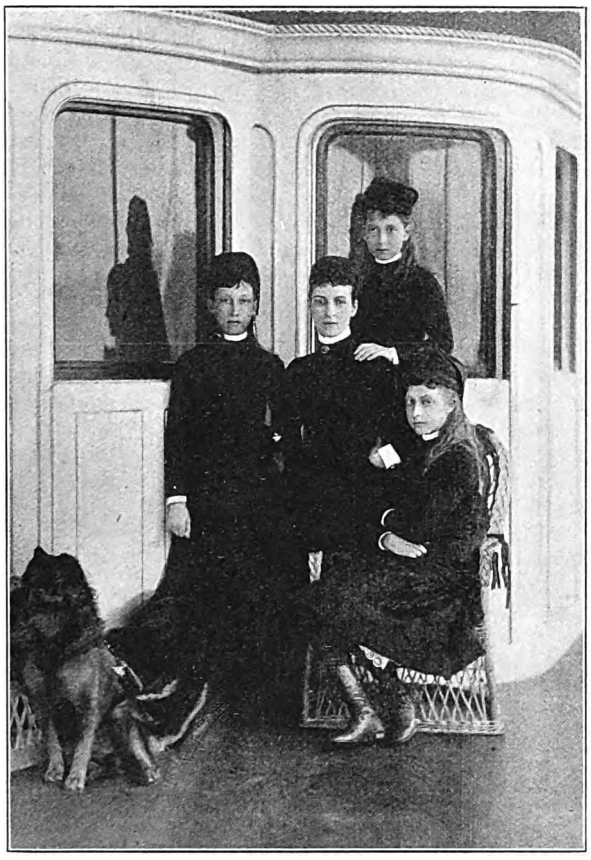
"Did you obtain any photographs of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York prior to their leaving for Australia?"

"Yes. We were the only photographers allowed on board the Ophir, and we took some good portraits of both the Duke and Duchess, but there was little time to spare, and it had to be done in a great hurry."

"The first portrait I took of the Duchess was when the Duke and Duchess of Teck were staying at Kensington Palace, and Princess May was then only one year old. I took the Duchess again at Marlborough House just before her wedding and the Duke also, but could not secure a photo of the two together until after the wedding.

"How do you obtain permission to photograph royal personages whom you have never taken before?"

"It is almost invariably done by meeting them, and hardly ever by application in writing. For instance, I met the present King, when Prince of Wales, several times at the Duke of Richmond's place, Goodwood House, and I always used to work for a sitting. Then, of course, that led to introductions to many other royalties, and this was especially the case with the Prince, who, as I mentioned, has been particularly kind in this respect."



THE QUEEN AND HER DAUGHTERS ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT.

Photo by Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

"About how many copies of the Queen's photo did you sell just after her death?"

"Well, we were working day and night printing them off as fast as we could. I don't think we reached 100,000, but it couldn't have been very far short of it. I know, however, this, that we could have sold 200,000 within the first week if we had had them ready printed.

"The portrait of the Queen and that of the Duke of Clarence after his sad death, which evoked such a great wave of public sympathy, are the ones of which I have sold the greatest number in a short time."

"Generally speaking, what portraits do you find sell best?"

"Besides those of the King and Queen, portraits of ladies sell by far the best. The illustrated papers have killed the demand for photos of statesmen and authors, and I cannot name one who sells at all well.

"For Mr. Gladstone there was a great demand, and I have no doubt there would be still, though not nearly so much as in the days when portraits in the papers were few and far between.

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"What about his Majesty's Judges?" A decided drug was the sum of Mr. Russell's experience on this point, orders only coming in for single photos.

"Do portraits of leading divines sell well?"

"Yes, some of them do. There is a good demand for the Archbishop of Canterbury, and especially just now for Dr. Ingram, the new Bishop of London.

"Of all Nonconformist Ministers, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes' photo sells the best."

"And how about the other ministers?"

"Of course we dispose of a good number, but the sale of them individually does not approach that of Mr. Hugh Price Hughes.

"The Rev. F. B. Meyer's photo has a steady sale, but it is somewhat handicapped from the fact that there is no place near his church where it can be bought."

"What is the latest development in photography?"

"Well, we are just starting colour-photography. There is an American firm which has just introduced it, and there is no doubt that they are actual photographs without paint, but at the present time they are only transparencies, and cannot be produced on paper.

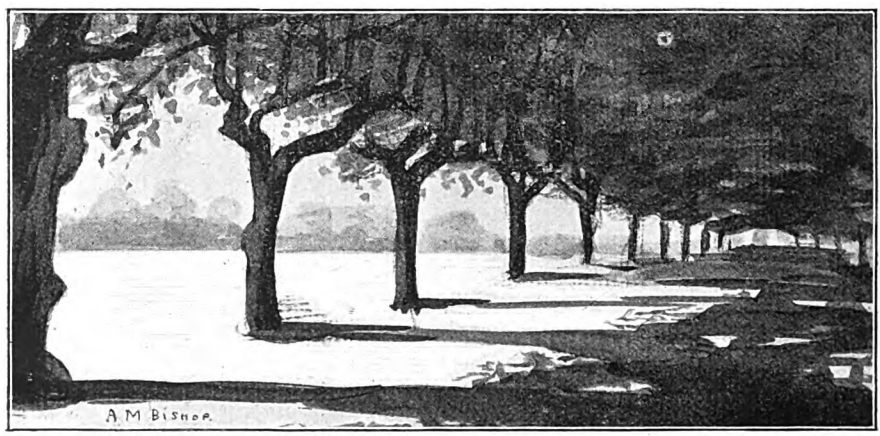
"The colours are produced by the manipulation behind the transparency of a plate on which there are coloured lines. We have always been expecting the colours to be produced direct on the paper by the camera, but I do not think that will ever come about."

Mr. Russell has photographed the Shah, and found that Eastern potentate decidedly apathetic and a great contrast to his other royal sitters, who take such a lively interest in the operation.

He has been decorated by the Czar with the Order of St. Andrew, and is evidently a great favourite with his distinguished patrons.

This he doubtless owes to the innate courtesy and kindliness of his manner, which struck me particularly in the course of our conversation.

ARTHUR F. BARLOW.



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THE FRIEND WHO BECAME THE BRIDEGROOM.

By JOHN O'GOWRIE.

I.

"ILL no be a cobbler like my father, though I warrant his 'soles' wore better than maist. It's an honourable calling, but I have a great desire to be a minister. If only the way would open up for me to win the college!" said Alec Carruthers to his companion, Peter Wotherspoon.

They were lying on the banks of the Tweed, underneath the grey walls of Meldonbrae Castle, delighting in the deep blue sky above, and the burning sun that had made the river a golden cauldron. Their rods lay idly on the grass, for it was useless fishing.

"And why for no, Alec? The Dominie'll no stand idly by, if ye let him ken your will. He was a good friend to me when I went to Glesca. 'It's no lack of means that keeps folk oot o' College,' he said to me; 'it's the absence of ambition.'"

"But your position was no like mine, Peter. There's my mither to be thocht of, siller for books and fees, and——and Marjory McGlashan," said Alec, sullenly.

"The Dominie was richt, Alec, it's lack of ambition that keeps folk out of college. Look ye here, Alec Carruthers, you'll no deny folk expect ye to gang to college? The Kirk Session hae approved ye, and they're only waiting for ye to stride oot Edinburgh way, to gie ye help. Your heart is no in cobbler's work, muckle as it pleased your mither to see ye take your father's seat. I doot those sad een of hers, till she has repented of that."

"My mither, my mither, what would she dae if I went to Edinburgh? She canna work like some."

"No, but there are those who would coont it an honour to work for her. I had mony ambitions aince, Alec," said his companion, slowly, "but my hoast (cough) gets waur as the days hurry on. It's no pleasant to lie becalmed in the backwater and watch the swift flood of life flow past me, knowing well I can take no part in it. To resign first one ambition, then this desire; break the golden vessel of hope to pieces and tremble at what next God may ask me to resign, is no heartsome work."

"You'll hae your recompense, Peter, for God is still a Faither," said Alec, stirred to the depths at the sadness of his friend. "Ye may hae to change the form of the service, but the spirit abides, and, after all, the spirit is life."

"I'm no saying but that God hath opened new glories to me. And ye, Alec, can dae mair for me than ony. Haste ye to Edinburgh, and I'll abide with your mither and tend her like a son. I earn mair than enough for two," said Peter quietly.

"Dae ye mean that?" asked Alec in amazement. "You to work for my mither just to let me gang to Edinburgh. You're havering."

"You take my word on't, Alec. Your mither 'll no lack for ony good thing if I can help it. Dae ye accept?"

"Accept! Your love is beyond everything I ever hae heard of. I'll accept it ye really mean it."

"Then that's settled. Ither folk will see about your college fees."

There was silence for a time save for the occasional "loup" of the trout, or the angry "burrah" of the grouse. Alec's face grew dark and troubled.

"There's Marjory," he blurted out, "she'll no wait so long, or maybe——you'll take her yourself, Peter, for I ken ye hae thochts that way."

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"Marjory can wait," said Peter, testily. "I'll no deny I love Marjory. I saw months ago we both loved her. But ye were the favoured one. I'll no repine at ony thing that is taken from me, Alec, if ye get it. I'll only marry Marjory when ye tell me ye dinna want her, a day, God prevent it ever coming."

Alec took hold of his friend's hand and pressed it tightly. No word was spoken, and whilst Alec was counting up the sacrifices he would have to make to wrestle through college, Peter was praying for grace to cast behind him one more ambition.

That night Alec laid the whole matter before Marjory McGlashan.

"Ye hae a guid voice and a bonnie face, a heid as lang as maist, but ye hinna the grand heart Peter has," said Marjory, her soul sore troubled for the sadness of Peter's life. "Your mither will no kin hoo to contain herself seeing you off to Edinburgh, and getting Peter to abide with her. I'll no be ahint in helping ye, Alec. Losh! we would be freends if ye lacked for anything."

"And you'll come to take care of my manse, Marjory. I'll hae roses and honeysuckle on the walls to mind ye of hame. We'll try and dae the folk guid, and you'll be such a sweet creature with the sick and the auld folk. I'll preach grand sermons full of God's tender love, and we'll hae a full kirk before long."

"And you'll get a call to a big Edinburgh kirk, Alec," she said, excitedly, "and I'll see the braw shops in Prince's Street every week instead of aince in three years."

"You'll hae a lang time to wait, though, lassie. It will be years afore I'm through, but you'll be my wifie, as soon as ever I can get a wee nest for ye."

"I hae lots to learn afore then, Alec, and I'll wait for ye."

And this was their betrothal. Not a kiss sealed it, or a ring declared it. Kisses were too sacred to dispense before the eve of marriage, and rings cost money.

Enriched by six pounds of Marjory's savings, ten pounds voted by the Kirk Session, and five pounds from Peter, Alec started for Edinburgh.

And that night two mill lads carried the box of Peter Wotherspoon to the humble home of Mrs. Carruthers.

"As a son I hae ever loved ye, Peter; and I'm thinking God has given me His greatest token of tenderness this nicht. God hath fed me with the finest of the wheat, and I thank Him and ye, Peter." And she tenderly kissed him.

"This is joy inexpressible to me, *mother*," was all he replied.

II.

Alec Carruthers had been to the University for three years, but owing to the "tutoring work" during his holidays he had not been able to visit Meldonbrae. He had regularly written Peter Wotherspoon, and in these letters a postscript was usually devoted to Marjory.

"Peter," she said, one evening he called to deliver one of these postscripts, "ye hae mair in your heid than some that lord it over ye at the schule, and I was thinking ye micht come now and then to help me with my Latin and French."

"I'd no fash with Latin, Marjory. Take the French if ye will, but guid English will carry you through life."

"I hae got through some of the 'Odes of Horace,' and would like to go on," she said, with some hesitation; "It was dreich work at first. I hae mastered the first book of Euclid. That Bain's Grammar I borrowed from ye, I hae read thrice. You're no to tell Alec. Ye see I dinna want to hinder his work by the braw ladies laughing at me."

"They'd hae much to be prood about if they laughed at ye," said Peter, a strange fire in his eyes. "I'll help ye as much as I can, but ye hae done wonders."

And during the winter nights Peter found some comfort in helping Marjory to fight with French verbs, until at last he confessed her perfect.

"Ye ken as much as ony M.A. in Edinburgh does of French. You'll hae mair fash with table manners, I doot," he said with the gentleness of a friend who wishes to help.

"I hae thocht of that, Peter. I've got a wee book on 'Manners for Gentlefolks' to study. I have watched hoo the minister's wife behaves in the kirk. Three nichts I slept at the Free Manse when their maid was ill, and I kept my een open, I warrant ye. And Jeanie, the table-maid at the *Cleikum*, is to let me help her at the Burns dinner that I may see hoo grand folk behave at the table."

"You're a witch, Marjory, to think of all these things," said Peter.

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"Mind ye, no a word to Alec. Maybe he'd no like me daein' these things."

It was the illness of Mrs. Carruthers that brought Alec to Meldonbrae, and Marjory was filled with delight.

"I hae ten pounds mair for ye, Alec. Hoot! none of your havers. Dae I no ken hoo expensive Edinburgh is? Ye maun hae good claithes, for you'll be among gentle and mannerly folk. I doot you'll be fair sickened with brose and chippit taties," she said tremblingly, lest he would not accept her gift.

It is to be feared that the memory of pleasant teas and not inexpensive dinners at the *café* opposite the Picture Gallery kept him silent.

"Your kindness surpasses everything," was all he said, and took the money.

He came again five years later when his mother lay dying. Marjory had yearned much to see him, and this seemed in answer to her prayer; a thought that filled her with awe.

"You will have heard I have been called to the West End of Edinburgh?" he asked her, with pardonable pride." I'm sorry mother will not see me in my own kirk. It would have been nice if ye could have come over, Marjory, but there, it cannot be helped." A sentiment which Marjory correctly interpreted to mean, "I don't want you."

"I'll soon repay ye all that money, Marjory, for I will have a liberal salary."

"Could ye no write me a bit oftener noo that your college life is ended?" asked Marjory wistfully. "I dinna need a letter to stimulate love, ye ken, for I'm sure of your love and true in my own. I hae my weak moments though, when a letter would comfort me."

"I'll write you soon, Marjory, but mine has been a very busy life. It will be very crowded with work at Edinburgh. By-the-by, mother asked me when she was dying to give you her ring and brooch. I'll send you them after they have been cleaned." And they parted, and for the first time he offered to kiss her, a joy that made her blush to the roots of her hair.

PETER FOUND SOME COMFORT IN HELPING MARJORY TO FIGHT WITH FRENCH VERBS.

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The keen eyes of Peter Wotherspoon looked into those of his friend Alec Carruthers, and sad thoughts troubled Peter.

"The god of this world hath blinded his eyes, and he is throwing away one of the fairest jewels of the Lord," he said to himself. When he met Marjory they had much to talk about.

"Why did you speak in such rough language, Marjory? It made Alec wince. You did yourself an injustice. He'd speir ye last nicht, I suppose. When are ye to be married?"

"On that subject Alec never spoke a word. He promised to repay all the money I had given him, but I'd throw it in the Tweed. Love never lends. I may be wrang, but I hae my doots aboot Alec."

"Nay, nay! A Meldonbrae lad would never be so base as that. It's unheard of. It may just be Alec's way; no a guid ane, I agree, but maybe no bad."

"We'll soon see. Alec's very ambitious, I fear."

"Oh, nane the waur for that, Marjory. Keep up your heart. I'll see you in your manse yet," said Peter, cheerily. But before six months had passed the blow fell.

III.

Marjory McGlashan stood in the honeysuckle-covered porch of a small thatched cottage, that nestled amidst a clump of fir trees, on the banks of the silver Tweed.

Marjory was not what an Edinburgh person would call a beauty. She was tall and well-shaped, but not graceful. Her cheek-bones, like the boulders on the mountain before her, came out of a not too generous surrounding. The freckles had spoilt their welcome by a too liberal display. The eyes—dark, lustrous brown—had great depth of passion and sparkled with kindly feeling, whilst the tightly-pressed lips, that nervously twitched, told of strength and suffering.

She was toying with a letter that the postman had just brought her. It was only a young woman's letter to another young woman—gossipy, inconsequent. Yet it had moved Marjory nigh to tears.

"The Rev. Alexander Carruthers," it ran, "is *the* rage of the West End. I had such a *long* talk with him yesterday at Lady Durrant's. He is to marry Bessie, the favourite daughter of Sir James. I hear she is to have a dowry of fifty thousand pounds. Fancy, how he has got on! I spoke to him about what appears ages ago, when we three used to go to school together, and you were so jealous of me. I asked him if he had seen you lately, and reminded him of how you once pushed him into the Tweed. He seemed rather annoyed, and answered me very haughtily 'Yes, I have seen Miss McGlashan lately. She has greatly altered from the sweet creature we knew in childhood.'"

"Greatly altered from the sweet creature we knew in our childhood," Marjory repeated hoarsely. "Going to marry Bessie, the favourite daughter of Sir James."

"But he winna, for I'll hie me to Edinburgh, and tell her that I love him—have loved him all these years. She would not take him from me," she groaned out in agony. "No, no, I couldna dae it. I'll bide alane, raither."

The mists had blotted out the glorious landscape before her, darkened the sun, and the cold evening air made her shiver.

"It's been a braw day, Marjory," said Peter Wotherspoon, leaning on the gate that led to the garden. "Ony special news the nicht? I heard from postie you had an Edinburgh letter." After a moment's hesitation she spoke. It cost her something to steady her voice.

"Come in and read this, Peter," she said, and handed him the letter.

His face turned white, then red, the nostrils dilated, the veins grew large on his forehead, his eyes burned with fire, his lips trembled nervously, and his hands twitched. His soul was swept by a tornado of passion.

"You write and ask him if that is true," said Peter, contending passions stirring his heart. "But that he is your friend, I'd think unkindly of him."

"Dae ye no see what it all means, Peter? Few letters, rare visits, nae word of marriage. Can ye wonder noo that he tarried so long? No, I'll no write him, I knew it would come to this. Peter, do you see what this means to you?"

A long fit of coughing that made Peter's face purple, delayed his reply.

"Oh, don't tempt me, Marjory, don't, for it is too great a joy ever to be mine!"

"Ye may no hae long to live, Peter, I canna say, but ye hae made a gowk of the doctor so far. I hae esteem of the highest for ye. I'll give ye tender care, unbounded

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gratitude, yes, adoration, for ye are a saint of God, but love is his. Yours has been a weary life, and I'll do my best to sweeten it," she said wistfully.

"Ye once when I confessed I loved ye, afore Alec spoke to ye, said I would have the next chance after Alec. I'll no be keeping ye to that word if ye would rather no, Marjory. God above knows there is no joy I would accept more gladly from His hand than to call you my wife. But I could not accept that great joy ye offer me, until I saw Alec. I canna believe he has lost his love for ye, Marjory."

"Ye maun plead nane for me," said Marjory, firmly. "I doot ye are going to spend some mair of your savings for nothing," she said, solemnly, yet her heart throbbed with delight at the suggestion.

"Guid nicht, and God make it all plain to us," said Peter, and walked down the road, at times so very slowly, then in quick, impatient steps, according to whether his thoughts were pleasant or reverse."

"Oh, Father in Heaven, was there ever such a tormented woman as I? Alec has been my idol. His name was last on my lips at night, and first in the morning. Every thought has been coloured by memories of him. Heaven came to me as I dreamed of sitting at his table, and perchance crooning to the lad thou wouldst give us." And the tears rushed down her cheeks, her bosom heaved, and long, deep sighs broke the stillness of her room. "Must it all end? Can he not be mine?"

The moon hid behind some clouds, pierced the darkness, and gradually filled her room with its silver light. It revealed a white, stricken, tormented face, with the light of another world breaking upon it.

"But what lassie has been blessed with the friendship of such a soul as Peter? His cross has been very heavy to bear."

And Peter, with clenched teeth, and a sore pain at his heart, was preparing for Edinburgh.

"If he winna hae her I'll tell him he's no fit for the office he hae—yet, she'd then be mine, and the sorrows of the past would come to an end. No, no; God made her for Alec."

IV.

"You know I think there is no position in the world so great as that of a minister.

"ME! BE YOUR WIFE?" SHE EXCLAIMED, "WHY I AM TO MARRY SIR PHILIP DUNDAS."

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There is something inexpressibly grand in standing before a congregation, with the glorious message 'Thus saith the Lord,'" said Bessie Durrant, her eyes flashing with enthusiasm.

"Yes, it is a wonderful position," said the Rev. Alexander Carruthers, M.A., with an indifferent tone of voice.

"Why is it, Mr. Carruthers, you, and so many ministers, especially ministers' wives, speak with hesitancy about the glorious work of the ministry? If it has its agonies, like most other things, yet it is a work in which to suffer were an honour. I envy every minister's wife I see, for I would bear the sufferings of her position with a cheerful heart."

"Would you, Bessie?" he blurted out, passionately. "I——"

"My dear, will you come into the house for a few minutes?" interrupted Lady Durrant. "You can make yourself comfortable for some time, I know," she said, turning to Mr. Carruthers.

"If you'll excuse me, I'll make a call before dinner," he said, and soon afterwards left the garden. He was glad to escape to think matters over quietly, as he turned homewards.

When he got back to his lodgings he found Peter Wotherspoon waiting for him.

"This is a great pleasure to see you, Peter," he said. "Sit down here. Will you have some refreshment?"

"No, thank you. I have little time to spare. I've come to ask you, Alec, what your intentions are towards Marjory McGlashan? I apologise for asking ye this, but you may remember I was to have the chance of marrying Marjory should you fail to do so. I believe most truly that ye still love her."

"And heaven above, so I do, but a minister cannot marry an ignorant country girl."

"But Marjory is not ignorant. She has acquired a knowledge of Latin and French equal to your own, for I have taught her. She is your equal in education."

"Marjory educated! But look at her manners!" he said, as he mentally contrasted Bessie and Marjory.

"Manners don't make a woman. Even if they did, Marjory would pass a good examination," said Peter bitterly, for his temper was rising. "Alec, it's the heart that maketh a woman."

"I know, I know, but what can I do?" and he paced the room in great agitation.

"I had no idea Marjory had prepared herself. Here is the money I borrowed from her, and this is what I owe you. I did not care to send it. You can take it with you."

"Then you mean that I am at liberty to marry Marjory?" asked Peter, his face turning white and red in turns.

"About that you can please yourself," said Carruthers, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I have made Bessie Durrant believe I am going to marry her, and to withdraw would be my ruin. Besides, I have changed my mind about Marjory."

"Alexander Carruthers, you are not worthy to be a teacher of others. Haste back to the cobbler's seat, for God can have no delight in a servant like thee."

"There is your money and hers. I wish you a good-day."

The Rev. Alexander Carruthers found Bessie Durrant in the conservatory when he returned. Her eyes sparkled with delight as he entered, and he immediately forgot Peter's words.

"Are you still of the same opinion of the glory of being a minister's wife?" asked Alec passionately.

"Certainly. It is a conviction of mine which has been growing for years."

"Then will you be my wife?" he blurted out.

"*Me!* Be your wife?" she asked in great surprise. "Why, I am to marry Sir Philip Dundas, and only this day we arranged the hour of our wedding. I thought you were engaged to Marjory McGlashan! I always thought you were to marry her. From all I have heard about Marjory she is worth twenty women of my sort. Go to her at once, and she will find in me one of her warmest of friends. Please take me back to the drawing-room, Mr. Carruthers. You need not fear of anyone knowing you have offered me marriage. I consider it too great an insult to make it public."

* * * * *

It is close on ten years since Peter took unto himself Marjory McGlashan for a wife. Three children are around their table, and there is every appearance that he has years of life before him. If Marjory does look wistfully into the face of Peter, when he cannot see her gazing, and a tear glistens in her eyes, you need not condole with her. It is for joy.

"God hath given me for a husband a prince among men," I heard her say, and she is not the only one who thinks so.

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SHORT CHATS WITH LADY SONG-WRITERS.

By THEKLA BOWSER.

MEMBERS of the "superior" sex are fond of declaring that women have little or no originality, but the fact that a number of the most beautiful songs of to-day have been written by ladies, makes such a position well-nigh untenable to the man who possesses any sense of justice. Thus, not only musically but socially, have these lady composers rendered a service to their sex, in demonstrating that they can write fresh, invigorating music, suited to patriotic sentiments as well as to the slighter and more delicate ballad or serenade.

During the past few weeks I have had the privilege of chatting with many of these clever musicians and of hearing how they came to enter the ranks of composers. By their kindness I am able to reproduce here their photographs, autographs, and some portions of original MSS.

During recent years few songs have taken so strong a hold upon British hearts as that called "There's a Land." The music has a wondrous rhythm, expounding, as it does, the fine, patriotic words, with soul-stirring effect. We women should be grateful to Miss Frances Allitsen for having given us such a composition, not only because of its beauty, but by reason of its "strength."

In spite of being specially hard pressed for time, Miss Allitsen very kindly allowed me to have a chat with her on the subject of her music.

"Yes, 'There's a Land' is the most popular song I have written, and so, naturally, it is not one of my best," she said. "'Prince Ivan's Song' and 'The Lute Player' are on a far higher level, and so are my settings of Heine's poems and many others still little known."

"But then 'There's a Land' did not become popular at first, though I cannot imagine why!" I exclaimed.

"No; it was out some long time before it began to sell. Then Miss Sibley had the happy thought of adding a verse during the last Jubilee, and immediately it began to be sung everywhere. Now I have again enlisted Miss Sibley's clever pen for a new verse to take the place of that referring to the lamented Queen."

Thinking that my readers would like to see these words I begged to be allowed to quote them:—

"There's a Realm, a vast Realm, that, from East to West,
Through the wide-spreading world, is the noblest and best;
Where the People love Peace, but, at sound of the drum,
A myriad of soldiers and heroes become.
Purest! Surest!
Royal! Loyal!
This year and all years we'll sing and we'll pray:—
Glorious! Victorious!
Thy Realm! My Realm!
God bless our Empire both now and for aye!"

I was curious to know how Miss Allitsen had made her *début* in this difficult profession, and on hinting at my desire, she at once told me about her early struggles,—for such they were.

"Being anxious to know if I had a genuine talent for composition, I ventured to submit a number of my songs to Mr. Weist Hill, the then Principal of the Guildhall School of Music. At that time I had not studied harmony at all, and he expressed surprise that my instinct should have been sufficient to guide me to write correctly."

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Miss Allitsen was at once placed to study harmony under Mr. Gadsby, and by the end of the second term she had completed writing a sonata for the pianoforte, which gained her a small scholarship. Quickly following this achievement came the composition of two fully-scored overtures, and since then Miss Allitsen has written some very fine sacred music. For some time she experienced great difficulty in getting her music accepted by publishers and sung by vocalists.

"Do you have much trouble in finding suitable words to set?" I ventured to ask.

"Well, I am always on the look out for them, and once found, generally easily gain permission to use them, though on two occasions I was denied it *after* I had written the music, so that it was utterly wasted."

"Oh! what a pity. And could you not findother words to gotoit?"

"No; I have never done that," was the decisive reply. "I must know my words first—then I try to make my music echo them. My idea is that music should *photograph* the words to the listener!"

That this lady succeeds in her desire is unquestionable; every note of her music bears its own message, thrusting into prominence the elevating thought, the sweetest, noblest aspiration of the poet.

With that rare charm of manner which belongs alone to Irish women of culture, Mrs. Alicia Adelaide Needham greeted me, when I was ushered into her pretty drawing-room at Clapham Park.

"Would you care to see my music-room?" asked my hostess presently. "It is quite small, but I am very fond of it."

And at that I was not surprised, when I entered the cosy little den, one side of which is lined with books, whilst a piano and writing-table occupy the rest of the wall-space.

"No, I did not publish any songs until after my marriage; indeed it was my husband who first persuaded me to try the fate of my Irish songs," said Mrs. Needham, in reply to my query.

The success with which they immediately met is an old story. One of the latest, a beautiful one called "Hush-een" was enthusiastically received at the Albert Hall when sung this year by Miss Lucie Johnstone at the St Patrick's Concert. The fact that Miss Johnstone is herself a daughter of Erin, perhaps accounts for the delicious tenderness of her rendering of the quaint Irish words.

Edith Dick

MRS. EDITH DICK.
The composer of many charming songs.
Photograph by Hama, Bedford Street, W.C.

"Oh, yes, I was always improvising whilst I was growing up," continued Mrs. Needham, "but it never occurred to me to publish anything, until my

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MISS SYBIL PALLISER,
whose powers were first recognised by an American singer of the same name.
Photograph by Gabell, 13, Eccleston Street, S.W.

husband persisted in wishing me to do so."

Dr. Joseph Needham is widely known as a clever man of medicine, but we owe him a debt of thanks for having "discovered" his wife's musical abilities to the world.

Mrs. Needham studied at the Royal Academy of Music and, on leaving, had the honour of being made an Associate. Three years in succession did she carry off prizes for the best original songs at the Irish *Feis Ceoil.* Though she has written more songs than anything else, she has published some pianoforte solos, duets and part-songs, and I believe that her work for the Oxford Mus. Bac. is almost finished.

Not long ago Mrs. Needham was re-christened, receiving the curious name of *Telyn-y-Iwerdon.* This was on the occasion of the Eisteddfod, 1899, when the five Celtic nations foregathered. As a representative of Ireland she was initiated into the ancient Druidical ceremonies and given her Welsh name, which translated, reads "Harp of Ireland."

In spite of her bright manner it is not easy to induce this lady to talk of herself, her very versatility baffling one in the endeavour to learn more of her successes.

"My favourite song?" said my hostess, "Well I think it is 'Haymaking' but it is very difficult to judge of one's own work."

But at the very moment when I thought our conversation had drifted into the right groove, the door opened and nurse appeared with baby.

"Ah, here's my darling boy," cried the mother, taking the bonny little fellow into her arms. The musician was instantly merged in the mother—ideal womanhood thinks nothing of classical attainments in presence of a baby's claims, and, charmingly unconscious of fame or glory, Mrs. Needham shows her true womanliness by her devotion to her husband and little "Terence."

In one of the prettiest flats imaginable, situated not a hundred miles from Victoria Station, Miss Edith Cooke has her home.

"Oh, yes, I am married," said she laughingly to me, and I could not help noticing the affectionate glance she threw at the portrait of a barrister, which stood on the piano, "but in all things musical I am simply Edith Cooke still."

Very truly yours
Frances Allitsen

MISS ALLITSEN,
Composer of that fine patriotic song, "There's a Land.
Photograph by Hermann Ernst, 1, Waverley Place, St. John's Wood, N.W.

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"I need not ask you which is your most popular song," I said, as we chatted comfortably from the depths of two great easy chairs. "'I Dreamed a Dream' I suppose still takes first place?"

"Yes, it is extraordinary how it does, for it is nearly—well, more years than I care to count since I published it as my first song. Ah, no"—and she raised her hand in gay protest—"I know what you are going to say, but I really cannot tell the old story again, of how that song was first played by a brass band on a seaside pier, and was eventually sold to a publisher for a good round sum, whilst I was little more than a child. It has been told so many times," added Miss Cooke, smilingly.

"It was a wonderful triumph that, I fancy, most people have heard of," I agreed; "but have you always found it easy to write songs since then?"

"If I have got the words, I can always write."

"May I ask whether you compose at the piano?"

"This is how I usually do it." Miss Cooke had divined my secret desire, and most genially showed me her method of working. Leaning back in her chair she mused for a moment on the words for setting, which were supposed to be written on the newspaper she held in front of her. Then, suddenly, she sprang up and went to the piano. Instantly some fine chords rolled forth, gradually giving place to a flood of melody, that dwindled into a running accompaniment as Miss Cooke took up the refrain with her voice.

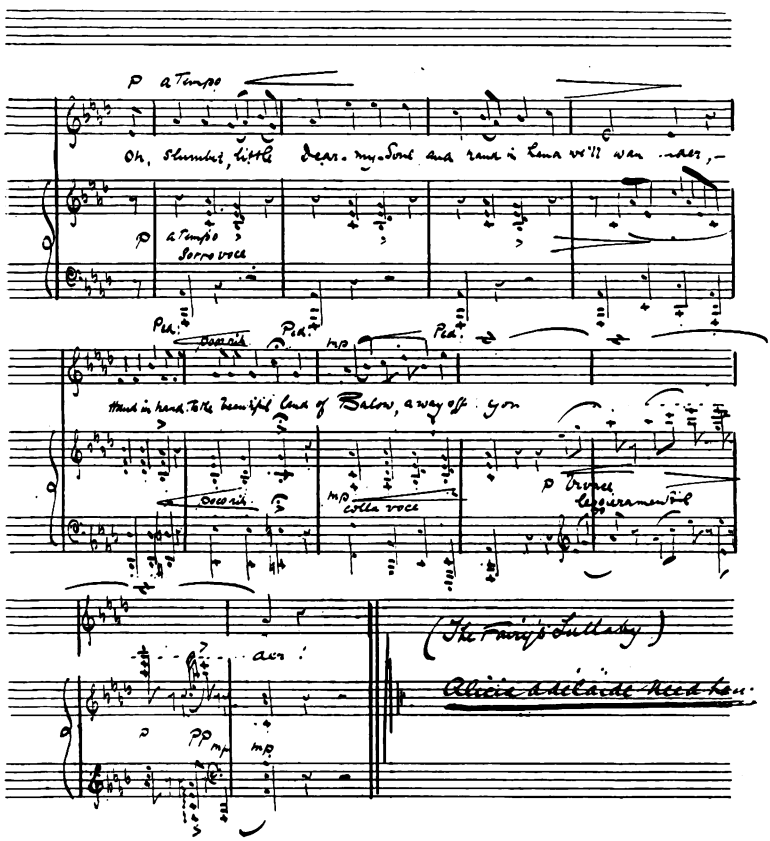
"There, that's how I work," said the composer, as she broke off abruptly.

"But was that original—I mean had you never composed that before?"

"Never."

"But can you remember it all to write down?"

"Oh, I can remember almost anything. I could play that again to you now or at any time. Luckily, I have a good memory for all kinds of music, and can play the accompaniments to most songs without any notes."



PART OF THE ORIGINAL MS. OF MRS. NEEDHAM'S WELL-KNOWN "FAIRY'S LULLABY."

"May I hear you sing your favourite song?" I begged.

"Do you mean of my own composition?"

I nodded, for already the lissome fingers were flying over the keys in a melodious prelude. Miss Cooke possesses a voice that is not great, but has a tenderness in it that suits the plaintive setting of "Don't forget me, Robin," perfectly.

"That is very sweet, yet I do not know it," said I, as the last note died into silence.

"No, it is not so popular as some of my others, although I think it is one of

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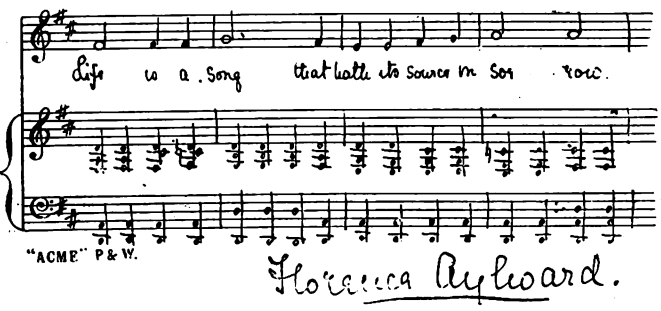
my best. Another favourite of mine is 'The Broken Story.'"

"And what is the name of your last song?"

"The Story of a Life" she answered brightly, as she bade me farewell, for I was reluctantly taking leave of my hostess, who, in spite of being possessed with that remarkable 'gift of melody' is charmingly void of self-consciousness, or of that affectation which is born of vanity.



The publishers discovered Miss Aylward's genius by her sending a song to be printed for private distribution.
Photograph by F. T. Palmer, Croydon.

In a quaintly-pretty old country house, surrounded by the Surrey hills, dwells Miss Florence Aylward, the composer of many songs that have endeared themselves to our hearts.

"Oh, I could not live in London," said Miss Aylward, in reply to my appreciative remarks on the beauty of the wide stretch of country through which we had driven from the station. "I was allowed to run wild when I was a child (for I was brought up in the country), and I never could be really happy in a town."

And as I glanced up at the speaker, I suddenly realised why there is such a delightful "breeziness" about her music. This thought led to the question,

"Are you always able to compose, or do you do it irregularly, Miss Aylward?"

"I think I can always compose," she answered smilingly, "but it depends on my mood what the result is like. If the sun is shining brilliantly, and I stroll out and see the flowers springing from the ground, then I come in and write in that strain, but on such a day as this, when the wind is sweeping past in great gusts and the sky is grey, I should probably write turbulent music. And so on. I never could write to order, but, of course, it greatly depends on the words that one has ringing in one's head."

"Ah, you find your words first?"

"Certainly, I cannot imagine how people ever work the other way round. When I find words that I wish to 'set,' I go to the piano, and then as the melody arranges itself in my conception, I write it down, and after that seldom alter a note of it."

"How do I get my words, you ask. Well, I have two or three people who supply me with verses, and besides that, every morning's post brings me a shoal of poems from utter strangers who 'hope I will set them.'"

MISS EDITH COOKE,
who composed her famous song, "I Dreamed a Dream," when little more than a child.

"Do you ever find good work amongst these promiscuous writers?"

"Only very occasionally. This is the usual kind of thing with which I am favoured":—

"Darling baby's gone to sleep,
Angels watch him in his doze;
Ma's not been to bed for a week,
Nor taken off her clothes."

"I fear that would scarcely suit your style of music," I suggested laughingly, for Miss Aylward's repetition of the doggerel was irresistibly droll. Then I asked my hostess about her first song.

"You mean the first published?" she queried. "I

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wrote songs when I was a child, you see. Well, I had written a song which my friends liked and I wished to have a hundred copies of it printed to distribute amongst them, so I sent it up to Boosey to enquire the cost. To my astonishment they replied by offering me five guineas for the copyright, and said they would like to see more of my work."

Miss Aylward's most popular song—which she does not consider her best, her own choice falling on "A Mountain Serenade"—is "Beloved, it is Morn." It impresses one with the sense of fitness which the music bears in relation to the words, and again, in her beautiful setsetting of "A Song of Sorrow" every note vibrates with mournful tenderness. At nine years of age this lady was organist in her father's church.

During the last few years she has written some church music and is continually sending forth new melodies from her retirement, whence she unassumingly sweetens and brightens this workaday world.

"I have been so busy with my necklaces lately, that it seems quite strange to talk of my music," said Mrs. Edith Dick to me, as we sat in the twilight of her pretty drawing-room and chatted.

I confessed myself to be a lover of the exquisite and curious necklets made of the quaintest of Eastern curios, which my hostess has been manufacturing for some months now, but at the same time I endeavoured to gently guide our talk into musical paths.

"And do the chains claim all your attention just now, or are there hours when you slip into the luxury of revelling in harmonies and melodies once more?"

"Oh, indeed there are," came the quick reply, "I could not do without my music; but I have had very little time for composing during the past winter. My last song was called 'Aubade' and goes like this"—and in a moment the room was filled with rippling music, as the fingers of the composer passed lovingly over the piano-keys.

"My first song," said Mrs. Dick when she took her seat near me again, "was called 'Daylight.' Boosey published it, but it did not have a great sale."

"And did you have much difficulty in getting it published?"

"No; I was wonderfully lucky,"—this is the modest way in which Mrs. Dick put it, but, personally, I doubt if there is such a thing as "luck" in the world—"I just sent it to Boosey and they accepted it at once, and ever since, I have had my songs taken without any trouble, except that my publisher is always expostulating with me for writing too difficult accompaniments."

"Really!" I exclaimed. "Does that make any difference to the popularity of a song?"

"Indeed it does. I always laugh and say that I believe he would like me to write in the key of C and in Common time perpetually."

"Well, I always imagined that yours was the exceptional profession, where you were left to choose your own way absolutely."

"Oh dear no, but of course I take no heed. I would rather not publish at all than get into the regular groove of the 'pot boiler.'".

"And which is your most popular song?—I do not necessarily mean your best," I hastened to add.

Mrs. Dick smiled at the amendment as she replied, "My most popular songs are 'When Daffodils Unfold' and 'Spring is Here,' and they have done me much useful service in a prosaic way, but my best efforts I think—and of course they didn't 'go'—are 'A Fairy Song' and a man's song entitled 'She Loves Me.'"

"I think you have composed other music as well as songs?"

"Stanley Lucas published a 'Suite de Ballet' of mine scored for full orchestra. This has been played by Cavaliere Zavertal's R.A. band, also by the Royal Engineers."

"Of course you sing yourself," said I, as I prepared to face the wintry blast once more, for I had stayed an unpardonable length of time.

"Oh, yes, I sing, chiefly, my own songs, but also to the guitar a good deal, and have taught that instrument to many pupils, as well as coaching vocalists."

It was a curious coincidence that first brought Miss Sybil Palliser into the ranks of lady song writers. Whilst studying at the Royal Academy of Music she wrote the song called "I Wonder," but made no effort to publish it. Then she happened to meet Miss Esther Palliser, and probably the fact that both possessed the same name—although it is only the *nom de plume* of the American singer—made

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these two ladies take a special interest in each other. By chance Miss Sybil Palliser mentioned that she had written a song, and the singer immediately offered to look at it and promised to sing it if she liked it. She did like it, and not only helped to make it popular by singing it, but also got it published advantageously.

Alas! that for want of space, I cannot touch on the musical successes of many well known women composers, such as "Guy d'Ardelot," Miss Ethel Harraden, Miss Mary Carmichael, Miss Cecile Hartoff and others who possess the rare gift of conceiving and recording new and beautiful melodies, which alone can perfectly interpret the poet's rhymic words.

THEKLA BOWSER.

THE NIGHT STORM.

The distant stars in all the sky are bright,
The gentle winds sing songs of peace to-night,
And earth in quiet peacefulness is dressed;
When, lo, from out the distant west
The rumbling voice of thunder deep
Proclaims the storm god; lightnings leap
From the dark horizon, playing
O'er the western trees that, swaying
Wildly, tell the storm god's power!
Over all the heavens tower
The great grey clouds; and rapidly
The stars are blotted from the sky;
While rains incessant beat
The ground like tiny feet,
    And the thunder
    Breaks asunder
All the quiet of the night;
And the forked lightnings bright
    Turn to day
    The misty way
Of the grey clouds' dripping path.
Then the wild storm's aftermath
Follows gently and, behold,
The stars are shining as of old,
The trees are by soft winds caressed
And earth in peacefulness is dressed.

Charles W. Lamb.

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The Union of the Churches.

HOW OUR LEADERS VIEW THE QUESTION.

LAST month the Rev. Silas K. Hocking contributed a most timely and suggestive paper to our magazine entitled, "A Plea for Church Unity," in which he pointed out the sad results accruing from the ill-feeling and disputes which have existed between various sections of the Christian Church. He said :—

If Jesus Christ taught anything with definiteness and insisted upon it again and again, it was that His disciples should not quarrel, that those who did quarrel were not of His spirit. The one supreme command which He gave was that they should love one another. This was the distinguishing badge by which they were to be known. Again and again He insisted on love as the condition of discipleship, and declared that quarrels which sprang from bitterness and uncharitableness were alien to His spirit, that only by being servant of all, and taking the lowest seats, ministering in every possible way to the needs of others, could the highest life be reached. Yet, notwithstanding the very plain and definite teachings of the Master, perhaps no people in the world have quarrelled more than those who have professed to be His followers. The ill effects of these quarrels have been wider and deeper than we can form any conception of. The outside world is quick to see and sharp to criticise.

Mr. Hocking contends that these disputes form a great stumbling block in the way of unbelievers, and that it is in vain to preach the beautiful idealism of Christ's Sermon on the Mount to the outside world when we fail to put those very teachings into practice in our lives.

Referring to the union of the two great Free Churches of Scotland, Mr. Hocking asks why something cannot be done on this side of the border to promote the union of religious bodies.

Methodism, for instance, he says, is represented by some six or seven distinct organisations, although in point of doctrine there is no essential difference, while even in point of ecclesiastical polity the differences are small and unimportant. A union between the various sections of Methodism would, Mr. Hocking thinks, make for increased strength and efficiency, for these separate organisations with their separate sets of officers mean a very considerable waste of energy and wealth.

In the same way with the two great Congregational bodies—the Baptists and the Independents—he sees no reason why they should not form one organisation and says that the mere detail of the form of baptism should not form an insuperable barrier.

Thinking that the views of the leaders in the Churches on this important subject would be most instructive, we have invited them to express their opinions on the questions raised by Mr. Hocking's paper, embracing not only the union of Dissenting Churches but the larger question of drawing together all branches of the Christian Church in this country.

The replies received are very encouraging. Churchmen and Dissenters alike approach the question of the establishment of closer relations between the various sections of the Church of Christ in a broad and sympathetic spirit. There is manifested a very real desire for a better understanding, and for increased facilities to work together for common objects.

Several eminent divines, such as the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), and many other leading Churchmen and Nonconformists, while unwilling to take part in a symposium, express their entire sympathy with the movement.

The following are some of the replies received :—

Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A.,

Pastor of Christ Church, Westminster.

No thoughtful man can do other than agree with the propositions of Mr. Hocking's article. The union between the two great Presbyterian Churches effected last year, the joint meetings of the Baptists and the Congregationalists this year, and the union of all in the great simultaneous Mission, have been notable and welcome steps towards the realisation of our

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Saviour's prayer. At the same time there is a question whether the precise doctrines or presentments of Christianity which are entrusted to the great denominations will be so clearly and emphatically borne witness to, when all shall be merged in one all-including body, as they are to-day. The fact that a certain body of Christians feels itself called out to stand for one aspect of the Gospel—say, for instance, the purpose of God's grace, or the freedom of the will—has probably brought that doctrine more clearly and emphatically before the world than if it had been held as one of many others, with no special emphasis of testimony. In order to have one ray of light it is necessary that red should be red and blue blue. I wonder, if we got back to the outward unity of the primitive Church, whether we might not have to begin the weary round of sub-division again. Still, these are not reasons against the unity, but only caveats that, when the unity is realised, we shall insist upon an outspoken vindication of those doctrines and facts which seem in danger of being ignored, whilst entertaining a spirit of love to all that differ from us.

F. W. Farrar

THE VERY REV. S. REYNOLDS HOLE, D.D.,
Dean of Rochester.

It seems to me that the most hopeful endeavours to promote sympathy among Christians are made by those who pray to HIM, who himself prayed that we might all be one, that we may hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life, remembering at the same time that there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit; differences of administration, but the same Lord; diversities of operation, but it is the same God which worketh all in all.

S. Reynolds Hole

VEN. WILLIAM MACDONALD SINCLAIR, D.D.,
Archdeacon of London.

I am much interested by Mr. Hocking's sketch. In my opinion the dints of history are too deep for formal reunion in this generation; but by cultivating mutual goodwill and courtesy, we may pave the way for some future unexpected operation of God the Holy Spirit, in the generations to come.

I have expressed my views in two papers, in a book I published in 1895, called "Words to the Laity" (Nisbet), the papers being on "Our Unhappy Divisions" and "Schism"; and again in a book of sermons I published in 1896 (Constable), "Simplicity in Christ," the sermon being "What we are doing for unity." I subjoin a few extracts which will show the scope of the thought:—

When we repeat in our creed our belief in the Holy Catholic Church, it is heart-rending to remember the deep dividing lines which cut the members of Christ asunder. . . . Shall we not each endeavour to see what we can do to conciliate our Christian fellow-subjects, and prove to them that we gladly recognise them as followers of the same Saviour, called by the same name? Far from uselessly trying to keep our non-conforming brethren in the background, it should be our delight to take every opportunity of sharing our work with them and showing them respect and attention.

They have now little grievance, except that which is purely social. It is our duty as Christians, it is our privilege as members of the National Church, and it should be our pride as patriotic citizens of the Kingdom of Christ, to remove any grounds which there may be for this last remaining complaint. From time to time we hear of unhappy and unworthy instances of annoyance, coldness, disdain and presumption. The leading Methodists declare that the position of their body towards the National Church has been greatly altered by the intolerance of too many of the new school of young Presbyters in the country villages. That is the sad old policy of exasperation. If that policy is still pursued, who can wonder if the consequences are hostility? Why should such people expect the Nonconformists to be so much more Christian in their forbearance than themselves?

Nothing is more touching than the friendly gratitude with which acts of kindness and courtesy performed in the spirit of St. Peter are always welcomed by the Nonconformists. It puts us to shame because the courtesy is not so

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general and customary as to be, in the way we might have hoped, a matter of course. . . .

With all past mistakes in view we ought to be very humble in our attitude, charitable in our judgment, and tender and respectful towards those who differ from us. . . .

At the Lambeth Conference in 1895 our Bishops issued to us the following instruction in their encyclical letter:—

"The attitude of the Anglican Communion towards the religious bodies now separated from it by unhappy divisions would appear to be thus: We hold ourselves in readiness to enter into brotherly conference with any of those who may desire intercommunion with us in a more or less perfect form. We lay down conditions on which such intercommunion is, in our opinion, and according to our conviction, possible. For however we may long to embrace those now alienated from us, so that the ideal of the one flock under the one Shepherd may be realised, we must not be unfaithful stewards of the great deposit entrusted to us. We cannot desert our position either as to faith or discipline. . . . But we gladly and thankfully recognise the real religious work which is carried on by Christian bodies not of our communion. We cannot close our eyes to the visible blessing which has been vouchsafed to their labours for Christ's sake. Let us not be misunderstood on this point.

"We are not insensible to the strong ties, the rooted convictions, which attach them to their present position. These we respect, as we wish that on our side our principles and feelings may be respected.

"*Competent observers, indeed, assert that, not in England only, but in all parts of the Christian world, there is a real yearning for unity—that men's hearts are moved more than heretofore towards Christian fellowship.*"

The special committee of Bishops also sent in the following recommendation:—

"That the constituted authorities of the various branches of our communion acting as far as may be in concert with one another be earnestly requested to make it known that they hold themselves in readiness to enter into brotherly conference with the representatives of the other chief Christian communions in the English speaking races, in order to consider what steps can be taken either towards corporate reunion, or towards such relations as may prepare the way for fuller organic unity hereafter. . . ."

"That the conference recommend as of great importance in tending to bring about reunion the dissemination of information respecting the standards of doctrine and the formularies in use in the Anglican Church; and that information be disseminated on the other hand, respecting the authoritative standards of doctrine, worship and government adopted by the other bodies of Christians into which the English speaking races are divided. . . . "

Are we doing what we can to carry out the suggestions of the Bishops and the instructions of the Lambeth Conference? If we are, indeed, sincere and genuine disciples of our Master, we shall each of us try to make personal friends of any Nonconformists that we meet, and endeavour to learn from them some Christian grace or virtue. We shall try by the consistency of our lives, the earnestness of our faith and the width of our charity to recommend to others the principles that we hold to be true. We shall take every opportunity of joining together on religious and philanthropic platforms—in all good works. Throughout every town and in every country village, we shall do our utmost to make those who do not agree with us feel that there is no social ban upon them because they are unable to subscribe to the national organisation of religion. Outward and formal unity we cannot at present expect; the lines of division sunk by the mistakes of the past are still too deep, but we can all strive for the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace; and some day, in God's own good time, some great fervour of love will overspread the land like the universal dawn of a calm and cloudless summer day; and barriers will be broken down, and prejudices will be discarded, and misunderstandings cleared up, and we shall find that, by each coming as close as we can to the Lord Jesus Christ, we have come close to each other also.

REV. ALFRED ROWLAND, LL.B.,

Ex-Chairman of the Congregational Union.

I have long been of opinion that union in work and worship among those who represent different phases of religious opinion is not only desirable, but necessary, if we are to evangelise English villages and heathen lands. The churches have failed to recognise the extraordinary diminution of our rural population, which renders it impossible to keep up existing places of worship in many

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villages. Agriculture is depressed, well-to-do farmers and tradesmen have disappeared, the young and vigorous life has migrated to our cities, and as a necessary consequence of all this churches and chapels once crowded are nearly empty.

Appeals are made for help to great centres of population, but for the most part churches there have their hands full in providing for the swarms coming up from the country, and I doubt if spasmodic efforts on their part will adequately sustain the rural churches as they at present exist. In a population, say, of fifteen hundred poor people we may often see three or four little chapels, besides the parish church, although, allowing for the usual percentage who actually attend worship, this provision is absurdly extravagant. Surely we could make arrangements for the maintenance of one Free Church only in such a place, and Methodists, Congregationalists, and Baptists could well worship together. As a matter of fact they do so by choice, in most of our city and suburban churches, without the slightest difficulty. Of course there would have to be mutual yielding, one denomination giving up in one village and another elsewhere; but this is precisely the sort of work Free Church councils ought to undertake and press to a consummation.

The results of combination would be—adequate support to the ministry, the relief of overburdened stewards and deacons, congregations large enough to inspire the preachers, the possibility of attempting evangelistic work in neglected hamlets, and of helping on missionary work abroad. Besides all this, buildings would be set free for use as institutes, working men's clubs, and the like, thus providing an antidote to the baleful influence of public-houses, which at present are the only centres of warmth and light for village labourers when each toilsome day is ended. Mr. Hocking's suggestion on the desirability of amalgamating central offices, however desirable it may be, is applicable to a more distant future. We must be content to move slowly towards such a goal; but the suggestion I have made in regard to rural districts, although beset by difficulties, is already within the range of practical politics.

Arthur Rowlands.

THE HON. AND VERY REV.
W. H. FREMANTLE, D.D.,
Dean of Ripon.

I am much obliged to you for sending me Mr. Hocking's article entitled, "A Plea for Church Unity." I welcome, with him, every attempt at union, such as that of the "National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches," or that of the Scottish Free Church with the United Presbyterian. But when the question comes of the goal towards which our efforts should be directed, I am quite unable to rest in any merely ecclesiastical organisation. Such organisation, whether Oriental or Roman, Anglican or Presbyterian, can only undertake a part of human life, and can never be "the body of Christ, the fulness of Him who filleth all in all." A union of such organisations might even become a great tyranny, and might only perpetuate the present misunderstanding, which lies, in my opinion, in the notion that religion is a matter of the ordinances of worship, and that the Church is a body existing primarily for the administration of such ordinances.

When once we see that religion is a matter of the life, and of the life in its fullest sense, including knowledge, art, commerce, literature, and the government of men, it is evident that this can only be conducted in its completeness by the Commonwealth itself acting as a Christian body. I consider, therefore, that our first effort should be to build up and support the national organisation as the organ of Christian righteousness. In this we can all be at one. In working for this together we shall be strong. But, until we recognise this as our object, the weakness complained of by Mr. Hocking will remain, because we undertake a part, not the whole, of the Christian life, and our one-sided appeal cannot satisfy the conscience.

If this object is recognised, then the present organisations for religious worship and its adjuncts will fall into their proper place, not each of them pretending to be "The Church," but acting as agencies for conducting one great and blessed function of the Church. This they may do whether they are officially or voluntarily organised. Their common aim as acting within the larger body of the Christian Commonwealth would draw them together; we should demand the

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abolition of laws which prevent our union in common ministrations, and the institution of some form of local councils in which we could work together for the promotion of social and religious good.

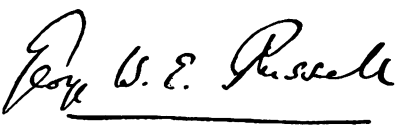
I have lately delivered a course of lectures at Harvard University in America, entitled, "Christian Ordinances and Social Progress," which I hope may help to guide Christian thought in the direction I have indicated, and to fend off some of the evils which Mr. Hocking so justly foresees.

REV. J. MONRO GIBSON, D.D.,
Hon. Sec. National Council of Evangelical Free Churches.

I agree with every word of Mr. Silas Hocking's timely article; and in view of the extraordinary development of the Union principle in the growth and consolidation of the Federation of the Evangelical Free Churches during the last ten years, I am not without hope that there will soon be such Unions as Mr. Hocking foreshadows, and then a great United Free Church of England, embracing our Evangelical Episcopalian brethren as well; for my belief is that it is not beyond the wit of man to devise some basis of real union which will embrace all that is worth contending for in the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Congregational systems of Church administration. Moreover we have something better than "the wit of man;" there is the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Let us all hope, and pray, and work, for the great Reunion of all Churches which are faithful to the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL, LL.D.

I believe, with Dean Church, that the Church of England is, "in spite of inconsistencies and menacing troubles, the most glorious Church in Christendom;" and therefore I naturally wish that all my "brethren after the flesh" might be members of it. But, failing this, I would humbly submit that the best method of cultivating Christian unity is to ascertain what Christians in other communions than one's own really believe; and sedulously to guard against misinterpretations of their belief, and against the use of injurious and uncharitable language. More especially I would entreat my Nonconformist friends not to caricature and vilify the beliefs of Churchmen about Holy Orders, Absolution, and the Eucharist. So may we best fulfil the Divine Prayer, and become, as the Master desired, "one."



REV. J. GUINNESS ROGERS, D.D.,
Ex-Chairman of the Congregational Union.

In my view any scheme of organisation is impracticable and undesirable. The discussion of it would, so far as I can see, draw off the attention of the Churches from far deeper and more serious questions which have to be met. It is in these latter that I am interested.

REV. W. CUFF,
Ex-President of the Baptist Union.

I have just come from the united meetings of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland. It was held in the City Temple, on Holborn Viaduct, and a finer sight is seldom seen than that great audience of 3,000 ministers and delegates of our Churches, which presented an object lesson on *real* Christian unity.

Dr. Parker presided, and in his few introductory remarks, said, "We are not gathered here to discuss our differences, but the things in which we agree." That struck the keynote, and it sounded through all that was said and done. This does not mean that there were no differences in doctrine, practice and views of truth and life; but it does mean there is real union in faith and love where these do not exist. Our unity is deeper than any agreement in doctrine or church polity

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can ever produce. It is in a living person, even Jesus Christ, our Lord. This kind of union and oneness is in the atmosphere of our church life to-day. It is better understood now than ever before, and more sincerely desired. The change that has come over the Churches in this respect is marked, definite and significant. The leaders and ministers of the Churches lead the van, and have done much to work this desirable change.

The *Daily Chronicle* of April 23rd has a leader on the meetings referred to above. In it the writer asks the following question: "Have Dr. Maclaren and Dr. Parker, the chairmen of the Baptist and Congregational Assemblies, put each other to the touch? Would they consent to amalgamate to-day, if they could? We trow not." But is there no real union without amalgamation? If we had been amalgamated ten years ago, could the oneness of aim, unity of purpose, passionate devotedness, and brotherly love have been deeper or more enthusiastic? I venture to think not. Surely history proves that uniformity in doctrine and practice has failed in the most abject and absolute manner to secure real Christian unity. The church that has tried it most has most utterly failed in the attempt.

I wonder if those who write so much and say so much about our divisions, and what they are pleased to call "quarrels," want us all to think alike, worship alike in word and form and attitude. Will any devout and honest student of the teaching of Jesus venture to say that this is what He meant when He prayed in John xvii., 21, "That they all be one; as thou Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me"?

Does that mean that we are to worship in one form, pray in the same words, have but one Church, and one exact creed? Suppose we did, and had all this in its highest and best form, would not those who now write about our divisions, and "quarrels," at once taunt us about our fetters? Would they not say that we were creed-bound, narrow, tied up to one Church, one form, one creed, and wanting in free thought and action!

I hope I shall be pardoned for saying that I know the working people, for I have spent nearly forty years amongst them in regular Church life and work. I do not believe that they have turned their backs on all the Churches alike, because of the divisions and diversities of doctrine and polity. There is a deeper and more potent factor at work. The Churches have become worldly, fashionable, selfish, and mean. Spiritually they are half dead. There is a lack, *felt* and *painful*, of all true, holy fervour, and love for souls.

The concert has taken the place of the prayer-meeting, and the music and singing have whittled down the Word of God and the sermon to next to nothing in the public service of the sanctuary. Now, this famous "man in the street," who now-a-days settles every question, may not know much, but I venture to say for him that he does know the difference between a Church full of spiritual power, with a real man and living message in the pulpit, and a semi-musical, religious service. We shall never win the lost multitudes by any outward and visible unity. They can only be touched by a living, loving Church with a living, loving message to their souls.

Here is a point at which we can unite, and become one. This is the sort of Church unity which the poor lost world needs—a holy brotherhood, seeking and saving that which is lost.

R. Guff

Rev. CHARLES MOINET,

Ex-Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England.

It is important to bear in mind that the unity of the Church already exists, notwithstanding all its diversities in form and organisation, and the great thing is to give this unity appropriate and adequate expression. That the best way to do so is by resolving ourselves into one great ecclesiastical community is a debatable point—I very much doubt it, and I doubt still more if it is practicable, except perhaps in the case of the Methodist bodies. The Churches at present conserve certain principles which might suffer if they ceased to have a separate existence, and my impression is that on the whole they may do their work better as they are, than by entering into an incorporating union. What we need is to know and understand each other better, to mature some plan of joint action in the planting of new Churches at home, and in mission

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work abroad, and generally to co-operate more fully and freely with one another.

If we had more frequent interchanges of pulpits, more frequent combinations for evangelistic and other work affecting the social and religious welfare of the people, we could hardly fail to demonstrate the real unity of the Churches, while we should preserve all the elements of strength contributed by their several traditions, and by those working arrangements which use and wont have proved to be most suitable and effective for each.

Charles Inwood

REV. W. HAY M. H. AITKEN, M.A.,
Canon of Norwich.

Our divisions are, indeed, unhappy and most deplorable, and must make our missionaries "ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate." No doubt, Mr. Hocking is right when he speaks of them as contributing to the alienation of the masses, and to the discrediting of our faith. Indeed, it is waste of space to enlarge on all the evil that they do; the humiliating facts are before the eyes of all.

Yet let us do justice even to our divisions. He would be a bold man who would affirm that any one of them was in its genesis, and is in its maintenance, a mere "work of the flesh." "The flesh" may have had a good deal to do with the business; self-will, pig-headedness, and the ambition of a Diotrephes, may all have borne their part; but, beside all this, there will have been a strong and manly determination to stand up for some cherished truth, or to affirm some sacred right.

Take, for instance, the case of the various Methodist bodies. A small education is required to enable us to understand why some should be Bryanites, and some New Connectionists, and so forth; and, no doubt, the most part of the adherents of each division have not the faintest notion why they adhere. Yet I do not suppose that any intelligent member of the original Wesleyan body would be the least disposed to accept a brief for the defence of the mode of government still retained by that body. At least, I should be very much surprised if anyone would undertake the task and should be sorry for him if he did. Confronted by such a fact what can one expect but that sundry and manifold attempts should be made to solve the problem of self-government in some more reasonable way?

To call attention to this is not to abandon all idea of reunion as hopeless; rather it disposes us to indicate the conditions of its becoming possible. What would seem to be needed is: First—that we should all feel as strongly as Mr. Hocking does, what an evil and disastrous thing division is, and be prepared to make serious sacrifice of our preferences and prejudices with a view to the restoration of unity. Second—that we should make it a matter of daily and earnest prayer that God will in his mercy roll away this reproach from us. Third—that we should lose no opportunity of asserting our real spiritual unity in Christ Jesus before the world, as was done during Moody's campaigns, and as is being done at Keswick and in similar gatherings. Fourth—that we should be very cautious and careful in determining what we are to regard as essentials in Christian truth; and disposed to form a modest estimate of the importance of what is recognised as non-essential. Fifth—that we should endeavour to distinguish clearly between pious opinions (with respect to which great latitude should be permitted), precarious inferences, venerable traditions, and clearly revealed truths. Sixth—that we should be prepared to insist only on the latter, as conditions of admission into Church fellowship and official work in the Church, leaving in all else the freest scope to private judgment. Seventh—that we should lay aside all such false *esprit de corps* as may dispose us to think more of the dignity and importance of the particular body to which we belong than of the honouring of Christ in the re-uniting of his people. Eighth—that, while laying aside all idle dreams of an impossible uniformity, we should none the less be ready, if possible, to make use of all that is deemed to be important in the systems of those with whom we desire to coalesce.

W. Hay M. H. Aitken

REV. W. BARKER, M.A.,
Canon of St. Paul's.

May I just say that I am in ardent sympathy with the idea of Church Unity

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expressed in the "Plea," but I am not sanguine that any such a result will come about yet awhile—more's the pity!

REV. JOHN CLIFFORD, D.D.,
Twice President of Baptist Union.

I need scarcely say that I welcome Mr. Hocking's paper. Its purpose I have long cherished. Its policy, I am thankful to say, I have had the happiness of promoting.

In the year 1891 there were in this country two leading denominations of Baptists: one known as the "Particular" Baptist, and the other as the "General" Baptist: these epithets being theological in their origin and import, and indicating, in the one case, the conviction that the atonement of Christ was limited in its range and offered benefit to the "elect"; and the other that it was "general," unlimited, universal. There were Baptists in England before the beginning of the seventeenth century, but in 1611 or 1612 the "General Baptists" took organic shape, the "Particulars" following in 1633; and these two organisations moved on entirely separate lines through British history, often far apart, and only touching one another infrequently, until June, 1891, when the twain became one. The union is complete; and ten years of fruitful fellowship are its ample and inspiring vindication.

The next step is the union of Congregationalists and Baptists. This ought to be accomplished within the next quarter of a century. We are certainly on the way to it. How it is to be effected is a question we ought strenuously and patiently to face. The difficulty is to determine in what way we can unite our organisations, and yet retain the baptism of *believers* on the one hand, and the baptism of *infants* on the other.

Some hold that "both forms are equally right and complementary within the fulness of the redemptive fact and truth"; and whilst allowing that "there is no infant baptism in the New Testament *practice* at all, nor long after," yet assert that there are "points of attachment for it" in the New Testament. If we could agree to that as a true exposition of the situation the union might take place at once.

Many Baptist Churches are like Westbourne Park, *i.e.*, they teach that baptism is the privilege of each believer in the Saviour, and that the obligation to be baptised springs out of the soul's relation to Him, and not from the relation of the believer to the *Church*, and, therefore, admission to Church membership is open to all believers in Christ. To this is added a "dedication service" for the infants of the members of the congregation; but it is not regarded as New Testament baptism.

The arguments against union are chiefly based on the fear that by union both infant and believers' baptism would fall into desuetude; and it cannot be denied that there is risk of such an issue. Reports show that the practice of infant baptism is falling off, not only where it is treated as a symbol, but even where it is regarded as an effectual cause, and on the other hand the story of the few Union churches tends to a similar conclusion concerning the baptism of believers.

I believe if the whole subject could be investigated anew in the light of the best New Testament exegesis, the result would carry us much nearer to unity of organisation.

I need not write on unity amongst other denominations.

REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN,
Who is about to take up Moody's work in the States.

I find myself in the most hearty accord with Mr. Silas Hocking's position. It cannot but be disastrous to the highest interests of Christianity that the Catholic Church should be rent and torn into a number of fragments, each of which is supremely anxious to prove its own divinity. The question for me is once and for ever settled by Christ's prayer for the unity of His Church "that the world may believe," "that the world may know." The unity thus prayed for must be in some sense an outward one, for the hidden spiritual unity is not discernible by the eyes of the world, nor can be.

As to how far ecclesiastical uniformity is possible is open to serious question. Certainly it seems to me that the Methodist Church might be one, and also the Congregational Church, leaving absolute freedom of action in the matter of baptism.

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Surely, however, our unity in love ought to be more evident in the joining of all Christian forces in an united attack upon the giant evils that curse God's humanity. To this end we need to sympathise with convictions from which we most widely differ, because they are convictions; and to consent to postpone the discussion of many problems of doctrine to the calm, clear light of eternity. For my own part the only man with whom I find it difficult to have fellowship is the heresy hunter, who would unchurch all who do not express truth in terms identical with his own. These are they who cause schism. We need supremely a new fellowship with Christ which will ever issue in a new baptism of compassion, and a new devotion to the carrying out of His enterprises among the sons of men.

RIGHT REV. PETER S. ROYSTON, D.D.,
Asst. Bishop of Liverpool.

I think the statements of the last "Lambeth Conference" show how truly sympathetic the Bishops of our Church are with all practical efforts to awaken, sustain, and manifest true Christian unity on the part of the Church of England with orthodox Nonconformists. Such efforts are still being loyally made in this diocese.

REV. H. W. WEBB PEPLOE, M.A.
Prebendary of St. Paul's.

I have read with much interest the short article "A Plea for Church Unity" by the Rev. Silas K. Hocking, and sincerely hope that it may be but the prelude to many similar articles or expressions of opinion by leading ministers of the Gospel of all the different denominations, including the Church of England.

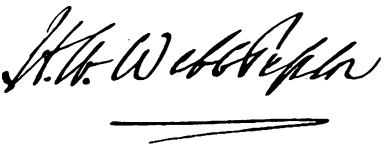
The practical issue of such aspirations may be difficult to forecast with any real accuracy, but the expression of hope must be the starting point of action, and with the signs of the times that are visible on all hands one cannot but believe that it is the purpose of God and the desire of many men that the churches now so sadly divided should be brought into close relations one with another, and the differences which have so long appeared insuperable may largely melt away as the Spirit of Christ works with power in all the different members of his body.

We are one very largely already in faith, and I am deeply convinced, not only from the study of God's Word, but from personal experience of such meetings as the Keswick Conventions, Mildmay conferences, etc., etc., that when brethren gather together around the Lord Jesus Christ, as the true Head of the whole body as one Church in heaven and earth, differences rapidly disappear or are forgotten, and the points of unity and the bonds of union alone remain to be seen or thought of. Men even forget to inquire concerning one another, "to what denomination does so-and-so belong?"

We have also seen in the last few months the happy re-union of two great Churches in Scotland, and in the last few days the Baptists and Congregationalists approaching one another in a remarkable manner, and efforts have everywhere been made to bring (as in America they have resulted in bringing) the different branches of Methodists into one great body.

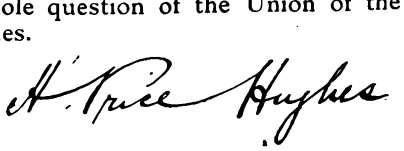
We may therefore well hope that if all parties will agree to sink their differences to the utmost, and to avoid political combinations absolutely and determinedly, the true unity of the Spirit, which does exist already, may manifest itself more and more powerfully in bringing about some kind of visible union.

For this we should all of us pray and work, and I feel confident that our labours will not be in vain in the Lord.



REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.,
Ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference.

I am specially and deeply interested in the whole question of the Union of the Churches.



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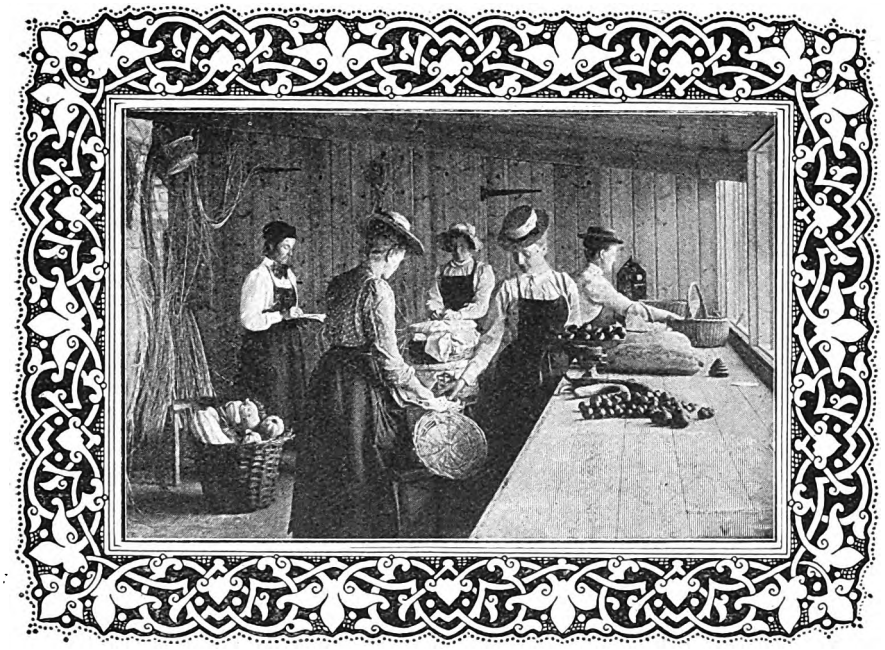

PACKING THE FRESHLY-GATHERED FRUIT.

THE DUXHURST FARM COLONY FOR INEBRIATE WOMEN.

By LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

Photographs by Robinson & Son, Redhill.

WOULD you care to come over the Farm Colony with me? If so, starting from my cottage which stands in the midst of the village, I will personally conduct you round the Industrial Farm Home. First you must come into my garden, and as you walk between the tall herbaceous beds on the flagged brick path you will come to my dwelling, which is a veritable cottage, not a make-believe; with one long room on the ground floor, with a large open grate on which logs of wood burn on the red hearthstones in winter, and where the little lattice windows overlook the beautiful sunny uplands that stretch away through the blue distance to the long line of grey hills. This is where I stay during my visits to the Colony, and I know of no more peaceful, exquisite spot than this little garden in the midst of green fields, with its singing birds and its bright flowers. But it is not all brightness and beauty, for here I see the women who come to the Colony as soon after their arrival as possible, and many a sorrowful story has been poured out here, for the histories of their lives are sad indeed; but there is a hopeful side which cheers us in the work, and makes us feel that we have to some extent solved the problem of how to deal with the habitually drunken woman.

But first you must come round the Colony with me, and I will tell you about the individuals afterwards. When we started our scheme we were puzzled to know upon what principle to commence it. The idea of an institution was hopeless because we felt sure that we should only

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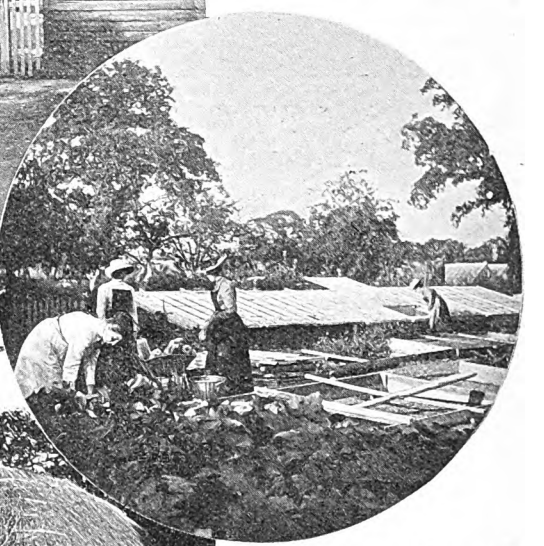
court failure, but the one thought that presented itself most clearly to us was, that it was absolutely necessary to place the women who came to us in as nearly normal surroundings as possible; that is to say that their life in our midst should be based upon the ordinary family life of an English home, with the healthiest surroundings and the healthiest work. And the reason for this is not far to seek. The women who come to us are usually those who have lost all their ideal of home, their standards are shattered, and it is our work to build them back again. Therefore one of the best things that we have to give a woman is a new ideal of the surroundings in which she ought to live. It may not sound very much to you, but it means a great deal to them; for drunkenness engenders dirt, thriftlessness, the breaking of all family ties, and the absolute ruin of home life; and this is what we have to endeavour to give back again to those who have lost it.

OFF TO THE DAIRY WITH THE NEW MILK.



AT WORK AMONG THE FRAMES AND HOTHOUSES.

FEEDING THE CHICKENS.

Crossing the field we pass the church. It is a very simple building, copied from a little church in one of the valleys in Switzerland. The inside is stained woodwork, and the Lord's Prayer is written on a gold band round the building. The altar piece was executed by Miss Cameron, and exhibits some of her beautiful Gesso work framing a picture of the Crucifixion. We have Sunday services conducted here by the chaplain, and also once or twice a week he holds special

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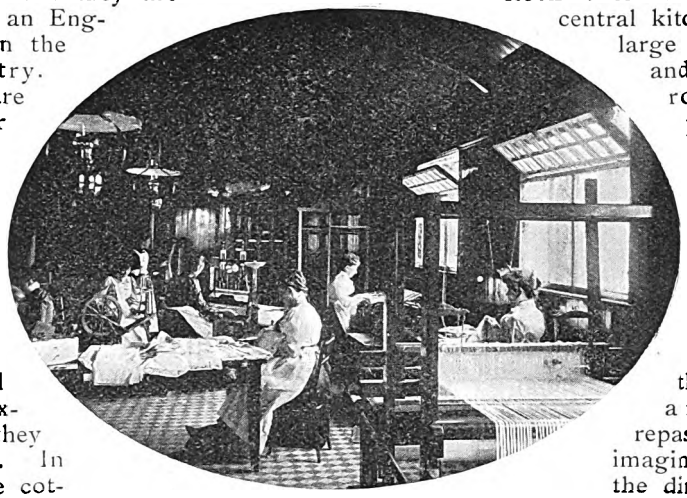
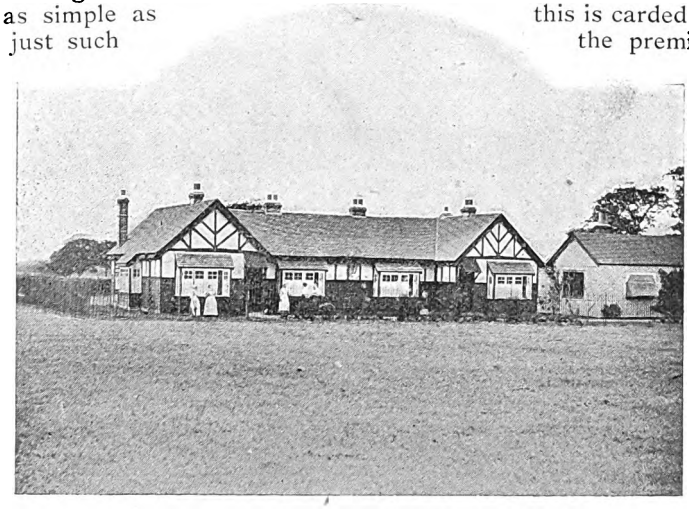
classes and services. Our congregation is growing very large, and we need further room, but we are waiting for some kind friend to help us to build on a little chancel in order to give us more space.

We come now to a quadrangle of cottages. Each has a little garden and a pretty porch, and they are thatched like an English village in the deep country. White roses are climbing over them in beautiful profusion, and there is no need to wonder at the brightness of the gardens because by and by I will explain how they are managed. In each of these cottages six or seven women live, sometimes as many as ten, and over each cottage there is a nurse sister, so that they are a family, and each one's wants can be attended to individually, and special care given to every case. There are little bedrooms with two beds in each and a pretty sitting-room, and the nurse's bedroom and sitting-room combined, and a dainty little kitchen with its clean range and all the utensils as simple as possible, but just such as ought to exist in every artisan's or labourer's cottage. Often when the women have left us they will write to us and say, "I am trying to make my house look as much like one of the cottages at Duxhurst as possible, and I think I have really succeeded. Very proud these women are of what they call "our little homes," and what a friendly rivalry there is as to which shall be the brightest, the neatest, and the cleanest!



THE GREAT WORKROOM WHERE ALL KINDS OF WEAVING AND SEWING ARE CARRIED ON.

The long building at the end with a clock over it contains the central kitchen and the large dining hall and the workrooms. The principal meals are taken together there, and as the bell rings the women come from all parts of the farm, and a more cheerful repast cannot be imagined. Opposite the dining-room is the work-room. The walls are stained a really beautiful blue, and I have been asked many times to give the receipt for that colour. Here are the looms on which the weaving is done, and I can show some beautiful linen of all shades woven on the premises. We also weave serges and homespun, and this work is done from the very foundation; there are the sacks of wool from our own sheep, and this is carded and spun on the premises and then woven. Then there is the embroidery, of which we are really proud, for we have done some very beautiful things, and it is sometimes difficult to believe how such fine work



THE ROYAL NAVY AND HASTINGS COTTAGES.

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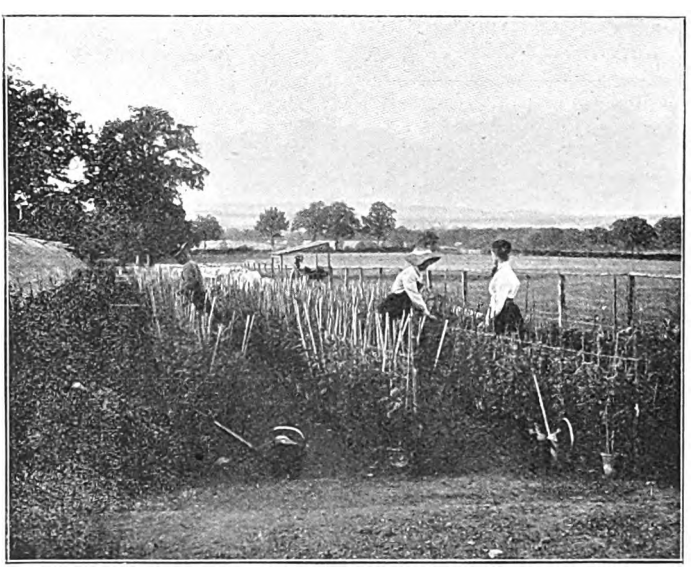
can be produced by comparatively unskilled labour.

But this is not really the chief occupation of the women; it is only a place where those who are not strong are taught to work, or else where those who are not fit for a whole day's work out of doors spend half their time. The real occupation for the women is entirely out of doors.

Come outside, and look towards the left, and you will see large fruit gardens stretching away, all planted by women; the fruit will be picked and packed by them, strawberry beds, and gooseberries and raspberry canes. And then if you will come with me again across the fields you will see the gardens. The grounds and gardens surround a Manor House, where women are received who are able to pay a far larger sum for their maintenance, but who require just the same care and attention as their poorer sisters.

Now our women keep all these flower borders in order, all those lawns, and those long forcing houses where tomatoes are grown and smilax and chrysanthemums; they are all cared for entirely by women. People often wonder that such work can be done, but it is accomplished because we have a splendid head for that part of our undertaking in Miss Jessie Smith, who was trained at Swanley College, and who is a most proficient gardener, and a most patient and kind employer. We cannot make our market gardening really pay because, of course, our women are all unskilled, and they have to be taught everything; but it *pays us*, nevertheless, for no employment could be found that is half so healthy, so invigorating, and so restoring as this out-door work for those whose health has been undermined and whose morale has been destroyed by the poison of alcohol.



TENDING CHRYSANTHEMUMS—IT IS THIS OUTDOOR WORK WHICH HAS PROVED SO BENEFICIAL.

I am certain that the large percentage of cures which our Medical Officer has returned in his report is largely owing to this method of employing our patients, and the way in which the idea has been copied in all sorts of institutions proves that, at any rate, we have led the way for a new method in reformatories.

We have a hospital where all the sick are received, but happily at this moment we do not need it for that purpose as our patients are all fairly well. Next door there are two cottages. One of them was given to us by the sailors of the Royal Navy. The collections were made on board the men of war and sent to Miss Agnes Weston, and that pretty building is the result. To my mind there is something infinitely touching in the fact that men on board ship cared for and thought about women who had perhaps no one to help them, and with their strong hands have helped to rescue those shipwrecked lives. Next to that is the cottage given to us by the British Women's Temperance Association of Hastings, and then beyond lies the Manor House of which I have already spoken, and the cottage which is inhabited by our Sister Superintendent. If the scheme has been a success it is largely because we have one of the wisest, kindest women at the head of the Colony that has ever presided over an institution; there is not a woman here that does not love Sister Eleanor, and feel that her kind praise or her just

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blame makes all the difference in the happiness of their lives.

But there is another house to which I want to take you. Inside the gate of the first field there is a long thatched cottage. All the other places that I have described are built to receive those whose lives are saddened with the remembrance of sin, and sorrowful with the thought of all that might have been; but in this cottage there is nothing but happiness, for here are lives that do not need to be rebuilt, the foundation only is laid, for this is a home for children. In the summer time we have a merry, happy, shouting band that come to spend their holidays—children much too poor and much too dirty to be received into any other home.

PUTTING UP HONEY TO SEND TO THE LONDON MARKET.

BASKET MAKING.

From the very worst of the London slums, these children's lives are lived in dirt and squalor and ugliness. In winter they are always cold, and in summer the state of the miserable rooms in which they live is almost more terrible than the bleak fireless winter, for the stifling heat has brought out swarms of vermin, and the children sit upon the dusty doorsteps white and languid, and yet these children have in them the same power of happiness that is the blessed heritage of every child; and it is this possession that for a short while we have been able to give them at Duxhurst. We can give them the chance to be real children playing in the green fields, the chance to understand that the world is beautiful, and that there is a God who loves them and means them to be happy, a chance to understand that it is not true that "nobody cares for them," but that the kind faces that bend over them, that take from them their rags and their dirt, are their Father's messengers. But it is not easy, for the very words "Our Father" have to be interpreted to them; to many it only brings to mind the cruel, drunken man whose footstep they listen for with dread.

"What relation," I think I hear someone say, "have these children to the women who are struggling back from the great slough of drunkenness?" Well, first I think it is the children's hands that help them most to find their feet again, for the children know nothing about their past lives, know nothing about their sin or their sorrow or their sadness; they only know that these women can make them happy, can play with them, can talk to them and watch over them when the work is over, and to them they are the kindest and the best "lidies" that ever lived.

And then, too, I think the children are a lesson to the women that they are not likely to forget, for when they have "come to themselves," and their eyes are turned homewards from the far country into which they have wandered, they begin to realise what these very children are suffering, and they understand better the curse that they have brought on others. They see the little child lying on the hearthrug crying for gin who is yet barely three years old, and know the inheritance is given to it by its mother. I have seen them

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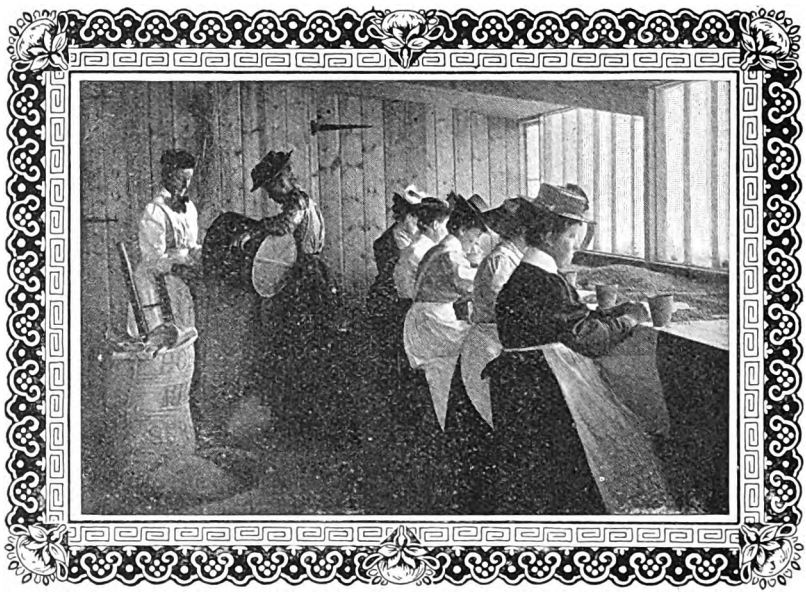
weep as though their hearts would break when the baby swayed about the nursery floor and crooned out that she was doing "Mother drunk"; and many a prayer I believe has gone up from their all but broken hearts that the past may be forgiven them, and that by-and-bye the chance may come to them of going back again to make their own children happy and good.

The work is still a strain upon us financially. We need all the help that can be given, because we receive a class of patients which the certified homes for inebriates under the Act do not receive. Those are opened exclusively for police-court cases, but we do not only receive such, our main work lies among those who come to us voluntarily—the wives of artisans, labourers, railway men, shopkeepers or small professional men, those whose homes are practically dependent upon their wives; and I think I know nothing so painful as the thousands of letters that reach us during the year entreating us to help women who are on the verge of ruin, but who are still desirous of being saved. These to my mind are the most hopeful cases, women who have not yet drifted to the police-court, but who are being swept down the current that must take them thither. They cannot, of course, pay enough for their maintenance. The man has probably the children to maintain and a housekeeper's wages to find during the time of his wife's absence, and consequently we are obliged to appeal to the public. But surely it is work worth doing. How many homes are represented in this place, how many children's futures are in the hands of these women; and it is this individual work that must be done in order to rescue them. We hear a great deal about saving the masses, but none can be saved as masses, only as individuals. If we want to save the criminal class it is individual criminals that we need to reach, each having his own special difficulty, his own sin that requires to be forgiven, his own character that must be re-made. We must understand that every individual life requires patient effort wisely to direct it, and lovingly to alleviate the misery. We cannot but recognise that the key-note of the Gospel of Christ is His teaching of the infinite value of the individual. From the hour that He told His followers the story of the one lost sheep, and drew the picture of the shepherd who left all the rest and went into the bleak mountain fastness until he had rescued the straying lamb, through all the history of His life and dealings with men He emphasises the value of the individual.



SEED SORTING.

And so if we are to be of any use in the world, if in our day it is to be cleansed from the violence done through strong

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drink, if the ignorant are to be taught and the degraded raised, it can only be as we accept the mission to the individual.

We have been asked what good we do by the treatment we give our women and children at Duxhurst. We are told we raise for them a standard to which they cannot always hope to attain—standards of comfort and ease, of freedom from temptation; we are told too that at most we can but touch the fringe of the whole subject. If we refuse 3,000 applications in a year, for want of room, what perceptible improvement are we making in dealing with only seventy or eighty or a hundred?

To that I answer that our mission at Duxhurst is two-fold. If we can reform individuals, no matter how few, we are doing valuable work, for every soul is precious; if we establish a principle that these cripples in the march of progress can be saved and cured, we have shown by our example what the State may be able to do on a larger scale. If we are told that we raise for those with whom we work ideals that they cannot attain, I reply that it is exactly because we raise ideals for them—or rather, I like to think, restore to them their ideal—that we work with confidence. But above all we endeavour to lead the women who come under our care to the great Healer who restores both body and soul.

We live in an age when mercilessly sordid standards fence about the outlook of most of us. If in the brief space that these poor women spend with us we restore to them some glimpse of the innocence they once enjoyed, some closer communion with the Light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world, we shall not have hoped and laboured in vain.

ISABEL SOMERSET.

LOVE AND THE WORLD.

The world is as a sterile cliff;
  But love is like the dew
That falls upon it, and the moss
  Like life springs from the two.
It creepeth o'er the barren stone
Till all the place be verdant grown.

The world is as a withered oak,
  But love is like the vine
That trails it o'er; its sunlit leaves
  Like life the two entwine.
The trunk is green that erst was bare
And blossoms kiss it everywhere.

The world is as a clouded sea,
  But love is like the sun
That steals along the murky ways
  And brightens every one.
O'er gloom is golden glory flung,
And sunbeams sport the waves among.

Charles E. Banks.

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THE STAR TWINS.

By D. MONRO.

"All who joy would win
Must share it—Happiness was born a twin."

"AND there we will end for to-night. You have got it all down just as I have told it to you? Yes! Ah, well, that is good!"

Professor Heinrich Roeder took one more look through his beloved telescope. Then he turned again to the small round table where sat his nephew, a youth of fifteen years or thereabouts, writing, at his uncle's dictation, his account, as far as he had yet observed it, of the wonderful appearance of a new Double Star in the firmament.

"I was more than glad to get Sir Frederick Maunsell's opinion by post this morning. He will be with me to-morrow evening, and we shall make fresh observations and report on them," added the Professor.

The youth blotted the paper on which he had been writing, and pushing it from him, turned to pick up a book to which he gave his attention during the few minutes that the Professor spent in the correction of his dictated work.

"I can scarcely credit it now," he at last said, and the boy placed a piece of paper between the leaves of his book, to listen to the astronomer. The lad's face, heavy and ill-tempered in character, wore a look of resignation as much as to say, "Since I am bound to listen I may as well convince the old duffer that I enjoy it."

"I can scarcely credit it now," the Professor repeated, taking his glasses from his nose and rubbing them with a piece of chamois leather. "And yet such remarkable appearances, and remember equally remarkable disappearances, have taken place at intervals during the past centuries. In 1572 there appeared in the heavens a brilliant—surpassingly brilliant — star, in close proximity to Cassiopeia. Previous similar appearances have occurred, one in the thirteenth century and an earlier one during the tenth century from these dates, a period of three hundred years or thereabouts lapsing between the appearances. It has been conjectured that they are no more than one and the same star which blazes forth at certain intervals. The professors and astronomers of our immediate era have not yet——"

There was a confusing noise of knocking at the door of the observatory and then deep gasps as of a person out of breath and with a small movement of impatience the Professor turned his head and called, "Herein." The door was thrown open and a red-faced Irish woman burst on their view.

"Oh, Professor," she gasped and steadied herself by the table, "Faith, whativer do you think! I've run up all these flights of steps to tell you. You'll niver guess. *There's twins born.*"

"Twins! bless me! Where?" The Professor sprang from his seat and his little round face glowed with the excitement that the woman's statement had thrown him into. "Speak, woman, where? where?"

"Well, Professor dear, I didn't oughter really have said twins 'cos seeing they ain't even kith nor kin. But it do seem curious. There's Mrs. Clare at the Moat and—and at seven o'clock blest if a little baby girl didn't appear on the scene. Old Martha—her as 'as been housekeeper there twenty years come Christmas, she ran over all in a tremble-like to tell me the news, and then who should come tearing by but that Jim Sheckles from the Grange—calling to us as he passed that yester-eve what should Mrs. Muir do but present his master with a son and heir

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. . . and so . . . oh, sir, they do seem sort of twins, surely."

"Dear me," said the Professor, sinking into his chair, "Dear me, dear me."

The nephew stretched himself slowly. He did everything in a leisurely manner and he commenced putting the books and papers together.

"What nonsense!" he said. "Twins! why they're no relation whatever."

"But, sir, think! They be next estates to each other and the masters they be mortal bad friends and the mistresses they be took bad within a few minutes of each other and one a little girl and the other a baby boy . . . it's curious.

"*I* don't see anything curious or remarkable about it," persisted the boy. "Shall I close up everything for to-night?" he added, turning to his uncle.

"*Nein.* This new Double Star appearing so brilliantly last night! At what hour did we observe it? Ah, yes, at seven o'clock precisely! Surely it is symbolical. My child, listen. It *must* be that fortune shall attend those two blessed babes born into this world under this marvellous phenomenon. My Star Twins!" he cried, enthusiastically. "I must be godfather to them both. Perhaps . . . perhaps——"

Then he broke off and fell into a reverie, and his nephew, knowing the old astronomer's passionate love for children, said nothing.

* * * * *

Professor Heinrich Roeder was thoroughly in his element when, some three weeks later, he stood sponsor one fine winter's morning to the wee baby girl from the Moat, and on the same afternoon he was in attendance on his godson from the Grange. But the Professor did not acquaint the Clares with the fact that he was standing for the Muir's baby, nor did he let it transpire within hearing of the Muirs that he was performing a like office for the Clares. For between the two families existed a deadly feud, and the Professor, being a common friend to either, had learned that it would be discreet not to force his acquaintance with the one family on the other.

And so those two babes appeared on the scene simultaneously, and were christened on the same day at the same font with the same godfather, and each of them, from that day forth, became the proud possessor of a small gold locket shaped in the form of a glittering star, resting in a case of sapphire blue velvet, and on the one was engraved the name of Astron Muir, and in similar manner on the other was written Stella Clare.

It was only a whim of the Professor's, but he had his way in that as, indeed, in all things. And straightway on the evening of the christening he went home and met his lawyer by appointment, and was closeted with him for over an hour in his private sanctum.

Mary shrugged her shoulders in her own province, and shook her wise head knowingly. "Let him have his way, this dear Professor," she remarked to the Persian cat by the fire. "He has but his two hobbies—his stars and his babies—and faith, I don't know which he is softest on."

For the next few weeks the Professor spent many of his precious hours in running from the Moat to the Grange and from the Grange back again to the Moat. The star twins throve apace. To the astronomer the days he spent in the two nurseries were counted the happiest of his life. His nephew, Rudolf Hertzmann, laughed at him for his "old bachelor's fondness of babies."

Then it happened one day when the children were some six months old that, on a lovely summer's afternoon, their nurses chanced to carry them in the same direction for their constitutional. And as they approached from either end of a narrow country lane the Professor appeared on the scene and walked beside the Clare's baby a few yards when he espied his other god-child and his nurse. For a moment his round face was suffused with a burning red, and his small eyes blinked uneasily behind his glasses. But he couldn't recognise the one when with the other and so he would have passed his little Astron by. Astron, however, as if knowing the deception being practised on him, threw out his small chubby hand in passing and crowed delightedly. Whereupon the astronomer fell to kissing and petting the small white bundle, and the babies, with the Professor's strict injunctions to their nurses to keep the matter secret, were solemnly and in all formality presented to each other, and Astron, seizing Stella's rattle, clung to it with all the pertinacity of babyhood till Stella, with a sweet smile, gave it to him, and her star twin carried it off with him

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in triumph. The fond but foolish nurses treasured up this meeting in their memories to tell their charges of it in the after years that were to come.

But the friendship so early commenced was fated to be ended. The Muirs took themselves and their baby to their Highland home, and and in a few weeks the Clares left the Moat and went away across the seas to settle with their regiment in India, and little Stella was given into the charge of an elderly female relation of the Professor's, and the two Germans petted and spoiled their star baby till they felt that the little one had become a part of their lives, and they dreaded the time when the captain and his wife should come back to claim their own.

* * * * *

Now as Stella grew older she learned to take a great interest in the stars and their satellites. Her little wistful questions roused the Professor's curiosity as to the powers of reasoning and understanding so young a mind was capable of, and as he taught her, in chosen terms, the elements of astronomy, he observed the intelligent little child weaving little romances to herself in which figured the inhabitants of other worlds.

Then there came a day when Astron, a bonny rough-headed schoolboy with sunburnt cheeks and bright blue eyes, burst unceremoniously into the observatory and came upon the old Professor and his golden-haired pupil.

At first the Professor expressed surprise, then joy at seeing him.

"Pater is still in the Highlands," Astron announced, "and I am staying at the Grange, passing through here on my way to school. I've often wanted to come and see you, sir. I seem to know you so well through your jolly letters. Pater said I was to be sure and call, and so . . . and so . . . "—his quick eyes had caught sight of Stella's star locket and they became rounder in their surprise.

"Why," he cried, and he ran to her and kissed her. "You are . . . . you must be my . . . my star twin," and then, blushing boyishly with confusion at having shown so much demonstration in his greeting, he told them how often his nurse had told him of their first meeting and of their common god-parent and similar lockets.

The Professor's round face fairly beamed with pleasure as he gazed on the picture before him.

But when Stella, lifting her large blue eyes to the youth, said shyly, "I have seen you before—" the Professor laughed and said, "Only as a babe in arms, my child."

Astron turned to him.

"Oh, no," he said, "don't laugh, Pro-

HE RAN TO HER AND KISSED HER, CRYING "YOU ARE—YOU MUST BE—MY STAR TWIN."

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fessor ; perhaps——*you* don't understand. But I, too, have seen Stella before . . . or I fancy I have. How strange ! Perhaps——" he laughed himself, boyishly, "perhaps it was in our dreams."

Then Astron asked after one thing and another, all of which seemed to be familiar to the little maid, and she answered him and asked him questions in her turn. The bewildered Professor stood apart from them in amazed silence. As they talked, it was, indeed, as if they had previously and continuously communicated, either in their dreams or in some other sphere ! And, as old friends, rather than new acquaintances, they ran hand in hand all over their godfather's house and grounds and the day, to those three, was a very blissful one.

But, after a day or two spent almost entirely in the observatory, Astron went away to school and the Captain came home on six months' leave, so little Stella went to stay with her mother and father at the Moat, and when her godfather, with tears glistening behind his round glasses, kissed her goodbye, he whispered, "Never mention your star twin, Stella. He is yours and mine. He is our secret, to be kept a secret for—for ever. If you tell your father of him, he will be angry with me and with little Astron. Be prudent, 'liebes kind,' and —and all will come right in the good God's time."

And Stella, full of the importance of having a secret shared only with the wise Professor, was careful to keep Astron's name from her parents.

But the strange child, an only child of proud parents, led a sadly lonely life and in the long dull hours of playtime imagination would step in and take the place of the sorely-needed playmates and little Stella, lying on grassy banks, would close her eyes and dream herself away into dreamland, and wonderland, and . . . starland, and then—what wonders did not befall her as she and Astron wandered through their kingdoms hand in hand !

"Astron's growing so fast," she complained one day to the daisies and buttercups around her, as she opened her beautiful eyes and gazed at Nature as she really was, "and he is so clever and so good and everyone loves him so, and oh—" a little sob shook her small shoulders "— he will forget me — forget his Twin." And then she sat herself down to write a long letter to her godfather. And it chanced that at the same moment Astron, in his schoolroom, wrote all his childish thoughts on paper too, and sealed and directed them to the Herr Professor.

So when, on the following day, Heinrich Roeder appeared, resplendent in a red dressing-gown and carpet slippers, at his breakfast table, his nephew, Rudolf Hertzmann, presented him with two childishly inscribed epistles.

"From the same person, I should think," he said as he sat down facing his uncle to pour out the coffee.

His face expressed the curiosity that he refrained from showing by speech.

The Herr Professor smiled to himself.

"Not so," he said, "not from the same hand, but from my two small stars."

Rudolf frowned and then sneered.

"You are quite mad over those children," he said, forgetting whom he was addressing.

"Sir!" The little Professor was very red in the face. "If you are going to be rude, you may take your remarks and your sneering laughs elsewhere. With that the Professor rang for his faithful and valued Mary to take him his roll and coffee on to the lawn, where he carried his two precious letters.

Rudolf frowned and bit his lip. He was a grown man, no longer a boy, and he resented his uncle treating him as such, but, reflecting that he had perhaps deserved the rebuke, he resolved to apologise. Rudolf, who, a penniless orphan, had lived under the Professor's roof during his whole life, knew he was in the ordinary course of events the eccentric old bachelor's heir—knew in short on which side his bread was buttered, and had always made a practice of trying to keep events to their ordinary course.

Heinrich Roeder took up one letter, then the other, before deciding to give precedence to the lady and read Stella's first.

MY OWN GODPAPA (it ran), Stella's very unhappy. She's been naughty—so mamma says—and . . . and . . . oh, well she's just going to write and tell you everything. First, are you quite well, and how are the canaries and the cat? Remember you have promised me a kitten ; it's to be the white one, and we will call it Etoile. Do you remember you said "One day the constellation will be quite complete" ? It isn't yet, because I'm all out in the cold. I can't be a "fixt star—" I hope I'm not, I don't want to be fixed here ; I want

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to run and run and run perhaps to Starland or to you. I get so dull all by myself that I always "play" that Astron is here with me, and we talk of you, don't your ears tingle? and oh, I wish he were here really. I dream of him nearly every night. My bed is near the window and I can see the stars, and that big one shines in on me and laughs and cries . . . just when I laugh or cry. I think it understands. And then I fall asleep and Astron seems to come straight out of "our" star and holds out his hands to me and tells me all about his lessons and play and friends. *I* hate lessons and all that, and I was rude to Fraulein and so I'm in disgrace and I ran out this afternoon to lie on the banks and wish myself in dream-land, but to-day it was all so dull and stupid. Astron wouldn't come and play, and when he did come towards me he had his eyes bound up and looked so ill that I got up to run indoors again, it made me so miserable. Oh dear, kind Professor, ask papa to let me come to you again. Have you a weeny teeny photograph of my Star Twin that would fit all comfy in my locket? I should love to have one. It seems silly, no doubt, but to me it's all so natural—it is just as if he were my twin, my other half, and I seem to know all about him and sometimes I imagine I hear him playing on his violin and he plays so beautifully and yet so sadly. I understand now why you told me never to mention our dear boy's name. Papa hates the Muirs so much, it makes me cry when I am alone, because they are coming to live again at the Grange and yet *I* shall never know them really and properly. I wish I could see Astron now. I think, as it is getting dark, I shall go and talk to him through our star. I can imagine things and dream them then and I'm never half so lonely. Good-night. I have written lots more poetry, but it seems silly and I shall not send it to you!—Your loving little godchild,

STELLA CLARE.

Then the Professor drew forth Astron's note and held it close to his spectacled eyes and read.

DEAR OLD PROFESSOR,—It's very wrong of me to write, but write I must. I've come

WITH A MOCK SOLEMN FACE RUDOLF TOLD THE GHASTLY NEWS.

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up to the deserted schoolroom to be quite alone, and I've taken the bandage from my eyes just for a few minutes to write to you. I want you to come to me, and no one understands how much, and I know you won't come unless I tell you how very much I want you. I've got my eyes hurt; someone threw some lime at me, and they say that I am going to to be blind. They didn't think I heard, but I did! — and I seemed to feel all my heart freeze up inside me. But I haven't cried about it — I am glad of that. When I commence a line I close my eyes, and then open them just to see if I have written it straight. It's quite easy after a bit. I can see a little, but it hurts and burns so that I have to shut them again. The fellow who did it is so sorry now, and comes to talk to me all his playtime. I can't realise it yet . . . does it mean years and years of . . . darkness? Surely I can't live like that . . . it seems so hard . . . I don't understand. And I shall never see the stars again. *Our* stars—yours and mine and Stella's. Oh, how I wish I could see Stella now. What a jolly chum she'd make a fellow. Sometimes I fancy she is near me, and we talk and talk, and then I seem to see her in the gardens at the Moat, and once . . . she was chasing a beautiful butterfly, and she had nearly caught it, when someone called me and I started . . . and as I looked round me at the bare schoolroom walls—it was so strange, I shivered. I think I must have been . . . for a moment . . . you understand . . . in — *Starland!* Wasn't that where we agreed we must have met before—Stella and I? Oh, sometimes I see her so plainly, but it can only be in my imagination! . . . *now* . . . it will . . . *always* be . . . in my imagination. Don't tell her; I think she would only fret. Do come to me. My eyes hurt so I can't write more. *My* light is out for ever!—Your loving godchild,

ASTRON MUIR.

Will our people never forget? . . . and be friends?

* * *

When Rudolf went into the garden to apologise for his rude behaviour he found the Professor seated with his arms across the wooden table and his old bald head buried in them, and that ghastliest of all sounds, a strong man's sob, fell upon his ear. So young Hertzmann stole away and left him.

II.

The years passed and Stella grew to be a beautiful girl, and when, at seventeen, she came out and was presented and taken to balls and all the events of the season, her beauty was the topic of the day and her father and mother were more than proud of her.

But no one grew to love her more ardently and passionately than did the fiery-tempered Rudolf. He set himself heart and soul to win her for his wife. He met her constantly and treated her with respect, showing the admiration he felt for her but never deigning to appear too sanguine; and Stella, treating him as nothing but her dear Professor's nephew, was pleased to be in his company if only to talk of the astronomer and his works, and of Astron.

Sometimes Stella would fret that nowhere, nowhere did she meet her twin, and she spoke to their godfather about it. The Professor, who had aged considerably, tried in vain to evade the question.

"Do you think," she cried, "that I am in ignorance of what you have done your best to keep from me? I know what you dread telling me, I know that our boy is —blind! I think I knew it first, of all his friends. He told me himself. One night, when the stars were very bright and when I cried, he said—he must have said, for I can hear him even now—"Don't cry, Stella, I was the lesser star; my want of light will draw me nearer you."

Heinrich Roeder threw up his hands in a pious ejaculation. He had long ceased to wonder at the strange children. It was so apparent to the man who had watched over them from earliest childhood that they were not as ordinary beings.

But Stella was destined to hear of Astron again, and that from more than one person. For, of a sudden, as it were, his wonderful playing on the violin thrust him into public notice, and all London and all England, and all Europe seemed to ring with his name and praises. Stella was delighted, but wished all the more to meet him again. And then on a certain evening at Lady Jerome's party, when her spacious rooms were crowded to overflowing with all the *élite* of society, it chanced that Stella, who was standing by Rudolf's side, had fixed her large blue eyes on the doorway and, of a sudden, gave a little cry as a newcomer entered the room, and clasped her small white hands together. Rudolf, watching her childish enthusiasm, turned his head leisurely to see what called forth the expression which he had never seen before on her face, expecting to encounter the features of a new beauty or the dazzling

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splendours of the latest "creation" from Worth's, but it was the figure of a boy that he saw, of a tall, upright, manly young fellow with a splendid face, strong and firm and kind, with the glimmer of a faint smile hovering about his lips.

He had stood still for a second or two, puzzled in the crowd, for he was blind!

But suddenly a whisper caught his ear, just "Astron," nothing more, and he turned, with unfaltering steps and outstretched hands, and went to Stella's side. For fully a minute they pressed each other's hand in silence. Then she caught hers away with a little sob in her throat as she said how glad she was to see him again.

"I knew you were here," he said. "I felt it—oh!"—and he drew in a long breath—"I, too, am glad. Give me some dances to-night. I can't dance, but I have so much—ah, so much to tell you!"

She was silent, then she looked up quickly.

"Take me now," she said, "we must go and sit down—I, too, have so much to say."

And . . . Rudolf was powerless to interfere or stop them.

* * * * *

Every one predicted it, once they had seen them together, and their two names so similar and so symbolical were coupled in more than one mouth.

"Our star the violinist, and our star the beauty," and then a laugh and a cunning nod of the head, and a whispered "Oh, of course!"

But Rudolf would not believe it. He blinded himself to the fact as long as he could.

Meanwhile the two had been meeting constantly, daily, in the wooded lanes between the two estates, and he, with his arm round her shoulders would talk to her of all they meant to do together in the future.

"We were born for each other," he said one day as she led him—for Stella's glorious eyes did duty for them both—to the banks of the silvery stream. "God knew in what lonely paths our two lives would be spent apart, and so he sent us each to console the other whilst we live. And no one can part us. Our souls seemed wrapped up in each other. If—I should die . . . away from you . . I know, I *feel* my spirit would come to you and call you away from this world."

Then, all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance and thee,
O Time——

And as he quoted, Stella lifted her arms and wound them round his neck, and drawing his head down to hers she kissed his poor sightless eyes.

When Rudolf realised it all he hit upon a plan which he hoped would effectually put a stop to the growing feeling between the younger generations of the Clares and the Muirs. One day Stella, after a stormy interview with her father, ran down to the riverside and fell, weeping, into the arms of her lover, for so indeed the two had grown to regard each other. And between her sobs she told him how her father had discovered that they loved each other, and how furious he was. Astron puckered the brows over his sightless eyes and remained in silence. He was wondering who the informer could be. For had not the proud old Laird himself told him that very morning that he would rather see him dead before him than married to a Clare.

"But no one," continued the girl, "no one shall part me from you. I have given my whole heart and being into your keeping. Oh, Astron," she added, whilst the smiles broke over her beautiful face, "it would be absurd . . . why, we have belonged to each other ever since . . . ever since . . . the day we were born. My only happiness is with you."

"My little Stella," he answered, gravely, and he jerked up his head in his characteristic way, "you know what you are to me, and you know, and God knows, I can never live without you. But how can I, a sightless musician, ask you to leave your home and your position to share *my* life in a vain hope of better times to come?"

"But you can take me now," she cried, "I will work for you. My eyes shall be your eyes, my hands your hands. Oh, promise me to claim me."

He smiled sadly.

"I have an excellent offer to go to South Africa with a family whose son is passionately fond of the violin. Rudolf Hertzmann, who would go also, got me the offer of it. I am to go just for a couple of years, and the salary is more

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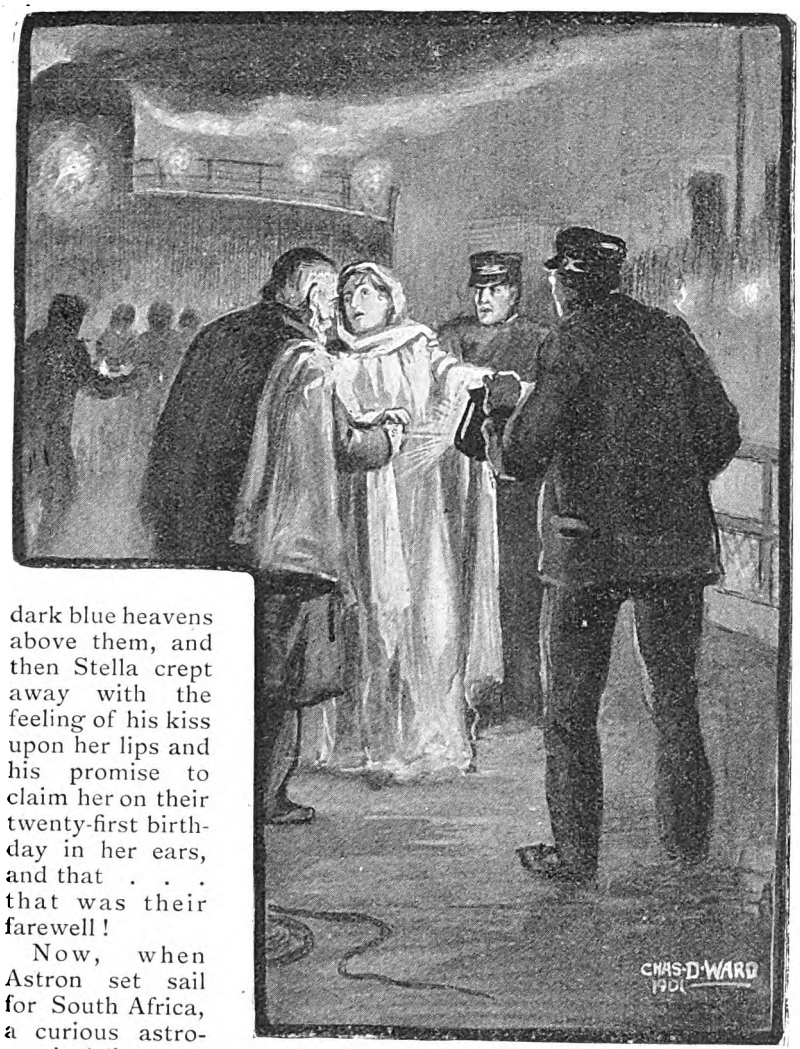
than I, a blind boy, could have dreamt of —more, I am afraid, than my services will be worth. If I take it, it may lead to other things. At all events after we are twenty-one we can please ourselves, and we will be married—whether our people consent or no."

They talked till twilight came upon them and the stars stole quietly into the dark blue heavens above them, and then Stella crept away with the feeling of his kiss upon her lips and his promise to claim her on their twenty-first birthday in her ears, and that . . . that was their farewell!



"MUST I LEAVE YOU?" SHE WHISPERED.

Now, when Astron set sail for South Africa, a curious astronomical discovery was made by the Herr Professor, and it was that the great New Double Star which had first made its appearance on the birthday of the so-called Twins, had undergone a change. The lesser star had gradually been approaching the larger one and their distance, which had been four or five seconds, could scarcely be ascertained—so minute was it.

* * * * *

The Professor, with his silk hat well brushed and a flower in his buttonhole and a plush-lined case smuggled into his pocket, containing a pearl necklace and a star pendant, went to the Moat by invitation to dine on the anniversary of Stella's twenty-first birthday. But his kind heart sank as he caught sight of the pale and wasted form of his cherished godchild, and as she lovingly flung her arms round his neck and whispered, "He *must* come to-night, he must . . . I have prayed oh, so earnestly . . . but does God hear our prayers? . ." he brushed away a suspicion of moisture from his eyes.

Astron did not come! Rudolf came instead. Rudolf just home from Africa, Rudolf with a mock-solemn face and dreadful ghastly news,—looking as well and self-satisfied and triumphant as a villain can look on all occasions, even when hearts are breaking round him. And, as he stood there with his self-complacent smile and said in slow short tones:—"He,—young Muir, you remember,—is dead." Stella, who had been standing with tear-dimmed eyes, rushed towards him and threw up her head.

"It's a lie," she cried, her eyes blazing

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dangerously, "It's a cowardly, wicked lie!" And then she fell, in a dead faint, into the bewildered Professor's arms.

She never would believe it. It couldn't be true. And she clung to her godfather's arm and implored him with her pityfully white face held up to his own, to take her to Africa to help her find her poor blind lover.

"I can hear him calling—calling me," she cried, starting away and holding out her arms to the heavens above them. "I must go. Professor—*our* Professor, whom we both have known and loved from babyhood—can you bear to see us torn asunder? Hear me . . . for Pity's sake . . . hear me. I know he would have come to me in spirit were he dead—he promised me. Oh, I cannot live like this . . . I shall go mad . . . mad . . ." and she buried her face in her hands and wept.

The Professor went to her parents and implored them, even as she had implored him, and the doctors agreeing that the sea voyage could only do her good it was all arranged. The Observatory was closed and the Professor's things all packed away together, and those two—the old man and the young girl—set forth together to find their missing Star, the youthful violinist.

* * *

But whilst the good ship Aquilæ was in the Bay of Biscay in the dead of a certain night, the passengers and crew were roused by a deafening roar, and all hurried on deck, where it soon became evident that a grave and serious accident had occurred. In the dense fog the Aquilæ had collided with another vessel. The damage done to her could not be rightly estimated, but that boats were being lowered and the hustling crowd of screaming women and their infants were being packed into them.

Stella stood, a grave, sad-eyed figure, in a long white wrap by the Professor's side.

"Must I leave you?" she whispered. Even as she said it, and he took her in his arms to kiss her, she was torn away and pushed onward—nay, lifted in the strong arms of an officer and handed into a boat.

The Professor struggled to his side of the vessel, and strained his eyes to catch one more sight of her, and lo! even as he looked the fog lifted, and one bright dazzling star, in all its splendour, appeared above them. And Stella, with outstretched arms, stood up and looked across the sea—far, far across the sea, and then—and then someone approached her—someone seemed to clasp her in his arms—"someone" whose face and form were so familiar, and, oh, God! so dear.

Darkness, and a blinding sense of rushing water! One more look and they—those two—had disappeared for ever!

The doomed men on the lost ship huddled closer together, but the Professor was with them only in body. His soul had gone forth to meet his Star Twins in the land from whence they came.

EPILOGUE.

Hertzmann held in his shaking hand the letter from his friend in the Karroo. His face turned to an ashen pallor as he re-read the *truth!*

"And Muir, whom, you remember, you fancied mistook your directions and lost his way, and whom you had given up for dead, came back in the night and crawled to our place wounded and starving a week or so ago. He must have had almost a supernatural strength to have reached us, blind as he was. He lay for four or five days in a stupor, raving of Stella, his "Star Twin," and then suddenly he became, as it were, quite well, and sat by the fire in silence with his eyes fixed on space for about half-an-hour. Then he smiled, and held out both his hands, and murmured, "I am coming," and fell back—dead! That was on the thirteenth of November."

. . . And . . . on the thirteenth the Aquilæ foundered, and she was drowned . . . Bah . . . what was he doing . . . he a sensible enlightened man of the nineteenth century, believing in the superstitions of the stars . . . in old women's tales?

Nevertheless, Rudolf cursed his own bad luck when he discovered that his uncle had left all his money to the building of an observatory!

Extract from the "The Milky Way,"
December 19th.

Sir Herbert Maunsell, in his recent lecture to the young men of St. Anselm's School, called attention to the very sudden and remarkable disappearance of the great double star which the late Professor Heinrich Roeder had first observed in the heavens some twenty-one years ago. The phenomenon consisted of two distinct stars which had since been gradually approaching each other till the best telescope could scarcely resolve the distance between them, and on the 14th of November the brilliant ASTRONCLARE had totally and entirely disappeared—perhaps to reappear in all its splendour at some future date . . . who knows? . . .

[THE END.]

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SKIPTON PARISH CHURCH SUNDAY-SCHOOL PROCESSION.
Photograph by D. Brownsworth, Skipton

Whit-Monday Sunday-School Processions in the North of England.

By GEORGE A. WADE.

THE North of England, especially Yorkshire and Lancashire, can claim one annual institution at least of which the Southern counties of our land cannot boast, viz., the institution of Whit-Monday as the annual day of the Sunday-school children. To a native Lancastrian or Yorkist settling or just settled in Southern towns such as London or Southampton, nothing seems more strange at the time of the Whitsuntide holidays than that there should be none of those observances and customs carried out to which in the North he has been used from his very infancy, and in which he has often taken part with infinite zest and pleasure.

The Southern idea of a "children's day" for Sunday-schools is a poor one—it is dull, and seldom very successful as a "scene." The North can undoubtedly teach Devonshire and Sussex many things about Sunday-school festivals, as any clergyman or minister who has acquaintance with those parts of England will readily allow. Let us look at how Whit-Monday is kept in the great industrial centres where cotton, woollen, iron, and steel goods are turned out daily to the value of hundreds of thousands of pounds and where the workers, big as well as little, know how to enjoy a holiday when they get one.

For some weeks before Whit-Monday is due according to the calendar, the children of the North of England are in a state of expectation and activity that has no parallel during any other part of the year. Even Christmas pales before the coming Whit-Monday, in their idea. For this day is the day for all children, rich and poor; there will be at least one, and probably more than one, good meal for even the most ragged and neglected

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A LIVERPOOL SCHOOL READY TO START FOR THE COUNTRY.

Sunday-school scholar, and that is what he or she is not always sure of, even at Christmas.

A noticeable increase in the number of Sunday scholars, and a leap in the attendance at Sunday-school, are regular features of the end of April, for most little ones have the notion that it will be well to make their faces seen and known before the great day arrives, lest haply they may be left out in the cold when the tickets are distributed on Whit-Sunday for the next day's feasting and pleasure. Youngsters who have not been seen at school for some weeks begin once more to show their faces there, or to seek recognition at some other Sunday-school where their lax attendance during the year is not so well known, and to the credit of the superintendents and teachers be it said, they are usually none too exacting and particular in "bringing in the sheaves."

If they err at all they like to err on the right side in the matter. So poor little Tommy, with his torn shirt and ragged trousers, finds a comfortable place for one day, at any rate, and gets a good square meal "on the cheap," even if he has not been quite so regular during the previous twelve months in attending Sunday-school and church as he might have been.

From about the middle of April, too, something else has been going on in the Sunday-schools, preparatory to the coming great event. This is what is called "practising the Whitsuntide hymns." The vicar, or minister, with the superintendents, will have selected special hymns for the festival, and these must be learned by heart, words and tune, for the great day. Often several schools join together, in a sort of Union, and agree to sing the same hymns. Occasionally such a Union is only for the Church schools of a town, occasionally

CHRISTIANS IN UNION—ALL THE TOWN'S SUNDAY-SCHOOLS SING TOGETHER IN SKIPTON MARKET PLACE.

Photograph by D. Brownsworth, Skipton.

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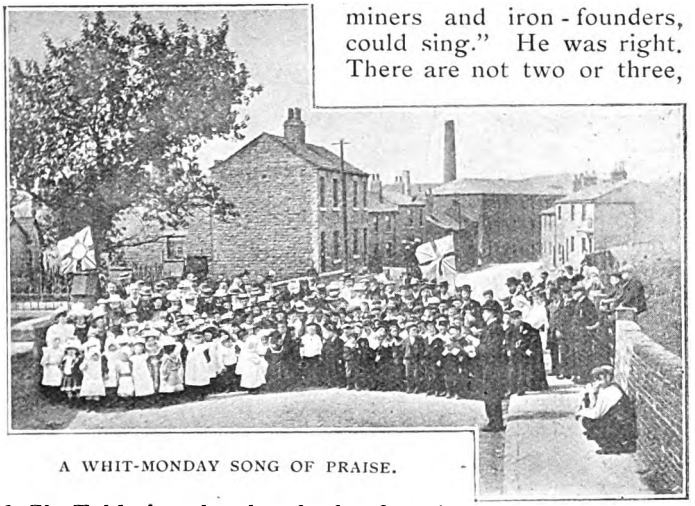
only for the Nonconformists, and better still, sometimes for all the Sunday-schools of the town, without distinction of denomination.

How the children—aye, and the "grown-ups!"—do love to sing those Whitsuntide hymns, to be sure. It would be a revelation to the indifferent "aristocratic" congregations of London West-end churches, or to the apathetic musicians of many Southern Sunday-schools to hear those youngsters and congregations in Manchester and Sheffield, in Preston and Bradford, singing their hymns on Whit-Monday outside, or on Whit-Sunday inside, the places of worship.



A WHIT-MONDAY SONG OF PRAISE.

There is no miserable drawling and lisping by the good folks of Hull and Bolton when they sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers"; they sing it with the "verve" and "swing" that they put into "Soldiers of the Queen" or "Rule Britannia." It is said that one of the very greatest American orators was asked, on his return to New York after a visit to this country, what had struck him most in his religious experiences here. He is reported to have answered, "The way those Northern folks, those miners and iron-founders, could sing." He was right. There are not two or three, but hundreds of working men and women in Lancashire, and perhaps still more in Yorkshire, who could sing you more than one oratorio right through by heart, as regards their knowledge of the music—of course their voices would not suit all the parts. But they know the whole of the "Messiah" or the "Elijah"; they can sing "Ye shall dwell in the land" or "Send out Thy light" at a little village chapel outside Newcastle or Dewsbury in a way that would put most London fashionable choirs to shame.

So the Whitsuntide hymns are a prominent feature in the day's scheme of enjoyment for the masses of the Northern towns, and by Whit-Monday you will hear youngsters singing and humming them on every possible occasion. By-the-by, it may not be out of place to mention that more than one world-famous hymn of the Church of Christ owes it origin to this very practice. It was to relieve the tedium, and to encourage the little ones during a long march up a tiring hill at Horbury, in Yorkshire, that the curate, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, wrote a new hymn for the Whit-Monday festival in 1864, and on that day the streets of Horbury

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH SUNDAY-SCHOOL, ALVERTHORPE, LEAVING THE CHURCH.

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heard for the first time the strains of what is now rightly regarded as the battle march of the Christian Church, the hymn we have spoken of before, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Don't talk about singing and children's enthusiasm for it until you have heard, as the writer has done, the famous band of the "Death or Glory Boys" playing this hymn as they marched to church on Whit-Sunday in Leeds, while thousands of treble voices sang the words as little feet tried to keep pace with those of the soldiers.

That well-known hymn of Nonconformist Sunday-school books, "Sound the Battle-cry," also first made its appearance in these festivals, as also did one of the most beautiful hymns ever written for a Sunday-school, "Oh, the School of my Church is the School that I Love." And Whit-Monday in Yorkshire can also boast that it heard first the strains of Baring-Gould's lovely hymn for children, "Daily, daily sing the praises of the city God hath made."

A widespread custom has arisen in the North, especially amongst the lower classes, of decking out the children in new clothes on Whit-Sunday for these festivals. That day is considered very appropriate for the youth who only gets one new suit a year to don his fresh garb, which he does with no small amount of pride. Hence, girls in glaring scarlet, pink, or pale blue, and the village yokel, whose tie is of all the colours of the rainbow, are very prominent in the Sunday-school processions on Whit-Monday.

Only one thing can possibly damp the spirits and enthusiasm of all Yorkshire and Lancashire folks on Whit-Monday, that is rain. For days before, anxious eyes have been eagerly scanning the sky, and many fears and hopes have been expressed as to how the weather is likely to turn out. Even a terribly wet day will not "settle" the youthful Tyke on pleasure bent at this season; he will keep his Whit-Monday in the school itself, where the annual tea and games will come off in spite of the weather.

But let us assume that Whit-Monday breaks fine and full of glorious promise. One thing may be taken as certain, no child in the two big counties between the North Sea and the Irish Sea will, if he goes to a Sunday-school, require "wakening" on that morning. He or she will be up betimes for once in the year. If the scholars are to spend the day in the country, they generally set out in brakes or waggons at any time from half-past nine to eleven.

The day has to be very long, or it would not suit the youngsters, who believe in getting full value for their money. They are packed—very often as close as herrings—in the "goods removed" van, or on the railway wherry, or in the waggonette; but they do not mind a little pushing and squeezing. The chief thing is to get in at all, and so make sure of a place! Then off set the lumbering horses towards some country farmer's fields, from eight to twelve miles away, and the children are as happy as can be.

They enliven the journey with their singing and shouting, with the talk of what they intend to do when they reach the "golden fields," and so at last they find themselves dropped down at Orchard-town-in-the-Vale, and their Whit-Monday jollification really begins.

Our article, however, has to deal more with those schools who first "process" round the parish or district that they belong to. Half-past twelve or one o'clock is generally their time of starting. They go first to the church or chapel, after the procession has been marshalled, and they have a short service there, with singing of the special hymns. And the place of worship is crowded indeed, what with mothers, fathers, and relatives of the gaily-bedecked children. Very hearty is that short service; few preachers have the desire or heart to keep little ones cooped up in chapel on Whit-Monday.

Then, once outside, the "walk" round the parish begins in real earnest. A most noticeable feature about these Sunday-school processions in the North is the large number of young men and women who take part in them, and are not ashamed to be seen in the ranks of the school to which they often owe so much. This gratifying feature might be commended to several London places of worship, where the "young man and the maiden," of from seventeen to twenty-five, are always conspicuous by their absence from public ceremonies of this kind.

The banners of the procession are many and varied. Generally there is a large one that takes three or four men to manage, and if the day be windy their task is anything but enviable, as a big banner in a big wind is something better

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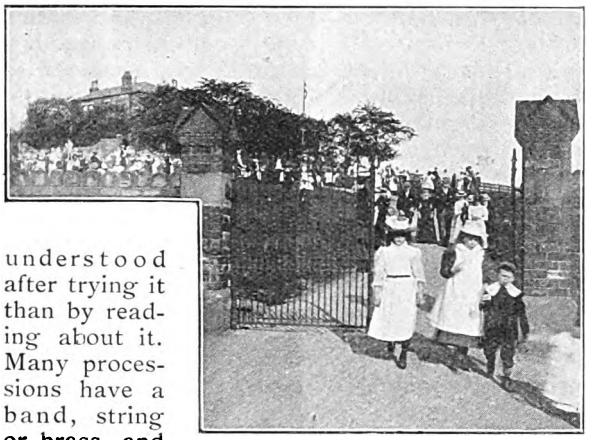

HOMEWARD BOUND.

understood after trying it than by reading about it. Many processions have a band, string or brass, and this is especially the case with those belonging to large Sunday-schools, such as are to be found in most Northern towns.

It may seem invidious to single out any schools for special praise above the rest of Yorkshire and Lancashire's hundreds that keep this Whit-Monday festival. But those who have seen the Parish Church processions or the Lincoln Fields Wesleyan ones at Leeds, or the Methodists' processions at Bolton, or the United Sunday-school gathering in Skipton market-place, and who have heard the singing of these, will have to go a long way in this world to find more enthusiasm and "go" amongst Sunday-schools. If the visitor still feels that he wants to see and hear the village Sunday-school processions of Yorkshire after these town ones, let him hie to little spots like Alverthorpe, near Wakefield, or to Morley, or Brighouse, or Rawtenstall, and he will soon discover how it is that Northern voices and singers have no rivals in this country, and how it is that Leeds Musical Festivals are so noted throughout the whole musical world.

During the procession the Sunday-scholars stay to sing at the homes of their chief officers, such as the Vicar's, the deacons', the churchwardens', etc. At many of these places the children are made happy by additional gifts of oranges, apples or buns, thoughtfully provided by the official at his own expense. And for these treats three cheers come spontaneously from the little throats.

Then, after the procession, comes the tea. It may be in a field or it may be in the schoolroom, but it is such a tea as only the Pennine Range districts know and can cope with. If there is any person who thinks he knows what a "tea-fight" is, and who yet has never seen a Halifax Sunday-school at tea on Whit-Monday, or a Blackpool one, he has something to learn in the tea line that is worth knowing.

It may safely be said that Messrs. Lyons or Spiers and Pond would never take on three hundred Batley or Huddersfield lads to a Whit-Monday tea at ninepence a head—if they once did they would never renew the experiment. The capacity of any Lancastrian or Yorkist lad or lass for eating on Whit-Monday, if the said

"JUST A HYMN BEFORE WE GO."

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person is in good health, is little short of marvellous. It is no unusual thing for the male portion of the school to go almost without meals on the day previous to the tea, so as to do full justice to the latter! I have heard West Riding youths lamenting that they had *only* had six or seven cups of tea on that occasion. Many children provide their own large mugs for the tea, and it is not at all unusual for these mugs to be filled four or five times.

The evening is spent in some neighbouring field, kindly lent by a good-hearted farmer or owner. Here games of all kinds are indulged in, and small prizes are often given by grown-up members of the various congregations. Cricket is always largely patronised, as we might have expected in such sporting counties; and running and skipping are favourite diversions. Kiss-in-the-ring is not unknown, nor similar pastimes for both sexes.

The shades of night see the return home. Two special hymns are sung for the farmer's pleasure—a slight return for his kindness—then waggons, brakes, and legs carry weary little ones home, and it is dark by the time the tired heads fall on the pillows, which feel very soft that night to the youngsters worn out with such a round of pleasure. But it has been a day of days to many a little ragged lad, to many a poor match-girl, to whom experience of such comes all too seldom.

And the faith of the youngsters is beautifully touching and pathetic. I recollect hearing of a mite of a girl who attended the Sunday-school where the late Rev. Peter Mackenzie, that wonderful Christian man, ministered. If ever a preacher was loved and lovable it was Peter Mackenzie—and the children adored him. The weather at this Whitsuntide holiday threatened to be very wet, and this little ragged girl of the Leeds slums was downcast at the prospect.

"Mother," said she, "we will just ask Mr. Mackenzie to pray for it to be fine, and God will make it so! For He's sure to listen to Mr. Mackenzie, if *he* asks Him."

GEORGE A. WADE.

RIGHT SHALL PREVAIL.

Be confident, ye dreamers for the right,
The right shall triumph ere the strife is done;
For is no human conflict settled quite
Till in its holy name the day is won.
In all man's story read this lesson plain,
Its teaching for your staunch upholding meant;
Evil shall not the final mastery gain—
Of this be confident!

Be confident; tho' weak and sorely tried,
There is no power that shall your cause defeat;
You and the right against the world allied
Stand in the victor's panoply complete.
It is God's will. Through you it finds its way,
That may not from its certain goal be sent,
Reaching, through baffled nights, triumphant day—
Of this be confident!

R. D. Saunders.

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IN DEEP WATERS

By MRS. BAGOT HARTE.

Illustrated by Sydney Cowell.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Sir Horace Rylmer dying abroad, the title falls to his younger brother James. To the disgust however, of the new baronet and his wife, it turns out that Sir Horace had years before contracted an unequal marriage in Italy, and that most of the money is left to his daughter Marie, a girl of twenty, and on her death to Maurice Rylmer, a son of Sir James by a first wife. Marie Rylmer arrives at her aunt's, and proves, in the baronet's own expressive phrase, to be "well-travelled, well-read, well-educated, well-everythinged." Sir James foresees the union of Maurice and Marie. Lady Rylmer, however, in the interests of her own son, Derrick, attempts to poison Maurice. Maurice recovers, under the care of Laura and Marie. A cheque for £500, purporting to be signed by Sir James, turns up, and is pronounced by him a forgery. Lady Rylmer accuses Maurice of being the forger. Maurice indignantly repudiates the charge, but finds, to his grief, that his father believes him guilty. Derrick sets on his dog to worry Laura's kitten, and because she remonstrates and threatens to tell Marie, leaves her locked up in an upper room of a ruined building. She sees a shabbily-dressed man loitering outside.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE—"

LAURA cast her eyes anxiously round to see if there existed a possibility of escape. But there was none. Her only means of eluding the man's notice was by hiding in the recess, where the light did not penetrate. She had a dread of that recess; it was so dark and small. But there was not a moment to lose, not a moment in which she could allow her fears to come to the surface. Each second was precious; for slowly and surely the man was ascending the winding staircase. Removing her shoes, she stole noiselessly across the room and squeezed herself into the recess.

Click! click! The fastenings of the doors were being undone! With a grating, scratching sound the door was now being pushed open! Laura's terrified eyes rested on the man of whom she had caught a mere passing glimpse as he waited below, and her fears rose with a bound. She knew that she was in the power of a scoundrel, and that no help was near. She turned icy cold, and could with difficulty prevent her trembling limbs from revealing her presence. Happily Diavolo had fallen asleep in her arms.

"He's not here!" muttered the man in an angry voice.

Then followed a volley of oaths, spoken so fiercely that the unhappy girl, cowering in the recess, tried to stifle her breathing, fearful that the man might hear those laboured gasps.

He lurched across the room towards the windows and looked out. It was evident that he expected to meet someone, and Laura guessed that that person was Derrick.

"Fool! liar! idiot!" growled the man, with growing impatience. "I'll let him know what I think of his playing fast and

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loose. He'll be jolly sorry for it in the end—if he don't take care. Lor! This be an uncanny dark hole, and I'll warrant it's haunted."

At this moment Laura's foot moved involuntarily and displaced several stones, which came rattling to the ground with a startling noise.

The man uttered an exclamation of alarm, and his normally ruddy complexion lost much of its ruddiness.

"Great ——" but his chattering teeth could not finish the exclamation. With the quickest of movements he made for the door and pulled it open.

There was no waiting to close it after him, no attempt to discover the cause of the falling stones. Downstairs the man stumbled as fast as he could, and as each moment the distance grew greater between him and Laura the latter breathed more freely.

Then came hurried footsteps across the path, followed by the sound that accompanies branches of trees being pushed quickly aside. At last came silence.

Laura sprang to her feet. The man had gone, leaving her free to escape. Danger was over! Without a moment's loss of time she must benefit by her present chances of escape. Holding Diavolo in her arms, she groped her way down the narrow, winding staircase, and hurried out into the bright sunshine. She glanced eagerly round to see if the man still lingered in the vicinity, but he was nowhere to be seen, and this comforting knowledge brought back all her self-possession.

"Oh, what a fortunate escape!" she exclaimed, beginning to run her fleetest back to the house.

She dashed into the hall, where Derrick and Marie had just entered and were talking to Lady Rylmer.

"O Derrick, how could you be so cruel as to shut the door of the tower and fasten it when I was inside!" cried Laura, with trembling lips.

"I did it for a joke, as you know." He laughed, but it was not a natural laugh. "I was just coming to let you out. Have you jumped out of the window?"

"No! When I was there a horrid, half-tipsy man came into the tower, but he did not see me, happily. He came there to meet someone—and I believe that person was you."

"My dear Laura!" sharply interposed her mother. "How wildly you are talking! Your nervousness is taking quite an acute form. It's impossible that a man of the description to which you refer can have been waiting to meet Derrick."

"It's all fudge and nonsense," he said, but he had turned rather pale.

"However, it was a very cruel thing to shut Laura up in that dark, damp tower," said Maurice; then, turning towards his brother with an air of authority, he added, "Don't be guilty of such thoughtlessness again."

"It was only a joke," replied Derrick. "Laura's mad to make such a fuss over the matter."

"It's made her look very ill and——"

"Yes. I feel faint," put in Laura, tottering towards a chair. But before she could reach it, Lady Rylmer's strong arms were drawing her towards the library. A moment later the door closed upon the mother and daughter.

The step-brothers glared at each other, for there was hatred in their hearts. Marie knew it, and knew also that her presence alone prevented that hatred rising to the surface. She dared not leave the men alone, yet she longed to follow Laura, and to see what was happening in the library. She stood hesitating, hoping that something would happen to produce a change in the current events. Then it rushed into her mind to take the matter into her own hands.

"There is a draught here, and you are not strong yet, Maurice." As Marie said this she moved towards the library.

Maurice accepted the implied invitation to follow and did so, closing the door after him.

Had Derrick imagined that his mother had already left the room by another door he would have followed his brother. As it was, he hastily left the house and walked towards the tower.

There was silence for a few moments, as Marie, with tightly-pressed lips, struggled to maintain her self-command. The full misery of her position at Rylmer Hall had suddenly burst on her. She knew that she was absolutely without friends in the world, save Laura and Maurice, and that before them and her lay no means of escape from this overcast house. Until this moment she had cherished the idea that the home of her father would be a home to her, in the truest sense. Now——

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"Marie, I am sorry to—to say good-bye," said Maurice, in a husky voice.

"Good-bye!" she echoed, aghast. "Oh, no! You cannot go away and leave Laura and me. You are our chief adviser, and—and——"

She could say no more. Her lips were trembling, and her eyes glistened—glistened with both tears and love. "It is dreadful to be so entirely alone in the world as I am," she added, after a moment.

"Marie, could—" he began, slowly, then checked himself.

"Yes?" she whispered, interrogatively.

"Could you let me know how you're going on here, from time to time? I shall think of you every day, and all day long."

"Yes, I will write to you. But tell me where you are going?" she said, striving to speak in her everyday tone.

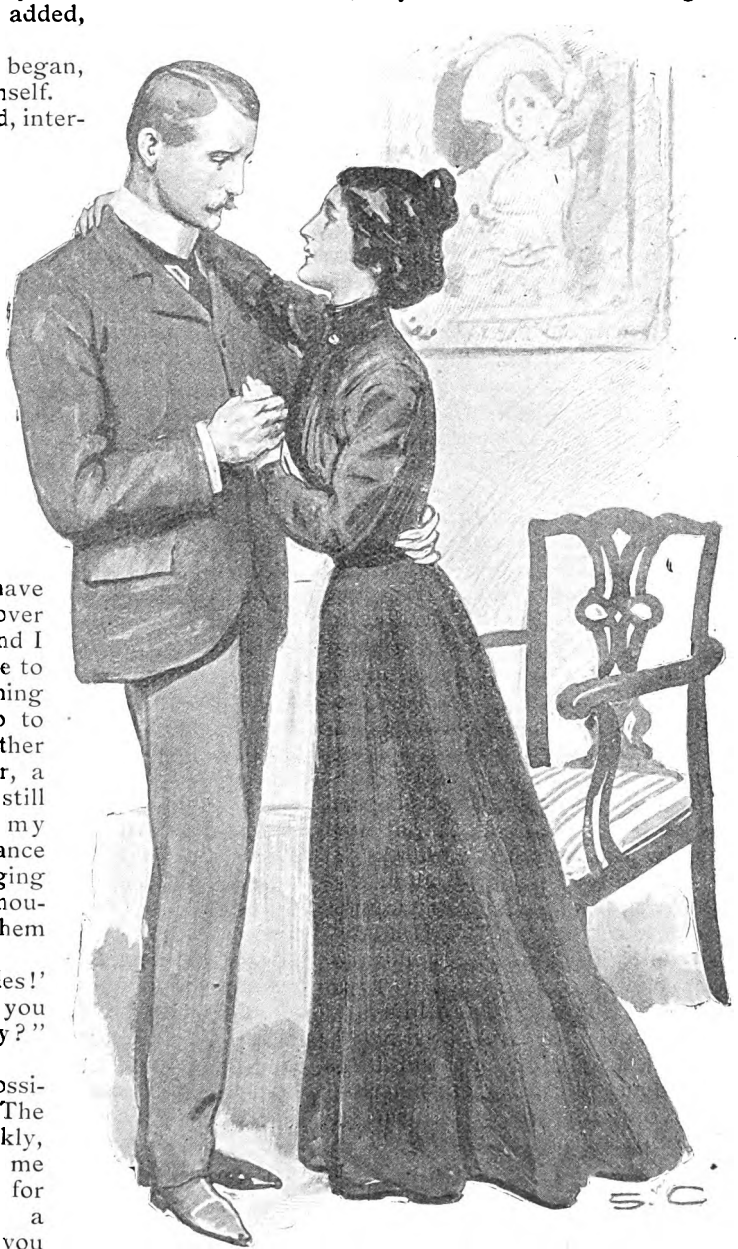
"I do not know exactly. But I shall leave England, go abroad and make my fortune—or die. I have thought the matter over carefully and quietly, and I don't see that I can hope to succeed in doing anything else in England but go to the dogs. With a father who believes me a forger, a stepmother anxious still further to blacken my character, I have no chance of success but in changing my name and putting thousands of miles between them and myself."

"'Thousands of miles!' repeated Marie. "And you can speak of it calmly?" she added, with a sob.

"Don't make it impossible for me to do so." The words were uttered quickly, imploringly. "Give me strength—don't, don't, for Heaven's sake, make a coward of me. Can't you guess what it costs me to leave you! To leave you here—in the power of one so unscrupulous as Lady Rylmer!" He was speaking now in a low, quick voice, full of emotion, and his arm rested on the back of her chair. "Yet I am powerless to better matters."

But her face reflected blank despair. The words "thousands of miles" rang in her ears.

"Marie, say one word of encourage-



"DON'T," SHE PLEADED EARNESTLY, "DON'T GO.

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ment to me before I leave," he pleaded. "Something to help me to face it all with the right kind of pluck."

"But, Maurice, must you, *must you* go?" Her hand stole into his as she said it.

There was magic sweetness in her touch, dangerous to his wise resolution to leave her without disclosing his love.

"Yes! I must leave, unhappily,"—here his voice fell to a whisper—"leave the girl I love," he added very slowly.

"Don't!" she pleaded, and the earnestness of that pleading "don't!" was intensified by an arm twining round his neck. "Don't go," she murmured again. "It is not as if I were poor. Thank Heaven, I am rich."

"Marie—then, then you love me?"

"Yes—but not if you go away." A smile played round her lips as she said the last words.

"Listen, darling; for safety's sake I must go. If it were known that you and I were engaged, some dire trouble would follow. No absolute misfortune will befall you alone. I can trust my stepmother to take the greatest care of you personally. But there is danger in my staying—danger for *both*. Once you are of age and free, then may I come back to claim you as my future wife?"

"Yes, Maurice. But nearly one long year of separation! It is hard."

"Promise me, darling, if any plot is on foot that you cannot understand—you will write to me at once. Old Susan will manage to get my answers to you somehow from time to time. Darling," he drew the girl he loved to him to kiss, "never believe what you are told about me. Strange tales of my wickedness, or my death, may be related to you. Don't believe one of them."

"I shall never, never believe anything but what is great and good of you, Maurice. A year is a long time to wait before I see you again, but—" she smiled, put her hands on his shoulders, and, raising her face to his, added—"I will wait for ever for your return."

CHAPTER XIV.

MAURICE DEPARTS.

"James, you must act with decision! Maurice must be made to leave this house at once. Twice to-day I have discovered him and Marie talking together."

"You can't stop their doing that."

"You have no sense of the fitness of things to make that remark. A forger is not a suitable husband for Marie."

"But you can't mount guard over her—or him. If they live in the same house, they must naturally speak sometimes to each other. I—I—don't want him irritated into leaving; for don't you see his remaining here is the only possible chance of my inducing him to give some of the five hundred back—that is, if he has got it."

Sir James looked towards his wife with a glance of mild interrogation. As a rule, mildness was his chief characteristic; and at this particular moment it irritated his wife to a superlative degree.

"Nothing—no monetary consideration is worth the awful risk of harbouring him in the house," she jerked out emphatically. "He must, and he shall be induced to leave at once. You must order him to go. He is your son—not mine; and you must act with the decision requisite under such circumstances. Remember the risk you run by letting him remain. He may find a new way of robbing you. I will go to him at once and say that you wish to see him."

To object to this precipitous course of action would only bring down on his head a storm of indignation; so Sir James watched his wife quit the room in silence. Then he leant back, and a sorely perplexed look came into his face.

"I really don't know how to act," he murmured to himself; and it was by no means the first time that he had said it.

Only a few minutes was Lady Rylmer absent; then she re-entered the room ghastly pale.

"He has proposed and been accepted!" she gasped.

"Who has?" exclaimed her husband.

"Maurice—and he's engaged to Marie. I absolutely saw them clasping each other's hands. O James, what a fool you have been! You ought to have stopped it! Her whole fortune will pass into that scoundrel's hands."

"Then he'll repay that five hundred!"

"That five hundred!" scornfully repeated Lady Rylmer. "You must threaten him with arrest; you must make him understand that you have the upper hand, and that not by hundreds, but thousands, your silence must be bought."

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"Oh,. then, you want me to make capital out of his crime?"

"James, you're lacking in the elements of—of—common sense. I don't want you to make capital out of the crime, but to protect yourself."

"But couldn't I forgive the forgery, and let the matter be happily settled? Supposing, for instance, we agreed to let the young people live here, and you and I moved into a smaller residence, and lived on an allowance from Maurice."

"*I* accept an allowance from *him!* And Derrick and Laura—what would become of them? You are mad, James, to propose such a thing! No, there are only two courses open—he must be turned out of this house a disgraced man, and refused admission ever again; or he must be given into custody by you. Which do you choose?"

"Oh, the former." The answer was given with alacrity.

This time Lady Rylmer rang the bell, and ordered the servant to request Mr. Rylmer at once to come to the library.

The footman was absent ten minutes; then he returned with the news that Mr. Rylmer had left the Hall.

"He's gone away, my lady," said the man, in a mysterious voice.

"Where has he gone to?" she asked, as calmly as circumstances would allow.

"To London, I believe, my lady."

"Has he taken luggage with him?" asked Sir James.

"Yes, sir—a goodish amount, sir. He was packing for an hour or two."

Questioning the man further was useless and undignified.

"I thought he only intended taking a small amount," put in Lady Rylmer, as it she suddenly recollected he had intended going.

The man-servant withdrew, and, as the door closed behind him, she rose to her feet, and turned towards her husband with a look of vindictive anger, that made him shrink from her.

"He's gone! Slipped through our fingers, and we are undone! The scoundrel, to propose to Marie just before going away!"

"But, Ethel, don't you think we may have more peace now he's gone?" queried Sir James, weakly.

"No! Not the peace that I want. Can't you see that separation strengthens their position now that they are engaged? But you're not capable of seeing anything. You only act as a load round my neck, hampering my thoughts and actions. If you had turned him out of the house, and disowned him, it would have been a disgrace. Now he has left of his own free will, made his own arrangements, and explained matters to Marie in a manner which leaves a favourable impression on her mind. Can't you see how he has scored, and what a mistake has been made?"

"My dear Ethel, no husband ever tried to act more in conjunction with his wife than I have."

Unfortunately, no man ever made a truer statement.

"I wonder where he has obtained the money to go with?" she asked, addressing herself more particularly.

"But—but surely he must have got some of the five hundred pounds left. Hang it all! it seems impossible for a son of mine to have behaved so disgracefully. I don't believe that he did forge my name! I—I—can't believe it!"

Sir James buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out the sight of the woman who perverted his thoughts.

"Of course he did it; and you must have him arrested." She spoke in a tone of authority, which would brook no opposition. "Maurice must be made an outcast of society. That will put an effectual stop to his engagement to Marie."

As she said this, Lady Rylmer raised her voice. She was standing close to the window, and Marie happened to be passing quite near. She was strolling up and down the terrace with Laura, who had nearly recovered from the effects of her experiences in the tower.

"Did you hear that?" whispered the latter, "They were talking of Maurice."

"Hallo!" exclaimed Derrick in a bantering tone, coming across the lawn. "Feeling all right again, Laura? I hear Diavolo is none the worse for the excitement of this afternoon."

"I am all right now," she answered; then, turning to Marie, added: "Come upstairs. We must arrange something quickly to stop Maurice being arrested."

"How can we stop it?" asked Marie in a dazed voice, as she hurried up the stairs at Laura's side, and, entering her room, locked the door. Utter helplessness was stealing over her. An orphan, in the hands of a weak guardian, whose

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actions were ordered by a vindictive, cruel woman. she felt herself entrapped, terrified. And the man in whom she trusted had confessed that he was powerless to protect her—worse, had stated that her safety and his rested on their separation.

But could she remain impassive, whilst injustice and oppression were dealt out to the man she loved, as a penalty for their loving each other?

"No!" she cried, mentally, looking at Laura, who, in silent despair, had thrown herself on the sofa.

"Haven't you even a little money left?" asked the latter, trying to rouse herself after a few minutes.

"Yes—forty pounds."

"Then, dear, send it to Maurice, and *make* him promise to leave England. Oh, don't let him be sent to prison."

"Do you know where he is likely to stay in London?"

"Yes; he'll stay at the Hotel Metropole. You see"—here Laura's voice fell to a whisper—"he's sure to sell his watch and chain. They are worth about ten pounds; and then he'll be what men call 'flush,' comparatively. But not 'flush' enough to go quite away out of England. Now, Marie, with some of your forty, he could, couldn't he?"

"It is too late to get it to him. Detectives will be after him early to-morrow—before he can leave the hotel. Oh, that I had someone who knows more of the world than I do, to ask advice from!"

There was a knock at the door at this moment, and a voice inquired: "Is Miss Laura here?"

"Yes," answered Marie.

"Her ladyship says she's to go to her own room, and keep quiet, as she isn't well," was the reply.

"I must go! Oh, good-night, Marie. I know they won't let me see you again this evening."

"Good-night, my future sister-in-law," said Marie, affectionately.

"Oh, then you are really and truly going to marry Maurice?"

"Yes."

"Ah, I am glad—*so* glad! Good-night again."

CHAPTER XV.

HOW CAN SHE SAVE HIM?

It was a difficult matter to keep up a successful flow of conversation during dinner, notwithstanding Lady Rylmer's determination that Maurice's absence should not be felt. Derrick, too, added much more than his usual quota of remarks. He strove to be witty, and also strove to bring up subjects that might interest Marie. Did she like going to the theatre, etc.? She could with difficulty force herself to answer these questions with even moderate interest. In the end, all present mentally decided that a silent dinner would have been more in accordance with the feelings of those present.

Everyone longed for the dinner to be over, and the weary succession of courses to come to an end—especially Sir James. There lay before him the writing of a letter to Scotland Yard, to which he shrank from putting his signature. Brand his own son as a forger! Take the first step to condemn him to penal servitude! O God, he could not do it! His weak mouth quivered, his expressionless eyes filled with tears more than once during that weary dinner. And he would have given way completely had not his wife's handsome, determined face been constantly turned in his direction. As a rule, she seldom looked at him, and thus he realised that he was under special observation. He shrank from that observation.

At last the moment of release came. Lady Rylmer and Laura filed out of the room.

Father and son were left alone.

"So Maurice has gone! Cleared out with five hundred pounds in his pocket—not bad business! I think I'll do the same," said Derrick.

"No—no! Of course you won't," stammered Sir James, overwhelmed at the suggestion. "I'm a ruined man almost, as it is."

"Anyhow, you cannot expect me to drag on existence on nothing, when Maurice helps himself, in the coolest manner possible, to a useful five hundred."

"But I'm going to proceed against him!" exclaimed Sir James.

Derrick uttered a low, significant whistle of deep surprise.

"It'll play the dickens with the family name," he observed.

"But—but—I have to take care of myself."

"He's sure to have got safely off! He's not likely to try the game on a

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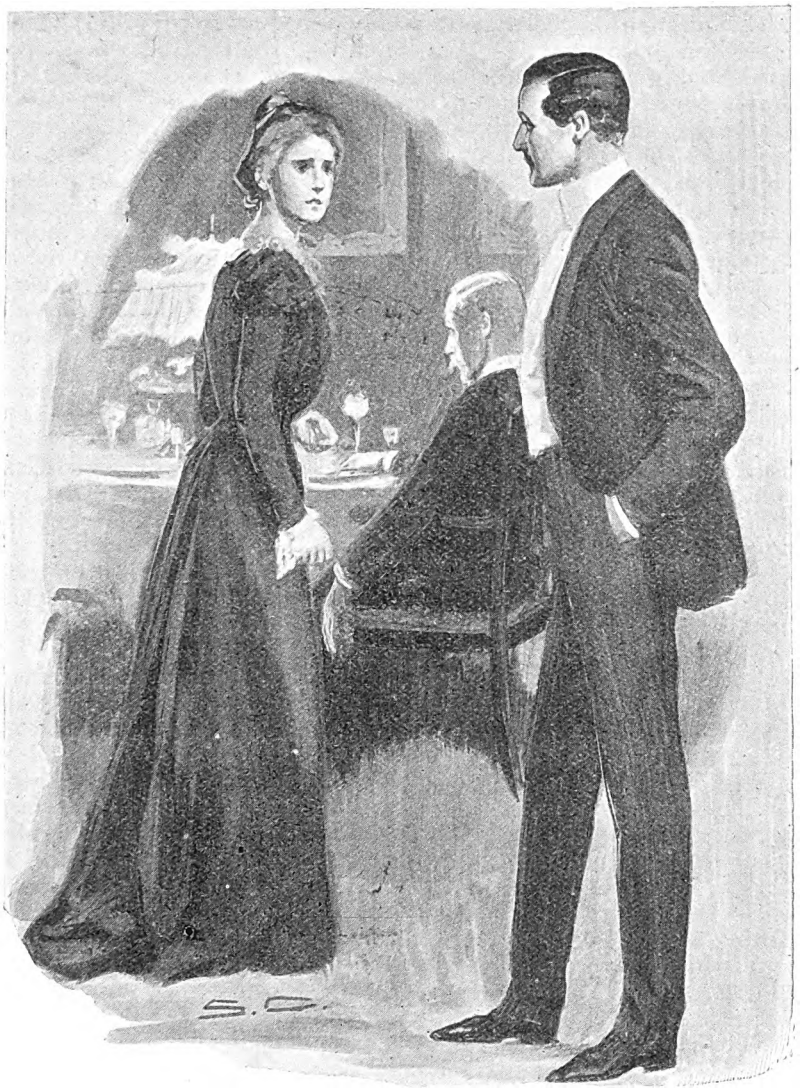
second time, so where's the use of blackening our name?"

"That's really what I think, but your mother has taken a different view of the matter. You see, she happens to have discovered—or imagines she has—that Maurice and Marie are engaged."

"The dickens she has!" cried Derrick, "and——"

"James, remember you have that letter to write," said Lady Rylmer, entering suddenly.

Neither men made any reply. Her husband's eyes were turned nervously away, and her son rose and sauntered towards the window.



DERRICK'S DESIRE TO SCREEN MAURICE SEEMED TO HER UTTERLY ILLOGICAL.

Instantly she realised that they were joining hands against her, and the thought maddened her. Her hatred for Maurice and her craving for revenge rose with a bound.

"I'm not in a hurry to write that letter," observed Sir James. "It'll mean terrible disgrace to the whole family—you, and Derrick, and Laura."

"And you, too, father," put in Derrick, "and I can't see where the benefit of it comes in. Maurice has gone off, and there's not the slightest chance of his reappearing at home again. He's not the man to court arrest."

For a few minutes Lady Rylmer made no reply. This desire to screen Maurice was to her utterly illogical, and at that moment she longed to see him lying dead at her feet.

"Fool!" she hissed between her teeth, looking straight at Derrick. Then, turning on her husband, she added: "You will bitterly regret screening this criminal from justice. I do not hesitate to say that he is certain to forge your name again—perhaps next time he will rob you of a thousands pounds."

"But he's not—not likely to do it again. Think of the risks."

"Why should he not run those risks a second time?"

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The question was curtly put.

Sir James covered his face with his hands and groaned. Perhaps a picture of the sweet girl-wife of his youth rose before his eyes, as she lay dying, and her last words, "Take care of our boy," again rang in his ears.

"I cannot write that letter," he murmured, in a hopeless voice.

"Then I will!" exclaimed his wife.

"Hang it all!" angrily observed Derrick, "Where's the use of it? Maurice is out of everything, now that he's gone off."

Without deigning to carry on the argument, Lady Rylmer swept out of the room, and going into the libary wrote the letter which was to ruin her stepson in the eyes of the world—and Marie's eyes!

Ten o'clock was striking when she signed her name, then she folded the letter up and hastily placed it in an envelope. At that moment Derrick sauntered in.

"I say, mother, won't you give this matter a little more thought?" he asked.

"Derrick, it is more for your good that I am doing it than anything else. They, Maurice and Marie, are engaged. He must be removed to make place for you."

"I'm willing enough to agree to that. But he's removed himself, as it is. Out of sight is out of mind with girls; and I'm here, on the premises, and Maurice won't have a chance of seeing her or writing to her. We can stop the affair—squash it by appropriating his letters if he writes."

"This," here Lady Rylmer pointed to the letter she had just penned, "will stop matters more effectually than anything else."

"I'm going for a stroll in the grounds, and if you like I'll go and post it. It's only a few minutes' walk."

"Very well—thank you."

It was duly stamped; then, whistling cheerfully, as was his wont, Derrick sauntered leisurely down the fine old avenue, which led to the lodge gates, and out into the high road.

From one of the windows of her room Marie watched him with a sinking heart. The moon's rays lit up the white envelope in his hand, and told her with unmistakable certainty on what errand he was bent.

"That letter will lead to Maurice's arrest!" she cried. "I must save him—I must! I will! O Maurice darling, you shall never wear a convict's garb, nor drag on the miserable life of a convict if I can help it. But how can I help it—how can I?"

Her hands were clasped tightly together, and the words she uttered sounded almost as a prayer.

There was not a moment to be lost. Maurice's liberty and his whole happiness on earth were at stake. She must keep fears of the consequences of her actions entirely out of her mind. She must just act from moment to moment as occasion required, and save Maurice from arrest at all hazards.

She hastily changed her evening dress to a plain coat and skirt, then chose a simply trimmed hat. Thus arrayed she glanced critically at herself in the mirror.

"Yes, I shall pass unnoticed!" she exclaimed, with evident relief.

Noiselessly she opened the door and stood in a listening attitude. No one was near at hand. The long landing and the hall below seemed quite deserted. Yes, she could leave the house unnoticed.

Not by the front door, but by a narrow, secret staircase that led into Laura's special sanctum. The door to this staircase was only a few feet off. It was kept locked, but the key always remained on the outside. Marie withdrew it, and, opening the door, closed it quietly behind her, locking it again inside, then waited, listening—so intently—for the slightest signs of anyone approaching. The only sound that met her ears was her own laboured breathing.

She was trembling in every limb, yet determined that nothing should prevent her carrying out her fixed intention to warn Maurice of his danger.

One by one she descended the rickety stairs, stopping to listen from time to time. At last she felt her hand against the door that led into the room on the ground-floor—that, too, was locked, but this side of the staircase.

Marie unlocked it and entered the room. All was darkness, for the high shutters kept out every gleam of light. Stealthily, cautiously, she felt her way towards the windows, then waited again, fearful that the unbolting of the bars might attract notice. But moments were precious, already the clock was striking half-past ten, and the train to London which she must catch left at eleven.

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A few moments' quick, careful work and the shutters were folded back and the light streaming in; then the window was opened with trembling hands. But to leave the window thus was to cause her absence to be speedily discovered. Very gently she drew both shutter and window together, then darted from the house into the shade of some trees near.

There were footsteps approaching, and she knew they were Derrick's. Standing as motionless as a statue, she leant against the trunk of a tree, hoping, praying that he would fail to notice her in the darkness.

He was whistling in a gay, light-hearted manner, and strode past without looking in her direction—straight to the spot where the watch-dog was kept chained at night!

In an instant Marie knew that he was going to release him, and to hope to escape unnoticed was madness once Fritz was at liberty.

CHAPTER XVI.

A RISKY JOURNEY.

Marie realised that her only chance of eluding discovery lay in the dog being attracted in the opposite direction. A few moments' agonised anxiety followed, during which her eyes eagerly scanned the moonlit lawn, in the wild hope that she might see Fritz run off towards the tower.

Then a window was cautiously opened and Laura's head appeared. She was always anxious to know what was happening when Derrick was near.

A second's more suspense; then, from the shade of the house, Fitz darted away without showing any disposition to investigate the trees amongst which Marie was hiding.

Now was the time for her to make good her escape! But Laura's eyes were on her, and she might, perhaps, give the alarm in ignorance of the unkind part she was playing. Stepping quickly towards the window, Marie raised her voice and called: "Don't say a word, Laura."

Without waiting for an answer, she turned and ran her fleetest down the long avenue of trees, which led to the high road. Minutes seemed to take to themselves the duration of hours, as she sped on, forcing herself to keep calm. She knew that she must be prepared to meet every contingency and to act with courage.

"Maurice must be saved! Maurice must be saved!" were the words that ran in her mind, steadying her thinking powers.

And as the distance between herself and the Hall increased, hope rose within her. Yes! She would reach London by the same train as the letter; but long before it could be delivered she would be able to see Maurice and to warn him. Faintly in the distance she could hear Fritz barking noisily, objecting in his usual manner to return to be chained up, and Derrick was whistling as if he were growing impatient. She was intensely thankful to know that half-a-mile separated her from the centre of those sounds.

"What will they do if they find that I am gone?" she asked herself hurriedly, and dismissed the question unanswered the next moment.

Nothing mattered, *nothing* if she could save Maurice from prison.

The train came in as she reached the platform, and she chose an empty carriage. Hot and flushed, she had no desire to be the subject of observation; to pass unnoticed was her great desire. Besides, it was easier to allow her thoughts full play in solitude; with the peaceful, sleeping world to gaze on. But with solitude came just a shade of fear. How would it all end? To what would her present daring act lead? She was openly siding against Maurice's one enemy in life—an enemy, whom she, Marie, feared more each day.

"O father, you must be so sorry if you know that I am in the power of that cruel, unscrupulous woman!" she cried.

But thoughts like these would work havoc with her self-command, and she dared not think of those she had trusted and loved in the past. The present was so different! Leaning back she let her eyes rest unthinkingly on the silver-tinted, moonlit world. And the train rushed on and on.

Now it was nearing London—now it had shot past the suburbs. Now——

"Ticket, miss!"

The words roused Marie from her reverie. The moment when she should meet Maurice again was near, very near. Her heart was beating quicker, and her anxiety for the meeting to be over was growing greater every minute.

Nearly half-past eleven! And the last train to Surbiton left Waterloo at five

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minutes past twelve! It must be quickly accomplished, all she had to do. In a fraction of time she was being whirled through the semi-deserted streets towards the Hotel Metropole.

With a jerk, the hansom drew up.

"Is Mr. Rylmer in?" Marie asked of one of the hall-porters.

The question was received with a startled look. Intuitively the man glanced at her in a critical manner, and in that glance summed up her striking characteristics: "Young, pretty, and a bit foreign," was his mental verdict. Then he turned away to obtain the required information.

But as he did so, a man entered the hotel walking quickly, then slackened his pace, then brought himself to an abrupt standstill and looked at Marie with doubting, half-eager, half-frightened eyes.

"Maurice!"

It was Marie who spoke. But it was not in her usual tone, for his face had become just a shade stern.

"This is unexpected, Marie," he jerked out, scarcely knowing what he said.

"Can I speak to you alone?" she asked. "I have followed you to tell you something that is most important."

"Yes," he answered, leading the way to the drawing-room.

Neither spoke until they entered the room.

"Thank Heaven, no one is here!" exclaimed Maurice. "We can talk without a chance of every word being overheard. Tell me quickly why you have come?"

"O Maurice, do not speak like that! Surely you cannot misunderstand me. I have not come on a thoughtless, impulsive errand, but to tell you that Lady Rylmer is bent on your arrest."

"I half wish it would come to that. It would at least give me a chance of clearing my character."

"But with her as your opponent you could not hope to clear it. She is clever, beautiful, fascinating. Men will believe her, and they will not believe you."

"In England men upon trial have to face facts and the proving of facts."

"The statements of witnesses are worked up into facts; and the statements of an unscrupulous woman have condemned many innocent men. Maurice, for my sake, leave England without a moment's delay. The letter to Scotland Yard has been penned and posted. It will be too late to think of flight to-morrow."

"Eight pounds, which is the only cash I have, will only land me in another country to starve."

"But I have forty, and I have brought it with me. Stop!"—she saw he was going to speak, and held up her hand authoritatively—"stop! Let me finish speaking. This is what I ask you to do—and I am sure you will not refuse it—take the first train to Southampton and catch the boat to Capetown. It sails to-morrow, and the fare is twenty-five pounds. Once there, you can probably find something to do."

Very pleading, tenderly pleading, was the face turned towards him.

"You will do as I ask?" murmured Marie, resting her hand gently on his arm. "Moments are so precious! Say yes."

"But others will look upon this hasty departure as a sure sign of my guilt. I have had a good think over the matter during the last two hours, and I am absolutely certain I ought to face everything courageously."

"It would be wrongly placed courage. Remember in what it might result. Oh, I cannot bear to think of it! And after the verdict was once pronounced, there would be no remedy. Nothing before you—except, oh, no, I cannot say the word. It is too terrible! Take the forty pounds and escape."

For a moment neither spoke. Maurice was very white. The present was full of contending impulses.

"Marie, I cannot take your money," he said. "Do not think that I am unwilling to do as you ask. I love you too much to say no—if I could only say yes. But to leave you penniless in the hands of that woman would be criminal. Darling," here his voice fell to a whisper, a tremulous whisper, "it is good and noble of you to have come; and I know what it must have cost you to do so. But it is wisest and best to leave me to my fate. If I am unfortunate—then, then—we must part for ever; if I am fortunate and come through all right—" he stopped speaking, and raised her hand to his lips.

"No!" she cried, excitedly. "I will not leave you to your fate. If I thought you would face a fair trial, that would be one thing. But to expect fairness from Lady Rylmer is expecting an impossibility. It is like a man walking

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into a lion's den under the impression that it won't attack him if he is unarmed. You looked surprised at my speaking thus, because, at first, I was attracted by your stepmother. You must have seen that I liked her very much, and knowing how greatly she fascinated me tells that she can fascinate others—fascinate them to do what is cruel and wicked."

"You are right. Yet I don't like to admit her power."

"But, Maurice, time is rushing by. We must act—not talk. Promise to leave England for the Cape." Marie rose as she said the last word. Then, in a lower tone, she added: "If anything happens to you, I shall be left friendless—utterly friendless, in the world. Worse still, I shall be in Lady Rylmer's power, and the one person between her and wealth! For if I die before I come of age, all my money goes to my heir, your father; which is equal to your stepmother inheriting it direct."

"Would to Heaven I could marry you and take you with me!" The words burst from Maurice's white lips before he scarcely knew what he was saying.

"And so do I," she whispered with a sad smile. "But it cannot be. We must part, and part bravely. Many would say that I ought not to have come—I'm afraid I don't care what those many say. What you say and what you think is everything to me. But, Maurice, here are the forty pounds"—saying this, she brought out four ten pound notes—"and you will go to-morrow—promise."

"I will go—but I'll go second-class, anything sooner than take all your money, darling."

"No! no! You shall have all. You can send it back to me when you've made your fortune."

"Ah—it strikes me that more men will lose fortunes than make them out there, in the present unsettled state of the country. I shall volunteer as a soldier."

"Then you have promised to go? Oh, I am happy once more then."

"Yes, I promise," he said, solemnly, "if you will agree to let me accept only twenty pounds. I shall be a happier man going second-class than going first, and leaving you penniless. Agreed?"

"Yes," she said, taking back two of the notes. "Perhaps you are right—but of course you are. What name are you going away under?"

"Hillgate will do as well as any other. I will write to you, Marie, through Susan. Let us say good-bye now."

One glance round to assure themselves that the room was empty, then came the good-bye—not a good-bye of words, but the good-bye which seals the love of those who part with faith and trust in each other. Their lips met, their hands were clasped in each other's. Vows were whisperingly said, and whisperingly echoed.

But time, which waits for no one, was speeding on, heedless of the fact that each moment was full of golden happiness for two young lovers.

Suddenly Marie's eyes wandered to the clock.

"It's three minutes to twelve!" she cried, "and the train leaves at five minutes past."

"We can barely catch it," was the reply.

They were quickly in the hall. Fortunately a hansom was at the door, and Maurice had barely taken his seat at Marie's side before it dashed off at a gallop.

"The train may be late," suggested the latter, hopefully.

"Let us hope so. But, darling, who is meeting you at the other end?"

"No one. I am going to walk home alone."

"Alone! through those dark, solitary lanes. You cannot do it."

"But I must. I have left a window and shutter open through which I can creep into the house. No one, of course, knows that I have come to London to-night."

"I never realised that you were facing these perils before. Marie, darling, you are brave! But——" he checked himself.

The full consequences of her unexpected advent at the Hotel Metropole might not be known to him for weeks, and during that time he would be tortured with cruel fears for her safety. Tightly he clasped her hand. It was sweet to feel it resting in his. But it made it harder to part.

Now they were at Waterloo Station. It was ten minutes past twelve! But the train might be late. Maurice got out and looked round hastily.

"Has the last train to Surbiton left?" he asked of a porter.

"It hadn't a moment ago, sir," came quickly in reply.

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"Come, Marie!"

But there was no necessity for Maurice to say one hurrying word. She was at his side, walking with breathless haste.

"Train's just gone," exclaimed a porter, seeing them arrive on the platform.

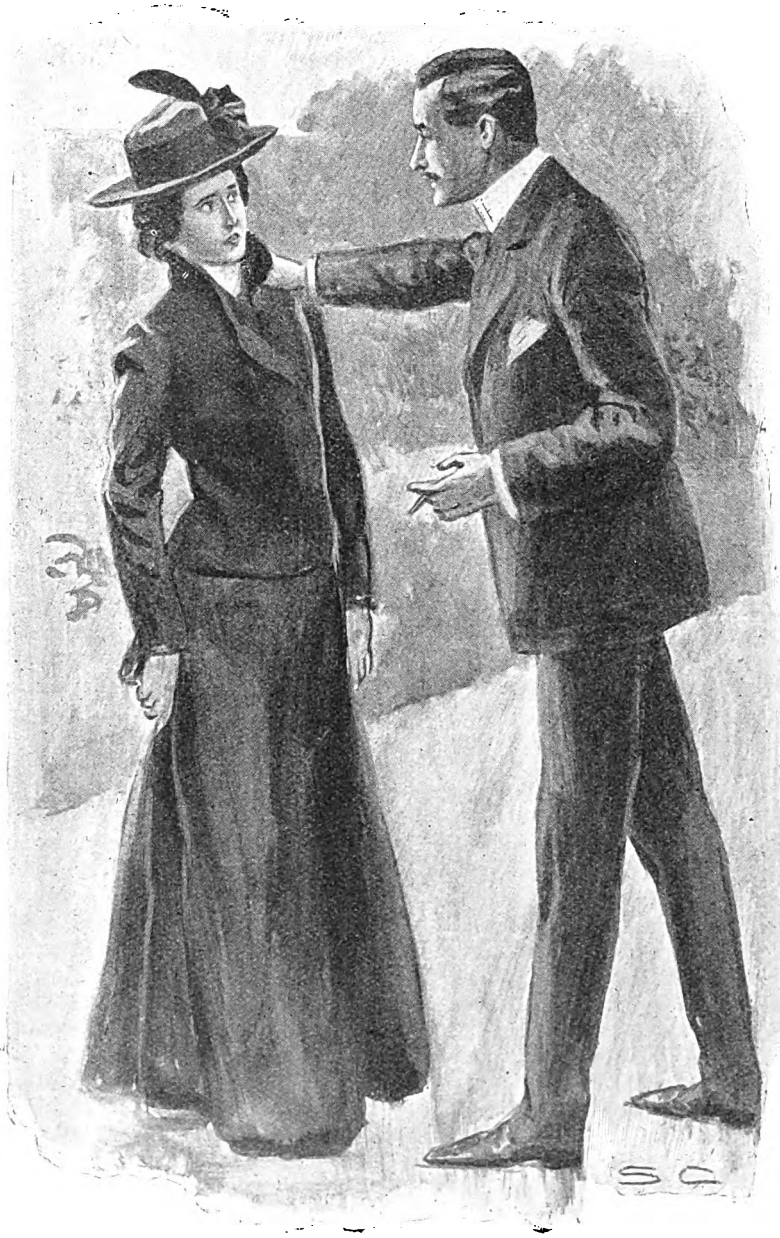
"When is the next?" asked Maurice.

"Five twenty-five 'morrow morning."

Marie and Maurice looked into each other's face aghast.

"What can I do?" asked the former.

It was a difficult question to answer on the spur of the moment. So much was at stake! The sweet young face at his side was turned earnestly towards Maurice, and he knew that the girl he loved relied on him exclusively for help and advice.



SHE STROVE TO LOOK CALM AND DEFIANT, ANYTHING SAVE LIKE A CULPRIT.

"You'll have to put up somewhere in London, that's evident," he observed, thoughtfully. "There's the Victoria Hotel, and the best thing will be for you to drive there and take a room. You must pay for it on entering, as you have no luggage."

"I shall say I have missed my last train," she added.

"And that you want to catch the five twenty-five train to-morrow morning."

Thus talking they walked slowly back to the entrance.

"I shall be here, on the platform, to see you off, darling," whispered Maurice, comfortingly, as he helped her into the hansom.

Then he got into another himself and drove back to Northumberland-avenue. With eager eyes he watched Marie alight and

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enter the Victoria Hotel. For a brief moment her slight, girlish figure was silhouetted against the brilliant light within. Then she passed in out of sight.

And Maurice breathed a fervent hope that she was safe.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN UNDESIRED WELCOME.

In a fever of anxiety as to the consequences of Marie's heroic devotion to himself, Maurice paced his room all night. Well did he know the cruel extent to which Lady Rylmer could carry revenge—but from revenge of a dangerous nature his existence safeguarded Marie. Yes, sooner than see his uncle's wealth pass into her stepson's hands, Lady Rylmer would countenance independence, open antagonism, open hatred—anything from Marie.

Maurice shuddered; the knowledge that his father's wife thirsted for his life was darkening his career. A brave man, he resented his line of conduct. Yet he had given his promise. He must leave England to-day.

To-day! He looked at his watch.

"More than four hours already gone of this eventful day!" he observed. "Ah, I wish I could know how it will end for Marie. For me—hang it all!—I don't seem to care a jot what happens to me."

He stood suddenly still, and a very thoughtful look came into his face. "By Heavens, everything looks ugly! I should not be surprised at anything that that woman did. And yet I'm powerless, utterly and completely powerless to right matters. If it did not mean landing Marie in the depth of trouble, I'd marry her to-morrow. Oh how I wish I could! And I'd place lands and seas between us and that wretched, unscrupulous woman, the present Lady Rylmer. It baffles my comprehension to understand how uncle could let the names of trustees stand, when those names only referred to dead men. And to leave it in my weak father's hands to decide whom Marie should marry, or whom she shouldn't marry before she was twenty-one! It seems almost criminal carelessness. I feel as if I were playing a cruel part in sending darling Marie back to Rylmer Hall—but there's no option in the matter, unfortunately."

He opened his portmanteau and threw in a few things which he had taken out, then went down into the hall, ordered a hansom to be called, and paid his bill.

Very desolate and lonely the streets looked, for it was raining hard. Only a few forlorn, homeless men were about, and they were seeking shelter in doorways, looking hungry and miserable.

"I may find myself in a similar plight before many weeks," he thought to himself as he rattled towards Waterloo.

Scarcely had he arrived there before another hansom drove up. Marie was in it. With a feeling of intense relief he caught a glimpse of her sweet face; but it was a tired, sad face.

"I am so glad that you are here!" she exclaimed, as he hastened to help her out.

"You didn't think that I should fail to appear?"

"Oh, no; but when people are tired they sometimes oversleep themselves—don't they?"

"No, not when they have the safety of such a very precious mortal on their hands as you, darling." A look in his eyes echoed the word "precious."

She smiled. There was so much comfort in the knowledge that she was precious to him; then, seeing how troubled he looked, she added quickly: "You musn't think that I am returning to the Hall with the intention of making myself miserable. Once I feel absolutely certain that you are perfectly safe from arrest, and on your way to the Cape, where I hope you will be very happy, I shall make myself comparatively contented."

"That's right! A happy letter from you will do more than anything else towards giving me the pluck to struggle on against difficulties. I only wish I had a photograph of you, dear. Not that it's necessary, for your sweet face will always be before my eyes."

"I will send you one as soon as possible, Maurice. I will have it taken again at once." She spoke more brightly now. It was good to know there yet remained something she could do to give him pleasure. "Laura has given me one of yours," she added.

"She is a rattling good sister! You will take care of her, won't you? But I need scarcely ask you to do that——"

"It's quite unnecessary, I assure you," interrupted Marie. "We're such great chums already. But if I promise specially to take care of her, will you take extra care of yourself, and let nothing make

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you lose heart in the battle for existence that you may have to fight?"

"Yes, I promise," he replied, simply; "for when the battle is over, and you are my wife, I shall forget all."

They had reached the platform now, and were standing side by side. It would have been a happier parting the night before, with the lingering sweetness of the tender farewell at the Hotel Metropole still with them. Now, surrounded by the depressing influence of a damp, grey mist, it was hard to stifle sadness. The presence of the sleepy porters, and the equally sleepy-looking passengers, awaiting the train, negatived the comfort of exchanging glances that spoke of love. But only a few minutes more remained wherein to suffer the agony of parting.

The train drew up. Marie got in, and——

Yes, there was time for a kiss. Maurice got in after her and sat down at her side.

"This must be a long farewell, Marie," he murmured, as his arm stole round her, and he drew her to him.

She raised her face to his, and for a golden, happy moment all was forgotten save their love—that love which was to bind them together by invisible threads, though thousands of miles were to separate them.

"My darling, may God protect you!" burst from Maurice's trembling lips.

A convulsive sob from Marie, followed by a strong effort to control herself and smile. Then a shrill whistle, a movement of the train, and Maurice had jumped out and was closing the door.

Marie was alone! Swiftly the train was gliding out of the station. Concentrated into one hurried glance was her last glimpse of the man she adored.

Now the grey mist had hidden him from sight!

"Oh! when shall we meet again?" she cried, sinking back on the nearest seat, and burying her face in her hands in an agony of grief. "Oh Maurice, Maurice! you must come back to me, I cannot live without you." After a while she dried her eyes, and calmer thoughts took possession of her.

The train was going fast now, very fast. Soon she would be once more within the walls of the home she hated. She leant back and looked through the windows with non-observant eyes at the torrents of rain, grey mist, and dreary stretch of English scenery. With Maurice at her side she had grown to tolerate the dreariness of an English rainy day. Now all was different, and she craved for her old home at Capri.

The train arrived punctually at Surbiton. Marie hastily alighted, and a few minutes later was walking quickly towards Rylmer Hall. It was a quarter of an hour's walk in reality, but she did it in less time to-day, arriving at three minutes past six opposite the entrance gates, which stood open as usual.

Pale, sad and weary, yet possessed with an overwhelming desire to enter unnoticed, she crept along amongst the undergrowth of trees that bordered the carriage drive. Stillness reigned around, complete stillness. It was reassuring. Once or twice she stopped and listened, fearing that the sound of the distant unlocking of doors might be heard. But the joyous chorus of happy birds was the only sound that met her ears.

"Oh, how thankful I shall be to lie down and fall asleep," she said to herself.

She was walking very softly, on tip-toe. These were anxious moments. She dared scarcely breathe, and every muffled footstep sounded loud to her ears.

"At last!" she cried, stopping opposite the French window, which she had left open on the previous night.

Swiftly her hands were raised to push it open.

It was locked—firmly locked on the inside!

At that moment sounds which herald the awakening energies of servants were to be heard from within. A landing window above was being opened, bolts were being noisily withdrawn.

Marie turned cold to her finger tips. If she were discovered outside, waiting for admission, what explanation of the matter could she offer? But whatever explanation she might give there was no chance of its being accepted unquestioningly. The worst construction would be put on her conduct if it suited Lady Rylmer to do so.

Too tired to stand, Marie sank down on the ground near the window and leant against the woodwork. She was beginning to feel dazed with grief, hunger, and fatigue. An invisible voice seemed to tell her that Maurice was safe, and, with freedom from care on his account, thoughts of herself were stealing over her mind.

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Suddenly she was startled by hearing the window behind her being opened. It was being done slowly and cautiously. She staggered to her feet and strove to look calm, defiant—anything save like a culprit.

"Hello!"

It was Derrick who uttered the exclamation, and it was he who now stood in the doorway of the open window. "Do you want to come in?" he added, with a short laugh.

"Yes," she answered, trying to speak in her usual tone, and moving forward.

"First tell me where you have been all night?" Saying this he placed his hand heavily on her shoulder.

"A matter of business necessitated my presence elsewhere," she answered, looking straight into his face.

For answer he uttered a short, incredulous whistle, and an ugly smile stole over his handsome face. However, he moved aside and allowed her to pass.

"I have sat up for you all night. I think you might say thank you," he observed. "I saw you go, and I guessed you'd gone after Maurice, and I knew you'd soon be back again. I know his character, and you evidently don't. However, there's nothing like learning by experience. You'll realise now that your best friend on earth is my mother and——"

But the end of the sentence was lost on Marie; already she had left the room and was wearily dragging herself upstairs.

The one person on earth, whom she knew was most capable of cruelly misconstruing her night's harrowing adventure was already in possession of the leading facts of the case. She was too tired to be capable of feeling more than passing fear at the discovery. To whatever evil purpose he intended putting his knowledge, she was incapable of averting it. With rest and merciful sleep, strength to know how to act would come.

In ten minutes her head was resting thankfully on her pillow, and a few minutes later she was fast asleep.

And as she slept it seemed to her that someone sat at her side guarding her, and that from time to time a gentle hand smoothed back her hair, and murmured soothing words. Even in her sleep she was grateful for those soothing words, which came in answer to broken sobs that spoke of cruel anguish, so deep that merciful sleep could not stifle it.

Hours passed. It was eleven o'clock before Marie awoke. The first person on whom her eyes rested was Laura.

"Where is Maurice?" asked the latter, quickly.

"He leaves England to-day," was the reply. "I am so glad! I left him at Waterloo Station. Laura, it is right that someone besides our two selves—Maurice and I—should know all that happened last night, and I will confide in you. You will keep it all perfectly secret?"

"Yes. Can you doubt it, Marie?"

Then, in a low whisper, Marie described all that had befallen her, and Laura listened with breathless attention, which became intensified as the few words with Derrick were repeated.

"O Marie, I wish that you had confided in me," she exclaimed. "Derrick and mother are always united. You and I must be united. If not," she sighed, shook her head, then jerked out, "something terrible will happen. Even united, we may not be strong enough to withstand them. But separate! There is no hope for us."

For answer Marie's arms stole round Laura's neck, and lingered there. It was an action more eloquent than words, and sealed their silent vow of unity.

"Poor Maurice!" murmured Laura. "If——" she stopped. There was a knock at the door!

"See who it is," whispered Marie.

But before Laura could act on the suggestion, the door was opened slightly, and a voice—Lady Rylmer's—asked: "Can I come in?"

"Yes, Aunt Rylmer," was the reply.

But there was a lack of warmth in Marie's voice.

"Laura! This is not right of you!" exclaimed her mother, indignantly. "Your cousin must be feeling ill after—but I daresay you know nothing of the unfortunate occurrence. However, leave the room now."

The last word was accompanied by an authoritative wave of the hand, which admitted of no opposition.

As the door closed behind Laura, her mother swept across the room and sat down by the bedside. She was always well dressed now. Tall, handsome, graceful, with a figure that many women of twenty might envy, she looked an attrac-

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tive woman—one born to play a leading part.

"O Marie, I am so grieved!" she began, in a tender voice.

"Grieved at what, aunt? I do not know to what you refer."

"At the false step you have taken. I have believed in you and trusted you implicitly since the day that you arrived in England. Nothing would have made me doubt your perfect trustworthiness except the evidence of an eye-witness, and——"

"Lady Rylmer, I have done nothing wrong," interrupted Marie, flushing up. "My conscience is clear, absolutely clear. Please understand that I am as worthy of being trusted now as when my father trusted me implicitly in those happy days when I was all to him. The recollection of his goodness, and dear mother's heroic goodness, too, will stand always between me and the possibility of wilfully doing a wrong deed."

"It is because I placed so much faith in you that my disappointment is so great," continued Lady Rylmer, regretfully. "Your father must have had faith in you, and so must your mother. O Marie, how could you act in a manner that would hurt our feelings so much?"

"Again I declare that I have done nothing wrong!"

"Did you not follow Maurice to London last night?" The question was sharply asked.

"I will not answer that question," came quickly in reply.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SLUMBERING HOPE.

Not even Hope can always soar and sing;
Sometimes she needs must rest a willing wing,
And wait in midst of her glad carolling.

Faint not, dear heart, though she rest overnight—
Her wings are swifter than the wings of light,
They're gaining strength for more enduring flight.

Fret not because her voice is sometimes still;
It may be catching some new lilt or thrill;
She'll sing again, all of her own sweet will.

Perhaps when worn with pain, in darkened room,
Denied the light, the beauty and the bloom,
You'll see a little rift within the gloom;

Then hear a stir, as of unfolding wings;
And low sweet notes, as one who tries the strings
In tender prelude just before he sings.

And wakened Hope, grown vigorous and strong,
Will then surprise the silence with a song—
Keep a brave heart, Hope never slumbers long.

Anna J. Speedwell.

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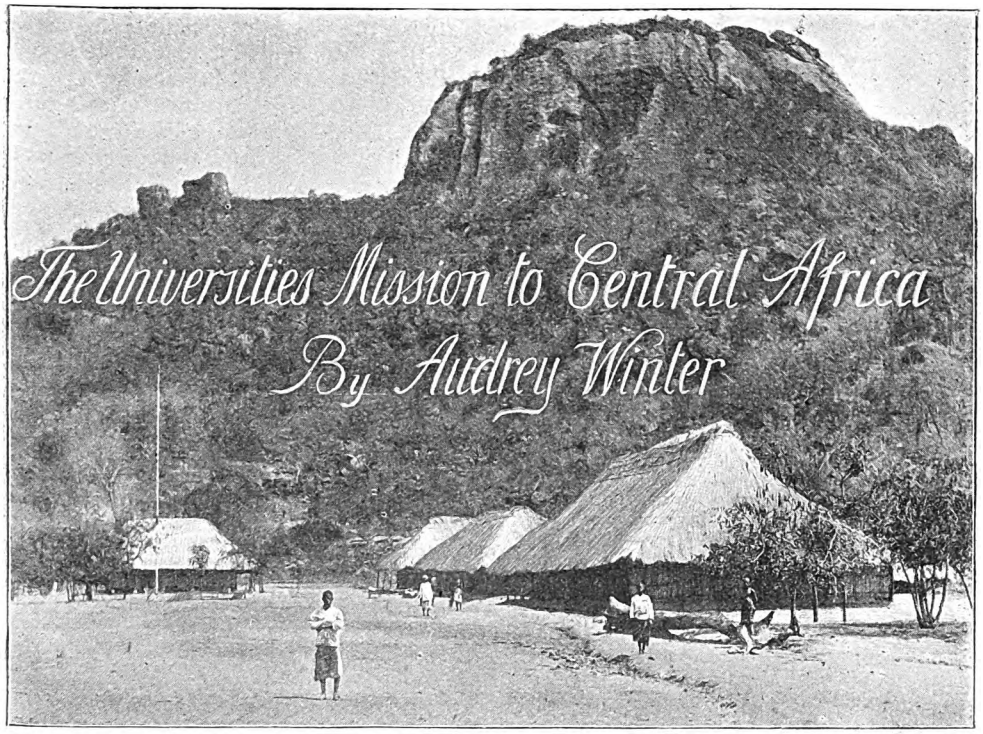
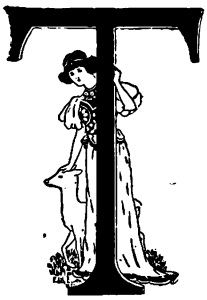


A MISSION STATION IN CENTRAL AFRICA.



HE Universities Mission, as its full title implies, differs from some of the other great missionary societies in that it confines its operations to one portion of the world, instead of working in many parts.

Its area covers that part of Africa on the east, from the Usambara district on the north, down to the Rovuma and Yao, and goes as far inland as Lake Nyassa, while it embraces the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba off the coast. It was called into existence by Livingstone, the great explorer, whose journeys through the heart of the Dark Continent had filled his soul with an intense longing for the salvation of the people, and on his return to England, in 1857, he appealed to the Universities to take up the work, which they decided to do. In 1860 a party of seven set sail for Cape Town, including a carpenter, an agricultural labourer, besides another layman, three clergy, and one lady, under the leadership of Archdeacon Mackenzie, who had gained African experience by work in Natal. On New Year's Day, 1861, Archdeacon Mackenzie was consecrated Bishop by the Bishop of Cape Town, assisted by the Bishops of Natal and St. Helena, and as soon as possible he and his fellow-workers departed for the sphere of labour.

What a change has taken place in less than forty years! Then that part of Africa was almost unknown; it was given up to heathendom; the slave trade flourished. Now there are Christian villages scattered over it, and both English and native teachers at work. There are churches, built by the people themselves, schools, a cathedral, a hospital, industrial homes, dispensaries, and all are in flourishing condition. The mission staff, which carries on the work, consists of over 250 members, and of these no less than 166 are Africans, twelve being ordained clergy.

Livingstone was anxious that the first station should be in the Rovuma district,

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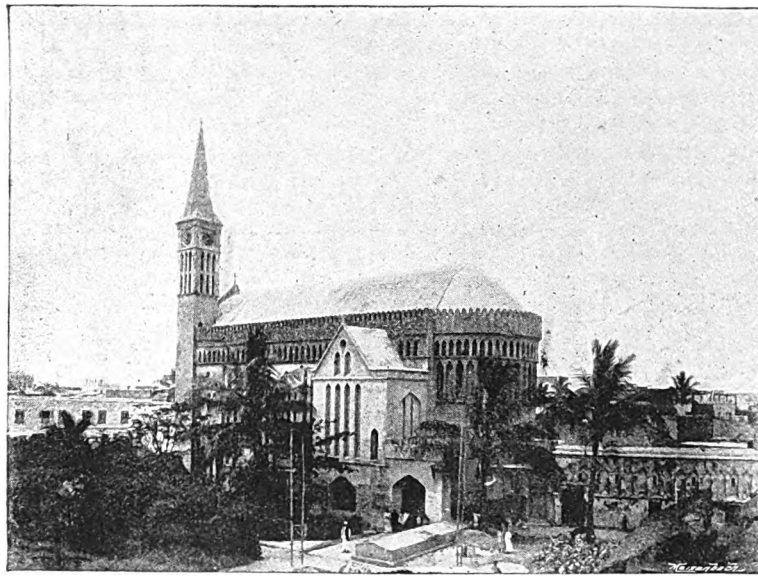

THE CATHEDRAL AT ZANZIBAR.

but on account of difficulties the idea had to be abandoned. He then led the party up the Zambesi and the Shiré, a tributary of the former, and after a patience-trying voyage they settled, in the autumn of 1861, at Magomero, where their first work was done amongst a group of rescued slaves. Other helpers arrived before the end of the year, but otherwise the prospects were very dark. The tribes around were fighting; famine, starvation, and fever followed, and the mission party suffered intensely. The climate proved so unhealthy that the Bishop fell a victim and died on the last day of January, 1862. The missionaries had then to retrace their steps, and settle further down the river, as no stores could be procured. There they built the first church of the mission, but trouble again dogged their footsteps, and two more of the party died the next year.

Shortly after the new Bishop arrived—Dr. Tozer—with six helpers. He speedily decided that as the climate was so unhealthy fresh headquarters must be found. After a great deal of consideration it was decided to make the island of Zanzibar the base of operations. This was severely criticised at home, but the results have proved the wisdom of the choice. After all, it was only doing as the missionaries did who christianised our own island. Iona, off the west of Scotland, and Holy Isle, off Northumberland, were the headquarters of the men who planted the Christian Church in our own land.

Zanzibar is separated from the mainland by a channel as wide as the Straits of Dover, and it is about double the size of the Isle of Wight. The interior consists mainly of clove plantations, and on the side next the mainland is the city of the same name. Such a city! Houses "muddled together anyhow, with no streets," and inhabited by Portuguese, Hindus, Goanese, and Europeans of all kinds. The consulates and Sultan's palace face the sea, and in the days when the missionaries first landed there were two huge open spaces — the Market Square and the Slave Market. At that time slavery was carried on to an enormous extent, both in the island and on the mainland, as the rule of the Sultan extended over the whole coast and far inland, from Guadarfui to Delgado. Zanzibar, with its language, was the key to the continent. Bishop Tozer knew that he could penetrate more easily the area of his huge diocese if he followed the paths of trade and commerce.

The Sultan allowed him to occupy a house close to the sea, and he presented him with five boys taken from a slave dhow, and with these five the work of the church in Zanzibar began. In days to come two of these lads became clergymen; one died a few months after his ordination, but the other is still working amongst his own people. Another became a noted caravan leader, and was one of Stanley's most trusted followers in his journey across Africa to the Congo. The fourth died young, and only the fifth was a disappointment to the Mission.

For some years the work was done almost entirely amongst slaves who had been rescued by British cruisers and handed over to the missionaries by the

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British Consul. Amongst the children were several girls, and this made the arrival of some ladies particularly welcome. In a short time an estate was purchased, two miles away, at Kiungani, and that became the headquarters of a school for boys. It afterwards grew into a training college for native teachers, and has turned out many boys who are acting as mission workers among their own tribes. Another piece of land, containing a house, was purchased for the use of the small boys, and called Mbweni, but there has grown up round it an adult colony, owing to the large number of released slaves who were handed over to the Mission.

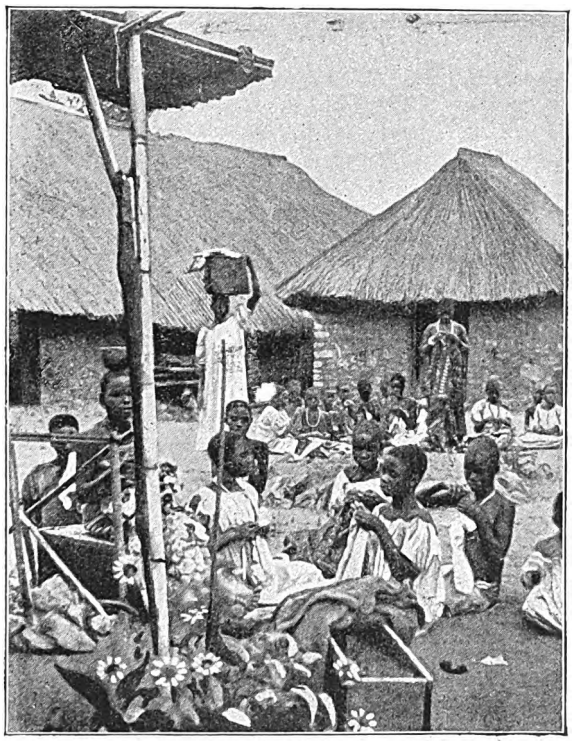
There is a girls' school, which is practically a training college for women teachers; an industrial home, where girls learn cooking, gardening, straw-plaiting, and various kinds of needlework. A stone church built by the natives is a striking feature in the colony, and the group of mission buildings presents a fair picture.

The influx of people at one time was so great that the village overflowed, and a branch was established on the mainland opposite, where the industry is market gardening. In 1893, when the settlers asked for a resident clergyman, they built him a house as well as a church.

Work on the mainland also progressed. In 1868 the Rev. Charles Allington, with a native helper, planted the Church in the Usambara district, at Magila.

This district, in the N.E. corner of German East Africa, is a fair region of valleys, hills, and curving streams. In spite of war, illness, and famines caused by locusts and drought, the work there has grown rapidly. Other centres have been formed, and there are no less than seven mission stations, with offshoots. Four of the churches are built of stone, and there are schools, dispensaries, and other departments in fine condition. Magila has a printing establishment.

One of the staff who accompanied Bishop Tozer was the Rev. Dr. Steere, Vicar of Little Steeping, in Lincolnshire, a man of rare linguistic ability, and during the first few years he turned his attention to the language, and endeavoured to reduce it to writing. Swahili is the spoken tongue, both for Zanzibar and the mainland, and until Dr. Krapf, of the C.M.S., had tried, some years previously, no one had ever attempted this. As he accepted a dialect used mostly round Mombasa, his work was not of much value. Dr. Steere worked for five years studying and translating, and at the end of that time he had succeeded in turning St. Matthew's Gospel into Swahili, and had written a handbook to the language. Dr. Steere then left and returned to England, but hearing of the breakdown of Bishop Tozer's health, and his loss of clergy through illness, he resigned his living and went again to Zanzibar. The Bishop broke down completely, and had to resign, and Dr. Steere was pressed to accept the vacant post. For two years he declined, but at last gave way. He was consecrated in Westminster Abbey in 1874, but before going back to Zanzibar he had the Mission placed upon a different footing. Hitherto the funds had been chiefly supplied by the private friends of



A SEWING CLASS AT LIKOMA, LAKE NYASSA

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the first two Bishops. Dr. Steere did not possess friends who could aid him in this way, and as finance was at a low ebb and workers scarce, he made a stirring appeal to the Universities and the public. He asked that those who offered themselves for work should either support themselves or be content with a small allowance, enough to cover personal expenses. Since then the Mission has only offered the sum of £20 a year to its workers. Very often that sum has not been taken. At the close of one financial year the allowances of the staff did not exceed £5 per head.

The Bishop's appeal proved that self-sacrifice was not dead, for almost immediately the Society received offers for work from men and women of almost all classes. From that time onward the ranks have been recruited from the foremost men in the Universities; from the devoted workers in hospitals; from the public, middle-class, and village schools; from homes of refinement and culture; by men and women who, in many cases, have given up their lives for the sake of the Church in East Africa.

AT KICHELEVE, GERMAN E. AFRICA.

In 1873, shortly after Dr. Steere's return, the Sultan was induced (under British pressure) to sign a treaty prohibiting the transport and public sale of slaves. A member of the Mission—the Rev. A. N. West—conceived the idea of the slave market becoming a Christian church, and so he bought as much of the land as possible. Another piece was given by a wealthy Hindu merchant, and a building was commenced. The natives had to be taught how to build it, and the Bishop superintended it daily, often working with his own hands. On Christmas Day, 1877, the first service was held in the church—roofless. Since its completion, three years later, Christ Church, Zanzibar, has been the centre of work in that part of Africa. The slave market has been turned into a Christian church, and the altar stands on the site of the whipping-post where the unfortunate slaves were publicly lashed. Later on adjoining pieces of ground were bought, and a Christian quarter established, known by the name of Mkunazini.

There are schools, a hospital with its staff of nurses, a clergy house, an industrial home for boys, and a printing house, besides the huts of the native Christians. Surely a good record for thirty years' work!

A house for those lady workers who are devoting themselves to Zenana work has lately been opened. These ladies also visit the married Christians in the settlement; carry on the work of two schools, one for Christian children and one for Arabs and Hindus; they teach the catechumens and hearers, and keep going a night school three times a week.

The mission, which was originally founded to preach the Gospel of Christ to the tribes near Lake Nyassa, up to 1875 had not been able to do anything definite towards that end. But in that year Bishop Steere made a pioneer trip in the mainland, passing through the Rovuma and Yao Districts, and reaching a spot only seventy-five miles from the lake. This gave him the hope of taking some of the freed slaves back to their own people and founding a Christian colony. The next year he set off again, accompanied by over fifty native men and women. On reaching Masasi, in the Rovuma country, they were so delighted with the beauty and fertility of the spot, that they begged the Bishop to let them settle there. Nyassa was again put off and Masasi established. A year or two

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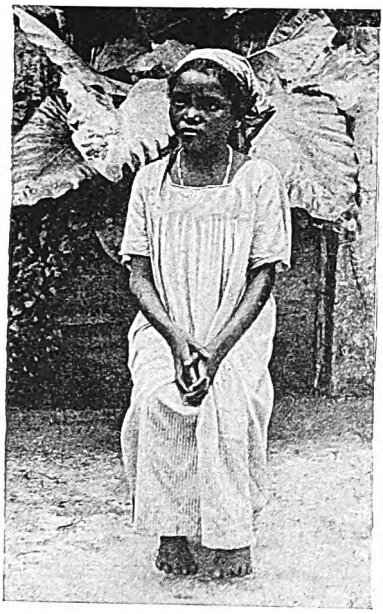


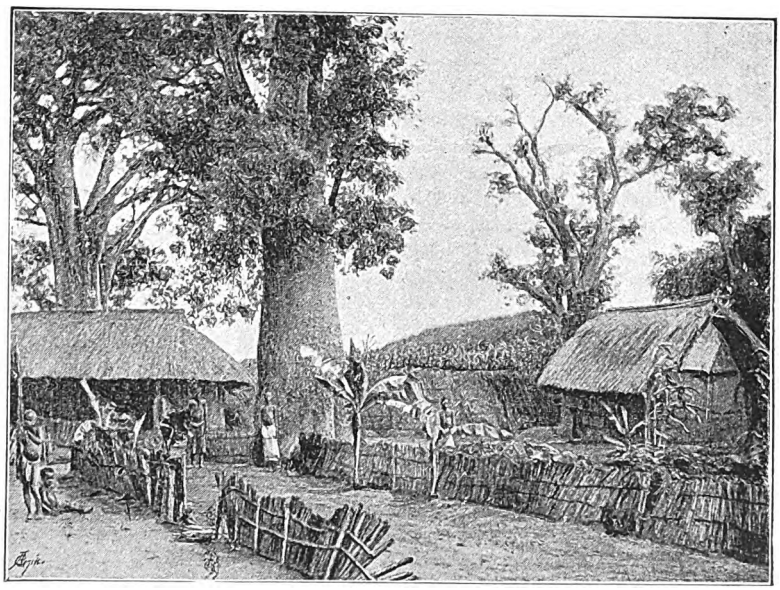
A CHILD RESCUED FROM SLAVERY.

later a second colony was established in the same way, and the two villages became centres of work in the district. Other stations were occupied, and one became noted as the headquarters of the first native who was ordained priest—Cecil Majaliwa. There are nearly five hundred children in the schools of this district, and the other branches of work are as flourishing.

Still Nyassaland had not been reached. The first visit of the Bishop, however, prepared the way for others, as he had made friends with some of the people; and when Mr. Johnson, in 1880, advanced as far as the Yao country, he was welcomed by the son of one who had been friendly to the Bishop. A station was founded and work commenced, and Mr. Johnson was joined by another clergyman—Charles Janson. The hard work and damp climate caused the latter's death, and Mr. Johnson wandered about alone for two years, going from place to place maturing plans for carrying on the work. The tremendous distance from the coast, the low-lying land, and the general unhealthiness had to be considered, and he realised that the best way would be to have a small steamer to pass up and down the lake, calling at the various villages. By this means less men would be needed, less time occupied, and the risk to health would not be so great.

He returned home, laid his plans before the committee, and left England at the end of 1884 with a steamer packed in sections ready for putting together in Africa. It was taken up the Zambesi and Shiré rivers, and, after many difficulties, put together and launched in 1885. It was dedicated to the cause by the new Bishop of Zanzibar, who was making his first journey to the new field of work in Nyassaland. For, alas! Dr. Steere had passed away, and some one else had stepped into his place. Bishop Steere had left behind him the whole of the New Testament in Swahili, as well as a portion of the Old Testament, the Prayer Book and many hymns.

The steamer received the name of Charles Janson, and in it the new Bishop and his party went on to the lake.



CHISUMULU, LAKE NYASSA.

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Nyassa was reached at last, and the decision had to be made as to where the head station should be. All along the shores were native villages, but too unhealthy for Europeans. In the centre of the lake are two islands, Likoma and Chisumulu, and the former was chosen as the centre of work. As soon as the missionaries had settled down the Bishop left on his long and difficult walk to the coast. The work progressed rapidly. The steamer visited the coast villages, and the missionaries were able to plant the Gospel amongst the people. Now, there are more than twenty-five lake-side stations under the care of native teachers, supervised by Archdeacon Johnson, who is still there. Chisumulu, the other island, is also occupied.

VIEW IN KOLOGWE TOWN.

Native teachers carry on the work there, and the clergy from Likoma constantly visit it. The Nyassa work has made rapid progress. In 1892, owing to the distance and increase of work all over, it was decided to make it a separate diocese. A Bishop was consecrated, the Rev. Wilfred Hornby, and he, with fresh workers, went to his diocese by way of the Zambesi. After only eight months of work he fell ill, and had to resign his post. At that time both sees were vacant, as Bishop Smythies had died of overwork, and two new Bishops had to be found. One of the most earnest workers in Nyassaland was Archdeacon Chauncey Maples, who had superintended the work there from the beginning. The bishopric was offered to him and he accepted. He was consecrated in England at the same time as the Rev. W. M. Richardson, his fellow-worker at Zanzibar, and they returned to Africa filled with hope for the future.

Bishop Maples intended to reach the lake by the overland route, but circumstances prevented. He went, therefore, by the rivers, and at Fort Johnston, where the Shiré leaves the lake, he met the little mission sailing boat, and decided to finish his journey in it. A sudden storm arose, and all were precipitated into the water. The Bishop and another sank to rise no more, and the body of the former was not found for a fortnight. Sadness filled the hearts of the workers as they learned the fate of their second Bishop. They went on with their work, and one of their number returned to England to be consecrated their third Bishop. Dr. Hine had worked as a clergyman and medical man since 1888. It was with thankfulness that the friends of the Mission knew he was ready to accept the difficult post. Under his care the work at Likoma is prospering. There are schools and the various kinds of work as in the other stations, and ladies are looking after the women and girls.

The two newest centres are in the Yao country and at Kota-Kota. The former has a native clergyman, the son of a chief. The latter is situated on the west side of the lake, and the work made such rapid progress, that in less than four years there was a stone church, a school, and a number of converts ready for baptism.

There is one feature of the Mission that gives a personal touch, and causes a strong bond of friendship to be formed between the natives and their English friends. Apart from the General Fund is a Children's Fund. By this, parishes or individuals who contribute £7 a year become the "patrons" of a child, whom they support in one of the schools. The children are encouraged to think of and write to their patrons, who are also expected to keep in touch with their children. On one occasion, when a boy who had been trained at Kiungani went back to his people and was put in charge of a school, he was asked by his scholars if he had a friend in England?

"Yes," he replied. "I have an English mother."

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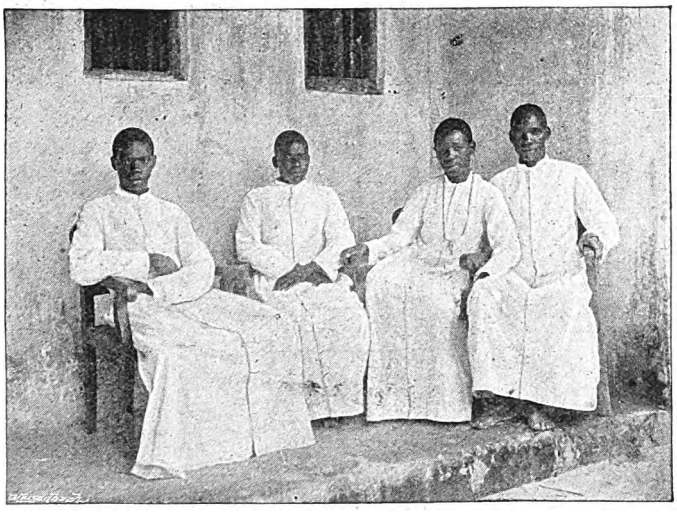
"Oh!" they said. "What is her name?"

Having been told, they next said: "Have you seen her face?"

For answer, he showed them a photograph of his English mother, and his boys sent her a message to the effect that they considered her their mother too.



FOUR NATIVE CLERGY.

The Coral League is a branch of this part of the work, and numbers over 7,000 workers. It is intended for those who can do but little. But the littles put together amount to something substantial, and sixty children are supported by the League.

There is also a Hospital Fund to provide medicines and comforts for the sick, and a Ladies' Association for maintaining women teachers without patrons, and for providing needle-work materials for the girls.

The Mission has two monthly publications—"Central Africa" and "African Tidings." Both thoroughly interesting from beginning to end.

Lastly, there is the Prayer Union numbering over a thousand members, who pray for the Mission and its workers daily.

The history is a chequered one. There has been a continual struggle against difficulties of all kinds, but they have been surmounted, and the ideal which the founders of the Mission had in view has been partly realised—an African Church for African people, with African clergy to minister to its needs.

AUDREY WINTER.

ALL HE COULD.

High on the branch of a walnut tree
A bright-eyed squirrel sat:
What was he thinking so earnestly?
And what was he looking at?

He was doing a problem o'er and o'er;
Busily thinking was he
How many nuts for his winter's store
Could he hide in the hollow tree.

He sat so still on the swaying bough
You might have thought him asleep;
Oh, no; he was trying to reckon now
The nuts the babies could eat.

Then suddenly he frisked about,
And down the tree he ran;
"The best way to do, without a doubt,
Is to gather all I can."

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In the Public Eye

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

MADAME LOUISA STARR-CANZIANI'S genius and work as an artist having been dealt with elsewhere, I purpose here to dwell only on the humanitarian side of her character. Oppression and cruelty of all kinds, whether exercised on human beings or animals, she sets herself to fight, and, as far as possible, to mitigate. With her own sex, and especially those who have to struggle hard to earn a living, she has a profound sympathy. Her pathetic picture, "Hardly Earned," which attracted so much attention when first exhibited, embodies her feelings on such matters. It depicts the terrible struggles of women to gain an existence in the days now happily past, of prejudice against any occupation for them save teaching, and clamours more powerfully than speech for woman's right to labour in any field where she can accomplish the work, and to claim the due reward of her labour. Another beautiful drawing which sets forth Madame Canziani's aims and aspirations for her sex is that which she designed for the frontispiece of the *Woman's Herald*. Woman—in her bondage—is represented by the kneeling figure, whom Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, is helping to rise, pointing, as she does so, to the Sun of Justice, rising at last over the dark mountains of prejudice, superstition, injustice, ignorance and degradation. She is a strong advocate for the enfranchisement of women, and takes the keenest interest in all movements for the benefit of the poorer classes. With brush and with pen she lifts her voice against tyranny, cruelty and impurity. The horrors of vivisection, the destruction of birds for mere per-

MADAME CANZIANI.

A famous lady artist who, both by brush and pen, champions the cause of the oppressed.

Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.

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sonal adornment, the wanton pain inflicted on animals in life and in the putting of them to death, the degradation of art in the production of pictures that leave

MR. W. S. CAINE, M.P.
The great Temperance Reformer and Lay Preacher.
Photograph by J. Chenhalls, Redruth.

a canker and a wound, the defacement of street hoardings by vulgar and offensive posters are some of the evils which she sets herself to combat. Madame Canziani has another rendering of the old proverb about "A nation's songs being the nation's historian." She says, "Show me a nation's pictures, and I will tell you that nation's character, the way it is drifting and its chances of well-being and happiness."

THERE is no more active worker in the cause of temperance than Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., who has devoted himself to the work since he was twenty years old. A book fell into his hands entitled, "Haste to the Rescue," in which the evils of drink were so vividly portrayed that Mr. Caine not only resolved from thenceforth to become a total abstainer, but to devote himself to the cause which he has since so ably represented both in and out of Parliament. At the age of twenty-six he married a daughter of that celebrated pastor, the late Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, and in her he has found a helpmate as devoted as himself to temperance principles.

Mr. Caine has contested about a dozen elections, entering Parliament in 1880 as member for Scarborough. Although always active throughout his life in advocating social, moral and temperance reforms, especially the latter, it was not until his entry into Parliament that his powers found full scope. He has sat on two Royal Commissions, and has presided over any number of associations, and during his travels, which have been pretty extensive, he founded the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association in our great dependency.

Mr. Caine is also noted as a lay-preacher, conducting the services at that vigorous centre of Christian activity, Wheatsheaf-lane Chapel, South Lambeth. A mission hall was opened there in 1884, but did not long suffice for the needs of the people, and the present chapel was erected at a cost of £5,000, having seating accommodation for 750 people, and a few years later, in 1891, an off-shoot in the shape of a new mission hall was erected to cope with the growing work.

Mr. Caine is a generous supporter of these missions, giving his services as preacher and organiser.

He has been very active in promoting recreation, and reading-rooms and temperance hotels as counter attractions to the public-house.

IT is fifteen years ago since the Rev. Peter Thompson laid the foundations of the Wesleyan East End Mission, which has made its influence felt in a

REV. PETER THOMPSON.
Head of the East End Wesleyan Mission.
Photograph by Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

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marked manner in one of the darkest quarters of London, including the worst and most criminal portions of Whitechapel, Shadwell and Wapping. At the time when he was chosen for the work Mr. Thompson was the Wesleyan minister at Redhill. He had showed such marked ability for mission work that he was specially requested by Conference to leave his charming rural charge, and start the contemplated mission. He accepted the call cheerfully, and gathering round him a band of earnest workers, soon began to make the presence of the mission felt. Services were held at street corners and opposite the public-houses, and despite all opposition Mr. Thompson soon recruited adherents from the ranks of the East Enders. A brass band was formed, particular care being taken to train the performers so that they should play with taste and in tune. This attracted many to attend the services at the mission hall, and it has always proved a great draw. Chapel organisations were started, young mens' and young womens' guilds and clubs being formed, and also a mothers' meeting and a band of hope.

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE.
Photograph by F. C. Burnham, 421, Brixton Road, S.W.

As the work grew, Mr. Thompson felt himself strong enough to attack some of the worst evils which are sapping the life of East London. He vigorously opposed the licenses of several public-houses, dancing saloons and music halls, and was especially successful with the latter. One of his greatest triumphs was obtaining possession of the public-house known as "Paddy's Goose," a notorious resort of criminals, which he has transformed into a coffee house, utilising some of its space for his clubs and guilds. In connection with his campaign he had to fight two libel actions at a cost of £2,000; but came out triumphant with a verdict in his favour.

From the little mission halls which were first dotted about this vast district, have sprung many imposing buildings, capable of seating many hundreds of people. One of the chief centres of the work is the Stepney Temple, in Commercial Road, which will seat 1,100 people and has an average Sunday evening attendance of 800. Mr. Thompson has formed a Boy's Brigade and there is a special Children's Mission, the attendance at the Sunday services of which is over 500. The little City arabs are taken for annual excursions to the neighbourhood of Redhill, where they share the unusual joys of romping in the green fields.

SIR FREDK. BRIDGE is one of the busiest of men, with nothing of that lettered ease we are apt to associate with one whose life is spent within cathedral precincts. In truth, the management of the musical services of the Abbey leave him little opportunity for leisure, and then Sir Frederick's life is full of other activities. He is a prolific composer and writer, his *métier* in the latter capacity being chiefly humorous.

Although the soul of punctuality and business, it is recorded that upon one occasion Dr. Bridge, as he was known then, was a little late in reaching his counterpoint class at the Royal College of Music.

The young ladies of his class had all trooped into Sir Walter Parratt's room to wish him good morning, Sir Walter being a great favourite, and the Doctor, who well knew where his charges were to be found, hastily made his way to his colleague's room. He was stopped

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at the door by a notice inscribed in bold characters—"Home for Dr. Bridge's lost young ladies"—but quite equal to the occasion, he merely turned the card over and left upon it another inscription, "The Aviary," a joke which nobody enjoyed more heartily than Sir Walter himself.

Sir Frederick Bridge was born at Oldbury, in Worcestershire, in 1844. He began his training for the musical profession as a chorister at Rochester Cathedral, and studied under Mr. John Hopkins the organist, and Sir John Goss.

He proved an apt pupil, and before he was twenty held the appointment of organist of Shorne Church, not a very ambitious post, but one which soon led to higher things. He became organist of Strood Parish Church, and assistant organist at Rochester Cathedral. In his twenty-first year he went to Holy Trinity Church, Windsor, and greatly added to the beauty of the musical service. Four years after, he received an appointment at Manchester Cathedral, and later obtained the Harmony Professorship at "The Owen's College." He came to Westminster Abbey in 1875, occupying the post of permanent deputy organist for seven years, when, on the resignation of Mr. Turle, he succeeded to his present position as organist and choir master, the appointment being made by the late Dean Stanley. Sir Frederick received the honour of knighthood in recognition of his services to Music on the occasion of the late Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897.

MAX O'RELL.
Author of "John Bull and his Island.
Photograph by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.

One of Sir Frederick's most popular works is "The Flag of England," and he has composed among other well-known oratorios, cantatas, and hymns, "Boadicea," "Mount Moriah," "Callirhoë," "The Repentance of Nineveh," "Hymn to the Creator," "Rock of Ages" (the words in English and Latin, the latter by the late Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone), and "The Lord's Prayer," many of which have been produced at the great provincial musical festivals, besides anthems, carols, and songs without number.

M. PAUL BLOUET, known to the reading public as "Max O'Rell," is a writer with a message to two great peoples—the English and French—between whom he has earnestly endeavoured to promote a better understanding though under the guise of humour.

A Frenchman by birth and education, he came over to England during the troublous times that followed the Franco-German war, and making his home here he set himself to acquire a knowledge of the real feelings and aspirations of Englishmen, and to correct the erroneous impressions entertained of us by our excitable Gallic neighbours. He has also given insular-minded John Bull fit food for reflection, by delineating the character of his good neighbour "Jacques."

M. Blouêt was only a young man of twenty-two when the Franco-German war broke out, and he served throughout the campaign as a cavalry officer. He was taken prisoner at the fatal battle of Sedan, and was severely wounded during the Commune riots. He received a pension from Government, and in 1872 came to London and acted as special correspondent to several French journals.

Abandoning journalism he next took to teaching, and became a master at St. Paul's School, holding this post for eight years from 1876 to 1884. Then he became a public lecturer, and in this

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capacity made a great hit; drawing crowded audiences in England and Ireland and also on the Continent—in Belgium, Holland and France. He went over to America, where he spent five seasons, and travelled through Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

Major Pond, who has had more experience of lecturing than any man living, has given it out as his experience that if a humorist would hold the attention of his audience from first to last he must not attempt to provoke laughter all through his lecture, but vary his appeals to the audience by pathos and by introducing other items of interest not necessarily funny, bringing out his wit in sudden flashes. He makes an exception, however, in the case of Max O'Rell, whose American tour he arranged. Of him he says: "He is the heroic mirth-provoker of his time, unlike any other humorist or lecturer. His audiences are kept in convulsions of laughter from beginning to end. I have never known a man give audiences more delight."

Amongst his best known books, first published in France and translated into English by his wife, are "John Bull and his Island," "John Bull's Womankind," "Jonathan and his Continent," and "Jacques Bonhomme."

THE REV. MISS MUNRO BROWN.
The first English lady minister.
Photograph by Dinnie, Leeds.

THE Rev. Miss Munro Brown is the first English lady who has been admitted into the regular ministry. She presides over a little Congregational church at Brotherton in Yorkshire, and is doing a great work in that thriving hamlet of some 2,000 souls. The church was started mainly owing to the efforts of another lady, Miss Rankin, to whom, in commencing the work Miss Brown freely acknowledges her debt.

Miss Brown comes of a clever family, and is well equipped intellectually for the important position which she holds, as a glance at her portrait at once suggests.

She is an earnest and persuasive preacher, skilled in appealing to the emotions, and also quite qualified to guide her hearers through the labyrinths of knotty doctrinal points. Speaking of the responsibilities of her position Miss Brown says: "A chain of providential circumstances has placed me in the position I now occupy, the responsibility of which I feel increasingly and would unhesitatingly say: 'Let no one take up the work of the Christian ministry lightly or dream of it as an easy task. To make a machine, to mind a shop, is easier than to watch for souls, as those who must give an account, and people are harder to deal with than things. Grace, Grit and Gumption are very necessary articles of a minister's creed.'"

Trained in an atmosphere of piety and culture, Miss Brown was early attracted to Christian work, and as she became absorbed in it, the desire to preach the gospel became a passion with her. In her young days, with her Bible open by her side, she would frequently preach to imaginary audiences long before she faced the real ones. This taste was developed by work in connection with week-night services at mission rooms in Leeds and district, until she came to take Sunday appointments, and for years before she left Leeds to take charge of the church at Brotherton, she had very few Sundays free from engagements of one kind or another. She also conducted a mothers' meeting every Monday for twelve years

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and other services of various kinds during the week.

THAT great organisation, the Y.M.C.A., which has its ramifications in all parts of the country, owes its commencement to the personal

SIR GEO. WILLIAMS.
Founder of the Y.M.C.A.
Photograph by Jno. E. Shaw & Son, Huddersfield.

labours among his fellows of a Christian shop-assistant. Sir George Williams was the son of a prosperous farmer in the West Country, and at the age of fourteen was apprenticed to a draper in Bridgwater. Coming to London a few years later he entered the great firm in St. Paul's Churchyard, of which he has since become the head, and it was not long before he worked himself up into a position of trust.

But though devoted to business he found time to look around him and study the social conditions prevailing in City warehouses, and he saw much in them that was unsatisfactory. What struck him most forcibly was the barrack-like and unattractive nature of the life of himself and his fellow-assistants, the few means of rational enjoyment, and the consequent temptations to seek questionable amusements.

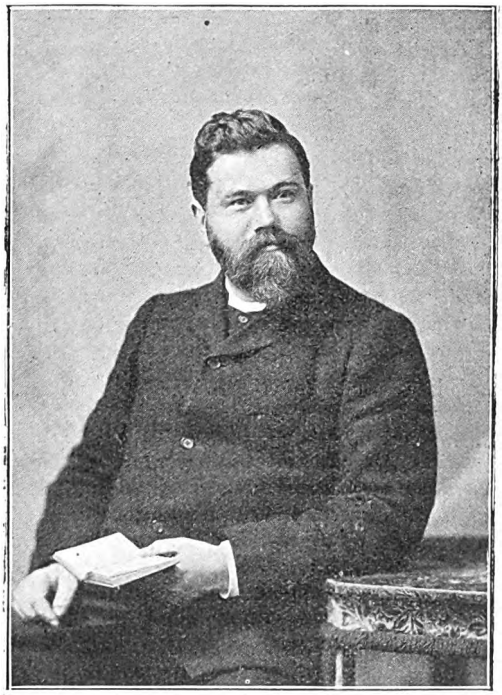
He gradually formed round him a little band of young fellows like-minded with himself, who met together for the purpose of strengthening one another, for mutual improvement, social intercourse, and entertainment. These meetings were held in the young man's bedroom and attracted a much larger number than he had dared to hope at first.

As Mr. Williams rose in position and influence in the firm, he was able to add fresh attractions to the little society he had formed. It was in the year 1844 that the idea came to him of forming an association, which should include not only the assistants in his firm but all young men who cared to join, and thus was commenced a movement which has since assumed a world-wide importance.

Sir George married the daughter of the senior member of the firm, Mr. Hitchcock, and was admitted as a junior partner. He is one of the most kind-hearted and modest of men, with none of that assumption which too often characterises those who have carved their way to success.

Speaking of the great work of his life he says: "It has been to me a glorious service in which I have experienced the happiest moments of my life. To Almighty God be all the praise. He it was who inspired the thought."

MR. JOHN McNEILL, the well-known missioner, is one of those men who are born to preach. Until one sees him in the pulpit, hears



MR. JOHN McNEIL.
The popular mission preacher who was once a railway porter.
Photograph by Pannell & Holden, Brighton.

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him telling forth his message in eager and convincing style, one has not begun to know the man. During the Simultaneous Mission, which was held first in London and then in all parts of the country, Mr. McNeill worked very hard, and was rewarded in the only way for which a minister of Christ cares.

His rhythmic Scotch accent has scarcely abated one iota, even though he has been dwelling amongst other than his own countrymen for many years. He was born in Renfrewshire, and on leaving the village school entered the service of the Caledonian Railway Company, as gate-boy and then as porter, subsequently receiving a clerkship in the North British Company.

At the age of nineteen he was converted, and at once felt bound to preach the Gospel. After a course of study at college, he became pastor of Mc Crie-Roxburgh Church, Edinburgh, and later on he took a pastorate in London, but on the death of his wife he felt called to do evangelistic work, and since then he has held his great meetings both in this country and in New Zealand with ever-growing success. He is a master of both humour and pathos, his audiences scarcely having subsided from laughter, when their eyes fill with tears; his style is picturesque, and he drives his thought home by the aid of its very reasonableness, and in this perhaps lies his power for good.

Although laying no claim to great scholarship, Mr. McNeill is a singularly well-read man, and one cannot listen to him without remarking the wide-spread knowledge of men and matters which is the foundation of his discourses. The energy of this Scotchman is unbounded; he thinks nothing of taking four or even more services in one day, no matter if they have to be held in places far distant from one another.

Whilst the Mission was lately going on in London, Mr. McNeill was flying 'twixt the City Temple, the Metropolitan Tabernacle and other meeting-places, with scarcely a moment to lose. One wondered how he ever got any meals or rest, but at the evening service he would be just as bright and enthusiastic as ever. He has lately married again, and perhaps his best time of relaxation is when he is doing "baby-worship" at home.

MRS. JACK JOHNSON.
A prominent and versatile lady journalist.

MRS. JACK JOHNSON is a prominent figure among successful lady journalists of to-day. A bright and versatile writer she owes something to the genius of four countries, her father being a son of Erin, her mother an American, one grandmother Spanish and the other Scotch. She began her journalistic work thirteen years ago, writing for *The Queen* on fashions, and contributing columns of art notes to a variety of other papers. She practically edited *Woman* for three years, and not confining

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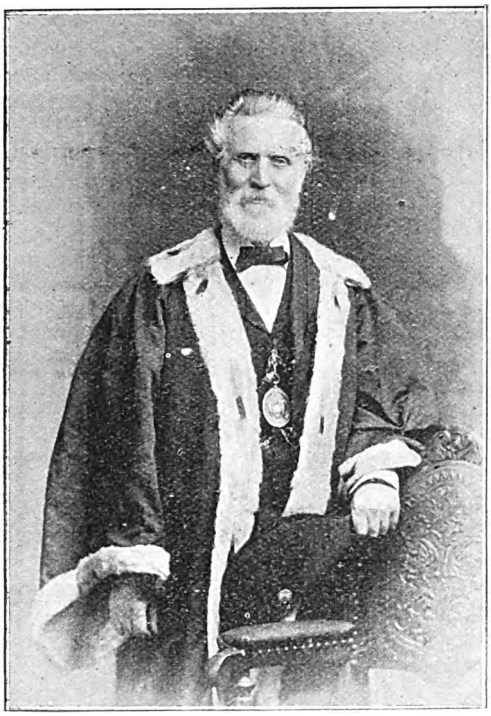

EX-BAILLIE CHISHOLM.
Of whose Municipal and Philanthropic Achievements Glasgow is justly proud.

herself to ladies' journalism, boldly branched out into the political field and contributed interviews to the *Political World*, a paper now defunct. She also wrote general interviews for a number of papers and magazines. When the *Gentlewoman* had only been two weeks in existence, Mrs. Johnson joined the staff, and she has had a room there ever since. She soon made her influence felt on the paper, and started the "Children's Salon," which she continues to manage. She also, among other work, took over the "Art Criticism."

To the *Woman at Home* she contributed the "Home Decoration" column until, as she naïvely expresses it, "I could not think of anything more to say in the way they wanted it said"; an indication that Mrs. Johnson, like all true artists, works only to her ideals. She writes for the *Birmingham Daily Post*, and has done so for the last three or four years.

About five years ago the Society of Women Journalists was started, and Mrs. Johnson was chosen hon. secretary, and only gave up the post when she could no longer afford the time.

Mrs. Johnson has always taken the keenest interest in workers of all sorts, and has spoken at many meetings both in the East End and the West. Despite the urgent calls of a literary life she is an ardent sportswoman. She used to ride to the hounds, and is a good shot and an expert with the fencing stick. Last year she won a silver cup for croquet in Shropshire, and came in second at the Walton Tennis Tournament, thus again emphasising the versatility of her accomplishments.

IN Municipal affairs there is no name more widely and honorably known than that of Ex-Bailie Samuel Chisholm, of Glasgow. Glasgow claims to rank as "the greatest municipality on earth," and though perhaps a little short of absolute perfection, yet, under the far-seeing sway of its rulers, the civic expenses are defrayed entirely out of the profits of various Corporation enterprises.

To this admirable result Mr. Chisholm has contributed in no small degree; his energy is unbounded and his ability indisputable. In municipal affairs he is perhaps most closely identified with the Improvement Trust.

He is very proud of the success of the Corporation Family Home for working-class widows and widowers, where they are lodged and boarded cheaply, while their children are tended during work hours. In public life Mr. Chisholm is best known for his strong sympathy with the cause of Temperance. He is a prohibitionist, and, as a member of the Licensing Board, is able to give very valuable support and assistance to the cause.

Mr. Chisholm was the Radical candidate for Camlachie at the General Election in 1895, when he was unsuccessful. He is thoroughly in earnest about everything he does, and walks habitually as if he were afraid of missing the last train. His recreations are Temperance lecturing and Band of Hope work.

THE ONLOOKER.

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COMMON SENSE FOR MOTHERS AND NURSES.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES

By Dr. Julia Holmes Smith.

NUMBER FIVE.

The Child's Play-room.

IN the preceding articles I have written concerning the dress of a child; have suggested certain signs of health, and told how a mother may ascertain when disease invades; and, as a possible prevention of sickness, have given my plan for the sleeping-room of little children. Naturally, then, the present paper should treat of the place and conditions in which it is desirable a child should spend the greater part of its waking hours.

Circumstances often hinder the natural aspiration of the parent heart for the comfort of the little ones, and because of demands of custom, which few are able to withstand, too often our dwellings are planned for the pleasure and admiration of persons outside rather than for the comfort of those within. The very best room downstairs must needs be the parlour. The best upstairs is called the guest-chamber. And, surely, no one should criticise this kindly impulse toward friendly service in our homes.

Life would be valueless, indeed, without friends; and the formation of ties which shall result in sincere friendships depends upon reciprocal service. It is quite proper, then, that no sooner is a house secured than plans should be made for sharing its pleasures either with "auld acquaintance" or with new friends, who from similarity of pursuit, taste and experience, the new home-maker hopes some day may be "buckled to the soul with links of steel."

By all means, then, young home-maker, get and keep friends, for that life is bereft of all beauty and much usefulness which is solitary; and, verily, it is not in my thought to discourage hospitality.

Give generously of what you have to those who seek your acquaintance. But as with one's income, so with one's home. Only a spendthrift is generous in excess of his income; and be it remembered a man or a woman may be a spendthrift of what money cannot buy—the sacredness of the home.

If to entertain an occasional sewing class or bevy of friends at an afternoon tea, a woman must rob her children of their right to a sunny, well-aired play-room indoors, the choice should not be long undecided. It is the duty of every mother to see that her child is placed in an environment best fitted to his physical, mental, moral and spiritual development.

The choice of a day and night nursery certainly is an important factor in the proper physical development of a boy or girl. In the late spring, warm summer and early autumn, all children should live as much as possible in the open air. If by good fortune the home is in a village, or on a farm, or in a city where householders have gardens of goodly size, then the service of the nursery-maid is reduced to the minimum in the season for out-of-door life, and the mother need only consider, in the furnishing of the play-room, the necessities which come with inclement weather. As early as possible, teach the child to live out of doors. When too tiny to do anything but sleep in the sun, as do the insects and animals of all ages, have the nurse sit out of doors in an easy-chair, cuddling the little one in her arms, and let him breathe in nature's tonic of fresh, sun-warmed air. Or bring out the baby carriage and let the naps be taken where, secure from draught, the baby lungs may take in pure air to vitalise the blood and give to the organism what is needed for growth.

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When the child is awake, let him sit in nurse's lap, and with a stick dig up the soil; and on warm, sunshiny days, even when a nice shower has softened the ground, let the child make mud-pies, for so he gets near to our dear mother earth. He measures his latent faculty of creation; and if there be more than one child in the family, a spirit of emulation will be aroused, and the first strivings to be more than ordinary will be born in the little soul.

Clean dirt, if I may use the expression, is not unhealthful. The child whose face, hands, feet, nails are always immaculate is the unfortunate child who has never been allowed to come in contact with his mother earth; and such a child is very rarely well and strong.

Play-clothes should not be fine clothes, and one of the very first lessons to be taught a boy or girl is a due regard for the fitness of things, even in the small matter of suitable dress for different occasions. While a stick will answer for a little baby to prod the earth, children who are always impatient for some hard work should be supplied with little rakes and hoes and spades; and however small the garden plot, let the child have a piece of it for himself.

Girls and boys alike enjoy the cultivation of plants, and in the management of the garden, lessons of thoroughness, patience, neatness and order are all taught, while at the same time a wise mother or nurse will give the child, in simple language, little lessons in botany, and in some degree the story of the evolution of life and fruit from the seemingly inert seed. And then the Christian parent will go farther, and to the eager questioning child-soul, give hints of the glorious doctrine of the Resurrection, proving from the experience of the seed or bulb that what is sown "is not quickened except it die."

The child-mind is a veritable palimpsest. Who does the first writing may be very sure that, although seemingly erased, the lines and lessons become part of the very nature; and the parent should always remember the value of the impressions given during the first seven years.

If any of my readers live in apartments, then by all means have a window-garden in the nursery, for with simple plants in common boxes, the lessons before mentioned can readily be taught, and the children made happy.

In case of necessity mamma's chamber and the day nursery must be one; but, for the sake of both, the children should, if possible, have their own room. The reason is evident.

What would delight the hearts of a bevy of children in the furnishings and appointments of a play-room would offend the taste of a refined woman, if she had always to live in it. Nine children out of ten would rather have the picture of a cow or a horse or a dog in the place of honour, than one of the finest etchings or even Millet's "Angelus."

And, on the other hand, the bric-a-brac and draperies which so tastefully adorn a lady's chamber would be considered veritable nuisances in the children's domain. "Put that vase down," "Don't touch the books," "Keep your feet off the sofa," "Stop making pictures on the window-pane," are commands which should never be issued to children in their own domain; but which are certainly necessary when mamma's comfort is in danger, or the safety of her room furnishings imperilled.

They also need room to develop in; hence, if I could have my way, the largest and best-lighted upstairs room should be set apart for the children. I would have no draperies of any kind about the windows. To shut out any excess of sunshine, Venetian blinds are the very best, because, made of wood, they can be wiped over often and so kept clean.

The walls, if the limits of the purse allow, should be painted, because paint can readily be cleaned; and, in the "long run," even though the cost be greater than paper, such a treatment of the walls is more economical. A quiet tone of gray, or dull yellow, makes a good shade for the eyes, and is also a good background for pictures, many of which should be hung about the room.

In a thoroughly well-built house, with no cracks around the floors or below the windows to admit undesirable draughts of air, the hard-finished floor may be used, but it should be well covered to its utmost boundaries, in winter, by a good carpet rug, which like the Venetian blind, is susceptible of being thoroughly cleaned. The furniture of the room should be simple, but dainty; since childish habits generally dominate through life.

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My First Sermon.

By the REV. J. W. HORSLEY, M.A.
Rector of St. Peter's, Walworth.

HERE before me is my first sermon, written in a small notebook lettered A, and bearing on its first page—

"Text—'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.' S. Luke ii., 15.

"Preached on Christmas Day, 1870, in Cambridge Chapel.

"Time occupied in composition, four hours

"Time occupied in delivery, twenty minutes.

"Books used in composition: Stanley's 'Sinai and Palestine,' 'The Land and the Book,' 'Isaac Williams,' 'The Nativity,' 'People's Hymnal,' 'Christian Year,' 'Tennyson's Poems,' 'Smith's Dictionary of Bible Articles,' 'Bethlehem and Shepherd.'"

Its first paragraph, and its last, I transcribe: "Picture to yourselves the story of last night. Eighteen hundred and seventy years ago it happened, but the Church, the Bride of Christ, in her love for JESUS, her Heavenly Spouse, delights year by year to renew on its anniversary the tale of that wondrous night; like a loving wife never forgetting the date of her marriage, never omitting to recall on the anniversary the events of that great day of her life, nay, even perchance, according to the good old custom, reading over with affection, and it may be tearful memories, the very words which bound her to her spouse. . . ."

"And thus by dwelling for a time at Bethlehem, the House of Bread, may we, by God's infinite mercy and love, attain at last to the Home of which this earthly home, yea even this Sacramental Home, is but a foreshadowing and a type, the Home where 'the tabernacle of God is with men (as of old at this time at Bethlehem), and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain,' for we shall have come home—

Home to the angel land,
Home where no shadows fall,
Home to the golden strand,
Home to the monarch's hall,
Home from all risk of harm,
Home to the land of rest,
Home to our Father's arm,
Home to our Saviour's breast.
So mote it be."

Curbridge is a small hamlet of the county town of Witney, in Oxfordshire, and this is where I served for four years under the Rev. F. N. Cunningham, with (at first) the present Bishop of Newcastle as my fellow-curate. The congregation was purely rural, and a large proportion of the older labourers and their wives could not read. For their benefit I speedily dropped written sermons, and in fact have not written twenty since the first. The clerk was a dear old ploughman, one of Nature's gentlemen, but I remember he sorely tried my gravity on this day when, in reading alternate verses of the Psalms, he rolled out Psalm cxxxii., 6, as "Loo! we urd of the zame as—ur—Helephants—and vound it in the wud."

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ALMOST FATAL.

By SYDNEY WATSON.

INTO the stillness there broke the soft roll of the wheels of a carriage, the tinkling of horse-bells, and a burst of the most infectious, merry laughter I ever listened to.

A cloud of hot, fine, penetrating dust filled eyes and ears, and peppered the pages of my book. Looking up curiously to ascertain the cause of all this, this is what I saw.

The handsomest pair of cream ponies that were ever harnessed; the daintiest little open carriage that ever rolled over dusty road. Everything about the equipage was fairylike in its lightness and beauty. From the pale blue, glistening, enamelled-leather harness, with its silver plates and studdings, to the immaculate coachey who sat on a dickey in front, and the diminutive tiger perched like a statue behind, all was absolute perfection.

The occupants of this gay little turnout were a young man and woman, both strikingly handsome, as I saw in my one brief glimpse of their faces as the carriage dashed by. The merry laughter which had aroused me came from them; for, caring nothing for the amusement they might excite in those whom they passed, they laughed together with all the happy abandon of childhood.

My friend, Dan Heriot, sat near me smoking, with his eyes screwed up on account of the dust, and with an amused smile upon his face.

"Who are they?" I asked, nodding in the direction the carriage had taken.

"My dear fellow, don't you know the story of Retelle's Chapter?" he asked, evidently surprised at my question.

Pleading my ignorance, I said, "If it's a story worth hearing let me have it, old fellow."

"Well, *I* think it's worth hearing. Something out of the ordinary run. Might sound improbable, only that it's true, and 'Truth *is* ever stranger than fiction.' But come, let us get away from this dusty road, and I will 'spin you the twister,' as sailors say."

Crossing the wide sandy road, we scrambled down the cliff, by some break-neck natural steps, and settled ourselves comfortably amid a pile of rocks. The high cliffs to the left of us shadowed us splendidly from the glare of the fierce Italian sun, and thus cosily ensconced I settled myself to enjoy the promised story.

"You've read some of Retelle's marvellous stories?" began Dan; and on my signing assent he continued: "The young fellow in the 'fairy chariot' that passed us just now is the identical fellow—the most popular writer of the day in his own particular style. But he wasn't always fortune's idol.

"For a long time Failure dogged his patient, persevering steps in whatever path he chose. With her bitter pen she would write 'Returned' across all the fair pages over which he had spent brain and—well, there, I had almost said—blood.

"At last, one day Madame Failure's bitterest rival, Fame, turned her face and smiled upon the young author. She is a capricious maiden, Fame, but she is all-powerful, and, taking one of Carl Retelle's manuscripts, she forthwith published to all that volatile world of Paris that *she* had found a great author.

"Retelle, like another of bygone days, awoke one morn to find himself famous. Everything which he now wrote won unstinted applause, and brought with it a shower of gold, a sheaf of notes. Piles

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of hitherto rejected manuscripts now not only found their way into print, but each in its turn was trumpeted abroad as the author's latest, and decidedly the most powerful of his works.

"Once assured of fortune, Carl Retelle married the lovely, black-eyed daughter of a celebrated wealthy book-collector of Naples. It was a love-match pure and simple, and the young couple were like a pair of turtle-doves.

"They settled in a delightful quarter of Paris, and commenced their home life in true Parisian style. After breakfast she busied herself doing nothing, after the fashion of ladies in her position in the gay city; and he settled down to his desk, where he wrote until luncheon.

"They had been married about six months, were supremely happy, and had never rehearsed a single scene of that grim domestic charade, 'Family Jars.' Carl was engaged upon a new work, that he declared was to lift him several rungs higher up the ladder of literary fame than he had ever dreamed of, even in the most sanguine days of old.

"His thousands of readers, and even his critics on the whole, allowed that the situations in his stories were not only thrilling, but were depicted with a realism so intensely vivid as to almost warrant the belief that the author must have lived through each of them before he could have written them.

BEFORE HIS ASTONISHED WIFE COULD SPEAK, HE ADDRESSED HER SAVAGELY.

"But this morning as Carl Retelle wrote he was compelled to pause frequently. Slower and slower glided his shapely hand over the smooth sheets; then he came to a dead stop. He read his first half-hour's work, then tore the foolscap sheets across, and tossed them into the waste-paper basket.

"He tried again and again, but always with the same result. He rose from his chair and paced his study floor in

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deep thought. He was writing a domestic novel, and had arrived at that point where husband and wife have their first real quarrel; but somehow Carl Retelle could not give force to the scene. All that he wrote was tame, flat, lifeless.

"The only great thorn in the side of his literary career was a certain critic who wrote the book columns of the *Vulture*. This man held as much gall in his pen when he reviewed Carl Retelle's works as would have served a thousand ordinary reviewers a lifetime. And he had said recently in the columns of the *Vulture* that the popular author of 'The Great Stampede' could only write the stereotyped scenes with which his little world of readers were getting perfectly satiated. 'If he is the man that his sycophants claim him to be, let us see how he will handle domestic scenes in his next work. He will probably fear to undertake such a task, if his own home experience is only a tithe part as rose-hued as his deluded admirers declare it to be.'

"Carl Retelle thought of these sneering words as he paced his study, and he murmured, 'He shall not laugh me to scorn in that fashion. I never have failed in what I have set myself to, and I will not now.'

"His own nature was so sunny, and his home life so intensely ideal and happy, that it seemed impossible for him to reproduce the unhappy side of domestic life.

"Pacing to and fro there that morning, what he conceived to be a happy thought came to him. He rubbed his hands with a boyish glee, as he said to himself, 'Suppose I do a little acting on my own account. Why not seek out my dear little wifie, make some excuse for great anger, and give her what those English dames call a "good blow up" (though I wonder where the goodness comes in). Then I must carefully watch my little pet, note every turn in the domestic storm, catch the shrieking accents, the angry gesture, the proud, cold curl of the lip, the flashing eye, the stamp of the foot, the scornful laugh, the sweeping from the room in a tempest of rage, and the passionate tears —if there are any.'

"Here he paused a moment in the planning of his wicked plot, and thought with sundry prickings of conscience of some possible temporary suffering on the part of his loving little wife, and the question arose in his mind whether he would be able to pursue his programme if he saw her in tears. Finally, declaring that it was to be all in the interests of art, he proceeded to carry out his plot.

"Flinging two or three heavy books across the room, and otherwise making a clatter, he concluded by noisily opening his study door, and passed into the salon where his wife sat. His face was scowling, a fierce frown showed in every line of his lowered brow. Before his astonished wife could speak, he addressed her savagely, and when, in mute amaze, she failed to answer him, he stormed and raved in a fearful manner.

"For a brief moment or two the astonished wife bore this attack with a species of superficial patience. Then every drop of her Italian blood was roused and but a few minutes sufficed to raise such a hurricane of passionate revilings and counterblast as perfectly to satisfy all the literary needs of the young author.

"With the professional skill almost of a trained actor, Carl Retelle managed to preserve his assumed character, though more than once his heart well nigh ruined his plot.

"Then when the scene had been prolonged beyond all the limits he had contemplated, with an appearance of ferocious anger he left the room, slamming the door violently behind him, almost in the face of his flushed, indignant wife.

"Returning to his study he sat down again to write the troublesome chapter. But it was no use; he had unnerved himself too much to write. He caught himself almost in tears. A thick sob rose in his throat, and he felt like choking. It seemed low, such a low, mean, despicable thing to have done, and an uneasy, uncomfortable feeling possessed him. 'It is worse than vivisection!' he mused.

"Then, too, what a revelation the scene had been to him. What hidden fires of passion, rage, and hate lay dormant in the nature of his pretty little wife. He felt that she was one with whom it would be dangerous to go too far.

"Dropping his pen he left his study, determined to seek her again, ask her forgiveness, tell her all his plot, and, let the *Vulture* say what it liked, for never so long as he lived would he attempt to gather matter for a novel at the cost of his wife's feelings.

"When he left the salon a few minutes before, he noticed his wife's hat and lace

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shawl lying upon the couch, as though she had been preparing to go out. Now, when on reconciliation bent, he once more entered the room, they were gone; his wife also was absent.

"He went to their bedroom, she was not there. He decided that, to cool her indignation, she had gone for the walk she had evidently planned. 'It's a lovely morning,' mused Carl, 'and the sight of the spring fashions, with the power to purchase, will solace her ruffled feminine spirits, and send her home ready for luncheon and to receive the *amende honorable* from me.' He sighed as he talked thus to himself, and added half aloud, 'At least, I hope so.'

'The morning was very long and tedious to Carl. He positively could not write. He could not read. His cigars would not draw freely. He was afraid to go out, for fear of missing his wife, and thus possibly complicate matters.

LYING UPON AN OLD SOFA, WITH CLOSED EYES, FACE GHASTLY WHITE, WAS HIS WIFE.

"At last, the hour for luncheon long past, and his mind filled with a grave anxiety, he sought the servant. 'Did she know if her mistress had returned from her walk?' he asked.

"The reply was a startling surprise. 'Madame has not gone for her walk to-day. She has gone to the attic, and has ordered that she is not to be disturbed,' replied the old woman.

"Up three steps at a time raced Carl Retelle. The door of the attic was fastened upon the inside. His short knock and word of love called forth only a low moan in response. Putting his broad shoulder to the slight door he burst it open.

"The sight which met his gaze staggered him for a moment. Lying upon an old sofa, with closed eyes, face ghastly white, was his lovely wife. Her head was limply lying over the cushion of the couch. Upon the table lay a note addressed to himself, by its side a small, dark-blue bottle with a red label, and in black letters upon the label the awful legend 'Poison.'

"Thrusting the note and bottle into his pocket, he lifted the unconscious Marie in his arms and bore her downstairs to their bedroom. With a pencil he dashed off a few lines of explanation and urgent summons to a neighbouring doctor whom he knew well. Sealing it from prying eyes, he despatched it by a servant, accompanied by such words and gestures as he felt would ensure the promptest delivery.

"In five minutes (it seemed a week to Carl) his friend the doctor arrived. The messenger had caught him a few hundred yards from the house. Then commenced a battle that lasted for several hours, but the physician's skill triumphed so far that a favourable turn was taken by the patient.

"But the life arrested hung in the balance for weeks. Wasted and weak, Marie Retelle, watched over and waited upon night and day by her almost heart-broken husband, at last entered the definite realm of convalescence. Then surely, but very slowly, she begun to recover strength.

"'Take me to Italy, Carl, as soon as the doctor says I may travel,' she murmured one day; 'I shall learn to live again amid the breath of my beloved pines, behind my father's house.'

"A week later she was there, and again there was a distinct advance in her recovery. But bitterly did Carl Retelle

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reproach himself for his wicked folly, his wanton cruelty to his charming little wife.

"She had taken the whole scene of that fateful morning in the utmost, gravest seriousness, and in her sudden passion of wretchedness, grief and indignation, had taken poison, thinking to end her sorrow and misery.

"Then there came a rush of thought, of fearful remorse, of yearning love and forgiveness of her husband, and she tried to rise and go downstairs. But she was helpless!

"Presently there came faintness, and breathing out the words 'Carl, Carl, one word of forgiveness; one kiss of love, Carl!' she lost consciousness."

. . . . .

"There you are, Archie, old boy," said Dan, "that's the story of how Retelle got that wonderful chapter in the book published four years ago, which made such a *furore*—a chapter of such marvellous literalism that men and women alike who read it cannot help crying. The story has been dramatised and played hundreds of nights in succession, but often as it is performed, that scene always brings the house down when it is played.

"But Carl Retelle never forgets that to write the chapter his wife's life was well nigh sacrificed. He would never have really written it but for the importunities of Marie months after their settlement in Naples.

"He has bought a perfect little paradise up yonder there behind that clump of cistus. The villa itself nestles under the shadow of that mighty mountain of grey rock, and from its windows there is one of the choicest outlooks to be found in Naples.

"They are the happiest couple, I believe, under the sun. No children or pair of lovers were ever more perfectly content or so delighted with life and each other. You heard how gaily they laughed together as they rolled by just now; you saw how completely they were wrapped up in each other. Their life is like one sweet, merry song: but it might have had a dark, sad ending.

"But my dear fellow," said Dan suddenly, "what are you thinking of? You look graver than any owl or judge that ever lived!"

"I was thinking," I replied, "of some lines of Will Carleton's"—

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
"Careful with fire," is good advice, we know;
"Careful with words" is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;
But nought can ever kill them when they're said!

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Conducted by
THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

A CHAT.

Here is a competition I want you to enter for :—

"THE FUNNIEST MISTAKE I EVER MADE!"

We are not always wise ; sometimes we are very much *other*-wise, and then we make mistakes which we may laugh heartily at by-and-by, but we don't feel much like laughing perhaps at the time. Shall I tell you one I made—just to give you a hint of how you may tell of yours? As I have never heard the end of it since, I may as well tell it myself—even against myself.

You must know that I have almost no memory for names : names always seem to me like milestones—very useful, but all very much alike. But on the other hand I rather pride myself on never forgetting a face, if once I have a good look at it, but it was this pride that was to bring me low.

For one day, when I was walking along with my wife, we met a pleasantly-dressed young woman who looked at us with a kind of half smile. I knew the face in a moment, though where I had seen it I could not recollect, but I took off my hat, and, as we were at a very narrow turning on the way, thinking this might be one of my congregation I had been overlooking (which I don't like to do, even with the poorest), I stopped, shook hands, and made sundry effusive enquiries as to the state of her health (though she was the picture of robust vigour), to all of which she replied in a modest, shy way, and so I hurried on to overtake my wife—to find her shaking with laughter!

"Do you know that lady?" she asked between her laughs.

"I am sure I do," I said. "I know her face, but I was just going to ask you who is she?"

More laughter, and then—"Why, that is our new cook; you saw her while I was engaging her last Thursday!"

I am not so bumptious now over my memory for faces, yet I stick to it—diffidently—that I have the gift!

Now I want you to tell me the funniest mistake *you* ever made—mistake at school, or at home, or when on holiday, or anywhere at any time. Write on one side of the paper only ; put your name, address, and age (under sixteen) on it, and send it, on or before the 20th of this month, to Rev. J. Reid Howatt, The Crescent, Camberwell-grove, Denmark-hill, London, S.E., and I shall give a handsome volume for the best—which may mean the funniest—letter. Better set to work at once. Tickle your brains and wake up your memory, and if you forget how really ridiculous your mistake was, you can't do better than ask your big brother or sister. They have a fine way of remembering these things about you!

Some of you are poets—in the bud. I know it by some of the samples you have sent me. Where the hitch comes in oftenest, I notice, is by your trying to fly too high—like the young eagle trying to hit the sun before it can fly to the bough. Here then is a

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verse worth thinking about or committing to memory; it is the way that Nixon Waterman, the American poet, describes himself:—

I ain't very much of a poet;
I can't soar so awfully high;
I'm kind o' low-geared and I know it,
An' have to keep out of the sky.
An' so, while my star-gazin' brother
Kin tickle the gods with his pen,
I josh along somehow er other
An' jes' keep a-writin' for men.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE.

It is not easy to haul in a big net without letting many little fish slip through the meshes, and it is still less easy to make laws, however good, without overlooking many of those who most need the benefit of them. This has specially been the case with regard to the education, care, and general oversight of the thousands of poor crippled children in London. The Education Acts were obliged to leave them out; their condition was too delicate; they could not go or come from school themselves, and the law found itself very weak in trying to discover who might be compelled to bring the cripples in.

Yet, long, long before the attention of the law was called to these hapless little ones, the Ragged School Union had taken them under its care, doing for them what it could by home kindergarten classes, carried on by gentle, merciful, pitiful voluntary workers. In this, as in many another great and good work, the Ragged School Union, quietly, steadily, and in faith, has been the pioneer of many a greater scheme which has come about at length for the bettering and uplifting of the otherwise neglected poor.

It is now about again to have the reward of its long labour of faith in connection with the poor London cripples, for, on the 25th of this month, the London School Board is about to take official care of the education of these weak and maimed little ones. Ambulance Vans and trained nurses have been engaged for taking some 700 crippled children to and from school daily, so that these suffering mites, at all events, shall have a whiff of fresh air, a "ridey-pidey in a coachy-poachy," and a taste of the stream of learning every day.

This is as it should be—even keeping the taxpayer in mind, for the neglect of these 700 means 700 burdens, more or less, thrown on the community at a later date, whereas, by what they learn to know, and what they learn to do at school, it is at least reasonable to suppose that one half will be able to do something for themselves in later years by occupations that can be carried on at home. When I say one half, it is because I sadly know what I am speaking about, for, alas! past experience says only too clearly in a low whisper that in a very short time the other half will be dead. Your child with the weak spine, the deformed limbs and *poverty* hasn't much chance of staying here long, poor thing.

Happy 700 who are thus to be taken care of! Yet these are only samples, for a first experiment. There are 6,000 such poor crippled children, in London alone, on the books of the Ragged School Union, and in most cases they are too afflicted even for the "ridey-pidey" in the Ambulance Van. They can but lie a-bed, or sit propped up, in the little bare room that makes up their home, day after day, winter—*and summer!* What that means to a child who can see the sunshine and get a glimpse of greenness anywhere, yet be helpless to move in the midst of it!

To soften this bitterness and give the poor little things some bit of gentle uplifting, the Crutch-and-Kindness League was started. All that it asks of its members is—to write a letter once a month, or send a little bunch of flowers, or an old picture-magazine, a toy—anything that month by month may help to keep some little "prisoner of God" in heart, with the feeling that some strong one is caring for him or her. Only those who move amongst these tiny maimed ones can tell the affections that are wakened in them to the friend they have never known in the flesh. "Whom, having not seen, they love!" And the blessing comes back speedily on the doer of the kindness. Here is a scrap from a letter written me by one of these correspondents, which bears its own witness:—

From my heart of hearts I can never thank you, or God, enough for all the help I have got through trying to help my poor cripple. Before I joined the League I had had some very sore trials—I need not particularise what they were—but they were beginning to kill me—slay all that had been best in me. I had no interest in anything or anyone, because I had no sunshine; my days were all grey, and all was silent to me even when the birds were singing. One day, however—shall I say it was by accident or shall I use a worthier word?—my eye fell on your page of THE TEMPLE, and as I read about the poor crippled

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bairns, the fountain in my heart that had long seemed dry and drained, suddenly gushed again. My own lot was sad enough in all conscience, but I suddenly saw how much sadder was the lot of many more—these children, too, for whom life is naturally so sweet; and I was ashamed of my selfishness, and at once took a cripple under my care. It has been the turning-point of my life. I have sunshine now: I can hear the song-birds, and I can sing again too. If my care of her has done half for my little cripple what it has done for me, then I have indeed the blessing of knowing I have made one of God's frail ones happy.

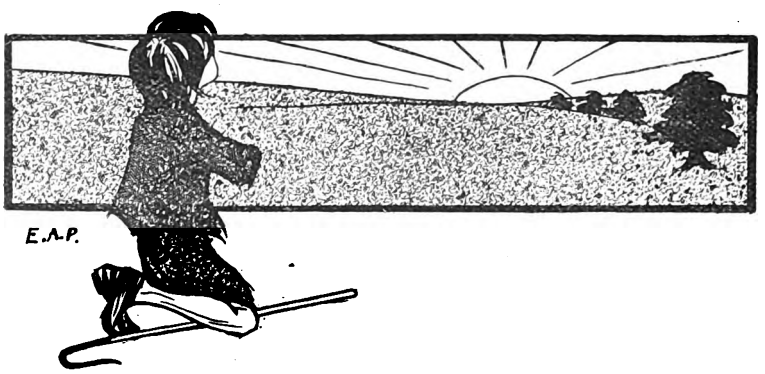
And this work of wafting blessings through the post can be engaged in by everyone, no matter how far away from London they may be. It is very suited for children—and what is better than a child writing to a child?—for these are not always able, neither is it always advisable that they should personally visit the afflicted ones, yet by this means how they can be trained out of selfishness into sympathy! But it is work also for adults, who are too busy or too ill to visit, or who have the kind heart but live in lonely places, or where, happily, the afflicted are few.

The letter—the monthly visit by post—is all that the League asks of its members, but there are some who have the means, as well as the heart, who delight to send their cripples, if they can be moved, for a fortnight's holiday to the seaside. This can be done for the small cost of ten shillings for each child! Such a boon at such a figure could be brought about only because of the Homes which the Ragged School already has in existence in the country and at the seaside. It is such a little tax on the outlay on our own holiday, and it so sanctifies and sweetens our own enjoyment to think of the happiness we are bottling up in the breast of some poor child against the dark days of a suffering and dreary winter!

All further particulars concerning the Crutch-and-Kindness League, together with a beautiful card of membership (for framing), may be had for a stamp from *Mr. John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John-street, Theobald's-road, London, W.C.*

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH.

Miss E. M. Abbott, Selby; Miss Nicholson, Brixton; Miss Ethel Moore, Bournemouth; Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, Inverness; Miss J. M. Dolly Jackson, Cuckfield; Miss C. M. Heelis, Cambridge; Miss Dora M. Foster, Kempston; Miss H. Bealby Gittims, West Norwood; Miss R. Forbes, Weldingston; Miss R. Burroughes, Elgin Avenue; Miss Isa Welsh Hastings, Bute; Miss M. Abbott, Snaith; Miss Isabella Forbes, Miss Jessie Allan, Weldingston; Miss C. Smallcombe, Jersey; Miss F. Franklin, Miss Elsie Champion, Natal; Mr. Percy Hands, Miss Nina Ruttinger, South Croydon; Mr. Norman Goldsworthy, Cardiff; Mr. Ernest W. Boyce, Barbadoes; Miss Bertha Greig, Hadleigh; Miss Constance M. Outram, Miss Elsie A. Outram, Baltimore, U.S.A.; Mrs. Hands, Master Fred Hands, Miss Ivy D. Hands, Miss Florence Isted, c/o Mrs. Hands, South Croydon; Miss Rose Taylor, Lowestoft; Miss Jessie Popley, East Finchley; Miss Irene Evershed, Tasmania; Miss M. Shroff, Miss D. Shroff, New Zealand; Mrs. Ambrose De Ash, Japan; Miss Grace Clark, Miss Tanfield, Miss Taylor, Miss M. Taylor, Miss K. Clark, c/o Miss Clark, Kensington; Jack Hall, Frank Hall, Madeley; Mrs. Turton, Streatham Hill; Mr. W. Clifford Wright, Cottingham; Miss Mary W. Moore, Southport; Miss Annie Hammett, Wellington; Miss Betty Weston, Eastbourne; Mr. Aubrey W. I. Catley, Midsomer-Norton; The Children's Circle, per Mrs. Morrison, Cleckheaton; Miss M. Watson, Horsham.



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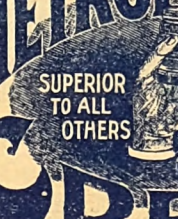

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

FOR HOME AND SUNDAY READING.

VOL. 5. JULY, 1901. No. 10.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

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Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

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FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

WOMEN AND EMIGRATION.

It is curious what a deep repugnance most Englishwomen have to leaving their own country. Typists prefer to earn 25s. a week in England to £6 or £7 a week in the Colonies, and although a domestic servant can out there command at least £60 a year, there are few girls ready to take advantage of it at the cost of leaving England. According to an article by an expert, at least a million middle-class women could be spared from the British Isles, women who are of no use merely because they are too many. In New Zealand, Cape Colony, Natal, and Rhodesia they could command a life of usefulness, rewarded by good pay and the chance of matrimony, which many women value so highly. Why, then, do they not go? As the population here is still increasing, and the proportion of women to men becomes every year larger, it is a thousand pities that a system of women's emigration is not in existence which should attract working-girls to seek their fortune in a less overcrowded land.

LADY ANGELA FORBES.

Lady Angela Forbes is one of the daughters of the late Lord Rosslyn, the sister of the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Westmoreland, and the half-sister of Lady Warwick and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox. Lady Angela is extremely clever and witty, and has a considerable share of good looks. although not so handsome, strictly speaking, as her sisters. When only seventeen she wrote a book, which, however, was not published. Lady Angela is an excellent horsewoman, like most of her sisters. She married five years ago Mr. James Forbes, a son of the well-known Sir Charles Forbes of Newe, and has one daughter.

THE NECESSITY OF INFLUENCE.

We are all of necessity centres of influence. This is a fact determined by our existence—a responsibility from which we cannot break away. "There are outlets," says one, "through which our inner life constantly escapes. The soul, like the blood, has its pores." What we do is contagious in its tendency. A subtle, penetrating power, winged with health or pestilence, streams from us every day. We cannot be noble without helping men, and we cannot be vile without cursing them. The children of the past, we are the fathers of the future. Our life has been built up of the good or evil of the world which has been, and the good or evil of the world which shall be must take in part its origin from us. We are creating the moral atmosphere in which the children of the next generation will breathe and live.

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The sleeves are very quickly fashioned by even the amateur in cutting and making. Indeed, a smart evening bodice requires no sleeves at all; but in the case of a bodice for small evenings, and supposing the bodice itself to be of silk, satin, brocade, or something of the kind, the sleeves may be made of net, or chiffon, or tulle. Merely a length of the material gathered at the

armhole, and slightly sloped underneath, is all that is necessary, while the material should be cut long enough to reach practically to the wrists, and can be caught in with bands, set one round the upper arm and one half-way down the fore-arm, so that below the lower band the chiffon would fall in a kind of frill, and prove very becoming.

We will suppose that the rest of the bodice is good enough to be left as it is. Add the lace collar or *berthe*, as mentioned above, and upon the left-hand side of the front tie a bow and handsome knot of ribbon velvet, not more than an inch wide. If any difficulty is found in the tying of such a knot or bow, let it be wired, and then pulled out into a kind of three-cornered bow, such as we all know under the name of Louis XV. Several ends—four or five—should be allowed to fall from such a bow or knot, and the little bodice will then look as smart as smart can be.

THE WILL TO DO.

What we *can* do is one thing, what we *will* to do is another, and a vastly different thing. We sometimes pride ourselves on our powers—"I can do so and so"—and it is something to be proud of and grateful for—the power to do. It is also something that makes life a serious thing, because the man who can do great and noble things is under obligation to do them. Can and will—the power and the purpose—the opportunity and the decision—are like the two wings of a bird; with but one, or with only one in use, the bird goes round and round; with one answering and supplementing the other, the bird soars into the heavens, skims the earth and sea, escapes its enemies and gathers its food. It is not enough that we *can* do things—we must *will* to do them, and put the force of our personality into the doing of them.

TWO LIVELY PRINCESSES.

It is an odd coincidence that each of the two families that claim the throne of France has a female member who makes things lively; the Dowager Duchess of Aosta, a Bonaparte by birth, is keen on sport and novelties in amusements; while Princess Waldemar of Denmark, daughter of the Duc de Chartres and cousin of the Duc d'Orleans, busies herself with politics, and almost produced a rupture between Russia and Germany in Bismarck's time. Another strange coincidence between these two families is that, while the Dowager-Duchess of Aosta is a sister of the Bonaparte Pretender, her step-daughter-in-law, the present Duchess, is a sister of the head of the Bourbon dynasty.

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THE EFFECT OF WORRY.

Anxiety should be systematically antagonised by philosophy, or change of subjects of thought. The effect of worry and suspense in driving men wild is constantly seen in the business world, directly and by contrast, for bankruptcy is often followed by comparative mental repose. Hence authorities affirm that uncertainty and anxiety are far more liable to lead to mental derangement than the assurance of disaster. As anxiety is a foe to clear thinking, it is better for one approaching a crisis to resort to indirect methods of dissipating it, such as conversation, the reading of an absorbing book, violent physical exercise, or the use of tools with which he would cut himself if he did not give his entire attention to their use.

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HUMAN WORTH.

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EITHER we have an immortal soul or we have not. If we have not, we are beasts—the first and wisest of beasts, it may be, but still true beasts. We shall differ only in degree and not in kind, just as the elephant differs from the slug. But by the concession of all the materialists of all the schools, or almost all, we are not of the same kind as beasts, and this also we may say from our own consciousness. Therefore, methinks, it must be the possession of the soul within us that makes the difference.

YOUTH THE ROOT OF AGE.

It should be born in mind that in old age it is too late to mend, that then you must inhabit what you have built. Old age has the foundation of its joy or its sorrow laid in youth. You are building at twenty. Are you building for seventy? Nay, every stone laid in the foundation takes hold of every stone in the wall up to the very eaves of the building; and every deed, right or wrong, that transpires in youth reaches forward, and has a relation to all the afterpart of a man's life.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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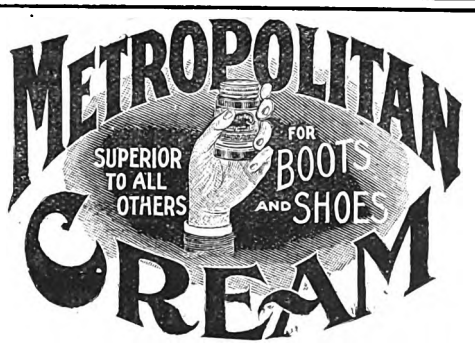

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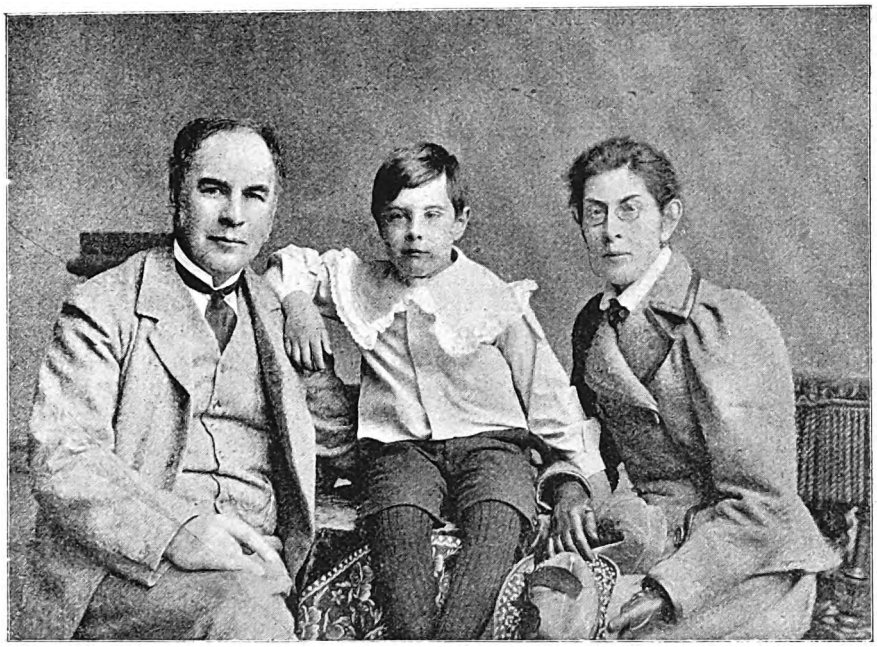

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By LEONARD GRAHAM.

METHODISTS have no more sturdy champion of their principles in Parliament than Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P., the originator of the famous Twentieth Century Scheme.

Wherever there is a Wesleyan community, be it in a great city or a humble village, you will not have to enquire long before you learn something about the genial personality of this prominent layman.

Mr. Perks is a familiar figure on the Connexion platforms, and has made his influence felt on more than one question of paramount importance in the Wesleyan Church.

It was due to his almost unaided efforts and his pamphlet, "No Methodist Bishops," that the attempt to graft a system of Episcopacy upon Wesleyan Methodism was frustrated, although the project received the support of such powerful advocates as Rev. Dr. Rigg, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, and Rev. Dr. Pope, and a large proportion of the clergy of Methodism.

His latest work in connection with the inauguration of the Twentieth Century Fund has attained world-wide celebrity, and one of its immediate effects has been to incite other free churches both in Great Britain and the United States, and the British Colonies to commence their Twentieth Century Funds so as to equip their churches for religious, educational, and philanthropic work in the new century. The great project is now nearing completion, upwards of £900,000 having been assured, of which more than £600,000 has been actually paid in.

Mr. Perks has for nearly 30 years taken an active part in the work of the Wesleyan Church, and, in recent years, of Nonconformity generally. He was one of the

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founders and is the treasurer of the London Mission and glories in its irregularity. He was an ardent defender in the Wesleyan Conference, in the early days when they needed defence, of the Methodist Sisterhood and the Orchestral Sunday Band.

Outside Methodism Mr. Perks has worked for the federation of the Free Churches. He is the treasurer of the Free Church Congress, and the chairman of the Nonconformist Political Council. He is a frequent speaker on the platforms of various Protestant organisations, but on some important points he is not altogether at one with his Protestant friends. He does not believe in the power of the Papacy to capture the British democracy, and shows a tolerance to the Roman CatholicChurch as a spiritual agency which some of his friends resent. In defence of the position he takes, he tells the following story:—

"When my father was travelling as a minister at Bath, he had a newspaper controversy about St. Patrick with one of the Fathers at Prior's Park Catholic College. One day, walking with my father—I was then a lad of eight—in Victoria Park, he stopped and talked for a long time in the most friendly way with a Catholic priest. When the priest had gone, I said, 'Who is that?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'It is Father ——, with whom I am having a controversy about St. Patrick.' 'Why, father,' I said, 'I should think you will never want to meet him again.' Looking down at me with a smile I never forgot, my father said, 'My lad, perhaps we never shall meet again till we meet in Heaven.'

"It was a revelation to me, for, up to that time, it had never dawned on me that Papists would get to Paradise."

MRS. R. W. PERKS.
Photo by E. H. Mills, 19, Stanley Gardens, Belsize Park, N.

While Mr. Perks has often said that the Roman Catholics hold in common with the Free Churches the cardinal doctrines of the Christian faith, he has never wavered in his opposition to Catholicism as a political agency, and also as an ecclesiastical system.

Mr. Perks is just as staunch a Liberal as he is a Methodist, and in fact the policy of "thorough" has dominated his career throughout, whether as man of business, politician, or religious worker.

He was trained in Liberalism from his childhood. His father, the Rev. G. J. Perks, M.A., a former president of the Wesleyan Conference, was one of a distinguished group of Wesleyan ministers all of whom were Liberals:—Dr. Morley Punshon, the most accomplished speaker the Methodist Church has ever possessed; Dr. Gervase Smith, Rev. Luke H. Wiseman, Rev. Charles Garrett, the well-known temperance reformer; Rev. William Arthur, and Rev. Dr. Jenkins,—of whom Dr. Jenkins is the only survivor. Mr. Perks himself is one of a band of Wesleyan Methodist ministers' sons in Parliament, most of whom were educated at New Kingswood School, Bath, which is famous for the number of Senior Wranglers it has turned out. Sir Henry H. Fowler, Mr. Lawson Walton, K.C., Mr. J. F. Moulton, K.C., Mr. Wallace, K.C., Mr. W. D. Green and Mr. Randles, who recently defeated Sir Wilfrid Lawson, are all Methodist preachers' sons, and, with the exception of Sir Henry Fowler, their fathers have all been Presidents of the British or Irish Conference. In former Parliaments the Methodist manse has been well represented—in more recent years by Sir W.

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McArthur, Mr. Alexander McArthur, Sir Clarence Smith, and Judge Waddy—and in earlier times by Sir William Atherton, and others who are now forgotten.

Until 1886, when Mr. Perks was invited to contest the Louth Division of Lincolnshire, he took no part either in Imperial or municipal politics. Being then chosen as a candidate, he carefully reorganised the Liberal party in the Louth Division, which is a vast agricultural district with 175 villages and covering 1,000 square miles. So carefully was his work done that in 1892 a Tory majority of 1,200 was converted into a Liberal majority of 800!

His majority fell away in the disastrous election of 1895 to 400, but in 1900 he increased his old majority of 1892, standing as a follower of Lord Rosebery, and for a free, tolerant, and unaggressive foreign policy.

Mr. Perks has been elected for three successive years President of the Eastern Counties Liberal Federation. He is a progressive social reformer, ready always to take reforms by stages, advocating a drastic change in our educational system, moderate temperance legislation, and a sweeping change in the laws affecting the condition of the poor in our cities and in the rural districts.

MR. R. W. PERKS, M.P.
Photo by E. H. Mills, 19, Stanley Gardens, Belsize Park, N.W.

As a lawyer and man of business, Mr. Perks has had an unbroken record of success, a success which his own talents and energy have achieved.

On leaving school he was, on the advice of his uncle, a clergyman of the Established Church, sent to King's College, London, then a very straitlaced ecclesiastical institution. There he took most of the college prizes, matriculating in honours at the London University and taking honours at the B.A. degree in classics, modern languages, and English literature.

At King's College Mr. Perks gained the confidence and friendship of Professor Brewer, Preacher of the Rolls, the famous historian of Elizabethan times and critic on Baconian philosophy.

On leaving King's College in 1872 Mr. Perks was articled to an old-fashioned firm of City lawyers, and for four years earned his living by writing for the press and the reviews. Immediately on the expiry of his articles in 1876 he commenced a law business in London in partnership with Sir Henry Fowler, and soon stepped into the front rank. He was fortunate in early securing the confidence of the powerful railway magnate, Sir Edward Watkin, who employed him to go over to France to inquire privately into, and report upon, the railways of the Northern of France Company, and the capabilities of the harbour of Trêport. Through the Chairman of the South Eastern Railway, Mr. Perks got to know the equally distinguished engineer, Sir John Hawkshaw, and made the acquaintance of Mr. T. A. Walker, the constructor of the Severn Tunnel, with whom, later on, he formed very close business relations. On the death of Mr. Walker in 1889, he had in conjunction with Mr. Walker's executors to complete the great works which were then in hand—including the Barry Docks and railways, the Manchester Ship Canal, the Preston Docks, and the vast harbour works at Buenos Ayres for the Argentine Government, which cost nearly eight millions, and which formed the largest foreign contract ever executed by a British contractor. In 1879 Mr. Perks was appointed the law adviser of the London underground railways, an appointment which he held till he entered Parliament in 1892, when by the rules of the House

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of Commons he had to give up all Parliamentary business.

When I saw Mr. Perks he had just returned from a short trip on the Continent, and he was looking in the best of health and spirits, fit and eager to grapple with his multifarious duties both in and out of Parliament. In appearance he is of medium height but of sturdy build with full clean shaven face, prominent forehead, and bright grey eyes—a typical Englishman of the old school, with Liberal and Dissenter written in every line of his expressive countenance.

As soon as we were comfortably seated in the drawing-room of his beautiful house in Kensington, I asked Mr. Perks what it was that suggested to him the idea of the Twentieth Century Fund, and he replied:

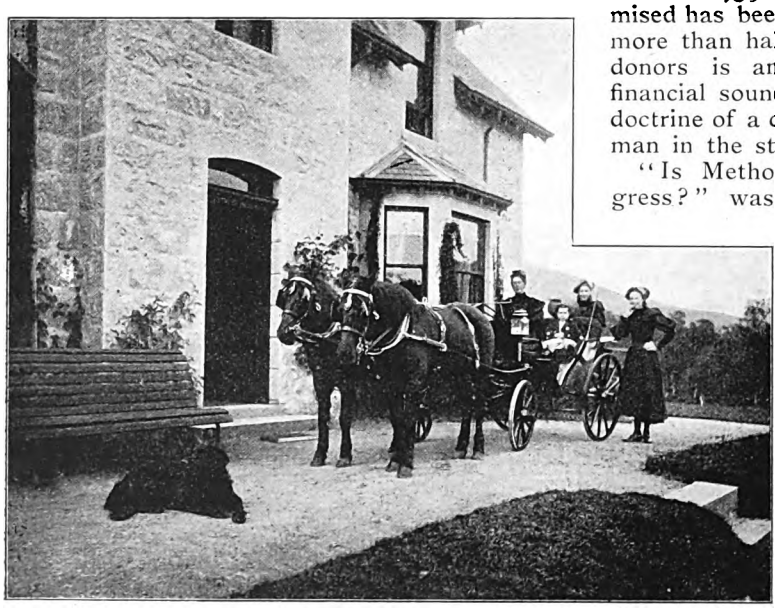
"I have always believed in the generosity of the rank and file, as well as their intelligence. The rich Nabob locked in his back square pew has never been one of my idols. Subscription lists printed with the big donor first and the widow's mite last always seemed to me offensive. Thinking one day about the power of the penny, and the doctrine of one person one vote it occurred to me "why should not Methodism appeal to its three million British adherents to give one million guineas from one million people?"

MR. PERKS, AT THE AGE OF THIRTY.
Photo by Jas. Ewing, Aberdeen.

The idea has only been partially adopted in deference mainly to the views of some of the older ministers who were wedded to old fashioned methods. But the fact that the £900,000 already promised has been contributed to by more than half a million guinea donors is ample proof of the financial soundness of the novel doctrine of a direct appeal to the man in the street."

"Is Methodism making progress?" was the next question which I propounded.

"My answer," replied Mr. Perks, "must be limited to Wesleyan Methodism, of which alone I can speak. I emphatically say that Wesleyan Methodism is growing in Great Britain and the British Colonies by leaps and bounds, while in the United



HOLIDAY-TIME IN BONNIE SCOTLAND.

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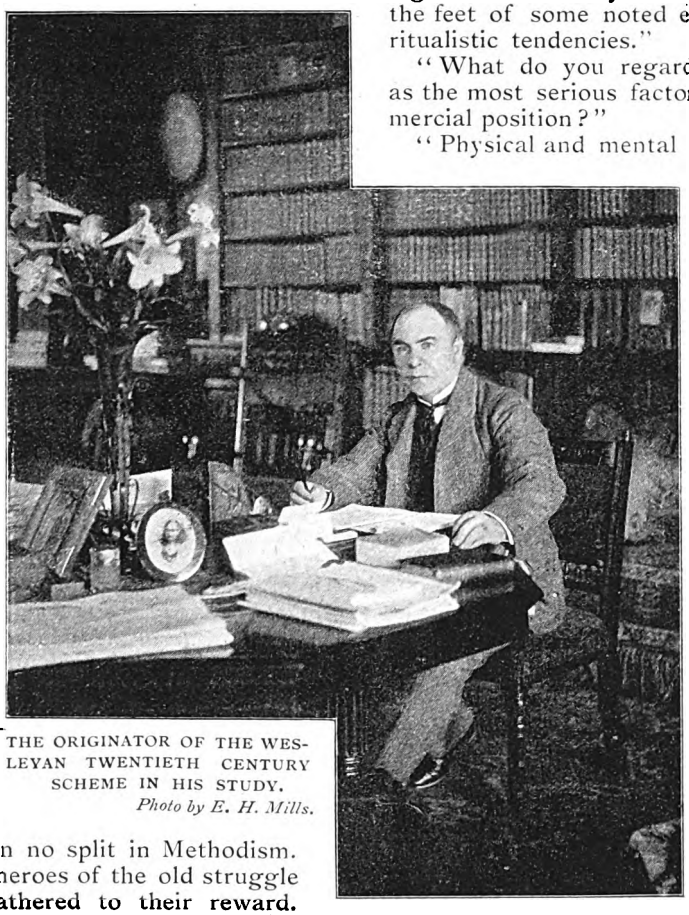
States Methodism is already the premier Church numerically. Every week Wesleyans are building and opening two new churches in Great Britain, some being ornate ecclesiastical structures, costing many thousands of pounds, and others being unpretentious but elegant little village chapels. Throughout the English-speaking world Methodism far outnumbers any other denomination, and I believe that it will eventually do so in Great Britain itself."

"What do you think about the union of the various sections of Methodism?"

"The great work of reuniting the severed sections of Methodism in England, Scotland, and Wales is a task to which all lovers of Christianity should at the earliest moment address themselves. For fifty years there has been no split in Methodism. Most of the heroes of the old struggle have been gathered to their reward. Time has demonstrated how absurd some of the old controversies were: and ecclesiastical development has brought the churches more into accord. The work of union must, in my judgment, be undertaken by the younger laity and the more progressive clergy. There are no doctrinal differences, and there are few conflicting church regulations, while the advantages of unity are enormous. It must come by mutual concession and by a frank recognition of absolute equality.



THE ORIGINATOR OF THE WESLEYAN TWENTIETH CENTURY SCHEME IN HIS STUDY.
Photo by E. H. Mills.

"Canon Armitage dreams of an absorption of Methodism by the Anglican Church. It is an idle, possibly to some minds, a fascinating dream. Already there are signs of restiveness among the Methodist laity at the futile rapprochement of some of their clergy to the Anglican Church. London Methodists don't like to see their ministers preaching Gospel sermons on Sunday night, and then flocking on the Monday morning to sit at the feet of some noted ecclesiastic of ritualistic tendencies."

"What do you regard, Mr. Perks, as the most serious factor in our commercial position?"

"Physical and mental laziness," replied Mr. Perks, with decision. "I am no believer in the decadence of England with regard to the capacity of her sons. I believe that the workmen are as intelligent and as capable of turning out good work as ever, but the trouble is that men won't work, and they don't put heart into what they do. In almost every branch of life you find the same thing, the workman works less, the clerk works less, the business man works less. The employer drives down to his mill in a dogcart, and leaves the factory early in the afternoon. The Government clerk in Whitehall arrives on the scene nearer eleven than ten in the morning, reads his paper, combs his hair, goes to lunch, studies the paper again, and goes home.

"Everyone is working less, and so, though our endurance is as great, and the

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spirit of adventure, when anything appeals sufficiently to our imagination, is as strong in us now as in the days of the men who founded New York and built up the East India Company, we seem to have lost our capacity for the hard, honest, prosaic, patient work which had so much to do with founding and building up the Empire."

"Intellectually I think the reason of our falling behind is the mental lethargy of the average commercial man. He does not know what is going on in foreign countries; he knows no language but his own. He travels little and has a foolish contempt for foreign methods and opinion. He will not take the trouble to put the commodities in his price list into foreign standards either of currency or measure.

"The time which he ought to be giving in the evening for developing his own commercial industry and maturing his business plans, he wastes in luxury and amusements; in drinking, dancing and theatre going, and when people who work hard run him out of the field, he wonders how it is that his commodities are not bought, that his factories are standing idle.

"Intimately connected with this indisposition to do hard work is the marked lack of commercial as distinguished from speculative adventure which is becoming such a feature of our business life. People who have fortunes left them won't risk them. There is an enormous field in my judgment for investment all over the world, but the people who have the money are so afraid of losing it that they won't put it out."

"To what cause do you attribute this spirit of laziness and want of enterprise?"

"The prosperity of the country has been too great," replied Mr. Perks, "and the consequence is people have been able to get on with a small amount of work. Now bad times are coming and in all industries in my judgment there is going to be a very stiff battle to keep our trade, and it will only be done by great economy and thrift and hard work and intellectual agility on the part of employers and workpeople. The country cannot afford the luxury it has indulged in.

"Far too much of our money is invested in useless luxuries and too little in reproductive forms of investment, and this is not confined to the upper classes, but is manifested in all grades of life.

"A man, for instance, may give 8,000 guineas for a picture which a few years ago sold for 1,000. The coveted picture hangs on his walls. His friends envy him, but the day may come when he wants 8,000 guineas and cannot sell his picture. That is what is taking place in my judgment in all classes of life.

"I fear the lack of honest pride in good work and the disposition to put in a minimum amount of labour for a day's wage indicates that this luxury has sapped the conscience of the nation. We do not believe to-day as our fathers did that we are stewards, of whom, by and by, an account of our deeds will be taken. We don't work under the Great Taskmaster's Eye.

"Is conscience put into our work? Does Sunday come as a day of rest or as a day of amusement and feverish excitement? Is there anything in the old-fashioned notion that Sunday desecration means national decadence? Turn from the working man to the professional classes. Does the painter work for fame or for money? What makes the successful novelist turn out a new story every year with the regularity of clockwork?

"If I were asked how Britain is to hold her own commercially, I would reply by hard work in all ranks, by more thrift and less extravagance, by prudent commercial adventure in foreign lands, by more scientific methods of production and more general knowledge, and by that *mens æqua in arduis* which comes from a trust first in God and then in oneself."

"I have had some exciting election experiences," said Mr. Perks, turning to grapple with a question in a lighter vein, "and I can just tell you one which is rather amusing. It was at the election of 1895.

"I was driving my phaeton through one of the villages in my constituency, when I came across a bill sticker posting up a large cartoon representing John Bull putting a Puritan into a tank. There was John Bull, a burly squire in a red coat, and the poor Dissenter in a black shabby suit, a battered hat and big umbrella. Turning to my groom, I said, 'What is that picture about?' and with a broad grin, he replied, 'they are ducking you in a trough, sir." So down I jumped and asked the man what his picture was about. He replied with an oath that he would like to treat the whole lot of us like that. 'Well,' I said, 'you have not got the whole lot of us here, but there is

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a pond in the village and if you like you can take me, and put one in,—or I will take you.' I was a wrestler in my early days, and I knew exactly how to take hold of him. Looking at me with amazement he said, 'I did not mean any offence, sir.' 'Nor I either,' I said, and considerably relieved he begged me to shake hands, which I did, leaving him with the warning not to talk about ducking people he was pleased to call Puritans, for they were a fighting lot."

Mr. Perks has met many famous people both in and out of Parliament. He knew M. Ferdinand Lesseps and the late Leon Say well and often saw the late Comte de Paris at his home near Trêport; he was an intimate friend of the late Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, and enjoys the personal friendship of M. Witte, the Finance Minister of Russia.

Mr. Perks tells the following story of an interesting conversation which took place on Methodism and the Church.

"One day I was seated next to Mr. Gladstone at dinner, when opening the conversation he said:

"'You are a Methodist, Mr. Perks, are you not?'

"'Yes, I am, Mr. Gladstone,' I replied.

"'Do you belong to the old body?' was the venerable statesman's next question.

"'Yes, I belong to the original foundation of Mr. Wesley's; but, Mr. Gladstone,' I remonstrated, 'we call it a church and not a body.'

"'Ah,' replied Mr. Gladstone, heaving a sigh, 'that raises an issue which has perplexed all Christendom.' However, in subsequent allusions, Mr. Gladstone referred to it as the 'Methodist Church,' but he smiled in using the term as though the expression pleased him. When I had answered further questions, including one as to what were the causes of our various secessions, Mr. Gladstone asked, 'Now, what are your doctrinal differences?' On my replying, 'We have none,' the aged statesman said, 'Would to God that my beloved Church could say the same.'"

In a talk some years afterwards, Mr. Perks relates how, alluding to a subject they were then talking about, Mr. Gladstone said, "This is not so interesting, Mr. Perks, as the penny a week and the shilling a quarter!"

Mr. Perks retired with Sir Henry Fowler from their law business at the end of last year, after twenty-five years of work—but he has not given up commercial life—he is now engaged upon two enterprises of great magnitude. In one—namely, the conversion of the Metropolitan District Railway in London from steam to electric traction—he is associated with Mr. C. T. Yerkes, of New York and Chicago. The other work is the construction of a canal for the Canadian Government from Georgian Bay to Ottawa and Montreal, thus opening up the great lakes of North America to large ocean-going steamers.

Mr. Perks has not, however, been uniformly successful. One of the most momentous commercial and international projects in which he was ever engaged was a failure—that was the Channel Tunnel. Engaged by Sir Edward Watkin to pilot this bold enterprise through Parliament Mr. Perks nearly succeeded. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright were fervent advocates of a scheme which, in earlier years, enjoyed the advocacy of Mr. Cobden, Leon Say, and a vast army of economists, who believed then, as they believe now, that the true way to avoid wars and promote peace is to encourage international friendships. Military opinion, led by Lord Wolseley, though strangely divided, was too strong for the Tunnel Company. Lord Lansdowne's Committee decided by five to four against the great enterprise, and it will rest for a future generation to reopen the shafts and carry Continental traffic through the partially constructed tunnel to France.

Among Mr. Perks' papers one of the most interesting is a full "brief," which he prepared for Mr. Gladstone prior to the delivery of one of his famous speeches in support of the Tunnel, scored all over with the great Statesman's comments and notes.

Mr. Perks was one of the original founders of the City Liberal Club, and also the National Liberal Club, but he is not a frequenter of clubs, and very seldom dines out. He married, in 1878, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Mewburn, of Wykham Park, Banbury, and has four daughters and one little lad of eight.

LEONARD GRAHAM.

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The Man Who Loved Her Best.*

By JOSEPH HOCKING.

AN incident which set all the gossips in our parish talking came to a strange conclusion a few days ago. At any rate, it was strange to me; and it has been so much talked about that the vicar came to me last night and told me I ought to describe it fully.

As I really had a desire to tell the story, even although it may never be read outside the parish, I went to Mr. Jory's shop, and bought some paper, thinking all the time how I could set down the truth in an interesting way.

It was like this. Mr. Tremain, the owner of Trewinnick, was the most important man in the parish, excepting perhaps Mr. Page, the vicar, and one or two more, while his only daughter, Rachel, was regarded by many as the belle of St. Mabyn; and although many contended that Miss Mary Webb, whom Arthur Trudgeon won so strangely, was a sweeter girl, others contended that Rachel Tremain was the most sought after. The truth is there have been and still are two parties in St. Mabyn, the one belonging to the church, and the other belonging to the chapel, and while the latter is far larger, the Methodists being so strong in Cornwall, the former has a great deal of influence.

At any rate, while the chapel people stood by Mary Webb, everyone who went to church declared that although Rachel Tremain was rather proud, she was the handsomer of the two.

Of course she had many suitors, and, in spite of the fact that Mr. Tremain's money affairs were much talked about, young men came from other parishes in the hope of winning her smile.

The two most in favour, however, were Frank Richards and Edgar Trefoy, and as both were St. Mabyn young men, both had well-wishers. For the truth may as well come out, although the St. Mabyn people cannot be matched in any other parish in the county, most of them love to talk about the business of other people. I do not know how it is; but nothing happens within three miles of the church tower in the morning, without it being talked about by three-fourths of the people before the sun goes down. Every man and woman amongst us seems to assume an actual proprietary interest in everyone else in the parish, and thus claim to have the right of knowing full particulars of everything that takes place. Thus it was that everybody knew all about the visits of the two young men to Rosecarrol, and any cottager in the parish could tell you what they said and did.

One thing, however, we were not sure about, and that was which of the two Rachel Tremain preferred. Sometimes we thought that Frank Richards was the favourite, while at others we were quite certain that Edgar Trefoy would eventually win her. Most of us, however, were in favour of Frank Richards. The reasons for this were not far to seek. For one thing he belonged to the chapel party, and, as I said, the chapel people being far more numerous, he had most friends.

Then again, he was far better looking. We Cornish people claim to possess the most stalwart race of men in England, and I am told that our county constabulary has bigger men in its ranks than any other. Anyhow, Frank Richards was at least six inches taller than Edgar Trefoy, who measured only five feet seven inches.

On the other hand, however, he was not so well educated as Trefoy, neither was he as clever. Edgar was the son of George Trefoy, auctioneer, surveyor, and land valuer, while Frank Richards was only a tenant farmer, who, report said, had a hard struggle to pay the rent

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of his farm and to keep his widowed mother.

I do not know what the custom may be in other parts of the country, but in Cornwall it is a common thing for a young man to walk with a young woman for a considerable time before taking the final step of asking her to marry him. And thus, although both Edgar Trefoy and Frank Richards had paid much attention to Rachel, neither of them had plucked up sufficient courage to put the question straight to her, nor had either of them dared to speak to Mr. Tremain about the matter.

Besides, in the case of Frank Richards, he felt that he was hardly justified in taking such a step. He knew that he was poor, while the fact that he felt himself bound to give a home to his widowed, and partially invalided mother, checked him when his heart prompted him to ask Rachel Tremain to be his wife.

What hindered Edgar Trefoy from asking her to marry him we were not sure. For while not rich, he had good prospects, and was looked upon as a most eligible match.

Personally, I did not like Trefoy. He had what some people termed a "ferrety look" in his eyes. He was by no means frank and outspoken, and he had what we thought to be an underhanded sort of manner, which I did not like. I felt sure, however, that he would be the accepted lover of Rachel. For one thing, he belonged to the church party, and as both Rachel and her father were church people, he would naturally be received with more favour. Then again, his social status was slightly higher than Frank's, and I felt sure that Mr. Tremain regarded him with more favour than he regarded the other.

One day, however, the matter came to a head. Frank Richards met Edgar Trefoy as the latter was walking towards Trewinnick.

"Edgar," said Frank, "I should like a few words with you."

"Indeed!" said Trefoy, adopting a rather haughty tone. "What in the world can you wish to say to me?"

"This," said Frank; "we are both wanting Rachel Tremain."

"Well, what about that? It is surely a matter for her to decide as to who shall have her."

"That may be," replied Frank. "Personally, I have never asked her to become engaged to me, and I'm told that you have not. Now, I should like the matter to be settled one way or the other very soon, for"—and here Frank's voice trembled—"I can't stand this sort of thing any longer."

"What sort of thing?"

"Why, this eternal suspense. I've tried to speak out plain to her; but whenever I begin to broach the subject, she just stops me."

"I should say that that was a hint that she doesn't want you," said Edgar.

"Perhaps it is," replied Frank; "but then I've been told she treats you in just the same way."

"I am sure I don't know how people can know how she treats me. I never told anyone, and I'm sure she hasn't."

"That may be; but they always find out. You know what our parish is. At any rate, I can tell by your face that it is true. Now, look here, Edgar, you and I have gone to school together, played together, and, years ago, we fought together. I want us to act as friends now."

"Well, what do you suggest?"

"This. I propose that we go up to Rosecarrol together to-night, and ask Rachel and Mr. Tremain to settle the matter."

For some time Edgar Trefoy did not speak. Then he said slowly: "I think you are very impudent."

"Oh, don't take the high hand," cried Frank; "it won't help us a bit. Let us settle the matter to-night."

"Let us understand," responded Edgar Trefoy presently. "You wish us to go up together to-night and ask Rachel to choose between us."

"That's it," cried Frank, impetuously, "and I promise this: If Rachel chooses you, I'll back out altogether, and I'll do nothing to hinder your courting. It will be like pulling my heart out to do it," he added, "but I'll be true to my word; and if things go the other way, why, I take it, you will be true to yours."

"*Cela va sans dire,*" said Edgar, who had been learning French.

"I don't know what you mean," said Frank. "I never learnt French, and I can say all that is necessary in English."

"I simply meant that that goes without saying," replied Edgar. "Very well," he added at length, "I'll go with you."

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"Give me your hand on it," cried Frank. He feared very much what the result would be; but, as he had said, I believe the continuous suspense would have driven him mad.

That same night the two went to Trewinnick together; and, as Frank has told a good deal of the history of the affair, I am able to write down what happened.

The servant who opened the door seemed very much surprised to see them together, for she knew that they were rivals, and her idea was that they ought to hate each other like poison.

Yes, she told them when they asked if Miss Rachel was in, Miss Rachel and Mr. Tremain were in the parlour together. And then, not being accustomed to polite ways, she went to the parlour door, and without any warning showed them into the room.

To the surprise of both, they saw that Rachel was sobbing bitterly, while Mr. Tremain looked as though some great calamity had befallen him.

Frank was utterly taken aback at the sight, but Edgar, with perfect coolness, said:

"I hope we are not intruding, and I must apologise for calling at what is evidently an inopportune moment."

At this Rachel, without a word or a look to either, rushed out of the room.

"Yes," said Mr. Tremain, when she had gone, "we are both in trouble; but—but there! What can I do for you, young men?"

Frank could not speak a word, but Edgar went on quite coolly:

"It is very good of you, when you are evidently much concerned about other matters, to receive us so kindly."

"Sit down, sit down," said Mr. Tremain, as though he were glad of their visit. Possibly he was tired of his own thoughts, and imagined that the young men would help him to think of pleasant things.

They both sat down, and Mr. Tremain waited for them to continue.

"You will be doubtless aware," said Edgar, "that both of us are very fond of Rachel?"

"Fond is scarcely the word in my case," said Frank.

"I think it was agreed that I should state the case," said Edgar Trefoy, in tones of rebuke; and Frank, impulsive, and yet not clever of speech, was silenced by the other's words.

"We are both fond of Rachel," continued Edgar. "We have paid her attention for a long time, but we have neither openly asked for her hand in marriage. I am afraid we have come at a very unfavourable moment, but we desire to lay the case before you and Rachel; we both love her, and she has shown equal favour to each. We should like to know which of us she can accept so that we may no longer be left in suspense."

It may be thought by some that the foregoing is not the speech of a man in love; nevertheless, I am sure that Edgar loved her very much, and this was proved by after events.

"You wish to know which of you can have her?" said Mr. Tremain, who, although he was a gentleman farmer, was a plain, blunt man.

"That is it." replied Edgar.

"Neither," said Mr. Tremain.

"Oh, don't say that, sir," cried Frank.

"I do say so," said Mr. Tremain, rising to his feet, "I do say so. Why," and he spoke like one in anger, "how dare you come to me like this? How dare you?"

Both looked at each other in astonishment, while Mr. Tremain, evidently unable to control himself, went on:

"How can either of you do anything to—that is place Rachel in her proper position? How can you think—that is—— Why, this very night she has refused Mr. Walter Tresise, of Crowhill. You know him don't you? He farms his own land; and Crowhill, even although the lead mines have spoilt some of his fields, is the best farm in Cornwall. He could have, aye, and would have,——But there, she's refused him! She was crying when you came in, perhaps you can guess what she was crying about?"

"Refused him!" cried Frank, delighted.

"Yes, refused him in spite of the fact that I am——But there, a woman has neither heart nor conscience!" and Mr. Tremain stamped his foot in rage.

"But you would not have her marry a man whom she does not love, Mr. Tremain?" said Edgar Trefoy, quietly.

"Love—fiddlesticks! She should love her father!" and Mr. Tremain walked up and down the room like a madman.

"I am sure she does love you, sir," cried Frank, almost beside himself at the turn things were taking.

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Mr. Tremain stopped suddenly in his walk. He seemed to be trying to make up his mind about something.

"Young men," he said presently, "you have come at a time when I am almost distracted. You must have noticed that I am considerably upset."

"We are very sorry, I am sure," said Edgar, politely.

"Look here," said Mr. Tremain, impulsively, "you have both come here as suitors for Rachel's hand. I know all about it. I have known for a good while."

After that he wandered round the room again like one demented. Apparently he was trying to make up his mind to say something of importance.

"You really mean to tell me that you love Rachel—both of you?" he asked presently.

As may be imagined, both young men protested very warmly that their love for Rachel was a love that would never die, together with a lot of wild sayings which youths of their age are in the habit of using.

"Can I trust you!" he asked again presently.

Neither understood what was in his mind, but they both declared that they would be as true as steel.

"What I meant was, can I trust you to keep a secret I have in my mind to tell you?"

Again both declared that they might be trusted to any extent.

"Well," said Mr. Tremain, "I will trust you. I will tell you exactly how matters stand, and then, perhaps, you will neither be so anxious to marry Rachel."

Now, concerning the details of what Mr. Tremain told the young men I cannot speak with authority. Frank refused to tell me about it, while Edgar Trefoy was also true to the promise which he made. An outline of the truth, however, soon became known in the parish, which was much commented upon, and the following may be regarded as correct.

Mr. Tremain owed a considerable sum of money, and he was allowed a certain time to pay it. If he could meet the demand within this time all was well; if not, all his property would have to be sold.

Of course, many gossiping stories were afloat concerning the amount of money owed, who his creditors were, what would happen if he did not pay, and so forth, but to these reports I have paid no heed. What I have related, however, was in bare outline the true position of affairs.

"Now," said Mr. Tremain, when he had finished, "I cannot meet those demands. It is simply impossible for me to do so. As a consequence, I am a ruined man. If Rachel had accepted Walter Tresise I might have been saved, although, of course, I do not know whether he would have held to his proposal if he knew the true condition of affairs. The question now is, do you still wish to marry Rachel?"

Without a second's hesitation both the young men cried out that they did.

In spite of the cloud which hung over his head, Mr. Tremain seemed pleased at their loyalty.

"Well," he said, "I am not going to do anything against Rachel's wishes. If I had been persistent—well, things might have been different. But if Rachel consents I'll meet your proposal with another."

"What?" they cried, eagerly.

"It may be foolish," continued Mr. Tremain, like one musing, "and it may seem unfair, but it will test your loyalty, and it will reveal the stuff of which you are made. If, at the time I have mentioned, one of you can bring me the money I need, well, that one shall have her. Mark you," continued the farmer, "it must be clean money, and it must be gained honestly."

Both the young men were silent. They had never expected such a strange proposal.

"What do you say?" said Mr. Tremain. "It is a secret between ourselves. Do you accept?"

"I do," said Edgar Trefoy.

"And you?" asked Mr. Tremain, turning to Frank.

"I am not in the way of making money," he said. "I think I can give Rachel a good home. But I am only a tenant farmer, and I have my mother to care for. Besides, I do not like the idea. It seems like buying a wife."

"No," said the farmer, "it is a test of your love, and it will show me which will make the most suitable husband."

I am sure Mr. Tremain was ashamed of the proposal he had made; but he was almost out of his mind because of the position in which he was placed.

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"Mark you," he continued, "I'll do nothing without Rachel's consent."

"If Rachel agrees to it," said Frank desperately, "I agree to it, too."

"Very well, I'll go and find her," said the farmer, and he staggered as he walked across the room like a drunken man; but this I know was not the case.

For my own part I believe he was nearly out of his mind, and scarcely aware of what he was doing.

What he said to Rachel I don't know, neither did the servant girl—who listened at the door while the three men were talking, and who set afloat most of the stories to which I have referred—know, but in a few minutes they returned to the room where the young men were waiting.

Frank saw that Rachel's face was rigid. Evidently she was much wrought upon. His heart ached as he watched her, and he could not speak a word of comfort to her. Edgar, on the other hand, said many complimentary things which I need not write down.

"Well," said Mr. Tremain, "I have spoken to my daughter, and she agrees to my proposal."

"I am so glad," said Edgar Trefoy; but Frank was silent. He could not speak, he told me.

After that a great deal was said by Mr. Tremain and Edgar; but neither Frank nor Rachel joined in the conversation, they were simply consenting parties to the transaction.

"Then all is settled," said Mr. Tremain presently, "and we quite understand each other. Neither of you is to come here until the date agreed upon, nor is there to be any correspondence between you and Rachel."

"I quite understand," said Edgar, but Frank silently moved towards the door.

"I wish to speak before you go," said Rachel, as Edgar bade her good-night. "I have agreed to this proposal because my father wishes me, and because of the position in which he is placed. I refused him one request before you came, and I cannot bear to refuse another. Remember, it is because I love him so that I consent to this. That is all I have to say. Good-night."

"We shall never know whom she loves best," said Frank to Edgar, as they walked home.

"But we shall know who loves her best," replied Edgar.

"Who?"

"The man who does most to get her."

Frank sighed. He thought of the way in which he was handicapped. The condition to which he had agreed was, as far as he was concerned, utterly impossible.

"You have a better chance than I," he said presently.

"No," said Edgar, "my father is not a rich man; he has only a comfortable income, just enough for expenses. Of course, I hope in years to extend his connection, but at present I have only a salary. No, I have no more chance of making the sum Mr. Tremain mentions than you have. All the same I mean to make it."

"Do you?" said Frank, and the other's words sounded like a death-knell in his heart.

"That I do," replied Edgar; "a man truly in love can do anything."

"Can he?" said Frank, in a tone of despair; all the same, he set his teeth together and vowed that all a man could do he would do.

The next day Edgar Trefoy left home, and went no one knew whither; but Frank Richards stayed at home on his farm, because, although he loved Rachel like his own life, he could not go away and leave his mother. Besides, he did not know whether he should bring himself nearer the goal at which he aimed by leaving the farm on which his father had worked before him.

For many long weary months he worked like a galley slave. Early morning, and late at night he was hard at it, never resting, never wasting a moment under any circumstances. Never had his farm been so well worked, or so well stocked before. During the lambing season he practically took no rest at all, and, as a consequence, he did not lose a single lamb or sheep. Fortune favoured him as far as weather was concerned. Lewannick, the farm on which he lived, was hilly, and a dry season was ruinous. During this summer, however, rain fell copiously, so that his crops were better than they had ever been known. All his cattle throve wondrously, while his three foals were admired by all the farmers in the parish.

All this time Frank was silent and sad. A haunted look was in his eyes, and he

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grew haggard and worn. He seemed to be afraid of what the future might bring. He never told anyone, however, of his hopes or his fears. Even to me, his friend for many years, he spoke not a word about his prospects. He simply toiled on like a man who was determined to do all in his power, even although he were assured of defeat.

A few days before the date on which the matter was to be settled had arrived, Frank called in a man who was skilled as a valuer, who went all over the place with him, and then they talked long and seriously together. After that time Frank looked more despairing than ever.

Nothing, however, was heard of Edgar Trefoy. I tried to comfort Frank one day by telling him that probably Edgar would not return at all; but he only shook his head, and then went on with his work. Evidently he felt sure that I was wrong.

Events, moreover, proved that I had not guessed rightly, for on the day that was fixed by Mr. Tremain, Edgar arrived in the village. He was dressed very stylishly, and looked very prosperous. Unlike my friend, a look of confidence shone from his eyes, while assurance marked his every movement. If I had disliked him before, I almost hated him that day, for I felt sure that Frank's heart would be broken. Where Edgar had been no one knew; of what he had done all were ignorant. All I know is that on the evening of the day on which he had arrived, he made his way to see Mr. Tremain.

When he arrived he found Frank awaiting him. Neither Mr. Tremain nor Rachel was present, so the young men had a few minutes alone together.

"Well," said Frank, eagerly, his face as pale as death, and his voice hoarse with emotion, "have you succeeded?"

"I think we had better not discuss the matter until Mr. Tremain and Rachel come," he said.

A few minutes later, the farmer and his daughter entered. Both looked anxious, and Frank noticed that Rachel's face was drawn and pale.

As if by one consent they spent no time in greetings, but went straight to the question which had brought them together.

"What have you to say?" asked Mr. Tremain.

"I will let Frank speak first," said Edgar. He seemed to know what would be said.

"I have done all I could," said Frank, in husky tones, "and things have gone well with me. If I had another year like this I could do all that has been asked; but I haven't had enough time."

A contemptuous smile played on Edgar Trefoy's face as Frank spoke, and the young man saw it.

"Still, I can do this," continued the young farmer, "and I will do it, if you will let me. I will sell all my stock, all my hay, and—and everything else. I have had a valuer in, and he told me it was worth——" and he mentioned a sum of money. "This I am prepared to hand over. I am young and strong, and can still work for mother. If—if you will allow me a little longer—I—I can do better still."

Evidently Edgar Trefoy was moved as Frank spoke. The supercilious smile passed away, and a strange light shone in his eyes.

"And you, Edgar?" said Mr. Tremain, and even as he spoke Rachel also turned her eyes towards him, and sat like one transfixed.

The air of superiority came back to Edgar's face again as he took a letter from his pocket. "Will you read this?" he said.

Mr. Tremain read like a man amazed.

"You see the signature of the banker," said Edgar presently. "It is a well-known name."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Tremain, excitedly. Then, turning to Frank, he said: "You have done well, my boy; you have done all you could, but not enough. Edgar has saved me."

"Thank you," replied Edgar. "May I take it then that I can claim Rachel's hand?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Tremain, like one talking in his sleep.

Then the men heard a hoarse cry. They turned round quickly, but not in time to save Rachel from falling on the floor in a dead faint.

Immediately all was in confusion. A servant was called in, restoratives were brought, and Rachel was lifted to the couch, where she lay like one dead. Both Mr. Tremain and Frank seemed beside themselves; but Edgar neither made a movement nor spoke a word. He seemed to be thinking deeply.

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Presently, when Rachel was restored to consciousness, he spoke quietly and collectedly.

"Rachel," he said, "you love Frank, and not me."

The girl gave a sob, and he knew what she meant.

"And he is more worthy of you than I. Mr. Tremain, will you accept that bit of paper as my wedding present to the woman I cannot marry, because I love her too much to make her link her life to one who, although he would give his life to do so, cannot make her happy."

"No, no," said Mr. Tremain, "it cannot—must not be. You must not—that is, I cannot allow it."

"Accept it as a loan—as—as anything you like then," he said; "but I pray you, because of the love I bear Rachel, to keep it. May God bless you. Good-bye."

And he went away without another word, while the others were so overcome that they could not speak a word.

Of all that followed I can tell nothing. And even if I knew, I would not write it down here, for such a scene is too sacred to be described.

"Jack," said Frank to me this morning, "you can guess how happy I am; but Edgar Trefoy, whom I distrusted and did not like, is more worthy than I. I could not have done as he did. May God bless him, and make it up to him!"

"We all misjudged him," I said. "I will ask his forgiveness if ever I see him again."

"I do not say that he loves her as much as I do, said Frank; "that would be impossible."

But I did not answer him, for truly I had and still have my doubts.

[THE END.]

HAPPIER, LOVE, FOR THEE.

If I might read one little line of love from thee;
If but the faintest smile of love my soul might see;
If but a hope, the smallest hope of love should rise;
If but a smile of kindliness should light thine eyes,
I should be happier, love, for thee.

If I might see thee live thy simple life of love;
If I might see thine eyes but turn for light above;
If I might walk within the circle of thine eye;
E'en though thou all but friendship's due to me deny,
I should be happier, love, for thee.

Because I know thou art my friend, though far;
Because I know thou hast a thought, a prayer for me;
Because to my black night's slow course thou art a star;
Because I pour my melting heart in love for thee,
I shall be happier, love, for thee.

Joseph Harding.

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Amélie, the Heroic Queen of Portugal.

By EDWARD PAGE GASTON.

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HER MAJESTY was returning from her private yacht, the *Lia*, which, as usual, she had steered herself on the morning's run about the sea. Catalao, as a privileged character about the water-front at Lisbon, had brought her ashore, and the Queen was about to enter her carriage when there was a splash and a cry. Catalao's boat was overturned by a sudden swell, and it was at once seen that the usually sturdy waterman was struggling with but faint effect against the grip of the out-running tide.

Forgetting all else, the Queen threw off her wrap, brushed aside her affrighted and imploring attendants, and took a running leap into the surf to the rescue. A few robust strokes took her alongside the drowning boatman, whose leg had been broken by the accident, and who had fainted. Two sailors followed the Queen in her brave attempt, and together they got the drowing man ashore, whence he was carried to the palace to be under the personal care of her Majesty. Portugal went into a fresh burst of enthusiasm over this latest act of its beautiful Queen last autumn; the press despatches told the story afar, and the Emperor of Germany sent the fair heroine a decoration for valour.

Her Majesty is mistress of the art of self-preservation under almost any circumstances, and is, probably, the most athletic queen in the world. She greatly enjoys an ocean swim, and nearly every morning during September and October she may be seen at Cascaes (the Brighton of Portugal) swimming farther out to sea than anyone else. For safety, a cutter manned by sailors keeps in her wake, but their services have never yet been required. Donna Amélie has such a long graceful stroke that it is difficult to imagine her as ever needing outside help in swimming; or in anything else, according to the average opinion on this immensely popular sovereign lady.

Queen Amélie is sister to the Duc d'Orleans, pretender to the French throne, and one of the ambitions of her life is to see the monarchy restored in France under her family. On the other hand there is an aggressive Republican sentiment in Lisbon. When the beautiful young Queen goes to France, the Royalists turn out *en masse*, and the proximity of the two countries easily fosters the spirit of restoration. The impulsive Latins stand with hat in hand when she appears in any of the southern countries. Her winning smile and gracious ways easily give to the Queen of Portugal the first place over all her Royal rivals for personal popularity. In Madrid, in especial, the mercurial public pulse beats faster when she appears in her unaffected abandon of amiability, in contrast to the Queen Regent of Spain, whose austerity is somewhat too rigid for her gaiety-loving nation.

The Queen may be almost counted as an English woman, for she was born thirty-six years ago at Twickenham on the Thames, where her mother went to live when her father was banished from the France which he fain would rule. The Comtesse de Paris and her daughters long delighted in the pleasures of English country life. The young Portuguese Prince, Dom Carlos, who now is sovereign, came a-wooing to England, and the late Queen Victoria took a delight in helping on the marriage of her manly young cousin with the beautiful and sensible girl. The Princess Amélie was twenty years old at the time of her betrothal,

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with great powers of fascination, a good conversationalist, and charmingly witty. The birthdays of both Dom Carlos and Donna Amélie fall upon September 28th, and they appear equally well harmonised on most other matters.

The Queen, like her mother, and sister, the Princess Hélène, is a daring horsewoman. There was consternation in the Court circle when in 1886 the newly arrived Anglo-French bride evinced a decided fondness for rough cross-country riding and hunting, for by the rigid etiquette of courts, her ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting must perforce follow their mistress, whether good riders or not. The environs of Lisbon are rough, and are cut up badly by walls and ditches, which the Queen lightly leaped with a laugh of delight, which was often followed by another at the clumsy way that most of her followers took the jumps. The years have somewhat sobered her impetuosity, and the Queen now keeps largely to the high roads, where she often rides almost unattended.

AMÉLIE, QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.
Photo by Rentlinger, Paris.

The bicycle has invaded the stately Real Paco d'Ajuda, and no one in that vast household has in the past enjoyed a whirl on the wheel quite so much as its charming mistress. She considers cycling most beneficial to the health, and although she does not ride so much now, she sits the saddle gracefully in a short tailor-made skirt of perfect cut. In cold weather a coat is put on, and her blouse only when it is warm.

The King and Queen are particularly friendly to the English-speaking races of the world, and have a keen interest in the Englishmen who visit that country. Their Majesties presented me with their latest photographs last year, and they graciously wrote their signatures across the face of the large and beautiful prints which made up this kindly token.

"The English," declares Dom Carlos, "are the best friends of Portugal, and therefore of Portugal's King; but, unhappily, while I can recognise that fact, my subjects cannot. They are fine fellows, these subjects of mine; but—they are excitable, and their sturdy patriotism makes them perhaps a little bit too sensitive, and too ready to fancy themselves injured and the national honour insulted by the little rubs which are inseparable from international diplomacy. A great and masterful country like your England must unavoidably tread on the toes of its weaker neighbours now and then. You do not mean to be rude perhaps; but our corns are tender, and John Bull's foot is heavy. It is a pity, because we remember the little slights, and forget the greater benefits."

Dom Carlos I. does not come up to the imagination's measure as to what a Portuguese might be, according to the blackbearded traditions which have come down from past centuries. He is fair as a Dane; is extremely comfortable in his sixteen stone of weight, and he might readily pass for a typical English squire, instead of one of the kings who rode in the London funeral procession of her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

This extreme bulk for a young man of but thirty-eight is not ungainly, however, as it is the muscular fleshiness of an athlete with an easy digestion, and of a good sleeper. He and the Queen are keen sport-lovers and

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there is hardly a marksman in the country who will seriously accept a challenge from the King at the rifle-butts. Until called to the throne, Dom Carlos was a mighty hunter, like his maternal grandfather. Most of his younger years were passed at Villa Vicosa, the ancient residence of the Dukes of Braganza, whose vast adjoining estates permitted him to gratify to the full his love for sport.

The King is still as fond of adventure as is his wife, and used to be always first in daring enterprises. When a bachelor, he loved to enter the bull-ring *incognito*, and was not afraid of its dangers. In Portugal this is not the wild sport that it is in neighbouring Spain. Neither bulls nor horses are killed, as the animals have their horns padded to render them harmless. Once a court beauty rallied the young prince on taking an animal at this disadvantage, and coquettishly dared him to front a bull as nature had equipped it. He took up the challenge, and placed at the disposal of the fair scoffer the royal box, to witness his defeat, or that of the *toro*. "With points abated" is the law of the country governing these spectacles; but the rule was waived in this case, and the bull came down upon the young prince like a hide-bound tornado. The future monarch bravely held his ground, all ready to plant the *banderillas* in the fore-shoulders of the animal; but he slipped —and fell! A cry of horror went up from the multitude, seeing its future sovereign in danger of instant death; but another fighter flung his cape into the bull's eyes to draw him off from his intended victim. This gave the young prince time to recover himself; but when he regained his feet the bull charged him again.

DOM CARLOS I., KING OF PORTUGAL.
Photo by Camacho, Lisbon.

The only thing now left was flight, and Dom Carlos made for the refuge-barrier, with the maddened beast close after. Fortunately for the country the King won —by inches. It was a near thing, for when the fugitive heels of his Royal Highness cleared the barrier, the bull's horns knocked the splinters from the woodwork only a few inches behind. "Yes," says Dom Carlos laughingly, in reminiscence of this adventure, "I fancy I accomplished those twenty-five yards or so in very good time; but I think I should stand but little chance if I had to do it over again," he adds, as he looks down at his stout, Norfolk-clad figure.

The King still rides hard, and, like the Queen, he swings a four-in-hand up and out of the narrow streets of his steep capital, with all the skill of a perfect whip.

As a milder sport, he is a fair tennis player, a good fencer and billiard player, and he has ability with the brush; is a sculptor of rather clever parts, and a good musician. Some will remember the large fishing scene as painted by the King of Portugal for display at the Paris Exhibition last year.

Like his Queen, the King is a practical yachtsman; but his beautiful boat the *Amélie* is not alone for pleasure purposes. He has for years been engaged in making deep-sea soundings and dredgings in the study of oceanography; and as a result several new marine species of plants and animals have been discovered. The King is now engaged in editing a great illustrated work on marine matters to cover his scientific researches. The first volume is already published, a second is nearly

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completed, and there are several others to follow in this remarkable achievement. His scholarly Majesty speaks seven languages, and most of them fluently; and he and his father translated several of Shakespeare's plays from English into Portuguese. He patronises the drama, and he smokes a great deal too much, even for a Portuguese. So deftly does he pass from ashes to a fresh light on his cigar, that it is hard to catch him in the act of changing.

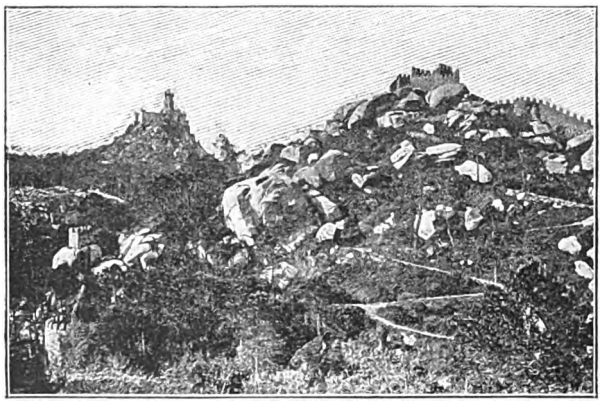
CONVENT OF MAFRA—REPUTED TO BE THE LARGEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD.

The King is a good talker, especially on sports, and it is a treat to hear his running commentary on, say, a game of tennis. "Bravo! did you see that?" he exclaims at a specially good pass. "Excellent! But just a bit too acrobatic. . . . That team is not so brilliant, but it's steadier. . . . Which will win, do you think?" He speaks of the enthusiasm with which hilly, badly-paved Lisbon took to the bicycle some years ago, and now to the automobile; how football, polo, golf, and all sorts of alien games are increasingly popular. "I am glad to see it," he says; "for the love of outdoor sport is a sure sign of vitality in a people." We shall hope that the Portuguese may add to their growing vitality a quickening in the moral sense as well, and in a number of ways emulate their progressive sovereigns. Honesty in politics and purity in life is a crying need, and there are others. Everything seems to have its price in Portugal. As they say, "You may buy a Lisbon paper for ten reis (a halfpenny); and you may buy its Editor for twenty!"

The home life of the Royal family is beautiful in its democratic simplicity, and is a fine example before the nation. There are two sons, the Crown Prince being Dom Luis Filippe, Duke of Braganza, fourteen years old, and his brother, Dom Manoel, Duke of Beja, eleven years of age. They are fine, healthy boys, and Queen Amélie, who knows how easily flattery finds entry into the hearts of princes, takes every opportunity of impressing upon them that, in themselves, they are not better than others.

The elder son is going in for the army, and the younger for the navy, which his father is building up anew.

Unlike most Royal receptions, those of the Lisbon court are not dull. The reigning family is noted for homeliness in its social functions rather than for dazzling receptions. Small affairs are encouraged, where music, informal dancing and conversation are fostered, to take off the chill of formal officialism.



ROYAL CASTLE OF CINTRA AND OLD MOORISH PALACE.

Should the King of Portugal ever go to battle his Queen would go with him, as she said she would a few years ago when a war with England was threatening. "Madame," said an old Marquis, who was at the palace conference on the dispute, "a woman's place is not on the battle-field; you have your children to think of." But she replied, "A woman's place, and a queen's, is always at her husband's side through good report and ill; and I

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should go with him." As the Queen is not hysterical those who know her best understand that she meant exactly what she said.

Not alone is the gracious Amélie heroic in the accepted sense, but she has the perhaps finer form of bravery in cheerfully accepting a lot of poverty. As is well known, the financial condition of Portugal in the past has been such that orders and decorations were often sold for cash under a very thin veil of official patronage. The Court at Lisbon is sadly fallen in a monetary way from the days when the Portuguese galleons swept all the seas for the rich spoil of South America and the antipodes. The previous administrations affairs were administered, in some respects, on a simpler scale than is usually found in the establishments of the well-to-do *bourgeois*.

Not alone can the Queen make her own costumes when necessary, but she knows how to inhabit them. She is always well-dressed, and suitably to the occasion, whether in her simple house-dress, or as the centre of a brilliant Court assembly. Her figure was readily distinguished from among the bewildering crowd of Royalties which came down upon London for the late Queen's Jubilee in 1897. She is beautiful with such dazzling beauty as is rarely seen; tall, elegant in carriage, with an exquisite face massed about with hair.

THE FISH MARKET AT LISBON.

so reduced the revenues of the country that when this young bride came to power she adapted herself at once to the depressed circumstances by practising the economy which was necessary if further financial discredit was to be averted.

There was no sadness tinging the voluntary sacrifice, but a joyful acceptance on her part of the pleasures and the sweet cares of a home to be managed on an economical basis. The royal splendour and ceremony were reduced until it is said her Majesty even made her clothes and trimmed her own bonnets, surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting, learning the lessons of economy as so effectively taught them by example.

It soon came to be that her household

In Court dress, with the glint of diamonds seconding the sparkle of her laughing eyes, the chatelaine of Portugal is truly wonderful in beauty.

It has been many times stated that this surprising young woman of many parts is a qualified physician; and this has been repeated so often that, as a close friend of her Majesty said to me, there seems little use in making further denial of this harmless public delusion. The Queen has simply been interested in hygiene because of her natural inclination towards hospital work, and also perhaps from a desire to help her husband conquer his rather alarming obesity, after the physicians had failed. Always suffering from *léger embonpoint*, the King of late years has been

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worried about his increasing corpulence; but he grew impatient over the dieting to which he was subjected, and he was inclined to abandon the irksome treatment and to snap his fingers at the medicos, with their regulations. But the Queen took the matter more seriously, and the easy-going Dom Carlos soon found that he could not escape the constant, unwearying attentions of his charming and sagacious health-restorer.

The result of this Spartan *régime* was that in a few months the King was better in health and slighter in girth. Plenty of exercise and care has continued to improve his Majesty to a notable degree and permanently. Her Majesty's purely amateur skill in medicine and surgery finds a constant usefulness. A wood-chopper was severely cut recently when she was passing through a forest, and she promptly dressed his wound. People in Lisbon are fond of telling how the Queen left her carriage to attend a poor girl who had fainted in the streets, and one can hardly remain in the capital a day without hearing of many such incidents.

Her Majesty loves to get out among her people, visiting the fish market, or wherever fancy leads her, to better understand humanity. "*Oh, mon Dieu, les pauvres gens!*" exclaims the Queen, when she moves about among the poor and suffering. Her Majesty's pity is infinite, and her sympathy is of the practical sort so greatly needed in her country. She has a rare insight into the woes of the world, which she employs all of her powers to cure, and for which she denies herself many luxuries, and would fain do more. The Queen is fearless of infection, as she moves about among the sick and dying, and she shrinks from no unpleasant sight nor risk, if she can better minister to the sufferers.

Largely at her own expense, she maintains three hospitals, and the latest of these, founded for the treatment of consumption, is domiciled in the old seafortress of Olhao, which furnishes a splendid sanatorium. The first institution of the sort established by her Majesty is a dispensary and hospital for the sick children of the poor, where they are not only treated gratis, but nourishing food and all else hastens their recovery. When in Lisbon, she usually pays a daily visit to one or other of her institutions, where she often waits in person upon the feeble ones, as she feeds them, and soothes their sufferings with her kindly smile and words. These were the first regular nursing institutions to be established in Portugal, and they are excellently well managed through the wisdom and practical skill of their founder and her trained assistants. She is giving special attention to the improvement of the hospitals in general, and to the extension of the plans which she has so ably inaugurated. The nursing sisterhoods of the Church find in her a great ally. Her Majesty is a born nurse, and she never loses her head. She takes an absorbing interest in the progress of the malady, and adds to this professional view a loving interest in her patient.

This is a "new" woman in a duly down-to-date degree, and she is especially keen on improving the status of her sex. As an enemy to tight-lacing, she has long preached to the ladies of her Court on its evils. When the Röntgen rays were announced the Queen promptly seized upon them to further illustrate her argument. She prevailed upon one of the most wasp-waisted of the belles to permit herself to be photographed by the X-rays; and then she triumphantly proved by the picture how the internal organs are deformed by the senseless practice. Of course, the sensation-loving press proclaimed that her Majesty had insisted upon every lady in her suite being photographed for her internal deformities; but this exaggeration does not discount the fact that tight-lacing is certainly on the decrease in Portugal, as happily elsewhere.

The prevention of cruelty to animals is also an active interest of this gentle Queen, who is remarkably fond of pets; and theology has long engrossed her attention. The Pope conferred upon Queen Amélie the Golden Rose as the highest approval of Rome upon one of the fairest daughters of the Church.

There are nearly half-a-score of Royal residences, a third of which are largely in ruins as a mute witness that the ancient opulence of Portugal is now sadly changed. Some of these palaces are specially picturesque, notably that at Cintra, looking across from its cliffs upon an ancient Moorish palace remaining as a memory of the time when the sons of Mahomet held the Iberian Peninsula in large part. Cintra is in good repair, and the Royal family greatly enjoy spending the summer

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there near the sea. Another grand old residence, now deserted, is the gloomy palace of Queluz, standing in a narrow valley near Lisbon. There is a story that somewhere among its winding passages and heavy marble walls a vast treasure is concealed, from the days of Portugal's greatness, when the pearls of the Orient and the gold of the West flowed into her vaults in heavy bags.

Perhaps the most melancholy ruin remaining from the country's short-lived greatness as a world power, is the church, convent, and palace of Mafra, which vies with the Vatican as the largest building in the world. It cost above a million of pounds to build; it contains priceless works of art, and an army might be reviewed on its roof. But now the monks are dispersed, the magnificent church ministers to the spiritual needs of a miserable village of a few hundreds of people, and the palace serves its Royal owners only for a few weeks in the year as a shooting-box.

Portugal impresses one as being a country of ruins, and slowly sinking to its death in absorption by some stronger power, unless revived; all pointing to the moral, as in Spain, that wealth coming from the plunder of the weak can never build a greatness that will endure. There are signs of promise, however; for new industries are being exploited, and the country is rich, even if the State be poor. A high Government official informed me that many abuses have been put down, and more are to follow, as beginning the real development of modern Portugal. One may but hope that the good sense of its King, and the singular qualities of its heroic Queen, may one day fulfil the present promise for better things in store for their people.

EDWARD PAGE GASTON.

"TOILER, CANST THOU DREAM?"

Toiler, canst thou dream,
At the seam, at the plough?
Higher heritage than kings
Hast thou.

Canst thou read, in star or weed,
Answer to thy heart's deep cry?
Gold, nor gem, nor Love's own crown
So satisfy.

Toiler, canst thou wait,
Through the storm-black hour, elate,
Ruler of thy recreant will,
Dominant of Fate?

Toiler, canst thou trust?
From the dust, stand, and tell,
Though the tears come streaming, all—
All is well!

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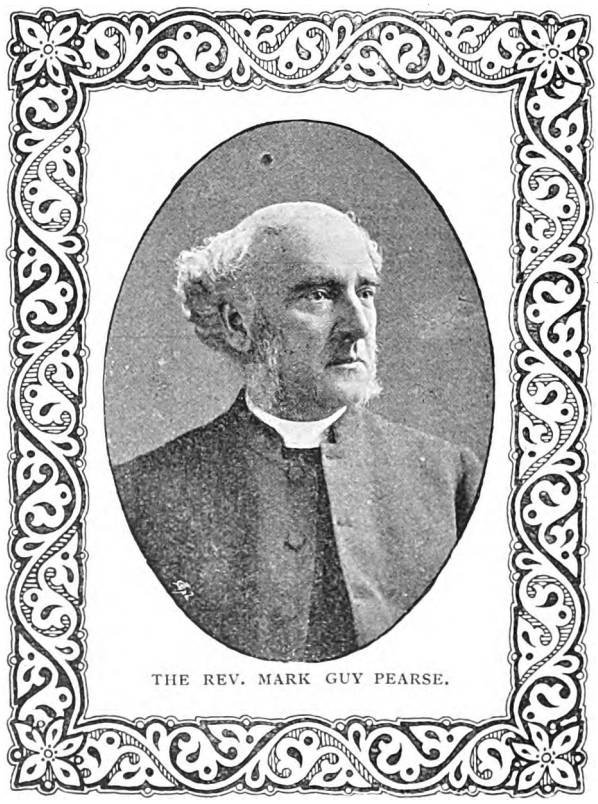
THE ADVANTAGES OF COMMON PEOPLE.

By the Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE.

So long as the world stands the commonest thing in it will be common people. As people multiply, common people will increase; and, as civilisation advances, the great gulfs that sever men will surely be bridged over—the lowly will be exalted and the lofty brought low, and things shall be, thank God, more and more to the advantage of the common people. And the welfare of the world lies in the welfare of the common people.

There was an interesting article some time since in one of the magazines on "Mountain Stumps," in which the writer described the Dartmoor tors as the worn-down stumps of an ancient mountain range once rivalling the Alps; and showed that through the ages a thousand subtle and silent influences had been at work grinding down these heights and spreading them into the cornfields and pastures of Devon. In social life there are similar forces at work bringing down the mighty and scattering the privileges of the exalted for the welfare of the common people—not by red-handed revolution and the fury of the Communist, but here, too, by forces subtle, silent, yet irresistible. The future of the world belongs to the common people. The religion of the future is the religion which has most room for common people, and that is the religion of Jesus Christ. This is His glory and distinction: "The common people heard him gladly."



THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

Once in Abraham Lincoln's presence somebody spoke of some public personage as "a common-looking person." Lincoln replied: "The Lord prefers common-looking people—that is why He has made so many of them." Certainly the Lord Jesus preferred the common people. He chose to be born amongst them and live amongst them all his life. He liked to get away from the Scribes and Pharisees of Judea to the multitudes of Galilee. He found in them His readiest hearers, His most trusted followers, and His most devoted disciples.

From the common people

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it was that Jesus met with the hearty faith, and the love that ministered to Him; the joy and solace and friendship of His life were in the companionship and service of earth's common people.

Common people are a kind of virgin soil, like the prairies, free and open for the seed of the truth. But the Scribes and Pharisees of old time and of to-day are like the stately forests, where there must be much cutting down and much rooting up before you can get room for the seed; and, alas! the branches spread far and wide, and the roots go deep down; and the process of clearing is a difficult and, perhaps, a painful matter.

If you are going to envy anybody, it is safest to envy the common people, who are neither dreadfully poor nor dreadfully rich; who can receive the truth in its simplicity, because they live simple lives, and are simple people; and who can follow Christ the more readily because they have little to leave behind. It is true that Peter said once: "We have left all to follow Thee"; but, so far as we know, his property consisted only of a third part of a fishing-boat and some fishing-gear that would not fetch much. This is the compensation of the common people—they can hear Him gladly wherever He is, and they can go forth to follow Him.

The religion of Jesus Christ is the religion for common people, *because it does away with them.*

Even in this age—the best which the world has ever seen—the greatest offence of which a man can be guilty is to be a common person. The world, even the religious world, can do with badness if it is only brilliant and distinguished. Genius is still more than goodness. But bad as all this is in our time, it is scarcely possible for us to imagine the haughty pride with which the superior persons alike amongst Jew and Greek and Roman walked the earth, and the utter contempt with which they turned from the people.

The very idea of a common humanity had never entered into the world; even the deep-thinking Greek had no word that could express it. Jesus Christ first taught that truth, and established it. Jesus Christ has utterly redeemed us from the commonplace. He has uplifted and hallowed the whole race by His becoming one of us; by His revelation of the Father; and by that which He has done for us.

Take these points and dwell upon them. Jesus Christ has done away with all that is common in humanity by becoming *one of us.* We call that common which is plentiful. Who then can help being common, huddled together as men and women are, in such crowds? The cheapest thing in the world is men and women. But Jesus Christ has set a price upon humanity, and such a price! He astonished the world by asking how much better is a man than a sheep? A sheep—why, it is worth money; a sheep is cared for; a sheep can get fresh air and green pasture. But what is the worth of humanity now, since the Son of God came down from Heaven to take upon Himself this very human nature—bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; to be the little Babe amongst its little ones; the Lad amongst its children, the Man amongst its men?

If that is not to be called common which God hath cleansed, what then of that humanity wherein God Himself hath dwelt, tabernacling in our midst? He spake with human lips; He stretched forth kindly human hands; He bent over the poor earth and wept for its sorrows; those hands and feet for our salvation were nailed to the dreadful Cross; and, now that human nature of ours is uplifted and glorified, seated upon the throne of the universe and swaying the sceptre of all worlds, and He Who is our Brother still, is King of Kings and Lord of Lords. No more is this humanity a common thing. For Christ has for ever hallowed, and ennobled, and uplifted it. By becoming one of us He has redeemed us from the commonplace.

Again, He has redeemed us from the commonplace by becoming *one with us.* We call that common which is put to common uses. Alas, how poor a thing is life when it is hungry, and when it must bend over the hard work until the sweat falls from the brow! Human nature is a poor thing unless it is robed in splendour and ministered to by wealth, and waited upon by art, and unless Nature's gifts are lavished upon it. But come and see the redemption and uplifting of humanity.

The Son of God, the King of Glory, becomes a little Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger, amid all the rude discomforts of poverty. Is not this the Carpenter, here at the bench with ringing axe and plane and saw? How He must work to keep the roof

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above the mother's head, and to earn the daily bread! How is He homeless and a-hungered, without a place whereon to lay his head! How wearied is He, without leisure so much as to eat! How little of earth's luxury did He know, who lay on the rough deck of the ship for a bed, drenched by the waves, and with but the thin dress of the peasant to protect Him from the wild night winds! How poor is He Who with His last breath must trust His mother to the keeping of His disciple!

Let us no more call that condition of life common which the Blessed Lord chose to accept as his own. In these poor circumstances He lived the loftiest and sublimest life that earth has ever seen. He chose the condition of the common people as that wherein He could best fulfil the Father's will, and most widely bless a perishing world. He has exalted the man above his circumstances.

Christ has redeemed us from the common place by the revelation of the Father.

Love has nothing common. How common a creature was that poor lad as he went away up the bleak hillside to feed the swine, perishing with hunger—lost, unloved, nothing to anybody in all that far country! But he comes home. "And when he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and ran and fell upon his neck and kissed him." Oh, he is much, very much now. "Bring forth the best robe" —nothing is good enough for him now— "the ring for the finger, and the shoes for the feet, and the fatted calf." He is everything, everybody now. This is my son! So doth our God redeem us from the commonplace. "Behold, what manner of love the Father has bestowed on us that we should be called the children of God;" and such we are. No common person is he, all undistinguished in the crowd, who can kneel and say: "Our Father Who art in Heaven."

And yet again, Jesus Christ hath redeemed our humanity from the commonplace by that which He has done and shall do for us. My brother, whoever thou art, if thou art the Lord's and he is thine, lift up thy head and walk the earth as if thou wert somebody. What pride, what distinction, what ambition, can vie with this, "The Son of God loved me, and gave Himself for me?" What lofty expectation, what splendid inheritance, can match this, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day"? He is no common person who by birth is so exalted, by kinship is so highly distinguished, and by right and title hath so fair an estate awaiting him. "When the Son of man shall come in His glory, then shall He say to them on His right hand: Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." "And they shall reign for ever and ever." Life loses its littleness in Him, and finds its glory in Him; even as the seed lay in the granary, a mass common and unlovely; but in the earth it lost itself to find itself, and sprang up a thing so beautiful that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

The gifts the Saviour seeks are gifts that the common people can bring—faith that receives Him, and love that serves Him.

The gift which the Saviour brings is that which the common people can accept —Himself to be our Saviour, our Brother and our All.

MARK GUY PEARSE.

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THE HOMELAND OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

By A. FREDERIC WHITE.

THE progress of civilisation with its emblem, the invading factory chimney, has so changed the face of "Merrie England" that it is difficult to picture our land as Shakespeare knew it.

But if we would catch a glimpse of that olden time we must hasten from the centres of industry and the broad highways of commerce and seek out some entirely rural spot where the scream of the railway is not heard, nor the influence of cities felt.

There in the deep country amidst the sweet rusticity of thatched cottages with their low hanging roofs, of old manor houses with their quaint gables and casement windows, and of the ivy covered churches all embowered in ancient oak and elm, we can take a look back from Twentieth Century times to the days of Shakespeare and beyond.

In the homeland of our great poet we find many spots where we can recall faintly the likeness of "Old England;" not in Stratford, the great show place for sightseers, but in the quiet country villages, where the peasantry still retain something of the manners and customs of their ancestors, and where we are surrounded on every hand by relics of the past.

True these relics are disappearing; the old thatched cottages, after centuries of service, are being replaced one by one by "workmen's dwellings" of the useful but unpicturesque red brick type, and the manor-houses have fared even worse, while in the people themselves there is the greatest change of all.

Talk to any of the older cottagers and you will be delighted to hear many a rich idiomatic Shakespearean phrase uttered by the unconscious rustic, but the younger Board-school generation are being brought quite into line with modern manners and forms of speech, and so the English of Shakespeare will soon be preserved alone in his immortal works.

To the pilgrim to Shakespeare's country, the poet's birthplace is of course the Mecca to which he first directs his steps.

The old house in Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon, is generally believed to be the one in which the poet was born on St. George's Day, April 23rd, 1564; and thither have flocked the world's greatest men to pay tribute to his memory.

Of course nothing with regard to Shakespeare can hope to go undisputed, and reference to critical authorities will reveal abundant learned arguments to prove that the claims of the Henley Street house are built on shadowy foundations. That, however, matters little to the ardent disciples of the great bard (and who would exclude himself from the number?), for even the critics cannot deny that the house was the property of the poet's father, John Shakespeare, and since we have tradition on our side why should we churlishly turn away from the only evidence that gives to the birthplace of our national poet "a local habitation and a name"?

The house is built in the usual style of the Elizabethan period; black and white timbered, with casement windows and high peaked gables, and framed inside with beams of massive oak. The rooms are large but very low, too low according to our ideas of comfort, but very picturesque with their latticed windows,

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deep ingle nooks and capacious fireplaces, in which the yule log crackled merrily in times past.

The walls of the room in which the poet was born are covered with autographs, and the visitor may read many distinguished names side by side with those of humble individuals unknown to fame, but no less ardent admirers of the poet's genius.

These signatures have been partially obliterated by whitewash, the act of an old woman, one of the Hart family, who claimed to be a descendant of Shakespeare, and who, early in the last century, was cruelly turned out of the house in which she had dwelt all her life, and left by a grateful nation without any provision. This was her revenge for the treatment she received, but happily it was not quite so effective as the poor old soul intended, as the whitewash has been partially removed.

The house had a chequered history during the first half of the nineteenth century. Up to that time it remained in the possession of Shakespeare's descendants, when it was sold by William Shakespeare Hart to Thomas Court, from whose family it was purchased by the nation in 1849. But the old house suffered much degradation before that happy event. Part of it had been converted into an inn, and another part into a butcher's shop, and the worthy proprietor of the latter establishment saw no incongruity in the sign which he caused to be prominently displayed outside his premises:—

"William Shakespeare was born in this house.

N.B.—A horse and taxed cart to let."

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE—HENLEY STREET, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

BRONZE BUST OF SHAKESPEARE BY WILLIAM PAGE, PRESIDENT OF NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK.

After the house where the poet first saw the light there is no place so interesting as the simple country cottage from which he led his bride to the altar.

To visit Anne Hathaway's dwelling we must take the footpath which leads across the fields to Shottery, the self-same footpath which Shakespeare himself must have often trod when he went to woo "Sweet Anne," and which the two lovers many a time traversed together. Who can doubt that Shakespeare had those pleasant rambles in his mind when he sang that sweet song of the country lovers:—

It was a lover and his lass
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

It is a delightful walk of a mile or more on a bright summer's day; the air is fragrant with the scent of wild flowers, and the birds sing blithely in the blossoming hedgerows and in the stately trees.

The scenery is perfectly rustic and peaceful, a rich smiling country where ripening crops and broad expanses of meadow-land blend their shades of gold and green; and though the way may have seemed long to the lover's

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impatient feet as he hastened towards Shottery, and Anne, it will not be so to us, for besides its beauty it is haunted with memories of him.

Passing up the village street of Shottery we soon come to the gate of the famous cottage, and entering, find ourselves in the midst of a beautiful garden, where the fine old-fashioned flowers mingle their deep tints and offer to the eye a mass of bloom. There is an orchard rich with the promise of the autumn, and a spring of purest water which has bubbled up from the ground since the days of Shakespeare.

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

The appearance of the cottage speaks for its age, and this is especially noticeable inside, where the great fireplace, deep ingle nook, heavily timbered ceiling, and tiny paned windows make us aware that if Shakespeare did not come to woo in this self-same cottage, it was not for the commonplace reason that the cottage did not exist.

The old lady who up to two years ago used to perform the honours of the place had no doubts upon the subject, any more than that she was a lineal descendant of Susan, the niece of Anne Hathaway, in proof of which she would proudly point to her genealogical tree traced back for four generations, and pasted in an old Bible.

This dear old soul went to her rest in September, 1899. She was Mrs. Mary Taylor Baker, and her maiden name was Hathaway. The portrait which appears on this page was "taken" shortly before she died, and is now published for the first time.

The cottage was purchased by the trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace for £3,000, and Mrs. Baker received £500 for certain articles of furniture, including the wooden settle, whereon the lovers must have often sat, and a finely carved Elizabethan bedstead. The present custodian of the cottage is Mrs. Baker's only son, William Baker.

"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

Turning again to Stratford we must not forget to mention King Edward VI.'s Grammar School where Shakespeare probably acquired his "small Latin and less Greek," so characterised by his friend and fellow dramatist, that fine old pedant, Ben Jonson.

The School is situated in Church Street and is directly south of the Guild Chapel. The beautiful woodwork has been covered by stucco, a fate which the barbarous taste of our predecessors has entailed on too many old buildings. A ceiling also, at one time, concealed the crossbeams and rafters, but this has now been happily removed.

The beautiful woodlands that skirt the

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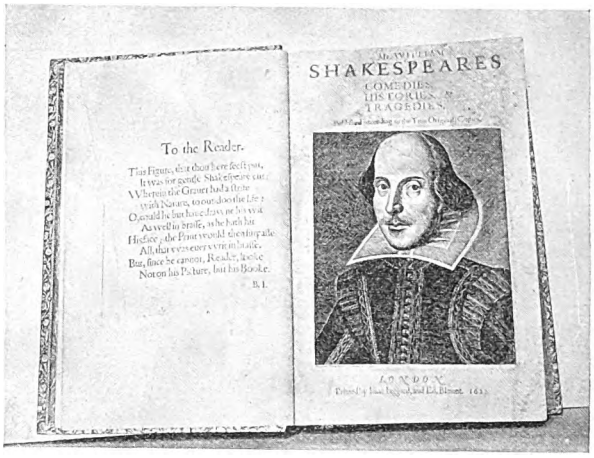
banks of the silvery Avon, and are dotted both north and south of Stratford, form one of the greatest charms of Shakespeare's country. In the remains of the mighty forest of Arden, which once covered the greater part of the county, we look upon the sylvan scene of "As You Like It," which beautiful in itself, but idealised by the poet's wondrous art, has become on his page the loveliest of forest haunts ; the scene which, with all its beauty of ancient trees, soft moss-grown banks, and crystal waters, served but as a foil to the caustic humour of the melancholy Jaques.



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A COPY OF THE FIRST FOLIO EDITION.

Here, but of better mind, we too can lie—

Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.

And if it be not the identical tree that sheltered the misanthropic Jaques it answers exactly to the poet's description—bending over the stream, and with uncovered roots imaged in the clear water.

The air is heavy with the scent of flowers, the green and golden light streams through Nature's arcade of trees, and, as we rest upon some grassy bank listening to the dreamy music of the stream as it goes tinkling over the stones, the song which soothed the luxurious melancholy of Jaques rings in our ears its invitation :—

Under the Greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

And who is this brushing aside the green branches, habited as a youth but with face more lovely than is given to man? It is one of the fairest creations with which our poet has peopled these woods—the gentle, sprightly Rosalind, coming to us through the realm of fancy—Rosalind who had—

Helen's cheek but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.

With half shut eyes we seem to see her reading from the barks of forest trees the sweet outpourings of her love-sick Orlando, and is it naught but a vision? No, for surely before us is a modern Rosalind, less dainty and graceful, but just as true to love,—a simple village maiden, with cheeks of healthy red, and homely features, spelling from the tree whereon is rudely carved her lover's name and her own.

AN OLD HOUSE IN STRATFORD.

It is in vain for our "Gentle Willy" to transfer the scenes of his plays to foreign lands, and to make his

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fairies disport in classic woods. There is the English flavour in all he writes, and as we wander among the giant oaks and elms and lean delighted on the

> Bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
> Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
> Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,
> With sweet musk roses and with eglantine,"

we breathe the very atmosphere of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "As You Like It." Shakespeare wrote of the scenes which he saw around him, and of the people with whom he held daily converse, and though under the witchery of his art he has shed upon them "the light that never was on sea or shore," and peopled them with shapes and sounds which belong only to the glorious realm of fancy there is something in every homely English flower and every ancient tree to enable us to recognise the haunts of Oberon and Titania.

STRATFORD CHURCH FROM THE FIELDS.

CHARLECOTE, THE SEAT OF THE LUCY FAMILY.

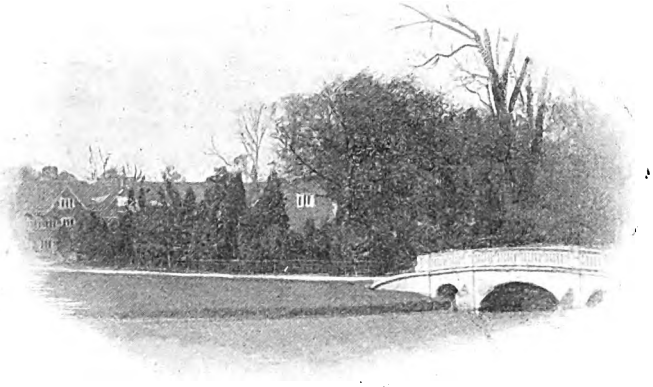
The actual spot which is said to have inspired the forest scenery of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is Weir Brake, which is reached by a path that leads down by the Avon; here the earliest primroses come, and it is said to have been Shakespeare's favourite walk.

In our wanderings round the homeland of Shakespeare we must not forget to visit Wilmcote, the home of Mary Arden, the poet's mother, and Snitterfield, where his father spent his boyhood.

The Ardens were a family of ancient descent, who traced their lineage back to Saxon times. They were substantial landed proprietors, and the bride which the prosperous wool merchant, John Shakespeare, won for himself could boast a more distinguished lineage than half the nobles in the land.

At Wilmcote there is an old farmhouse with picturesque outbuildings, situated just on the outskirts of the village, which is known locally as Mary Arden's cottage.

Owing to modern restorations the building does not look its age from the



THE BRIDGE OVER THE AVON, CHARLECOTE.

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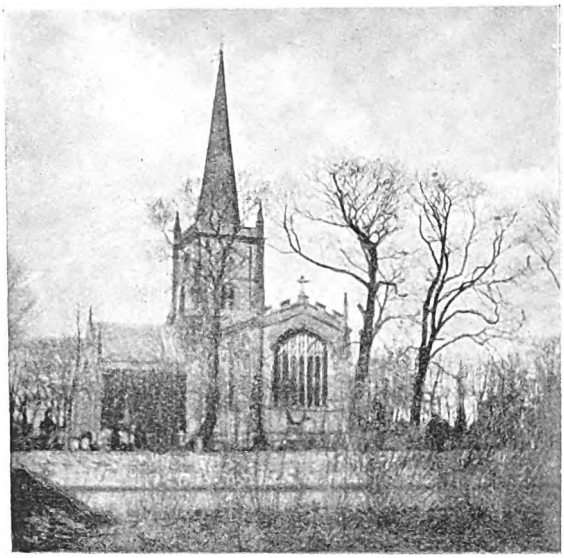

STRATFORD CHURCH.

outside, but inside there are all the characteristic features of an old English dwelling.

Snitterfield, the home of the poet's grandfather, is another peaceful old village lying in a lovely valley just behind the Welcombe hills, which rise to the north-west of Stratford, and it is about an hour and a half's walk from that town.

Shakespeare's grandfather cultivated a farm there, which he rented from Robert Arden, but the farmhouse is gone, and, in fact, save for the village church, there is no building standing which existed in those days.

In 1551 young John Shakespeare left his native village and went to the neighbouring town of Stratford to make his fortune. Though misfortune pursued him in later life, everything prospered with him at first, and he became a man of considerable consequence in Stratford, being a prominent member of the Corporation, and finally becoming Mayor of the town.

He also was a tenant of Robert Arden, and the tale goes that it was when he went to Wilmcote to pay his first quarter's rent that he met his future wife, and it was a case of love at first sight on both sides. The probabilities are, however, that the family had been known to him from childhood.

Another place of great interest to the Shakespearean student is Charlecote, the ancestral home of the Lucy's.

Whether there is any truth in the deer-stealing incident or not it is impossible to decide, but there is little doubt that "The Swan of Avon" had a grudge to pay off against the head of the Lucy family, which he did effectively by satirising him in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," as the empty-headed, pompous and narrow-minded Justice Shallow, "a gentleman born," and one who had written himself "Armigero, these three hundred years."

But it is quite possible that this had no connection with the wild escapade attributed to the poet. The Lucy family were like the imaginary Dedlocks, as old as the hills and twice as respectable, and they probably looked down with a good deal of contempt on the thriving wool merchant and his family, who had had the temerity to apply for a coat of arms. Then the Lucy's were strict Puritans while the Shakespeares had a decided Catholic leaning and this may have embittered the relations between the two families.

But, whatever the cause of these long forgotten quarrels, we may well be content to leave them in obscurity when visiting this fine old family seat, which, with all its beauties of situation and architecture, owes its chief glory to the halo which the name of Shakespeare throws round it, for we know that his eyes must have constantly looked upon it.

The mansion is very little changed in

THE SILVERY AVON.

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LORD RONALD GOWER'S MEMORIAL TO THE POET.
(Lord Ronald is standing in front.)

appearance from what it was in the days of Elizabeth, such alterations as there are having been made in perfect taste and in harmony with the original building. A broad avenue leads up to its great gateway, which opens into the courtyard. The mansion itself is a fine specimen of the old English manor-house, with its picturesquely grouped gables and octagonal shaped towers, one standing at each of the four corners.

It is built on a gentle eminence overlooking the Avon, which, flowing at its feet, goes winding on through the beautiful deer park, where the red deer still disport themselves under the ancient trees, now, at all events, unmenaced by the attacks of predatory youth.

There is another alleged youthful exploit of Shakespeare, of very doubtful authenticity, but commemorated by a satiric verse, which the country people unanimously ascribe to the great poet. It is interesting only because it cleverly hits off the characteristics of certain Shakespearean villages. It is said that Shakespeare and some wild companions went over to Bidford, a village lying to the south of Stratford, to engage in a drinking contest with certain men of Bidford, and that they had by no means the best of it.

On returning home they were so overcome that they had to rest awhile under a crab tree, and, apparently feeling disgusted with the whole affair, Shakespeare, to the delight of his companions, relieved his feelings by the following verse, in which he stigmatised not only the offending Bidford but the whole neighbourhood :—

Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,
Haunted Hilboro', Hungry Grafton ;
Dudging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
Beggarly Broom and Drunken Bidford.

At Piping Pebworth there was for many centuries an unrivalled village choir, while Dancing Marston, long famed for its morris dances, has lately re-established them. Papist Wixford is largely owned by Catholic families ; Beggarly Broom is in a sad state of dilapidation, and Drunken Bidford makes a speciality of home-brewed ale.

Chipping Campden, between the Cotswold and Ilmington Hills, was, in Shakespeare's day, famous for its athletic games and sports, and continued to be so down to fifty years ago. These sports were celebrated on Whit Tuesday, and to them flocked the champion athletes from the Midlands to engage in wrestling, backsword exercise, fisticuffs, racing and jumping, and other games. Shakespeare makes reference to these sports in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Slender asks of Master Page, "How does your

INSIDE THE CHURCH.

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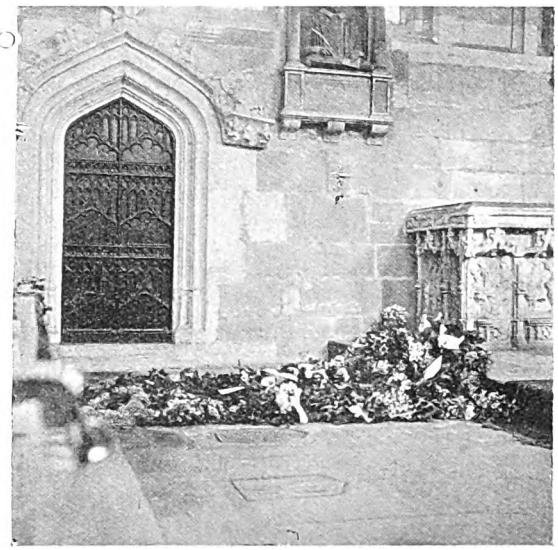
fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall."

The most interesting memorial of Shakespeare's later life, the Great House at Stratford, afterwards known as the "New Place," was destroyed by the vandalism of a later tenant.

It was here the poet spent his years of retirement from the stage—a retirement full of intellectual activity, for it was at this time that he gave to the world "King Lear," and other plays which have been reckoned amongst his sublimest productions.

He was now a man of substance and social consequence, and looked up to by the worthy burghers of Stratford perhaps more on this account than for his commanding genius, which, though recognised, had not yet raised him in the estimation of his contemporaries to his true position as the greatest figure in English literature.



THE LAST RESTING PLACE.

It was this dwelling, rich with associations of the poet's riper years, that a local magnate, Sir Hugh Clopton, pulled down in consequence of a dispute with the rating authorities. Some ascribe the outrageous act to another tenant, Francis Gastrell, a clergyman, who certainly signalised himself by cutting down Shakespeare's mulberry tree, planted with the poet's own hands, because he did not wish to be troubled to show it to visitors. Of course there was a great outcry against this atrocity, and it is said that Gastrell retaliated by levelling the house to the ground.

Whoever was guilty of the outrage, nothing now remains of the "New Place" but portions of the foundations, which are carefully wired in to protect them.

In the "old town" there still exists, though with a modern front, the house where Shakespeare's eldest daughter, Susannah, lived after her marriage to Dr. Hall, who was then a rising physician and afterwards made a distinguished name for himself. He was a strict Puritan, and the fact that Shakespeare permitted the marriage is proof of the breadth of his mind.

But our pilgrimage is at an end and we come to a stand by the poet's grave in the old church.

A bust of him rests in a niche above the grave, and is the most authentic likeness that we have, as it was probably placed there by the family within seven years of his death.

The well known lines on the stone purporting to be written by Shakespeare, and containing a malediction on whomsoever should disturb his bones, may be dismissed as most unlikely to be his; they are so completely un-Shakespearean in thought and feeling.

But the other inscription which the tomb bears, written in Latin it is supposed by Dr. Hall, who was an eminent scholar, is a worthy tribute to the memory of our great poet, and shows that there were those even then who could appreciate the loftiness of his genius.

These are the words, and who shall gainsay them:—

"JUDICIO PYLIUM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM; TERRA TEGIT, POPULUS MÆRET, OLYMPUS HABET."

"In Judgment a Nestor, in Genius a Socrates, in Art a Virgil; Earth covers him; the People mourn him, Heaven possesses him." A. FREDERIC WHITE.

We are indebted to Mr. A. G. Browning for permission to reproduce the photographs which illustrate this article. It is through the kindness of Mr. W. G. Lacy we are enabled to give the reduced facsimile of the copy of the First Folio Edition which appears on page 874. To both these gentlemen the Editor tenders his sincere thanks.

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The Turning of Stephen Rennick.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

I.

"HE turned me out, miss, he did indeed, an' 'it me till I'm black an' blue, an' told me I needn't never go 'ome no more. An' I won't, neither, if on'y you'll take me in, miss, and let me stay?"

It was a dripping night. The rain had been falling all day in one steady, continuous downpour. September had set in with storm and tempest, and there seemed no present prospect of any change for the better.

Nelly Rennick stood on the mat in the hall of a house in Soho Square. The rays of a lamp above her head fell full upon her short thin figure, and her pretty pointed face, with its eager expression, and large beautiful dark blue eyes. Her dark hair was very curly, and its pretty waves and rings almost hid the low broad brow, and gave something of a heavy look to her countenance; and the cheeks were pinched and wan, so that the dimples which ought to have been there had lost their pristine beauty, and the curved lips quivered and trembled as she spoke. It was plain that she had been a very pretty girl, but that ill-health and poverty and sorrow had played havoc with her good looks. Her dress was torn and shabby, her hat crushed and broken, the thin shawl which she had wrapped round her shoulders hardly concealed the deficiencies of her half-open cotton bodice.

Her words were addressed to a lady in white cap and muslin bib and apron, with a great bunch of keys hanging by a steel chain at the side of her black dress. The lady was not quite young, and she was in charge of an institution which received destitute girls, and cared for them whenever it was possible to do so. She had known Nelly before she married Stephen Rennick, and would have been glad to help her but for one insurmountable obstacle—that all her beds were full, and the committee would not let her take in one single person more.

"I'm very sorry, Nelly," she said kindly, "and if you had come a week ago we might have kept you, but it is quite impossible to-night. Every corner of the house is full."

"If you'd on'y let me sleep in the kitchen, Miss! I've nowhere to go to; now father's dead, my stepmother won't have me near her, though I'm sure I hain't done nothing to vex her, and now that 'e—Stephen Rennick's turned me out, I've not a place to lay down in, nor anything to wear but what I stands up in."

"It's no use, Nelly. I can't take you in, and you'd much better go to the workhouse infirmary. It's close by and here's a shilling for you; but that's all I can do at present. You'll be quite comfortable in the infirmary; the nursing is very good, and they are kind to the patients. You don't look fit to be out of doors to-night."

Nelly accepted the shilling gratefully, and moved towards the door, but shook her head at the suggestion of a workhouse. "I'd better go to the river, I think," she murmured desolately, as she turned away. The lady's heart yearned over her, but she was obliged to shut her out: the house was already too crowded, and she could not take her in.

She wondered often during the next few weeks what had become of Nelly; and she inquired of various dwellers in that

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part of the world, whether the girl had been seen or heard of, but nothing was known of her. December came before the lady obtained any information as to the fate of Nelly Rennick; and then the information was brought by Nelly herself, who arrived one evening, in new and smart array, with hands and face wonderfully clean, and in her arms the most decidedly lovely and attractive baby that the lady superintendent had ever seen.

Babies are not usually good to look at when they are only three months old. Nelly Rennick's baby had a white skin, large dark blue eyes, and—wonder of wonders!—a quantity of soft, silky hair, which curled over its forehead much in the same way that Nelly's did. It was fairly clean, but of course, it was commonly dressed, and not until Nelly had taken off its poor little red hood, with the trimming of grubby swansdown, did Miss Eden recognise the fact that it was a baby who would have done honour, in point of beauty, to a royal nursery. And it was not the beauty of mere chubbiness—it was a refined sort of beauty, inherited possibly from some unknown ancestor or ancestors, who had left more than a touch of it in Nelly's pretty, pinched face.

"Why, Nelly, what a beautiful baby! Is it yours?"

"Yes, Miss, it's mine," said Nelly, laughing aloud with very joy. "Ain't she a duck? Everybody admires her. Why, I can't hardly get along in the street for people turnin' round to say what a beauty she is. I went to the infirmary, Miss. They was very kind to me, an' give me lots o' things for baby."

"Are you at work now, Nelly?"

"No, Miss, I'm living with Stephen, my 'usband, Miss."

"But I thought you left him?"

"It's baby done it, Miss," said Nelly triumphantly. "It's fair turned him, it has. He's not the same man since he've seen baby. He came an' looked at it, and everybody says to 'im, 'Wot a fine baby you 'ave,' and when 'e took it in his arms, Miss, it just turned him. it did. He says, 'Nelly, if you'll come back to me, I'll give up the drink, an' never strike you again,' he says, 'so help me God. It's the little 'un as done it,' he says, 'and I'm a turned man, Nelly, from this day forth,' says he. And so I've gone back t'un, and 'e comes 'ome reg'lar of a night, for he's got work, thank God, an' 'e fair worship the baby, Miss, he does."

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Miss Eden; and she asked a few questions about Stephen Rennick's work, and Nelly's own requirements, before dismissing her with gifts for her baby and sincere wishes for her happiness.

"Heaven bless you, Miss," said Nelly—she was a fervent little soul, and half Irish by parentage. "May your bed be in heaven! I'll tell Stephen how glad you was he had turned."

"What is baby's name, Nelly?"

Nelly stopped short and looked confused. "It's a queer name, Miss," she said, with some reluctance, "but we calls her nothing but Baby and Beauty at present. She was christened Hortons Terriss."

And it was some time after Nelly's departure that Miss Eden awoke to the consciousness that she must have meant "Hortense Thérèse," though why she should have called her first-born by a French name that she could neither spell nor pronounce was beyond Miss Eden's comprehension.

II.

It came about in this way. When Nelly staggered away from Miss Eden's home, talking vaguely of the river, but meaning to go to the workhouse after all, she went first, as a sort of preliminary measure, to the court where she and her husband had lived for the last few months together. She did not intend to go back to him, but she thought of asking her landlady to go with her to "the 'ouse," and of bribing her with her shilling to give her a cup of tea with a "drop of something" in it. The landlady, however, was out, and Nelly was turning away from the house with a sensation of keen disappointment, when she was accosted by one of the other lodgers.

"Madame! You want something! You are wet—fatigued; is there nothing I can 'ave the honour to do for you?"

He was a Frenchman, who lived on the floor lower than the Rennicks, and was, therefore, of higher social standing; and he was so old, with so many wrinkles and crow's-feet, and so much snow-white hair that she regarded him with some awe, as well as the usual contempt afforded by her class to all foreigners.

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"Eh?" said Nelly, turning her pretty pathetic face up towards him. "Am I wet, do you say? I'm soakin', mister, an' my chap's turned me out an' won't let me in again." She burst into tears as she spoke.

"Ah! *le miserable! le scélérat!*" muttered the old man between his teeth. "It is these brutal English who treat their wives in such a manner. *Ciel!* if I thought that my Thérèse—— Come into my room and dry your clothes, my child," he said, addressing Nelly with great gentleness. "I had a daughter like you—once; for her sake I shall be glad to see you. There is fire, there is coffee, you shall be welcome to all."

"I have a shilling," said Nelly with hungry eagerness. "I can pay you for the coffee, mister, and if you had a slice of bread as well——"

He put aside the proffered coin with some anger. "I ask you to visit me as a friend, I do not sell my coffee," he said gruffly. And Nelly, half frightened, half reassured, followed him to his room, which was so neat and clean that to her it seemed like a palace. Yet the furniture was poor and plain in the extreme, but it shone from the care that had been bestowed upon it.

The old man, generally known in the neighbourhood as Mosseer, which Nelly translated Mister, in order, as she thought, to save his feelings, was a native of Auvergne, who had come to London in search of a missing daughter, who had disappeared with an English tourist. Many years had elapsed since then, and poor Thérèse Duvernay lay buried in a parish grave; but old Antoine Duvernay would not believe that his search could be fruitless, and continued to look for his daughter in the London streets, and to ask tidings of her from every passing stranger. This peculiarity of his was well known, and procured him much rough chaff from his neighbours, which, however, he very imperfectly understood. Nelly was well aware of all this, and felt a little alarm, as well as some exultation, at being admitted into his abode. He gave her a very substantial meal, helped her to dry her shawl and hat at the fire, and told her to come to him again if she wanted further help. "I'm going to the workhus," said Nelly, sorrowfully, in reply.

"But you'll be here again—outside—before long?"

"P'raps so," said Nelly, miserably.

But when she came out a month later,

"AH! LE MISERABLE! LE SCÉLERAT!" MUTTERED THE OLD MAN.

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with her baby in her arms, her first thought was of the old man and his invitation. She stumbled wearily up the stairs to his door, and, finding him out, sat down on the landing to wait. When at last he came she had fallen into a doze from very weakness, and the old man was roused to pity. He took her in and cared for her, telling her at last that she might have the use of his back room, while he slept in the front one—for he was the proud and happy possessor of two rooms, and although they were small they made a great impression upon Nelly.

"Whatever shall I do," she said a day or two afterwards, "to show you how I feel for all your kindness, Mosseer?"

"Have you named your baby yet?" said the old man abruptly.

"No, sir; I haven't."

"If you would like to please me, call it by a name I used to know—a name I love. Call it after my daughter and my wife; it shall not be the worse for you if you do that," said Duvernay, in his halting, foreign way.

"Oh," said Nelly, pausing. "Well, I don't mind. And what were these names, I'd like to know?"

"Hortense Thérèse."

"My! Hortons Terriss—I'd never be able to remember it. Well, it's a queer name. But if you'd like it, Mosseer, I'd be happy to oblige you. Nobody else hain't ever been such a friend to me as you've been. She shall be called after your wife and your daughter, so she shall, the duckey; and nobody shan't say her nay."

So Nelly's baby was formally baptised and registered Hortense Thérèse; and, although the young mother could not pronounce the names, and generally called the child "Beauty," yet she was secretly proud of it in her heart, and thought that her baby had a distinction not possessed by any other child in the court.

III.

Meanwhile, Stephen Rennick was growing very much ashamed of himself.

He was a tall, muscular, rather good-looking young fellow of three-and-twenty, with a dark complexion and heavy brows, overhanging deep-set brown eyes, which had a somewhat sullen expression. He was a good workman, and could earn good wages when he was sober; but he had of late been drunk so often that his earnings had been next to nothing, and Nelly had been obliged to toil at the wash-tub. Then, in an access of drunken rage, he had thrust her out-of-doors, and since that day he had been ashamed to beg her to go back to him.

The worst was that he saw her almost every day. She worked at the laundry, and left her baby with a neighbour; and he knew that she was lodging at old Mosseer's; and it was well-nigh impossible for him to avoid seeing her sometimes as she ran up and down stairs, or crossed the road to her work. In similar circumstances a young couple in that class of life generally manage to drop out of sight of each other; the wife is afraid that her husband will drag her home by the scruff of her neck, and chastise her into the bargain, if she comes within his sight. It says something for Stephen Rennick that, after the first day or two, Nelly was not afraid of him. When he met her he generally looked the other way.

Of the two, Nelly was far the happier. She had a protector, she had her work, and she had the baby's all-satisfying companionship by night if not by day. But Stephen had nobody; and his home was very uncomfortable. Besides, he felt that he had treated Nelly badly, and that all the neighbours knew it. He remembered that he had struck her more than once—and he was not so callous as to be without a sense of shame. Then there was the baby. The most beautiful baby that ever was seen, the neighbours told him.

He did not dare to look at it himself; and once, when he ventured to the house where Hortense Thérèse was out at nurse, the mistress of it shrieked reproaches at him, and dared him to cross her threshold. Nelly had been a favourite in the court, and the beauty of her baby was a credit to it; so that Stephen Rennick got no sympathy.

It was more than he knew how to bear. One wintry evening he planted himself in a corner of the landing when he knew that Nelly was likely to come that way; and waited for her foot upon the stairs. It came at length—slower and heavier than usual; for she was carrying the baby, and, with her eyes fixed upon it, she never noticed the dark form that waited for her coming in the corner.

"Nelly!" he said, stepping forward as she gained the topmost step.

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Nelly uttered a stifled little cry. But she did not try to run away. Perhaps she remembered that she was not strong enough to run far, with the baby in her arms. The light of a small lamp on the landing fell upon her face, and showed that it was frightened and pale.

"I won't hurt yer," said Stephen, hurriedly. "You needn't be afraid of me. It's only—I wanted—might I see the baby?"

"You won't hurt her, Stephen."

"Of course I won't hurt her. It's a girl, then?

"Ay, it's a girl, poor thing," said Nelly defiantly, "and I trust she won't have to go through all I've had to go through, for she's the prettiest baby as ever was seen, and everyone says so. Did you ever see a baby like her?" she asked, forgetting that in all probability Stephen had never looked at a baby before. "Such a white skin, and such lovely long eyelashes and dark blue eyes, and soft 'air like silk; she's a reel beauty she is, if ever there was one."

"Yes, she's a rare 'un," said Stephen, respectfully. Since everybody said it, it must be true. "Nelly," he went on, "if you'll bring her back I'll promise you faithful never to take a drop o' drink again, nor lift my 'and to you, but work for you an' keep you like a lady. I'm real downright lonely, and it do make me mad to 'ear everyone in the court a-talking of that baby of ourn and praisin' it up, and me that's its father never allowed a sight of it!"

"Well, that wasn't my fault, was it?" demanded Nelly.

"No, it was mine, an' I humbly ax your pardon, Nelly. You'll come back to me, won't ye, my dear?"

And Stephen's eyes were full of unaccustomed tears, as he took Nelly and the baby bodily into his great strong arms. "I'm a turned man," said Stephen, with solemnity, "and it's the baby as 'as done it; for I'd be a brute if ever I knocked *her* about, nor her mother neither."

The next step was to go to the old Frenchman, and explain to him that, matters being so happily arranged between husband and wife, Nelly would not return to his rooms, but would go back to her "own little 'ome." She expected Mosseer to be gruff with her, but he was unexpectedly pleasant and gentle; he even asked them to supper, and gave them strange things to eat and drink, including wine out of an oddly-shaped bottle and queer preserves in green and yellow pots. Nelly had not been so merry for many a long day, and baby was queen of the occasion.

"That's a queer old customer," Stephen said to his wife when they were in their own room. "He's been good to you, you say?"

Nelly launched forth in his praises.

"He must have money to live as he does, without working," said her husband, thoughtfully.

"Yes, I think he has. I've seen him take gold out of that box against the wall; did you notice it?"

Stephen nodded.

"Perhaps he'll leave baby a fortune!" cried Nelly, kissing the child and her husband by turns. "Perhaps he's an old miser, with 'eaps and 'eaps of money stored away in that box!"

"I wish we had some of it now," said Stephen.

He meant no harm, and she meant no harm, but the remark recurred to their minds in later days with a sinister significance.

Nelly's statement that her husband was a "turned man" seemed to be justified by the facts. He no longer spent his evenings at the public-house, but came home soberly and regularly to his wife and child, bringing with him every week the earnings which he had formerly thrown away in drink. No wonder that Nelly looked smart and cheerful, and that baby's clothes improved every month in quality, so that she soon became known as the best-dressed child in the court. "Beauty," as she was familiarly called, did not lose her prettiness as she grew older. When she was big enough to toddle about she excited the admiration of every passer-by, and it was Nelly's delight to take her into the park on a Saturday or a Sunday afternoon, for she was sure to be stopped by ladies who wanted to admire the child, and ask its name. Once even an artist proposed to paint her, but there were difficulties in the way, for Nelly could not spare time to take her to his studio, and Beauty was too shy and too spoilt to go with anyone else.

Old Antoine Duvernay was one of Beauty's most fervent worshippers. She was as much at home in his rooms as in her mother's, and Nelly would leave her

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there sometimes to the old man's measureless content, when she was obliged to go out to her work.

As the child grew a little older, and could say a few words, she told marvellous tales of the "pretty sings" she saw in Mosseer's room. Nelly laughed at these stories, but was a little puzzled too. "I never see any pretty things there," she remarked one day. "Sings like zis," said Beauty, pointing to a little heap of shining coins upon the table, for her father had just brought home his week's wage, and there was gold among it, as well as silver.

Stephen looked at his wife and laughed. "It's what we said some time ago, Nell; the old chap's a miser, with piles of gold in his boxes, and he lets Beauty play with it instead of toys. Why don't he let you bring some of it away with you, eh, my Beauty?"

Beauty shook her curls solemnly, but said no more. And whether she talked to other children, or whether Nelly's tongue wagged a little too fast, or whether Stephen dropped a word or two to his mates, could not be discovered, but certainly, after this little conversation, a report grew in the court that "old Frenchy" was a miser and had hundreds of pounds—all in gold—stowed away in bags and boxes in his room.

The inhabitants of Newton Court were on the whole a decent and respectable set, and had no thought of trying to rob the old man of his wealth; but the rumour brought him into unenviable notoriety, for he was considered very mean and stingy for not parting with any of his money, when there were people on every side of him in the extremity of want.

"I s'pose he means to leave it all to Beauty," more than one neighbour remarked to Nelly. "She'll be quite an heiress by-and-bye. Why, what else could he mean, when he asked you to call the child after his wife and daughter. It's very plain."

And Nelly grew to believe it, in course of time; and Stephen, too.

There was no bitterness in their thoughts of the old man's wealth until a time came when a great strike threw Stephen out of work. At first the men were cheerful and resolute enough; after a time the cheerfulness died away, although the resoluteness remained. Stephen Rennick was one of the most dogged upholders of the workmen's cause. He held to it through all the vicissitudes of a terrible winter, when starvation stared him in the face, when Nelly's face grew pinched and grey once more, when—worst of all—Beauty's rounded limbs wasted, and her eyes were hollowed by hunger into a look of pathetic misery. The little money that Nelly could earn was not nearly enough to keep them; but Stephen was too proud to apply to the parish for relief, and refused to allow his wife to speak of the workhouse for herself and her child.

Nelly had hoped that Antoine Duvernay would help them through this bitter time; but the old man had fallen into a state of senile decay, and seemed incapable of receiving a new idea. He crept about his rooms, scarcely ever venturing into the street. Nelly did all his shopping and cooking for him, and kept him clean and tidy, out of pure gratitude, for he never offered her anything in return. She had the key of his rooms, and went in and out as she would; there was no one to interfere.

"The miserly old wretch!" Stephen burst out one day, when she came upstairs with an armful of clothes to wash. "The least he could do is to pay you for your time!"

"Oh, don't speak so, Stephen. Remember, he took me in when you turned me out. Don't we owe him nothing for that?"

Stephen was always subdued by an allusion to that time. He said no more; but there was an ugly frown upon his face.

"And if I hadn't been here in the 'ouse," said Nelly, "you'd never ha' seen me an' baby, and you'd never have turned as you did, Stephen."

"Turned! What was the good o' turning?" said Stephen, with ill-suppressed fierceness. "If I'd done just the same as I did before, I shouldn't ha' been a bit worse off than I am now."

Then he seized his hat and went downstairs. The sense of wrong was very strong upon him. He had "turned," as Nelly always expressed it, and become a sober and industrious man for the sake of his wife and child; but he was at that moment no better off than the drunken brute who lived on the same stair, and had just done a month's "hard" for kicking his wife until she had to be taken

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to the hospital. "I don't see as how goodness pays any better than badness," said Stephen to himself.

He turned into a public-house and called for spirits—the first time he had done such a thing for many a long day. It was a strange public-house, and none of his mates were there; so he sat for some time in silence, soaking himself with spirits, and revolving in his muddled brain a temptation which had lately become a continual torment to him.

Why should he not creep into old Duvernay's room and help himself to some of the gold which was kept in the old man's boxes?

Duvernay was too imbecile to know or care. It would do him no harm. It would mean life and health and prosperity to Nelly and the child. Besides if, as seemed most likely, the old Frenchman had bequeathed his money to his god-daughter, for he had stood sponsor to Hortense Thérèse at the font, surely it would be quite excusable for Beauty's father to help himself, for her sake, to a little of the money that was waiting for her. It was the only reasonable thing to do.

But for the brandy he would never have had the courage to put his resolution into action. But, after a time, when his brain was sufficiently excited, he slunk out of the public-house and made his way back to the lodging-house where Duvernay lived, and where his own home was situated.

"I WON'T HURT YER," SAID STEPHEN, HURRIEDLY. . . . "IT'S ONLY—I WANTED—MIGHT I SEE THE BABY?"

It was quite late, Nelly and Beauty had gone to bed without waiting any longer for father. Stephen felt his way to the table, seized upon a key, which he knew was there, and left the room again. He did not know that Nelly was awake, that her eyes had followed his movements through the dim-lighted room, and that when he left it she sprang up, and, hastily wrapping herself in a shawl and petticoat, followed him down the dark and narrow stair.

With a trembling hand Stephen fitted the key into the lock, turned it, and opened the door. He pushed it back with his foot, but he did not fasten it, and Nelly was able, after a minute or two, to push it ajar and look into the room. And a strange sight it was that she saw.

The old Frenchman, in tattered dressing-gown and skull cap, from which his venerable white locks floated to his shoulders, had left his bed, and was bending over the very box on which Stephen's longing eyes had so frequently been cast. Stephen stood motionlesss in the shadow, but the old man seemed at once to grasp the fact that he was present, for he turned round and nodded at him with a vacant smile.

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"You 'ave come! it is well," he said. "I have had a dream. My Thérèse she come to me, and she say, 'Father, I am in the grave, you must not keep the money for me, give it to those who have need.' And you have need, have you not, *mon pauvre ami?* You have come for it, take it, it is yours—all yours."

He snatched a candle from the mantlepiece and held it aloft. Its rays flickered on the very sight that Stephen had longed for—on a pile of golden coins, and a heap of canvas bags, evidently containing more gold, nearly filling the strong box which had excited his neighbours' curiosity. It was all true, then! Duvernay was a rich man—a miser, and he was willing to give away his wealth.

Stephen Rennick took two steps towards the box.

"Take it," said the old man, with a strange, wild look. Was he really imbecile, or had he grasped by some wonderful intuition the force of the situation? He plunged his hand into the box and held out a handful of gold. Stephen Rennick also held out his hand.

Then Nelly sprang forward, and threw herself upon his arm.

"No, Stephen, no, you shan't take it!" she cried. "How could you come here, Stephen, to take his money, when he's been so kind to me?"

"How has he been kind? He's done nothing for us," said Stephen hoarsely. Then in a clearer voice, "He's giving it to us; it isn't like—taking it."

"But you came here to take it—to steal it!" cried Nelly, who was never afraid to speak the truth. "And as to him giving it, don't you see he's gone silly, poor old man, and can't tell what he's doing or saying? Stephen, if you take one piece of his money I'll leave you for good and all. I thought you'd turned from your evil ways, but if you do this no turning will make up for it. You'd always be a thief in my eyes, even though nobody else found you out."

He was vanquished. He drew back and hid his face against the wall with a low cry. And Nelly drew nearer to the old man, who was leaning or had fallen against his box.

"Help me with him, Stephen; he's fainted, I think. Here, move him a little and shut up the box, we don't want anyone to come in and see it open. They might say—Help him to the bed, carry him, will you, Stephen? Open your eyes, Mosseer, we're all friends; don't you be afraid. Oh, Stephen, I'm afraid—I'm sorely afraid he's dead."

She was right. He had died as he bent over that box of gold which he had cherished so fondly for his long lost daughter. But he had found her again—though Nelly, who wept for him, did not know that father and daughter had met in that land beyond the grave, where there are no partings, no sorrows—and no mistakes.

To Stephen's infinite shame and confusion, moreover, it was found that the old man had left a will leaving all his property to the Rennicks. They benefited to a larger extent than they had thought possible; but, as Nelly could not refrain from pointing out to her husband, the money was for the most part foreign coin and would have been difficult to get rid of and easy to trace, if it had fallen into unauthorised hands.

"You were right, Nelly," said Stephen, humbly, "and I'm thankful you followed me to the room. The temptation was sore, my girl. But I've had my warning, and I've not been punished as I deserve. You'll see a difference from this time forth; for if ever a man wanted turning from the error of his ways, it's I that am that man. Please God, I've turned now in right good earnest."

And so he had. And that was the true history of the turning of Stephen Rennick.

[THE END.]

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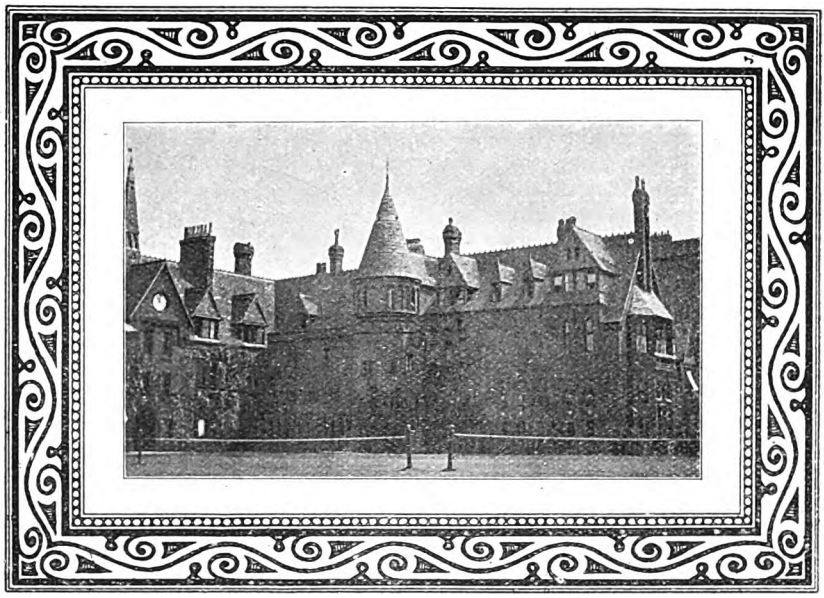

THE SCENE OF MÁNY A KEENLY-CONTESTED TENNIS MATCH.

Some Glimpses of Girton College.

By M. K. DOWNING.

. . . *Photographs by* Gertrude Bacon. . . .

"A MONSTROUS regiment of women!" The stern reformer Knox must have surely turned in his grave and deemed his worst fears realised, when a little band of students assembled at Hitchen one day in 1869, and the first Women's College in England sprang into existence.

From the time—a few years later—when their somewhat be-spectacled successors took up bag and baggage and transplanted themselves to the banks of the Cam, Girton College has been added to little by little, and the cunning of Waterhouse, the architect, has fashioned it into a shapely pile.

The mild type of Cambridge undergraduate who cares more for books than games, and seeks to clear the cobwebs from his brain by a daily "grind" on some familiar road, pauses reflectively, perhaps on a windmill height, and turns from the problems of his little soul to weave into poetic phantasy Girton, lying far below him.

At closer quarters, though hidden from the prying eye of the curious, the walls will be found decked with clustering roses which bloom for half the year, while a woodland path, sheltered as a cloister and flower-strewn, runs its mile-long course round the College grounds. A narrow walk leading into the woodlands curves its way about a picturesque little lake, boasting of two swans. Their ancestors were presented, one by St. John's College, Cambridge, and the other by Emmanuel College, and were christened "John" and "Emma" accordingly.

Passing under the archway, with its overhanging tower, and entering the door on the left, one finds oneself in a square hall, ornamented with a handsome fireplace bearing the name of Lady Stanley of Alderley. Following the thread of a long corridor, the swinging doors of the

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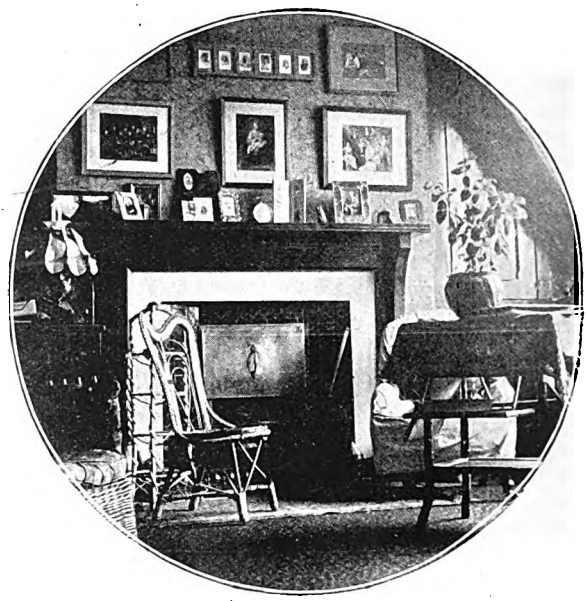
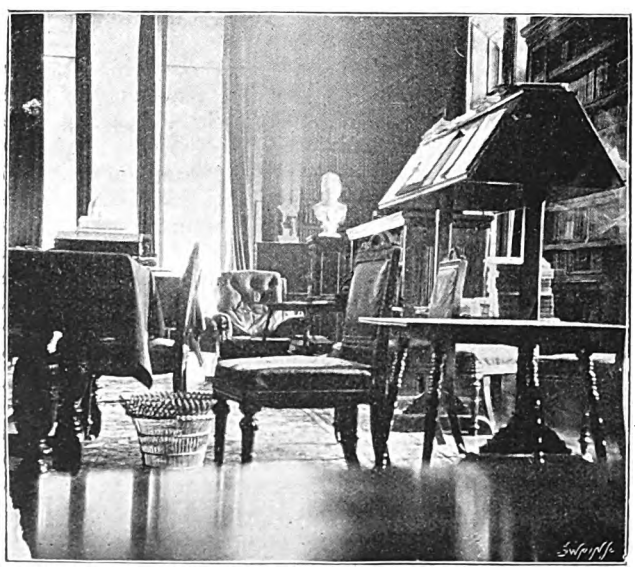
Reading Room will invite visitors to glance, in passing, at the papers and more sober periodicals therein displayed, while the students' notice-board usually repays perusal. The hockey match fixtures may be read there, and the names of the First Eleven, or "Ideal" Team as it is proudly termed; though its members scarcely justify so aspiring a title unless they come with flying colours through the principal event of the year—the contest with Newnham College. There are usually some notices of missing articles with the remark appended that, "Anyone returning the same to the owner will be REWARDED (with thanks)."

At the extremity of the corridor is the Library, a spacious and charming room for which the College is again indebted to Lady Stanley. The marble busts and massive bookshelves are as imposing as the low-cushioned seats, and cosy corners are comfortable, while a clock with musical tone chimes out the hours. The Library has lately been enlarged by the addition of the Dining Hall, which opens off the opposite side of the corridor. Though wide and roomy, with a snug window seat and furnished with long tables, the Hall is yet too small to accommodate the whole College with its rapidly increasing numbers, and a larger room was completed some months ago.

A spiral staircase at the end of the corridor leads up to the Principal's rooms. The Sitting Room is a charming apartment, tastefully furnished and spacious, and commanding a good view of the "quad," with its green tennis courts and much frequented gravel paths. Near at hand is the Reception Room, which contains some interesting curios, a grand piano, and comfortably-cushioned window seat. It is here that Girton students receive their visitors. Musical evenings are also held here once a week for a short time after dinner, and are very popular. No very special talent, perhaps, is displayed, but everyone is well pleased with her own and other people's performances.



A STUDENT'S SANCTUM.



THE LIBRARY.

But the students' own rooms are, of course, the most novel and interesting part of the College. Furnished, to start with, by a few plain pieces of necessary furniture supplied by the authorities, they are decorated and embellished

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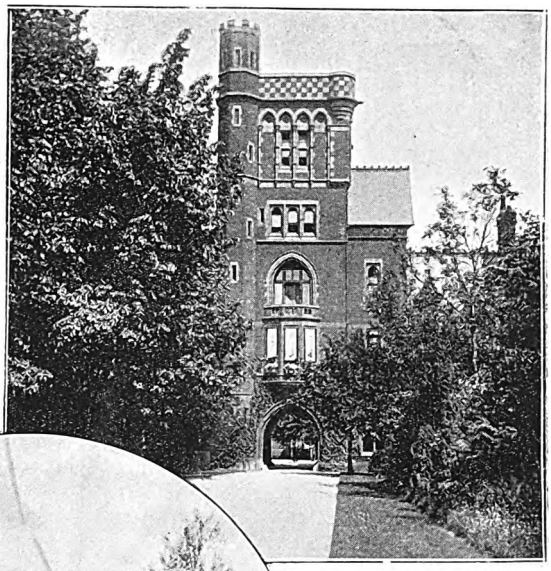
according to the varying taste of their owners. Some few are empty and severe.

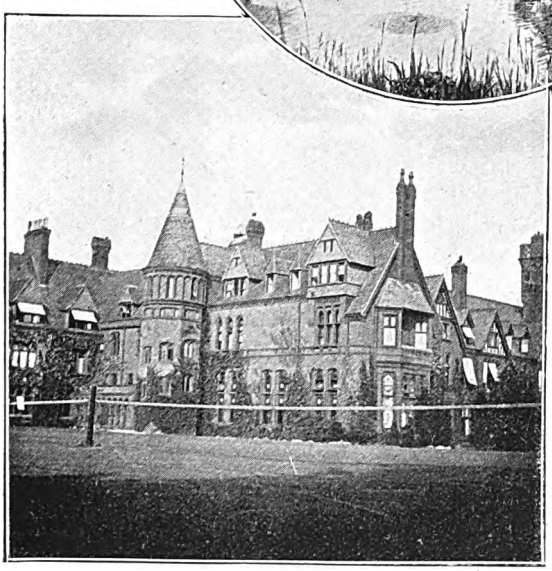
It has been recorded of one student that her furniture consisted entirely of a desk and a hockey stick! There are artistic girls who deck their walls with pictures, often of classic type. Some, again, have a passion for flowers, and brighten their rooms with nosegays and sweet-smelling plants. A student once collected so many ferns that her rooms were nicknamed the "Forest." The plants grew so fast and so thick that her friends were forced to lodge a complaint against her for waste of time. For, whenever they came to her rooms (so they said) they were obliged to make a prolonged search, peering through branches and knocking over pots, before they could discover her hidden in an obscure corner.

In the greater part of the building, students are provided with two rooms, having folding doors opening between them.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO PICTURESQUE GIRTON.

THE LAKE.



THE QUAD.

There are some large single rooms, however, with the bedroom part curtained off; but these are hardly so comfortable, though they have the advantage of extra warmth in cold weather.

The delights of the country are a great addition to the charms of Girton life. Alma Mater, presenting a stern front to her would-be daughters, is a long two miles off, and the College is surrounded by the flat expanse of the Fen country. The sense of endless space, stretching as it were to a green infinity of fields and meadows, is interrupted here by the glimmering spire of Ely Cathedral, and there by the useful, if unpoetic, chimney of the jam factory at Histon. Thus, far from the madding crowd, the students pursue their life of study and games in a little world of their own.

The morning is taken up with work, varied by a drive into Cambridge for those who attend lectures there. After lunch, recreation is all the cry; and tennis or mild cricket or hockey, with an

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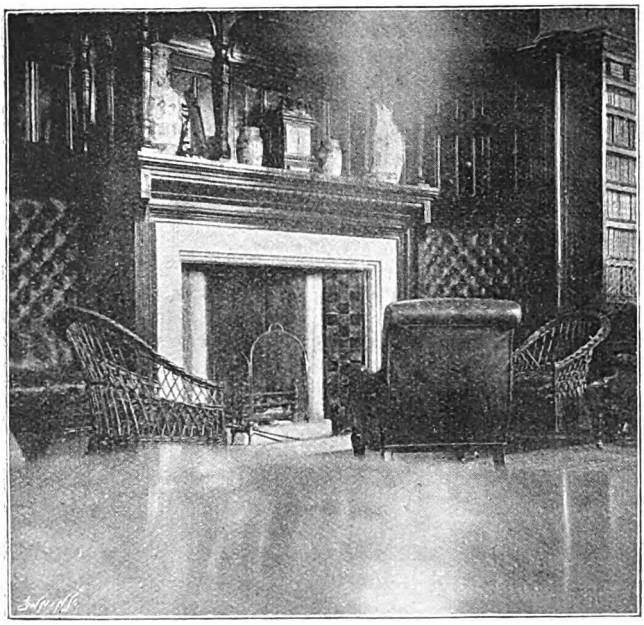

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LIBRARY.

occasional game of lacrosse, according to the season of the year, occupy the early part of the afternoon as well as a fairly large proportion of the students' interest.

The material for talk afforded by an hour's hockey would surprise the uninitiated. Repentance, alas! comes with examinations, and thoughts of an afternoon spent in discussions as to "who shot that goal" and "whether it was off-side" are apt to haunt a student when confronted by a paper fraught with painfully unfamiliar topics.

But after all, Girton students do their fair share of work — witness the places they take in the annual Tripos lists—and all work and no play would make Jill but a dull girl.

On wet afternoons students console themselves with a walk round the woodlands and a succession of tea parties. Kettles are boiled, biscuits are spread with jam to make the popular Girton makeshift for bread and butter, cakes are cut, and a large party will assemble in the hostess's room, each bringing her own mug, so as not to put too heavy a strain upon the supply of available crockery.

The conversation on such occasions is not very learned in character, though now and then girls remember what the outside world expects of them, and suggest that a discussion on the Transmigration of Souls, for example, would be a more fitting topic for the typical blue stocking than shallow witticisms pointed at each other, or the latest eccentricity of some Cambridge character.

For, indeed, the recognised type is fast becoming extinct. Students, far from affecting blue spectacles and æsthetic attire, are nothing but very ordinary English girls, with the difference, they would, perhaps, add, with pardonable pride, that they have a keener enjoyment of life than many of their countrywomen!

It is true that that most elusive individual, the "New Woman," must be sought for elsewhere, for the backwardness of Girton College is much deplored by those who

A CHARMING NOOK IN THE WOODLANDS.

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pride themselves on being in the vanguard of progress. A distinguished member of the Pioneer Club, who recently paid a visit to the College, was much shocked, on entering into conversation with one of the students, to hear her express the antiquated opinion that woman's true sphere was the Home. Such vital subjects, she found, as Women's Rights and Men's Lefts were not so much as touched upon by the average Girton girl. The Pioneer departed shaking the dust from off her feet.

Energy and public spirit are the qualities, perhaps, chiefly to the fore at college. To be slack about the common interest, whether in avoiding meetings to elect the officers of a club, or stopping away from a hockey or tennis match or Saturday evening's dancing, is to incur a reproach. After all, the sense of fellowship, the *esprit de corps*, is not one of the least important lessons which college life teaches, since it helps a woman to take her place as a good citizen of the State.

THE OLD DINING HALL.

College on a gala night—at private theatricals or a fancy dress ball—is a sight worth seeing. Everyone puts on a smart frock, the long tables in the Hall are cleared away, and work is forgotten for the time being. Drapery to the knee is demanded by the rules, but this does not prevent a student from appearing in a Greek tunic or even a frock coat. Joe Chamberlain, with orchid and eye-glass, and the German Emperor, in full military uniform, are two very popular characters on these occasions.

Perhaps the most formal function which Girton boasts is a Debate. Of these, there are three in the term, and the Principal and most of the Lecturers make a point of being present. The President of the Debating Society is seated in an oak chair suitable to her dignity, and is supported by the other officers. It is their duty to come in with some safe remark should an awkward pause occur.

Though spontaneous speaking is encouraged by a "rag" society at which names are drawn and the victims allowed the choice of speaking or standing up silent for two minutes, yet it must be confessed that the formality of Girton Debates has a chilling effect, and is apt to nip maiden speeches in the bud.

The Fire Brigade is an institution which ought not to be passed by without a word. Though a real fire has as yet been an unknown event at the College, the three corps hold their practices every week under the direction of their respective "captains," while the "head captain" supervises the working of the whole brigade. Several alarms are given every term, pre-arranged by the head captain and her secretary. Resounding rattles rouse the students, and with a clatter they rush from all parts of the College to form up in line outside the Dining Hall. A quarter of an hour is then spent in racing up and down corridors, working engines, dragging hoses and passing buckets, till, breathless and panting, the corps are dismissed to return to their studies, or it may be to complete their toilets, for an alarm is sometimes given before breakfast or as late as ten o'clock at night. The discipline of the Fire Brigade is not without its practical value. To obey orders, to act in unison in an emergency, to keep one's head and steady one's nerve, are lessons which

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may bear useful fruit in a moment of danger.

The evening is, perhaps, the most fascinating time at College, when the work and play and excitement of the day are over, and a cosy meal known as "tray" is shared with a special chum. Passing events are discussed over a cup of cocoa; and the roll and butter provided by the College are supplemented by jam and cake from the hostess's cupboard.

It is at such times that the companionship born of common interest ripens into friendship, and the whys and wherefores of things are threshed out by the fire. Truly "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts;" and often silence wraps the College in its mantle, and the clock strikes out the small hours of the morning before the guest will take up her tray and steal noiselessly along the corridor to her bed.

But as time goes on, and the three years draw all too quickly to their close, students are wont to learn prudence and avoid the undue burning of midnight oil. For the coming Tripos casts its dread shadow before, and early bed is necessary to insure a clear brain. Still it is such firelight talks that stand out clearest in the memory when time has effaced the details of work and play; and College friends reunited, perhaps, for a season, dwell fondly on thoughts of "The days that are no more."

M. K. Downing.

THE INFINITE PLAN.

I have read from the great book of Nature
How the seasons unceasingly roll;
And where myriads of stars are unfolded
By night, on the heaven's wide scroll.
I have learned that their law is to labor,
Inaction would wreck the great plan
That holds worlds upon worlds in their orbits
And governs the frail life of man.

There is never a night in the summer,
So still but the dew dripping air
Is keen with the singing of insects
At work in some cool grassy lair;
And the day, rising bright-eyed and rosy,
From the depths of the green eastern sea,
When it trails down the western horizon,
Will be morning on some distant lea.

When winter lies chilling around us,
Earth snowbound, and skies sullen grey,
In the heart of the trees, gaunt and leafless,
There's a song of the sunshine of May;
And the flowers that drooped in the autumn
Are waiting to grow up anew,
When the springtime shall smile a bright welcome
To brooklet and grasses and dew.

So these days that seem clouded by waiting
With listless and sad folded hands,
While all of life's brightest endeavour
Has fled with time's vanishing sands,
May be only some wise preparation
For a part in the infinite plan
That has governed the worlds since creation
And considers the brief life of man.

Agnes L. Prat.

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IN DEEP WATERS

By MRS. BAGOT HARTE.

Illustrated by SYDNEY COWELL.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Sir Horace Rylmer dying abroad, the title falls to his younger brother James. To the disgust however, of the new baronet and his wife, it turns out that Sir Horace had years before contracted an unequal marriage in Italy, and that most of the money is left to his daughter Marie, a girl of twenty, and on her death to Maurice Rylmer, a son of Sir James by a first wife. Marie Rylmer arrives at her aunt's, and proves, in the baronet's own expressive phrase, to be "well-travelled, well-read, well-educated, well-everythinged." Sir James foresees the union of Maurice and Marie. Lady Rylmer, however, in the interests of her own son, Derrick, attempts to poison Maurice. Maurice recovers, under the care of Laura and Marie. A cheque for £500, purporting to be signed by Sir James, turns up, and is pronounced by him a forgery. Lady Rylmer accuses Maurice of being the forger. Maurice indignantly repudiates the charge, but finds, to his grief, that his father believes him guilty. Maurice decides to leave home, and he and Marie part as lovers. Lady Rylmer writes a letter to the Scotland Yard authorities instructing them to arrest Maurice, and the letter is given to Derrick to post. Marie, hearing this, creeps out of the house at night and takes the train to town, sees Maurice at the Hotel Metropole, and persuades him to leave for the Cape next day. She misses her last train back and has to spend the night in London at the Hotel Victoria. She takes the early train back in the morning, but finds the window which she had left unlatched fastened, Derrick having watched her departure on the previous night. Afterwards she has an interview with Lady Rylmer, who demands to know whether she had followed Maurice up to town.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LETTER FROM MAURICE.

"NOT answer my question!" ejaculated Lady Rylmer. "Then you condemn yourself, for if you could say 'no' you would answer the question without hesitation. But listen, child—you are merely a child in years—I will not be hard upon you. Heaven forbid that I should treat an orphan girl bequeathed to me otherwise than with generous kindness. You have been indiscreet and thoughtless, and I will screen you from the effects of your conduct. You are old enough to know that the world would view the conduct that I describe as indiscreet and thoughtless in a more serious light."

"Then the world would be wrong, utterly wrong. I do not admit that I even acted thoughtlessly or indiscreetly."

Lady Rylmer clasped her long, thin hands together and looked with well-feigned compassion at Marie's indignant face.

"Ah," she said, benevolently, "your strange bringing-up accounts for much. Your dear mother was a most deserving character, I am sure, but scarcely equal to preparing you for English life and the observance of—of—quite discreet conduct."

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"My mother was one of the best women in the world—and please never mention her name again."

"Quite so. I will be silent on the subject. But to return to your unwise escapade of last night. For our own sakes I shall endeavour to keep it quiet. Perhaps you imagine that I do not take a serious view of matters, as I am speaking gently to you. But you are mistaken, and if you were wise, child, you would adopt a different tone. You would crave my forgiveness and offer to promise never to act so wrongly again. Even now I do not press you to tell me where you met Maurice, nor where you left him."

"I am tired, and sad, and so unhappy!" murmured the weary girl. "I cannot talk any more."

"Marie, promise me before I go," said her aunt, rising, "that you will relinquish further thoughts of misguided Maurice—a forger, a thief. He will come to some terrible end, even if he evades arrest."

"No! I will not give him up. He is the man I love—and I will not give him up."

The gentle look faded from Lady Rylmer's eyes, to be replaced by one of tiger-like fierceness. But she controlled herself. She did not doubt that her powers of persuasion and force of will would triumph in the end.

"I am sorry to leave you in your present unsatisfactory state of mind," she observed calmly. "I must at once place the matter before your guardian, and he will decide how to act, how to protect you against yourself."

Before Marie could utter a word in reply her aunt had left the room.

She went straight to Derrick, who was in the smoking-room.

"Well, and how did you manage her, mother?" he asked.

"She won't allow herself to be managed at this stage, and I want you to keep Laura under observation. She will cause us trouble if you don't. Now I am going to speak to your father. I must frighten him into taking an active part in the matter. For aught we know Marie may contemplate another night of adventure. She may even intend to marry Maurice on the quiet."

"And lose all her cash? Not she. Anyhow, mother, I can trust you to foil any more attempts at nocturnal meanderings."

"You may, indeed."

Sir James looked careworn and old when his wife descended on him with one of her electrical efforts at rousing him into action. They always failed to accomplish their aim; in fact, had the undesirable effect of rendering him incapable of doing anything save wish he had a wife with a more placid disposition.

"Has Maurice been arrested?" he asked, quickly, as she entered.

"No. He's escaped, evidently. And what we have to concern ourselves most about is Marie's outrageous conduct. It is a disgrace to the family."

"Most unprecedented!" he concurred, at a loss what else to say. "I can't realise that it's true yet. But here's a letter I have received from Maurice. I was just going to read it when you came in. Perhaps it will put matters in their proper light." The letter ran:—

"My dear Father,—After leaving home yesterday I went to London and remained for the night at the Hotel Metropole, which I quitted at a quarter-past five this morning. My intention is to leave England.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to repeat to you my solemn declaration that I am in no way connected with the forged cheque.—Your affectionate son,

"MAURICE RYLMER."

"Shall I tell you my opinion of the affair?" said Sir James, with sudden animation. Then, without waiting for an answer, he continued: "Marie went up to London to talk matters over with him, in the hope of being able to put them right, and missed the last train."

"As usual, you choose to take a weak-minded view of the matter. You do not seem to realise the strength of the situation," replied his wife, sharply.

Sir James looked at his wife with surprise, then turned towards the window and glanced out. He knew that she was anxious for him to begin an argument, and, remembering that arguments always ended in her favour, he was equally anxious to keep silence.

CHAPTER XIX.

"MY SISTER, MISS STANLEY."

With flaming cheeks and glistening eyes Marie thought over her conversation with Lady Rylmer. She felt herself sur-

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rounded with difficulties and dangers through which she feared that it would be impossible to successfully navigate her way.

That her conduct could be most successfully misrepresented and herself made to appear lost to all sense of what was right, she knew full well.

"There is only one course open to me," she said, after thinking carefully over the matter. "I will explain the whole circumstances of the case to Sir James. I will tell him that my explanations can be corroborated if he will inquire at the Hotel Victoria. Maurice will be miles away on the sea by to-morrow morning, and I shall not say in what direction he has gone. For his dear sake, as well as my own, I must face Lady Rylmer's false accusations with absolute candour. Oh, but how I wish that Derrick had not seen me leave or return. I wonder if the servants have any knowledge of the matter. It would be so humiliating to believe oneself misunderstood by them. However, I will try to act as usual and not look cast down and miserable."

With these thoughts uppermost in her mind she studied herself in an opposite mirror, then went downstairs, feeling satisfied that hers was not the face of a culprit. There were voices in the morning-room, and soaring above all was a high-pitched soprano voice. There was something almost comical in its extreme shrillness, and Marie welcomed it as belonging to a stranger.

"The arrival of someone not connected with the family would be a great mercy at the present moment and a welcome break in the monotony of our everyday life," thought Marie.

As she entered the morning-room Derrick sprang to his feet and drew a chair forward. "Sit here, Marie," he said, rather peremptorily

At the same moment a dead silence fell on the others present. It was evident her entrance was a surprise, an unwelcome surprise.

"My sister, Miss Stanley," said Lady Rylmer, with a wave of the hand towards the new arrival. Then, turning towards the latter, she added: "My niece has only recently arrived from Italy."

"Yes," sharply replied Miss Stanley, putting on her *pince-nez* and eyeing Marie officiously.

She was small, pale, with pointed features and hawk-like eyes, very nimble in her movements and with a quick way of speaking.

"My sister has come to stay with us," observed Lady

"MISS STANLEY, HOW DARE YOU ENTER MY ROOM AND SPY ON MY ACTIONS?" SHE EXCLAIMED, INDIGNANTLY.

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Rylmer, adding, rather pointedly; "She is very fond of young people."

She certainly did not look it. Had Marie been asked to quote the name of a person whose appearance suggested a love for children she would certainly not have said "Miss Stanley." However, she accepted the remark with an affirmative smile, and then inquired for Laura.

"She's gone to say that the tennis court is to be marked out. Now that it is clearing up I thought we might get a game this afternoon," said Derrick.

"Do you play tennis?" snapped Miss Stanley, in a tone of surprise, fixing her eyes on Marie.

"No; I have never had a racquet in my hands even. I should like to learn, though."

It was said so brightly and naturally that Lady Rylmer's face lighted up with a gleam of satisfaction. Perhaps matters would begin to drift in the direction she wished, now that Maurice was no longer at home.

And Derrick's face assumed quite a pleasant expression. Teaching Marie to play tennis would be an occupation after his own heart.

"Have you got a racquet," he asked.

"No, I haven't, unfortunately."

"I'll buy you one when I'm up in town to-morrow. Meanwhile, I'll lend you mine," he said.

"Talking of tennis, I think I must have a game too," said Sir James, wandering in with an evening paper in his hand.

"Do," agreed his wife, delighted at the cheerful aspect of affairs.

He put down the newspaper on a table near Marie, and intuitively her eyes rested on it. Suddenly they became riveted on the words:

"Important arrest on a liner bound for Capetown!"

Maurice! The dear name nearly escaped her. She glanced quickly round. Had the others seen the telegram? Could Sir James be smiling and the rest looking contentment personified whilst Maurice was under arrest, in prison?

The thought was terrible.

"Have you seen——" she began quickly, then checked herself and forced herself to smile, and ended by asking for some insignificant information.

Perhaps she was wrong. Perhaps it was not Maurice who had been arrested. To ask a question would be to reveal in what direction he had gone.

"I am ready to play," she said, rising. Inactivity was torture to her.

Derrick rose immediately too, and they walked out of the house and across the sunlit lawn, side by side.

"Those two ought to marry," observed Miss Stanley, producing her knitting.

"That is exactly what I have arranged shall take place," replied her sister, toying with a lace handkerchief. She never knitted; she never did anything of that type. From childhood she had been the family beauty, and had been contented to leave prosaic occupations to others.

"Man proposes and God disposes," put in Sir James; "and it was never said more truly than of the hearts of young people."

"Just so," replied his wife, in an acid voice; "but in this case it happens to be a *woman* who proposes, not a man. We don't expect anything wise from a man!"

"Naturally not," echoed Miss Stanley.

It was by no means the first time that Sir James had felt the unpleasantness of facing a concentrated fire of words from both his wife and her sister. To say that he had no desire to fire back would be deviating from the truth; for he certainly yearned to do so, but was nervous of the results.

Under the circumstances he beat a hasty retreat, and joined the two young people whom his wife was determined should become man and wife.

CHAPTER XX.

UNDER SUPERVISION.

Marie proved an erratic pupi at tennis; but never was there a more patient instructor than Derrick; and Laura, who was her opponent, not once displayed the slightest annoyance at not having a ball sent her that she could hit.

Years after Marie recalled the mental strain of that afternoon with deep pity for herself. The necessity to act as if this day were just an ordinary one in her life and to talk as if no dead weight of care oppressed her, called forth latent strength of character.

More than once she glanced round anxiously on hearing footsteps coming up the drive, but each time her fears were at once allayed. The person who was approaching proved to be neither a tele-

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graph boy nor a man whose appearance suggested connection with the police.

And the afternoon dragged on. Would it ever end?

"Don't tire yourself, Marie dear," said Lady Rylmer from the terrace overlooking the tennis-court.

The tone in which it was said was so conciliatory, so entirely suggestive of love and goodwill, that Marie decided at once not to refer to her last night's adventures again, but to allow the matter to drop.

"I am above suspicion," she thought to herself. "Aunt Rylmer spoke in a heated moment this morning, and she is anxious to let me know she regrets it. I will accept her attempts at conciliation in the right spirit and distract her anger from Maurice. If I act diplomatically I may effect a reconciliation. Of course she cannot believe that he committed the forgery. Quick-tempered people do cruel things sometimes and are so sorry for it afterwards. I will be patient and force myself to believe that all will come right soon."

She re-entered the house and went back to the morning-room. Perhaps there was more information in the paper about the arrest at Southampton. Slowly and carefully she looked down each column, and under the heading of "Latest Telegrams" she read that the man arrested was "Henry Forster, the absconding bank manager."

With a sigh of relief she put down the paper.

"Do you always read the evening newspaper?" asked Miss Stanley, with startling suddenness. She had entered unperceived and now stood at Marie's elbow.

The latter's lips parted as if she were about to speak, then she checked herself, thought for a moment, and answered:

"Sometimes I do."

"Oh!" rejoined Miss Stanley, in an incredulous voice, with a glance at the part Marie had been reading. "I suppose you are growing accustomed to England and English people?" she added, after a pause.

"Yes."

Then, fearing that she might be subjected to a species of cross-examination, Marie left the room and went upstairs.

She must write to Maurice. She must tell him at once of her safe arrival at home. It would be unnecessary to trouble him with an account of how she gained admittance. The letter must be a happy one and very hopeful. Every word that breathed of hope would be so welcome to him, she knew; for the last glimpse of his sad face haunted the girl he loved.

Her fingers tingled with the happiness of writing this first letter to the man who would be one day so very dear to her.

"I wonder when he will get it," she said, as her pen framed the words "Dearest Maurice." "I will post it to-morrow so that he will have it by the next mail that leaves England. I can imagine how glad he will be to know that I am safe."

Thinking thus, her thoughts formed themselves into words—bright, happy, hopeful words—which would stimulate him to attempt good work during the days of his exile.

She leant back to think of something further to say. It was an unexpected movement, and her head came suddenly in contact with a human form.

A cry of surprise escaped her, and she sprang to her feet and turned round.

"Miss Stanley! How dare you enter my room and spy on my actions?" she exclaimed, indignantly.

"But surely this is one of the visitors' rooms?" was the reply, spoken most calmly. "If I have intruded it is quite unintentional, I assure you. It is scarcely necessary for me to express regret for having wandered inadvertently into your room, as you rank as one of my nieces. I am so fond of young people that I never let any treat me as a stranger, especially my relations."

"You were looking over my shoulder reading my letter. I saw you!" exclaimed Marie.

"Oh, no, dear. I was merely admiring the pretty view from the window. Don't you admire it?"

The question was asked in as charmed a voice as Miss Stanley could command.

But Marie made no reply. Well did she know that it was a very cunningly-worded prevarication.

"Oh, don't let me stop your writing," continued the unwelcome intruder, quite unabashed. "I see the letter is intended for someone abroad, as you are writing on foreign paper. The Cape mail leaves on——"

"Thank you for the information," said Marie defiantly, "but I am well posted in the mails. I have many friends abroad."

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"Naturally you have. Pray do not misunderstand me. You seem anxious not to be friendly, and to misconstrue my remarks. I was merely asking a question. However, I shall be very pleased to post your letter for you, as I happen to be going out in a few minutes."

"It will not be finished then, thank you."

"How unfortunate I am! If I had not mistaken this room for the one that my sister said was my writing-room, your letter might have been finished in time for me to post it for you."

As Miss Stanley said this, she walked across the room and looked out of the window, and Marie noticed that her footsteps were peculiarly soft and catlike. There was something uncanny in her mode of progression; and it set Marie's thoughts drifting in an anxious direction. She had risen, and stood watching her unwelcome visitor with acutely observant eyes. The small, spare figure, the catlike movements, and the stiffly-made, rigidly-plain clothes, made a sum total of strange characteristics. There was something in Miss Stanley's appearance strongly suggestive of a determination to elude notice, to watch others, and yet not to give others any desire to watch her.

"I must seem to you such an old, ugly person," she said as if in answer to Marie's thoughts, and turning suddenly upon her. "But we cannot all be young and beautiful—and adored!" and before Marie could recover from her surprise at the accuracy with which the other seemed to have interpreted her feelings, Miss Stanley glided out of the room.

"She is a spy—an unscrupulous, cunning spy!" cried Marie, hurrying to the door to lock it.

But the key had been taken away!

Quick as lightning, she realised that this was a bad omen, one which spoke of her movements being under suspicion. She felt herself grow pale, and her hands sought each other in a nervous clasp.

"I must tell Laura!" she cried, as a great desire to share her fears with someone rushed into her mind.

With her hand still on the handle of the door, she glanced out to see if Lady Rylmer or her sister were near. But the landing was empty, and every door except her own closed. Cautiously, almost more cautiously than Miss Stanley would have walked, Marie stole towards Laura's room and entered.

"O, Marie, darling, you look as white as a ghost!" were the words with which she was welcomed. "What has happened? Do tell me."

"I am feeling frightened!" and the words were said in a manner that accentuated their meaning.

"Frightened! Of what? Oh, do explain. Have you heard anything of Maurice?"

"No, but your aunt, Miss Stanley——"

"Yes, isn't she a disagreeable little woman? She is my pet antipathy. Whenever she comes trouble is sure to follow. Last time we had a fire, and some of the heirlooms—father's own treasures—were totally destroyed. Another time there was a robbery—at least a window was found open downstairs in the library, and a number of valuable things stolen. Fortunately they were ours and not uncle's, and father was insured against burglary. But Maurice and I call her the wet blanket, and sometimes we speak of her in a much more uncomplimentary manner. She never comes without a reason. I wonder what her reason is this time."

"To spy on *me*—and that is what frightens me."

Laura's face dropped on her hands, and she gazed earnestly at Marie.

"Yes, I believe that must be true," she said in an awed voice. "I did not think of it when Derrick told me she had come. I always avoid her so much that he teases me about it. I am afraid that she is very clever at spying."

"She is—I know that only to well. For she stole into my room without my hearing her, and absolutely read the—the"—here Marie stammered and blushed—"my first letter to dear Maurice."

"O Marie! How wicked! How mean! What did you do?"

"I was angry; but she rose superior to being angry, and that annoyed me so much."

"Yes, isn't it aggravating when people won't get angry when they ought to? It makes one feel doubly angry oneself. Did she read every word that you had written?"

"I am afraid so."

"And it must have been a very much-in-love kind of letter."

"Yes." Marie smiled as she said it.

Laura jumped up and threw her arms round her cousin's neck. "Maurice will

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like getting it; and it'll make him feel so much happier. I should like to see him reading it! Receiving love-letters must be awfully nice!"

There followed a laugh—rather a care-worn laugh.

"Now that it has been written, let us go out and post it," said Laura, warming to the subject.

"Yes, capital idea!" exclaimed Marie. "And once it's in the post, no prying eyes can read it; and I shall know, too, that he will get it as soon after his arrival as possible."

"And to be outside these walls and to feel ourselves free, absolutely our own mistresses, for only a few minutes, is delightful, is it not? Only, I'm always thinking the whole time what a pity it is that we have to return. I wish that you and I could go off together, by ourselves, and just roam from place to place as we liked."

"Yes, it would be lovely. But let us content ourselves with a short trip to the post and back at the present moment," said Marie, hurrying back to her room for her hat and coat.

In a few minutes Laura followed her, carrying her outdoor things in her hand. "Let me leave them here," she said, "while I go for a hurried inspection of the hall and landing. It will be well to ascertain that the coast is clear before we show ourselves in our outdoor attire. Aunt Stanley's love for young people may cause her to wish to accompany us, which would mean doubtful joy for us."

"I'll stay in here while you go out scouting," said Marie.

"I only hope I shall not come upon the enemy in an ambush."

"Try and dislodge her if you do."

"Yes, I shall do my best."

Saying this, Laura opened the door and sallied forth, looking as if she rather enjoyed the work.

In ten minutes she was back again.

"The coast is clear," she cried. "Now, on with my hat and coat, and off we'll go. And the letter? Don't forget it! It would be too absurd to go without it. Next time you write, I shall ask you to enclose a letter from me. Oh, no, don't tear it open. I wouldn't send one this time—of course not. Don't you know I'm too proud to allow one of my precious epistles to be totally overlooked? Naturally I am! Maurice wouldn't read it once properly; whereas he'll read yours twenty times during the first day, and ten times every day afterwards. What a long time you take to put on your gloves! I tug mine on anyhow. Once I am twenty, I think I shall change entirely, and become——. Oh, but I'm keeping you from hurrying. I do hope no one will see us go out—especially the queen of spies——"

"I'm ready," put in Marie. Then she opened the door slowly and silently, accompanying the action with a softly-uttered "Hush!"

Together they descended the stairs, side by side.

Just as they reached the hall door another door was opened, and Miss Stanley appeared, fully dressed to go out.

"My dear girls," she exclaimed, "where are you hurrying off to?"

But the question was received with an ominous silence.

"To the post, I expect," continued Miss Stanley, with aggravating cheerfulness. "I will save you that trouble, as I intend to go there myself. Here, Derrick, will you escort your cousin and sister for a pleasant country walk, as I have to go into the town?"

"I shall be awfully pleased to do so," said he, getting his hat. "It's good of you to do the family shopping, Aunt Stanley!"

"Do take great care of the girls, Derrick," said his mother, appearing unexpectedly on the scene. "There are so many tramps about."

But the girls looked into each other's faces and neither spoke nor stirred. "We're trapped," was written on Laura's face. But tears of disappointment and annoyance glistened in Marie's eyes.

"I have some particular shopping to do too," she said. "I really must go into the town to buy a garden hat."

"Marie! My dear girl, you astonish me!" exclaimed her aunt, in well-feigned consternation. "In England only the most ordinary people do their own shopping. Wealthy people have things sent for selection."

"Why, mother, the Queen——"

"Silence, Laura, I was just going to speak," observed her mother, in an all-suppressive voice. "You see, dear Marie, your guardianship means a grave responsibility to us."

"Very well, then, we will give up going into the town," said Marie, "and I am

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not fond of country lanes—except when I am riding."

"Oh, then, will you go for a ride"? asked her aunt. Without waiting for an answer, she added in a quick voice: "Derrick, dear, Marie would like to go for a ride; order the horse to be ready as soon as possible."

"No, thank you. I prefer to stay at home," was Marie's dignified reply.

With her head erect and her cheeks flushed with indignation, she retraced her steps to her room and motioned to Laura to accompany her.

"We won't let them foil us," cried the latter, with flashing eyes. "Listen, Marie," here her voice fell to a whisper. "Do you know that there is the door to a private staircase behind that portrait of Lady Sybil? And they say that there is a strange history connected with the reason that it hangs there."

"But are you certain? Where can it lead to? eagerly asked Marie, looking in the direction indicated.

"It leads straight down to the south lawn, where the door is hidden by some thick shrubs."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SECRET STAIRCASE.

"We must be scrupulously polite to Aunt Stanley," whispered Laura, in a troubled voice, "I am so very much afraid of her. It would be so wise of you, Marie, to say cross and disagreeable things to me. It would have the happy effect of making her and mother believe that it is safe to let me stay at home. I am half afraid they may suggest my going to pay a visit to a distant friend."

"I should find it so difficult to be disagreeable to you, Laura," was the reply.

"However, you could be less friendly to me. You could avoid talking to me."

"Yes, I could do that, certainly, and it is better to be diplomatic than to lose your companionship. I should not know what to do without my clever adviser and *confidante* in general."

"It will be wiser for me not to remain talking to you now. After everyone is in bed to-night I shall come to your room, and we'll have a good long chat over matters. We'll make a night of it, and I'll bring some biscuits and grapes to sustain us physically. Aunt Stanley will believe that we are asleep when she hears no movement after eleven."

"When will you come?"

"About twelve. Don't fall asleep before then, and start up with a scream when I come in, thinking that I am a ghost. It would wake the whole household."

"Oh, no, I'll stay awake," answered Marie, with a smile. "The difficulty would be to go to sleep with so much on my mind. But with regard to our ignoring each other, we must not do it too pointedly or deep play may be suspected."

"Yes, I understand. We must be discretion and wisdom personified. How strange life is! I have always yearned for excitement, and now I believe I am on the verge of having too much of it."

It was said with a sad smile.

The next moment the door closed behind Laura, and Marie was left alone to brood over her fears and regrets.

She placed a chair against the door, then threw herself on the sofa in response to a craving for physical rest, and with the physical rest came mental haziness and a merciful sleep. It was truly merciful, for Maurice's tender, loving face was near to hers in those happy moments of oblivion, and more than once she lived over again the joy and sorrow of the farewell.

"It's past seven, miss," said a voice at her side.

"Past seven?" she repeated, in an uninterested tone, and then added in a startled voice: "I must have been asleep, Jane."

"Yes, miss, and I thought I'd best wake you up. Miss Laura, too, she's been asleep. I'm afraid you'll be late for dinner, miss."

That remark effectually roused Marie to activity. Naturally quick in her movements she was trebly quick to-day, and punctually entered the drawing-room.

Her eyes intuitively sought Miss Stanley. A very quaint little figure she looked in a grey moiré antique, made according to the fashions of several years before. Lady Rylmer wore a perfectly-fitting black satin gown, trimmed with beautiful old lace, and never had a dress suited a beautiful woman better.

Notwithstanding a growing dislike to Miss Stanley, Marie was grateful for the presence of one at dinner who talked well and knew what subjects to mention and

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what to avoid. Certainly not a word was uttered that could be regarded as touching on the incidents of the day. Undoubtedly Miss Stanley proved herself a most welcome addition to the household on this occasion and during the whole of the evening.

Ten o'clock struck and Marie rose to go. It was then that Miss Stanley brought a game of chess she was playing with Derrick to an abrupt termination, and, sauntering upstairs by Marie's side, stayed to have a chat with her outside her door.

Exactly as if no arrangements existed for holding a midnight council Marie spent the succeeding half-hour. Not the slightest deviation from her ordinary duties was noticeable to Jane; and Jane was a keenly observant person and well paid to exercise those powers of observation.

At a quarter to eleven she quitted Marie's room and stole quietly to Miss Stanley's.

"Yes, come in, said the latter. "Is all quiet for to-night?"

"There is no doubt of it," was the reply.

"And her letters—have you got hold of them?"

"No, miss, and I didn't see even the outside of them. She's locked them up safely."

"Where? Did you notice?"

"No. But there's little doubt that one of the drawers in her writing-table is where they are now hid."

"To-morrow morning, when you go into her room, before she is awake, see if she has not got them under her pillow."

Jane nodded in a manner which suggested a high opinion of her own ability to carry out these instructions, then quitted the room.

LAURA'S NIMBLE FINGERS BEGAN TO PRESS THE OAK PANELLING.

Minutes stole by and melted into half-an-hour, then an hour; and the silence of night held supreme sway over Rylmer Hall. Even the restless watch-dog slept soundly now, and Derrick, tired with the long night of waiting, slept as soundly as his canine favourite.

Twelve o'clock struck and Laura stole across on tip-toe to Marie's room ready dressed to go out.

"But why have you got your hat on?" asked Marie, in surprise.

"Of course, we have to go out to post Maurice's letter."

"To-night?"

"Yes, you don't understand the working of Aunt Stanley's mind like I do. The only time that you can ever hope to defeat her aims is when you are awake and she

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is asleep. It's so seldom that she allows herself to go to sleep when others are awake. But to-night we are fortunate.

"Are you sure that she is asleep?"

"Oh, yes. I went into her room barefooted and looked at her. You see, I never leave anything to chance. I could not have ventured to come here if she hadn't been asleep."

"Then you really think it would be safe to go out to-night?"

"Yes, by the private staircase, not otherwise. You see, we must act quickly before anyone remembers that Lady Sybil's picture conceals a door. My idea is that someone has been posted in the hall, and that someone will always be posted there, night and day, for weeks to come."

"Then we are virtually prisoners?"

"Yes."

The colour rushed to Marie's cheeks.

"In that case," she said, "we must not lose a minute before posting my letter to Maurice. If he did not hear from me by the next mail, he would suffer tortures of suspense on my account, for he would not know if I had arrived safely at home."

"And it must be so terrible to be anxious about those we love at such a great distance," put in Laura.

"Indeed it must."

Marie's hands were eagerly at work now. To dress was a quick matter when Maurice's letter must get, this very night, to the post.

"I hope that you're not afraid to face the terrors of darkness again?" said Laura.

"I think that I am half afraid," was the answer; "but only half, and so it doesn't really matter. You can understand what a shock it was for me to find myself locked out this morning."

"Indeed, it must have been an unnerving shock. Happily it was not dark. There's not the slightest risk of being locked out again to-night."

"I sincerely hope not." Marie spoke with genuine feeling in her voice. She was thinking that to-night Maurice's sister would be with her, and she was alive to the responsibility. "After the letter has been posted we shall be able to settle down to living a quiet, uneventful, calm life," she said.

"There's nothing approaching calmness of life where Aunt Stanley is to be found. She dislikes a calm, excepting when it's part of a plot."

"Then you feel sure that her coming here now is part of a plot?"

"Yes, she has come here to do a 'deal,' as the boys describe it, and that 'deal' is to make a match between you and Derrick. Don't smile, Marie. It is the truth. I know it is."

"I can't help smiling at the idea of Miss Stanley being a match-maker. She looks quite the reverse of one. There's something comical in the mere idea."

With the last word Marie put on her hat. She was yearning to have faced the adventure and to be back again within the walls of the hall, not so much on her own account as Laura's.

"Well, Marie, how do you feel?" queried Laura. "Ready to face darkness, and robbers, etc."

"Oh, don't talk about facing anything worse than solitude. As to my present feelings, I'm very hungry, very tired, and very determined to get this letter off to Maurice before the cordon round us is drawn any tighter."

"On the whole, you don't feel superlatively frightened?"

"No."

"Because if you did feel frightened we could wait until dawn."

"In that case there would be extra risk of being seen and stopped. Delay might be fatal."

"I'm sure you're right. We'll brave the darkness," said Laura, in a satisfied voice. "Besides, there's something so refreshing in the cool night air, and you feel so free and untrammelled quite alone, with only the stars watching you. Maurice and I have often gone out for a stroll after everyone was asleep."

"Then you have no fears of darkness. I'm afraid I have, but I shall feel so much happier when the letter is posted. If we are quick, we can do it in a quarter of an hour, and we won't lose a moment's time before starting. Show me where the private staircase is."

"We'll lock the door first. When you were at dinner I tried all the keys I could get hold of, and found that the key of the oriel room exactly fitted this. So we'll lock this door and leave the key in."

"O Laura, what a clever girl you are! You think of everything."

"Please never again praise me for anything like this. You don't know what it costs me to act in this underhand manner in my father's house. It is too hard for

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words! The word home seems misapplied to Rylmer Hall, now that Maurice has gone. Darling Maurice! Wasn't he bright, and merry, and kind—and everything that a man should be?"

"Yes, and he is that now, wherever he may be at this moment."

"But we won't waste time on words. Let us find the spring which opens the door to the secret staircase—it ought to be quite near here." Saying this, Laura's nimble fingers began to press the oak panelling which projected. "I know that the spring forms the centre of one of these flowers," she continued, thoughtfully.

"But, dear, perhaps the heavy picture may interefere with the spring, or partially conceal it."

"That picture is fixed on the door, and it was hung there with the express object of concealing it. Grandfather wished the picture removed, and the door nailed up; but there is a clause in some will which binds all who live in this house not to interfere with family traditions and secret staircases. And tragedies and ghost tales are amongst our most treasured family traditions."

"Oh Laura, don't refer to these traditions just as we are going out by ourselves in the dark. Everything that I touch on the staircase I shall imagine must be the skeleton of an ancestor."

"I'm so sorry I upset you! Let's talk about something more cheerful and—oh, here's the spring. I have found it!"

At this moment, the picture seemed to spring out of the wall; then it swung round on its hinges making a harsh, grating sound.

Marie and Laura stepped quickly forward and looked down; but there was nothing to see save blackness. Not a ray of light penetrated the narrow, corkscrew staircase, and the air was close and stifling which rushed from it into Marie's room.

The girls looked questioningly before them.

"But how very uncanny it looks! When was the door last opened?"

"I don't know exactly. There is nothing to fear excepting that the stairs may be too rotten to support the weight of both of us. I'll go first and test them."

"No, Laura!" Marie spoke with decision. "I must be the first to encounter danger."

With the last word, she began to feel her way down the stairs. There were no banisters, but the walls were not more than two feet apart, and she pressed her hands against them to steady herself.

"I wish we had a candle or night-light—anything! Even matches would be better than no light at all," said Laura, peering through the darkness.

"The candles disappeared from my room this afternoon," answered Marie.

"Ditto from mine. Aunt Stanley's work! She has got a thinking mind—and oh, how I wish that she hadn't! How are you getting on, Marie?"

"Slowly, but surely."

"It looks pitchy dark."

"Yes—but——"

A creaking of wood, a faint scream and the sound of someone stumbling, met Laura's ears the next moment.

"O, Marie, have you fallen? Are you hurt?" she cried in a terrified voice, beginning to descend the stairs.

"No. At least yes, I have fallen, but I don't think I am hurt. The stairs are broken here. Did I scream loud? Do you think my voice could have been heard?"

"It may rouse Aunt Stanley. She sleeps so softly. There's no time to be lost. I'm coming down too."

Each word was whispered. With mouse-like movements Laura began to descend the stairs, feeling her way against the walls, as Marie had done. "Oh, speak, Marie," she said—"say something! I'm so afraid that you are hurt!"

"I have hurt my arm a little, that is all."

"I must climb over you and get down to the door and open it. The air of this staircase is so alarmingly close," said Laura.

"Suggestive of ghosts," put in Marie, with a faint laugh.

"Oh, don't speak of them now, in this darkness. It makes one's flesh creep. Oh, here you are!" The last remark was said with intense relief, as Laura's hand came in contact with Marie. "You're much too substantial to be mistaken for a ghost."

"Yes, I'm very human," was the reply, and with the words the two girls exchanged a reassuring kiss.

"Now for a plunge in the dark," said Laura, creeping round.

"I feel that I ought not to let you go first."

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"But there's no choice in the matter as you have hurt yourself. I'm longing to be out in the open air, are you not?"

"Oh, yes; I wish we had never to return!"

For a few minutes neither spoke. Cautiously and slowly Laura descended the stairs. "I'm nearly there," she said at last; and a moment later those words were verified by sounds which proved her hands were touching chains and bolts.

"Have you reached the door?" faintly called Marie.

"Yes. I have undone one bolt and turned the key. In another moment the door will be opened."

But the upper bolt was more firmly fixed than Laura imagined. In grim silence she tugged and pulled, but without the wished-for results.

"I'm coming to help you!" said Marie.

"But are you not in pain? You speak as if you were."

"Oh, that doesn't matter. Once out in the open air, I shall soon feel all right."

"It's not difficult to descend the stairs —if you are careful to feel each step," said Laura. "Let me help you."

The help was much needed. Faint from pain and the closeness of the air, Marie could with difficulty keep from fainting.

"Shall we go back?" asked Laura in alarm.

"No!" came quickly in reply. "I am stronger than you. I am sure I can undo the bolt."

Trembling from head to foot, but still resolute, Marie groped her way down towards the door.

Concentrating all her remaining strength into one supreme effort, she seized the bolt and with Laura's hands clinging round hers, the two gave a sudden jerk. It was united, weak strength — yet thoughts of Maurice, cruelly wronged Maurice, made that strength grow almost powerful. Together the girls pulled and tugged in silence.

"It's coming!" Marie's white lips uttered the welcome news, as with a grating sound the bolt slid back.

The next moment Laura had opened the door and the fresh night air was around them, renewing their failing strength. It was a glorious night, beautiful with the silvery radiance of moonlight. Against that silvery radiance the dark forms of trees were sharply silhouetted, and the world seemed shrouded in peace, a silent awe-inspiring peace. The girls looked nervously around them, then up at the house.

"Let us walk very quickly," said Laura. "We can leave the door ajar and the air will be fresher on the staircase when we return."

"Yes; and we shall be back again in a few minutes."

"Does your arm hurt you, Marie?"

"Not sufficiently to trouble about now. The pain's better."

They were now stealing noiselessly across the lawn, keeping well by the side of some rhododendrons. Marie glanced anxiously towards the house.

"Not a light to be seen! Everyone is safely asleep," she said, in a tone of satisfaction.

"Yes, and we'll get back without our absence being suspected. After all, it'll merely rank afterwards as an interesting adventure, and I am beginning to feel proud already of our bravery. Truthfully speaking, don't you think we are rather a plucky couple of girls?"

"Yes, but I don't want my pluck or courage to be tested any further. I shall never forget that secret staircase."

"No, I don't think we shall have a chance of doing so; for it strikes me that we shall have to use it whenever we want to act in opposition to Aunt Stanley, which will be nearly every day."

They were passing out of the gates now. For a moment they slackened their pace, then both stopped suddenly and looked into each other's face.

"Are those footsteps?" asked Marie, anxiously.

There was no reply. Laura seized her hand, and then, leaning forward, peered up and down the road.

"No," she whispered. "There's no one in sight. One couldn't help seeing anyone. The road is quite empty. But don't let's wait. Somehow I'm getting frightened again. It's accentuated loneliness now we're so far from the house."

"Yes." And with that "yes" they entered the road, and began walking hurriedly towards the town. Neither spoke a word. The sound of their own voices would have startled them, and negatived a chance of hearing sounds which could warn them of approaching danger.

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE STRANGE INTRUDER.

Onwards they hurried, past the few large scattered houses, and past the smaller ones clustered together. Now they were opposite the post-office. A farewell glance at the letter to the man she loved, then Marie put it quickly in and turned away, happy to know that her aim was accomplished.

"One of Miss Stanley's schemes frustrated," she whispered, in a joyous voice.

"Now home and a light supper and to bed," put in Laura. "But my courage has come back with a rush. I feel equal to prolonging our midnight stroll."

"I don't," was the decided reply.

They hurried back along the familiar road, speaking an occasional word.

"Listen! There's a cart coming," said Marie, in sudden alarm, just as the gates of Rylmer Hall came into sight. "We mustn't be seen. What can we do?"

"Hide ourselves."

"Where? Where?"

"There, amongst the long grass. Come!"

Laura led the way, Marie stumbled after her. There was a thick undergrowth of shrubs and some tall grass not many yards off. Towards this they hurried and threw themselves down.

Only just in time! At the same moment a cart containing two men was driven quickly past, then brought to a standstill at the gates of Rylmer Hall.

"Look!" whispered Marie, aghast. "One man is getting out."

But sudden fear held Laura silent. The man was the identical one who had come into the tower when Derrick shut her up there.

He stepped heavily to the ground as one who lacks steadiness of head, and, lurching towards the gates, entered the grounds of the Hall.

"Shall I stay?" asked the man in the cart.

"Don't stay just outside. Drive up and down a bit—it's safest. But mind to hurry along fast if another cart comes this way. Use your senses. Don't play the fool."

With this parting piece of advice the speaker quitted the carriage drive and turned down a side path, and the driver of the cart gave the pony a touch with the whip and began to drive slowly down the road. Immediately opposite the spot where the two girls were hidden he drew up, produced pipe and tobacco, and began leisurely to make preparations for enjoying a quiet smoke.

"I'm dashed if I'll do this again without cash down," he said, in an angry voice. "Stand still, will yer?" The latter remark was addressed to the pony, which was beginning to show signs of restlessness, and was answered by rigid stillness on the quadruped's part.

The girls seized each other's hands. The action meant unity and perfect confidence in each other, but it spoke of fear. They knew themselves to be completely helpless. To attempt to escape from their present hiding-place was folly with this man near. The cleverest at eluding capture would not have escaped him, and he was not the type of man on whose mercy they could throw themselves.

Yet they could not stay where they were.

"Shall we bribe him, offer him money?" whispered Marie. "'Cash down' from us might be very acceptable."

"How much have you got?" asked Laura.

"Three pounds in my purse and——"

"Stand still, will yer?" Again the words rang out loud and distinct, again the pony was growing restless.

But this time the driver was in the very act of lighting his pipe, and could not accompany the words with the customary tug at the reins. The pony missed that tug, and accepted it as a sign of weakness on his master's part.

Taking the bit between his teeth he made a sudden plunge, then——

"Oh, he's running away," cried Laura. "Look! He's tearing down the road!"

She was right. Scarcely were the words uttered before a hundred yards lay between themselves and the quickly disappearing pony and trap.

"What a merciful deliverance!" cried Marie, springing to her feet. "Now let us make a rush to get back to the house again."

"And risk meeting that dreadful-looking man?"

"Yes; it is inevitable. We cannot possibly remain here, considering that the door of the secret staircase is open."

"He won't know that. It's impossible to see it behind the shrubs. He may come out in a moment and go in pursuit of the trap."

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"I don't think there's a chance of that. He looked as if he were going to the Hall with a distinct purpose in his mind, and he may not leave for hours. Do you know," here her voice fell to a mysterious whisper, "I am afraid he is a burglar."

"No. He's the man who came into the tower the day Derrick locked me in there."

"However, I feel that we must risk all and hurry back. Come!"

Marie crept into the road and Laura followed without a word of further opposition, both on the *qui vive* to detect the slightest sound. But stillness reigned — reassuring stillness—for the first few moments.

"I'm glad you decided to venture forth because——" Laura stopped. "Listen. Oh, that man is driving back. Let us run as hard as we can."

Already the sound of the pony galloping towards them at a furious rate was coming nearer and nearer. They were not fleet runners, but fear imbued them with sudden powers of swiftness. They raced along not daring to look round.

"Take my hand," cried Marie. She was several feet in advance of Laura.

Gratefully was the offer accepted. Only a few more yards lay between them and the comparative safety to be found within the gates.

"Oh, I hope the man won't see us," gasped Laura. "How near he is."

"We're safe now," exclaimed Marie, "for a few minutes."

THEY RACED ALONG, NOT DARING TO LOOK ROUND.

Yes, they were safe. Panting, breathless, and ashy white they fell down side by side under some trees just within the entrance.

"He can't see us, can he?" queried Laura.

"No; and he dare not leave that pony—luckily."

Scarcely was the last word uttered before the trap came to a sudden standstill outside the gates, and the now familiar "Stand still, will yer?" rang out once more sharp and distinct.

"That pony will occupy all his thoughts and powers of observation," said Marie. "Let us continue our way to the house once our walking powers have returned."

"Breathing powers, too. And Maurice always said I couldn't run. I shall tell him he's mistaken. I'm ready now, but I hope you won't want me to run any more just yet."

Very cautiously they rose from the

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ground, very cautiously they studied the surrounding trees for any signs of humanity. But there was not a movement suggestive of life, nor a sound which spoke of anyone being near—save the man outside the gate, now occupied with warmly abusing the self-willed pony.

"I bless that pony," whispered Laura. "I should like to buy it."

"Don't talk, dear," came back in reply, "until we are safely at home."

There was silence, laboured silence, as, step by step, they slowly approached the house. There was a stretch of open lawn to be crossed first, and here the two girls could not hope to escape notice.

"We'll rush it," whispered Marie.

"Yes. I'm ready at the right moment."

The right moment had not quite arrived. A few yards of stealthy walking remained before them, but they were doing it more quickly than they had ventured to walk before.

Suddenly Laura seized Marie's hand and gave it a jerk, then with her other hand she pointed to a recumbent figure lying exactly across the path.

It was the man whom they had hoped to elude.

"Asleep — he's asleep," whispered Laura. "Let us steal by quickly. No—wait."

"Who's there?"

It was the man's voice that asked the question, and he asked it in a low, mysterious whisper, as if he, too, feared others. Rigid as statues, too frightened to stir or breathe, the two girls stood motionless amongst the thick shrubs.

"Who's there? Is it Tim? Can't ye speak, mate?" The man spoke lower than before.

And the girls stood and listened. Their faces, livid from fear, were turned towards him, yet hidden from his view by thick branches.

"I suppose it were a mistake," murmured the man, sinking back on the ground. "Anyhow, I'll go in a few minutes and hammer that young fellar up. He'll not forget keeping me waiting like this."

The man stretched out his limbs, yawned and muttered: "I'm blessed if I don't have a smoke. No, better not. That noise has upset me a bit. I'll be moving along."

He slowly lifted himself to his feet, shook his huge frame, much as a dog does on coming out of water, then turned round and walked towards the shrubs where Marie and Laura stood hoping to evade him.

They stood rigid, motionless, knowing that to escape notice they must remain as still as the branches around. With his hands in his pockets and his eyes fixed on the house he lurched past them and disappeared amongst the trees to their right; in which direction, also, lay the entrance to the secret staircase.

"We must wait until he is quite out of sight, then we'll rush it," whispered Marie.

"Yes," concurred Laura.

Minutes passed slowly as the man's heavy footsteps died away in the distance. At last they ceased entirely.

"He has gone far enough. Let us run to the house before he can return," exclaimed Laura. "If we waste this chance——"

"We won't waste it. Come!" interrupted Marie, moving quickly forward and taking the other's hand.

Just one moment to take breath, just one moment to steady themselves, then across the moonlit lawn they ran their fleetest.

Marie was the first to reach the door. Forgetful of the injury to her arm she pushed it with both hands, to find that her strength was unequal to the task of opening it.

"Someone has been here and closed it," cried Laura. "See, there are footprints! Oh, what shall we do? Shall I call Derrick, or Aunt Stanley? Stand well behind the shrub, Marie."

"No, no, don't call anyone. If we both push with all our strength we may open it. It can't be fastened inside."

Together they leant against the door, together they put forth all their strength. Marie's lips were firmly pressed together as one who forces herself to suffer pain in silence. Suddenly under their combined force the door opened.

"Not a moment too soon. Look!"

It was Laura who spoke, and Marie glanced in the direction in which she was looking. The man was hurrying towards them. Swift as lightning the door was closed. They were safe!

Instantly Marie was groping her way upstairs. But the first thing that she touched was the hand of a human being!

With a shriek she sprang back.

(To be continued.)

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This is Death.

It is to bid the waning world Good night ;
To say Good morning in a brighter sphere ;
To pass from darkness to eternal light ;
To shed no more the burning, bitter tear.

It is to hear no children at their play ;
To feel no touch of e'en a loving hand ;
To know no longer weary night or day ;
To go with gladness to the better land.

It is to take no kiss that love may give ;
To need no bread that yet this life may be ;
To sink into the grave and still to live ;
To lie in silence and a mystery.

It is to have our talents counted o'er ;
To garner all that we have ever sowed ;
To reach at last the solemn, hopeful hour ;
To cast aside for e'er life's heavy load.

It is to close the eyes in deepest sleep ;
To follow where e'en Christ the Lord hath trod ;
To lean on Him who, aye, His own will keep ;
To slumber sweetly and to be with God.

It is to leave the flowers, the birds, the trees ;
Behold no more the land, or sea, or sky ;
To listen to no sound of voice or breeze ;
To answer to no call, or moan, or cry.

It is to look no more on gold or dross ;
To rest beyond all hope, or fear, or pain ;
To welcome there the Crown and bless the Cross ;
To lose all ties of earth and yet to gain.

George Savage.

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In the Public Eye

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

THERE is always something peculiarly interesting about a man who has spent many years in the Navy, but the life-story of Commander Dawson, R.N., is even more than usually attractive, because of his great love for good works.

As a boy in the early teens he entered the Navy, and during the years that he was afloat, met with many stirring adventures, and will still sometimes delight his friends by wondrous 'yarns,' told as only an Irishman can tell a tale.

When he eventually left the Service, he at once threw himself enthusiastically into Christian work, and for some years was honorary secretary to The Royal Navy Scripture Readers' Society, the object of which was to provide readers who would spread the word of God amongst sailors. Then in 1874 he became interested in the Missions to Seamen, an organisation which had already been at work for some years, and was every day throwing its influence further afield.

The wide scope and the splendid objects of the Mission appealed strongly to Captain Dawson, and he took the position of general secretary, which he has held, ably, ever since. These Missions have a depôt in almost every seaport in the world and missioners are provided, who go down to the docks, meet the men, often accompany them when they go to get their pay, and then induce them to send the money to their wives, or to save it, instead of falling into the many temptations which a sailor ashore has to face.

This is only one of the branches of the huge work which the missions are carrying forward, but Captain Dawson holds the threads of every undertaking in his hands, and from his busy office in Buckingham Street, Strand, keeps the web from entanglement, issuing directions with that precision and dispatch which one would expect of an experienced naval man.

THE past fifty years have seen many changes in the position of women both intellectually and socially, and in relation to the former the name of Mrs. Farquharson will, in the words of one of the greatest lady scientists of the day, "pass through the century as that of a great pioneer reformer;" for ably and with wonderful energy is she carrying on a crusade on behalf of properly qualified women to obtain for them the much prized privilege of admittance to the learned Societies as Fellows, with a right to attend the meetings.

Mrs. Farquharson is a deeply learned botanist, the writer of valuable works on the subject, and a duly elected Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society since 1885, and yet with all these qualifications she has been compelled to absent herself from meetings at which subjects on which she has a minute personal knowledge were to be discussed, for the simple reason that one of the crusted old rules of these same societies is that women may not be admitted. This unfair prohibition

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she has strenuously set herself to alter, though it is entirely on behalf of other women, as delicate health will always

MRS. FARQUHARSON, F.R.M.S.,
A Noted Lady Scientist.

effectually debar her from profiting to any extent by the privilege her own exertions have obtained.

Mrs. Farquharson from early life has been devoted to the study of cryptogamic botany, her marriage with the late Robert Ogilvie Farquharson, the popular laird of Alford in Aberdeenshire, fostering this love, as he was a keen student of microscopy, and so husband and wife were able to work together in mutual sympathy and understanding.

Since his death, Mrs. Farquharson has carried on her crusade with unceasing energy, and has secured the hearty co-operation of many well-known scientific reformers, all of whom entirely support her side of the question; clever papers from her pen have been read at meetings in Paris, Manchester, Aberdeen, and London, and finally, at a meeting of the Geological Society, she gained the great triumph of at last being allowed through the kindly offices of the President and Fellows to enter the room during the progress of the meeting.

Thus the first great step has been gained, and soon, in Mrs. Farquharson's own words, should come the happy time when qualified women will be able "to invite our fellow lady scientists to the London centres of science, such as the Royal, the Linnean, the Royal Geographical, the Geological, and the Royal Microscopical Society, etc., where subjects of vital interest to the world in general are continually being discussed."

THE position of Lady Mayoress of the City of London is an onerous one, and this year these duties fall to the daughter instead of the wife of the great Civic representative. But the lack of years only adds charm to the personality of the present mistress of the Mansion House.

Long before Alderman Green came to the chair his eldest daughter had shown her powers of verse writing, and she had a book of "Poems" published about eighteen months ago.

In many periodicals the name of Kathleen Hayden Green may be seen at the bottom of some rhythmic lines, and her verses on "The Passing of Victoria" were widely copied from journal to journal. Miss Green is an enthusiast in all literary matters, and has now written a book in prose, which will shortly appear to the world at large. She has frequently written verses to be set to music, her latest being called "Love's Choice," the music for which has been composed by Algernon Lindo.

MISS KATHLEEN HAYDEN GREEN,
Lady Mayoress of London.
Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery, 51, Baker Street, W.

Miss Green and her sister attend nearly all the charity meetings which are held in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion

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House, and this is a matter that is rarely considered a duty by Lady Mayoresses, but she believes in giving all possible support to these good organisations.

The amount of time thus spent must be very great, for it is difficult to form any idea of the number of societies that enjoy the privilege of gathering together here. Just now Miss Green is busy collecting for Queen Victoria's Jubilee beds in the Netley Hospital, and at the time of writing is also working for the great Bazaar at Earl's Court in aid of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association.

When at home in Hampstead, Miss Green and her sister are energetic workers in the Boys' Home, where lads, who have not been convicted of crime, are given a home, taught a trade and put out into life, with the advantage of having received a sound moral training.

A sad but eventful time it has been for the present Lord Mayor, for it does not often fall to the lot of a First Magistrate to proclaim a Sovereign. But the Lady Mayoress smilingly declares that in spite of the season being a dull one, she never has a moment to spare, and for the time being she has almost to give up her writing, in order to perform her duties as hostess in all the many functions that are an inseparable part of life at the Mansion House.

FIFTY-FOUR years of service as a minister of the Gospel—that in itself is a grand record, but of Dr. Alexander McLaren it may be said that the length of his service is the least remarkable part of it.

As a preacher he is in his own domain supreme; his sermons are marked by deep religious fervour, keen penetration, and loftiness of thought and feeling, but they are real sermons, not philosophical disquisitions, and the inspiration is from the Bible and the Bible alone.

One of the most notable features of his church is the number of workers it contains. The whole place is as busy as a hive of bees. Members do not think that their duty is accomplished by a regular appearance in a comfortable pew, and most of them are actively engaged in the various agencies of chapel work, missions, district visiting, Sunday-school, classes and the like.

This is a wonderful tribute to the real power of the doctor's preaching; it is no mere pulpit oratory, but strikes right down to the heart and the life.

Though Dr. McLaren has had tempting offers from flourishing London churches he has always remained true to Manchester.

In 1883 he was invited to fill the pulpit of the Regent's Park Baptist Church, and in 1885 offered the chair of Hebrew at the Regent's Park College with the co-pastorate of Bloomsbury Chapel, both of

REV. DR. ALEXANDER McLAREN,
The Great Manchester Preacher and Chairman of the Baptist Union.
Photograph by F. Baum, Manchester.

which he refused, though the latter would have especially suited the tastes of the eminent scholar.

When he first came to Manchester he was thirty-two years of age and had been in the ministry twelve years. It was not long before the original chapel in Oxford Road overflowed and the present fine building was erected, and given the name of Union Chapel.

His people have many times given proof of their affection for their great Pastor. When he celebrated his twentieth anniversary of work in this church he received

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a presentation of a cheque for 2,000 guineas, a gold watch, a clock, and a type-writer, and the address was signed by every member of the congregation.

In 1897 he celebrated his jubilee in ministerial work, his seventieth birthday and the 38th anniversary of his ministry at Manchester. The presentation on that occasion was a splendid portrait of himself, in oils, painted by Sir George Reid, President of the Scottish Academy, and now hung in the City Art Gallery.

Dr. McLaren entered this year for the second time on the duties of Chairman of the Baptist Union, and one of the most memorable events of the religious year marked his inauguration, namely, the meeting on a common platform of three such men as himself, Dr. Parker, and Principal Rainy.

MISS EDITH FOWLER, the younger daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Fowler, is a bright and sympathetic writer, who has a wonderful power of weaving into a simple and homely story the beauty and sweetness of everyday life.

A page of her work, after the dreary sensationalism of the modern novel, is like a whiff of fresh air or the scent of a sweet flower.

Her ideal is so to touch the common-place as to show the pathos and the truth that everywhere lie beneath it, and probably, as she says, but a little way down below the surface after all, though so many have neither time nor inclination nor spades to dig for themselves.

Miss Fowler's serial, "The World and Winstow," which commenced in the January number of *The Woman at Home*, will be brought out in book form in the autumn. Her last published book was "A Corner of the West."

Miss Fowler does most of her writing in the country and her home is "Woodthorne" in Staffordshire, about two miles from Wolverhampton.

MISS EDITH FOWLER,
A Writer of Charming and Helpful Fiction.
Photograph by Alice Hughes, 52, Gower Street, W.

THE Rev. James Stalker, D.D., is one the most prominent ministers of the United Free Church of Scotland which has recently held its first regular Assembly. He gave in his report as College Convener but omitted to mention the fact that owing to his personal efforts mainly, the College buildings have been enlarged and the "Rainy" Hall built.

For the past quarter of a century Dr. Stalker has been a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, and from the very beginning of his ministry he has taken a prominent place in the ecclesiastical life of his country.

As a student he joined the late Professor Henry Drummond, who was his close friend till his lamented death, in furthering the work of Moody amongst the young men of the country. It was young Stalker, too, who at that period edited *The Times*

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of Blessing—the paper which gave the best account of the Moody revival.

This was the more remarkable because

REV. DR. STALKER,
Through whose efforts the "Rainy Hall" at Edinburgh University has been founded.
Photo by Stuart, Glasgow.

he was the leading student of the New College at the time and by his force of character and influence upon his fellow-students he was able to sweep the whole college into cordial sympathy with the movement. His life, as a minister, is well known, his great gift of preaching having made his face and voice familiar in every part of the country. He exerts a wider influence still by his writings.

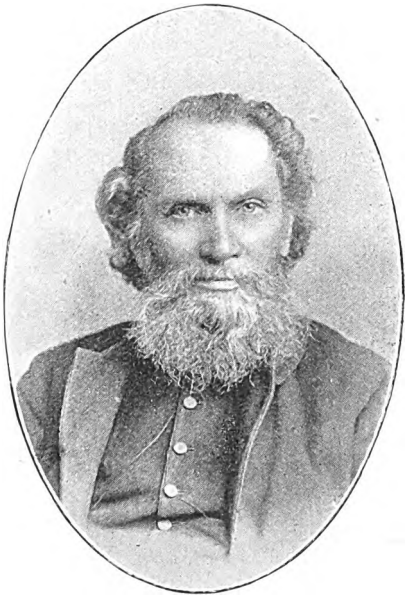
His books are all interesting and valuable, and the more so on account of the charm of style which makes them easy and delightful reading. It is interesting to know that the late Professor Henry Drummond and "Ian Maclaren" were classfellows of Dr. Stalker at Edinburgh.

"On leaving College they formed a club —now known as "The Gaiety Club"— which has met annually in the month of May for 27 years. Professor George Adam Smith is also a member. This year the reunion took place at Gullane, and the club were "gay" together on the golf links there. These four have all shown themselves to be possessed of literary powers of a very high order and yet each has his own distinctive style well-defined and different from that of all the rest.

Dr. Stalker's books have been translated into half-a-dozen Continental languages, into some of the languages of India, into Chinese and Japanese and they have as wide a popularity in America as in Great Britain. He has fulfilled two great ministries—the one for twelve years in the thriving town of Kirkcaldy, the other of fourteen years in Glasgow. In Glasgow he has taken a great share of public and philanthropic work and he is as forceful upon the platform as in the pulpit. He is a strong temperance advocate and some of his finest public utterances have been in support of this cause.

He is also deeply interested in labour movements, and in the questions which from time to time rise between capital and labour. He is an all-round strong influence for good in Scotland, using his power as a preacher, his ripe scholarship and his unique place in public life for the sweetening and beautifying of Scottish life.

LIKE most great movements the N.S.P.C.C. came from very small beginnings, and owes its rise to the devotion of one man, who, with a heart



REV. BENJAMIN WAUGH,
Who has protected half-a-million Children from Cruelty.
Photo by A. Montwille Evans, St. Albans.

overflowing with love for the little ones, a brain to conceive, and a strong right

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hand to carry out, laid the foundations of the society which is practically the only safeguard which the children have against ill-treatment.

That man was the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, who obtained from Parliament what is known as the Children's Charter, by which every child born into the land is entitled to be properly fed, clothed and treated. But he has done more. He has schemed a National system for its enforcement in the actual life of the children, and for this end built up a national organisation, which to-day has 840 centres of operation, and by which more than half-a-million children have been benefited.

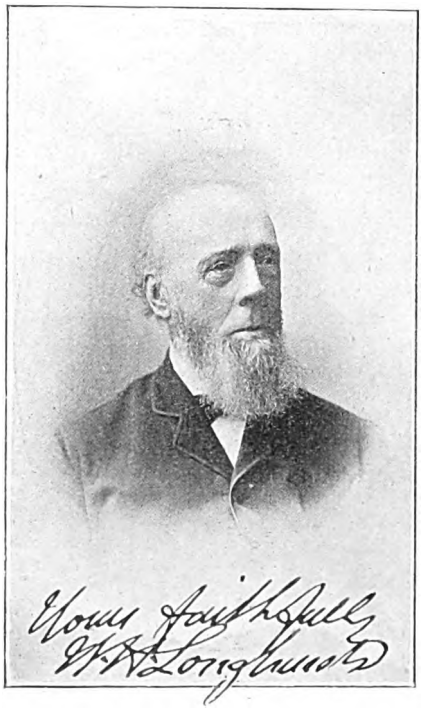
When Mr. Waugh first took up the work he was a Congregational Minister at Greenwich, and editor of the *Sunday Magazine*, and he saw many cruel cases of child neglect in the poor districts of Greenwich and Deptford.

He started his crusade in the top floor of a house in Ludgate Hill over the *Sunday Magazine* office, and at first without a single assistant.

But the work soon began to make itself known, helpers were enlisted, and the little society moved to larger premises at Harpur Street, Bloomsbury.

At the end of the first year 4,000 cases of cruelty were brought to light, and the indifference which had at first hampered Mr. Waugh's efforts was rapidly dispelled, and the society has for a long time been a perfect terror to evil doers. Mr. Waugh has very little leisure, and it is related that once when at home he was arrested by two words of awful import—"neglected children"—written in bold characters and pasted outside a room occupied by two of his children.

When he went in he was greeted by a merry peal of laughter, and discovered that the plot had been conceived by his eldest girl as a humourous reminder that they would like to have a little more of their dear father's society, though we may be sure that no member of his family grudges the time which is devoted to such a cause.



DR. W. H. LONGHURST,
For Seventy Years connected with the Musical Services of Canterbury Cathedral.
Photograph by H. B. Collis, Canterbury.

DR. WILLIAM HENRY LONGHURST, the venerable musician, who only retired from the position of organist of Canterbury Cathedral some three years ago, is eighty-one years of age. Dr. Longhurst resides in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, and is often to be seen at the Cathedral, in the music of which he continues to take the liveliest interest.

He holds the longest record of continued service, having been connected with the Cathedral for seventy years. His father was an organ builder at Canterbury, but Dr. Longhurst was himself born in Lambeth. He became a chorister in 1828, when he was eight years old, and was appointed assistant-organist and lay clerk in 1834 and organist in 1873, retiring twenty-five years later in 1898.

He greatly added to the musical reputation of the Cathedral, and to him is due the introduction of oratorios into the services.

He has also made a distinguished name as a composer of sacred music, and his best works are frequently performed.

THE name of Mrs. Finn is one to conjure with in Jerusalem, where she has done and is doing much to alleviate the terrible position of at least some of the starving Jews in that city.

The daughter of the great Hebrew scholar, the Rev. Dr. McCaul, of London,

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she was from her earliest childhood imbued with a warm sympathy for these unhappy people, with the result that when she first went to live in Jerusalem in 1846, as the wife of H.B.M. Consul in Palestine, her heart was ready to respond to the misery she saw around her, and to devise some means for its alleviation.

MRS. FINN,
Who has done so much for the Persecuted Jews in their own Land.
Photograph by C. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

The position of affairs in Jerusalem was then terrible. There were about 7,000 Jews living within the city, the majority of whom were in a state of destitution and starvation, as the strong anti-Semitic feeling running through all other classes of the population prevented them finding work or any means of living. Their homes were miserable, there were no means of storing water, every drop of which had to be bought from the authorities, and it was no uncommon thing for people to literally starve for want of food and water. No work was to be found within the city, and Mrs. Finn determined to try the experiment of a spade industry, Jerusalem being without trade or commerce.

Buying a small piece of land just within the city walls, she set two men to cultivate it for her, with such success that in 1852 she determined to start larger operations and bought a tract of land within a mile of the city known as "Kerem el Khaleel — *i.e.*, Abraham's Vineyard."

Workers were plentiful, and though funds were low, the work steadily progressed, vine culture and agriculture being carried on, while, later, stone quarrying and building were added to the operations. Still it was very difficult to obtain sympathy or help from England and it was not until the great Jewish persecution of 1881-2 that a real start was made, and public interest fully aroused.

Then Mrs. Finn seized her opportunity and formed a society, with Lord Shaftesbury (an old friend) as its President, under the name of the Society for the Relief of Persecuted Jews (the Syrian Colonisation Fund). Since then the work has steadily progressed; a soap industry, the soap made from fresh olive oil and native grown alkali, has been added; four new cisterns have been built, from which the people can obtain much needed water; carpentering and iron work are carried on, and fifty-nine men are in constant employment, though there would be room for many more and the work could be largely increased were the necessary funds forthcoming.

Mrs. Finn herself is still in regular touch with the work, constantly sending out great bales of clothing for the terribly necessitous poor from her home in Brook Green; while by her own efforts she has collected many thousands of pounds for carrying on the scheme.

THE ONLOOKER.

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Reminiscences of Dickens.

By GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

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"NOW when I was a boy——" That is a fine old crusted expression, and one that has never been bettered; so I repeat it. When I was a boy we had hardly anything to read after we had saturated ourselves with Scott, Cooper, and Marryat. There were plenty of popular novels, of course, but they did not much attract youth, who, to my mind, rank pretty well with the commonplace readers who put up with, more than enjoy the sentimentality of the many and the mawkishness of the more. We read James and Bulwer, and warmed up a little over the romantic and historic, but there was no writer upon whom one can put pen point who wrote works of a kind that appealed to everybody—works that were perused from cover to cover with avidity by the educated and cultured, and with as much gratification by those neither scholarly nor refined, while they were listened to with the wildest delight by those who could not read.

Then it was that the new star arose in the literary firmament, and literally blazed. Need I say that this star's name was Dickens? And it is needless to say that I was with the rest of those who revelled in his works, who talked "Pickwick" and knew the characters by heart, who were spellbound over the vivid horrors of "Oliver Twist," grew wretched over Little Nell, followed breathlessly the adventures of Nicholas Nickleby and Smike, and laughed at the eccentricities of Martin Chuzzlewit. As the time glided on, we looked forward for fresh friends year by year in the familiar green covers. Now it would be "Dombey and Son," "Bleak House," or "David Copperfield," that simple, natural idyll of home life, while when Christmas came round there was the little series headed by that most beautifully pathetic of fairy stories, "A Christmas Carol." Stern critics have dubbed them extravagant, burlesqued, impossible, and declared that Dickens could not depict a gentleman or lady. Grant all they say to have been true, there still remains the fact that no writer ever did, probably none will again, paint such a little army of original and distinctive characters as those which went straight home at once to the hearts of everyone, to be discussed, quoted, laughed or wept over, and remembered, and which are being remembered by new generations; for the sale of Dickens in the new editions consequent upon the dying out of copyright is probably as great as ever.

We hear it said at times by the younger generation that they do not care for Dickens, that they fail to understand him, that he comes far behind Thackeray. But this is a free country, and one is at liberty to be sceptical, and doubt very much whether those who decry our most popular writer have ever read him. If they have fairly tried, and cannot find power, pathos, humour, and that wondrous magnetism that pervades a great writer's book, in, say, such diverse works as "David Copperfield," the "Christmas Carol," and "A Tale of Two Cities," human nature must have undergone a complete change during the past quarter of a century, a change such as it never underwent in previous ages, for, to judge it by the only means possible—its literature, handed down to us in every tongue and made accessible by translation—human nature has always been precisely the same since the world began.

I am a partial judge? I think not. I began early as a blind worshipper of our author's works, seeing no fault in any; and I have lived on to see numerous blemishes, standing out plainly, but so dimmed by the many vivid lights that it is

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only fair to say that these blemishes act as foils which keep the stories from being too nearly perfect. A strange assertion this; but there has always seemed to me a something repellent in an object that is too faultless. Book, picture, statue, scene, human being, even woman. Why, the so-called perfect man is not the being one would choose to play Jonathan to one's David, while as to the so-called perfect boy—is there a greater, a more unnatural horror under the sun?

Let us have our Dickens, then, as we remember him, with all his perfections and imperfections upon his head, and let it not be supposed that I ever looked up to him as to an idol. I liked his works intensely, as the vast majority of the reading world did, and when I first attempted to write let me frankly confess that, as a pupil would, I tried hard to imitate my favourite writer's style. It was, of course, at a great distance; but, being furnished by Nature with something of the faculty of imitation, what I produced must have borne some resemblance to the master's work, for it fell to my lot to be spoken of by a reviewer as one of those upon whom the mantle of Dickens was about to fall.

That remark did me a world of good, for, instead of producing what is laughingly termed a swelled head, it set me thinking whether it would not be far better to spin good honest yarn and make myself a homespun coat that would fit me perfectly, than to attempt to get hold of a secondhand velvet robe in which to masquerade. Perhaps it was due to this that when I tried my hand at a few sketches for the great master's own magazine they were not sent back as bungling imitations of his own current gold, fit only to be nailed to the counter, but appeared as the honest bronze coinage that they were.

It was at a time when the difficulties of a would-be writer were thick around me, and in spite of the advice of a kindly-hearted editor now at rest, who wrote me, "Hammer, hammer, hammer, every stroke will tell," I was beginning to think I might as well set up as my crest a broken reed, with the motto beneath it, "Declined with thanks." For these were very familiar words, beginning to be graven very deeply in my sinking heart. Certainly I took the advice and hammered, but somehow I forged no metal, and only produced much empty sound.

Then there came that day when the thought rose like a flash—why should I not try Dickens himself? I was familiar with his face, as depicted in his early works—that of an effeminate-looking, long-haired youngish man, wearing a stiff stock, and that was the Dickens I had in my mind's eye, when one day I was going up Wellington-street and saw him seated at an open upper window of *All the Year Round* office. He was quite close, and talking energetically to someone opposite, but seated back, while after every few words he kept turning and looking down into the street.

It was not the Dickens of my old memories, but the owner of the keen, searching eyes, thin of hair, and deeply marked of countenance—it was the face with which we are all so familiar now.

Still, it was the Dickens I asked to be my judge—to whom I wrote and asked to frankly tell me whether I should go on hammering patiently, or give it up at once. And he answered—

Never a word.

But he did better, for in very few days he had studied up the written evidence I had sent him along with my note, sent it to the printers, and one morning I awoke to find myself, like his own creation, Christopher, in "Somebody's Luggage," eagerly examining a long, narrow, bluish envelope, bearing my name and address, and in one corner the magic letters, "A.Y.R.," while inside was the proof that my little tale was deemed worthy to go in the pages that at times contained the emanations of his own brain.

Should I have liked to receive as well a few lines in the great master's own autograph, stating that my article was accepted? Frankly, no; for I believe I should have shrunk sensitively, on account of the weaknesses that could have been pointed out. In fact, I might well have flinched from hearing the judgment, and shivered to see my proof slips after they had passed through the great editor's hands. In my own case I believe I pretty well escaped, but I have seen proofs that he had altered to suit his taste, cancelling, transposing, and even re-writing large passages, to make them quite in accordance with his ideas upon the subject under consideration. Such columns, patched, deleted, erased, and treated in the most

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terrible manner—from the writer's point of view—are extant, and are dear to the soul of the Dickens collector. For our great novelist did not spare his own writings, as the corrections and interlineations in his manuscript shew, while to his contributors he was somewhat of a tyrant. But no wonder; he had his own ideas of what the contributions to his periodical should be; they were to suit the particular public at whom he aimed, and his additions were so many that they were doubtless the cause of the vulgar error, common amongst the provincial public, that he wrote the whole of *Household Words* himself; for in many of the articles and stories there is the Dickens touch, often his own, more often, perhaps, the work of his staff, who unconsciously imbibed or imitated his style. This is markedly the case in the Christmas numbers, notably in that called "The Perils of Certain English Prisoners," where I could have marked column after column as being from Charles Dickens's pen, though they were written by another hand. Of course, it would have been pleasant to store up a few lines of communication from such an editor, but, after all, it was quite enough then that I had literally printed proof that I had done right and found a literary friend.

For the acceptance by Charles Dickens of that and the articles which followed, to appear, of course, quite anonymously, proved far more than a kindly editorial act of encouragement to a young beginner. It was as if he had unlocked and held open the gate that had been closed against me, saying: "Enter, and follow the literary highway. Go on, and climb as best you can." As I have said, the articles appeared anonymously, but within a week of the number which contained my first article being published I received from *All the Year Round* office a re-directed letter which had been addressed to the author of "In Jeopardy," requesting me to call and see the editor at an eminent publishing house; and upon responding I found I was selected to write a series of similar articles; while as soon as another editor, who presided over a daily paper, had read my sketch he enlisted me upon his literary staff.

It was never my good fortune to know Dickens personally. I contented myself with seeing him from time to time, never having been gifted with the quality known as "push." I have been at public meetings where he was a brilliant speaker, and I have sat beneath him when he appeared as a reader of his works. And here, after the great praise I had read of his power of swaying an audience and moving it to mirth or tears, I must own to a chill of disappointment. Neither in presence, modulation of voice, variety, power, nor dramatic force, did he seem to me to excel. To me, his reading was simply good, and the only attraction seemed to be that one was listening to the literary giant himself reading from his own works. The enchantment to me was a hundred times greater when with his books, shut up alone.

My reminiscences of Dickens are, too many of them, not first hand, for I was but friend of those he made his friends, notably of his late partner, who joined him in the early days of the *Daily News*; of Andrew Halliday, who dramatised his works, and to whom Dickens said, after the dramatist had triumphantly taken him to the theatre to see one piece, that it was a very interesting play, but he should not have known it as being based on his own work.

My reminiscences of Dickens, few though they may be, are kept well alive through my being the fortunate possessor of a very complete collection of the great author's works, beginning with the old thumbed and shabby first editions, taken in month by month, and going on through the various modified and later-issued volumes of various forms to the choice *édition de luxe*, with its interpolated extra and duplicated plates and collected poems. There is a curious kind of pleasure experienced, too, in opening the old collections of short stories, and the inlaid and mounted plays.

Then, too, there is the study of the long list of illustrators who have found inspiration in the Dickens stories, beginning with George Cruikshank and Cattermole, and passing on through the most familiar drawings of Hablot K. Browne—"Phiz"—to Marcus Stone and Luke Fildes. Far more curious are those of Alfred Crowquill, Seymour, Buss, Onwhyn, Gilbert, Pailthorpe, Maclise, and, most singular of all, in their grotesque drawing, mingled with a certain kind of cleverness, those of Sibson, designed for "Master Humphrey's Clock." It is needless to mention the many other artists who tried

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their hands on later editions of the great master's work, it being in several cases kinder to draw a veil, or close a book whose artistic decorations only go—and often very grotesquely—to show how widely artists' ideas differ over any given character that they may be called upon to depict. One exception, though, should be mentioned among the newer illustrators, whose drawings possessed great power and beauty—those of the late Fred Barnard; many being marked by exquisite pathos, while there are others full of a genuine humour, proving how thoroughly this artist must have grasped the great writer's ideas of character.

It is a pleasant way of recalling Dickens to pore over one's collections of his many writings, his notes, his speeches, his earliest efforts, and his latest works, with the last, and its mystery left unravelled; but, to one who has collected broadly, taking and treasuring up what may be termed the rags and tatters hung about his works, there is a strange sense of contempt and annoyance creeping over the spirit, a bitter lesson in the miserable, paltry trickery and subterfuge exercised by certain of our fellow creatures, who, parasite-like, seek to make an indecent living by battening on the success which has attended real genius.

For instance, what could one say bad enough about a book got up in dead imitation of Dickens's evergreen piece of drollery? Here it is, issued in parts, each with its two copperplate engravings, and with the familiar characters named and carried through a series of adventures on the Continent—"Pickwick Abroad"—and the marvel is that it was largely read. Here is another, "Dombey and Daughter," forsooth, written, as the author kindly says, to gratify the wishes of a large portion of the British public, who, he feels sure, would like to know more about the young lady created by Dickens, or words to that effect. The name of such imitations was once legion, but fortunately, so dealers tell us, they are now "very scarce."

Among the greatest treasures of a collector of "Dickensiana" are those which contain the crystallisations of the great author's mind on paper, remaining as they flowed from his pen. Even a single manuscript folio from one of his works is anything but a trifle. A presentation copy, with the author's autograph, stands high too, but, to my mind, far highest in rank is some characteristic letter—one which gives a peep, so to speak, into the man's real nature.

Here is one, a true reminiscence of Dickens, which I have treasured up for years. I transcribe it in full, for it has never before appeared in print. It is written upon a sheet of old-fashioned blue wire-wove notepaper, and had its habitation for years upon the bill-file of the tradesman to whom it was sent, with the consequence that, in addition to time stains, it is pierced by three rough holes where the wire passed through the original folds.

It tells its own tale:

"*Mr. Charles Dickens is much obliged to Mr. Claridge for the offer of Lord Byron's flute. But, as Mr. Dickens cannot play that instrument himself, and has nobody in his house who can, he begs to decline the purchase, with thanks.*

"*Devonshire-terrace,*

"*Twentieth June*, 1848."

There is no visible mark of a smile upon the paper, but there seems to be one playing among the words, and one cannot help thinking that, when Dickens wrote that he could not play the flute, he must have recalled a certain flute serenade played at Mrs. Todgers's Commercial Boarding-house, and written by him in 1844.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

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THE FERRY COTTAGE.

By ERNEST COZENS COOKE.

JANET, crouching over her wood fire, slowly counted out her gains, and found them total to one shilling and tenpence halfpenny. She was not a little awed by this result, for it represented the record daily takings of the ferry.

When the calculation had been carefully made and checked, she examined each coin afresh. It was a fancy of hers. She liked to call to mind the little tale of passengers who had used her boat, and the pennies came to the rescue of a treacherous memory. Each coin had its own personality, and each had its associated story. In this way Janet treasured up many trivial but pleasant memories.

One by one she replaced the coins in her purse, until at last there remained in her palm but one—a bright, new shilling. Ah, she remembered distinctly how she had come by that. Early in the day a picnic party had used the ferry, and the leader had handed her in payment this shilling, saying, cheerily:—"There's a new one to bring you luck, Mrs. Lewis; never mind the change." And then, with merry laughter, the little company had sped quickly up the lane, leaving behind a gleam of sunshine in a heart where sorrow dwelt.

Janet recalled the incident in all its freshness, and her mild, grey eyes moistened with tears.

"Aye, there's some folk be kind-hearted, God bless 'em—though its little luck do ever come to me or mine."

Then, with a deep sigh, she let the shilling drop into the purse. But she immediately thought better of this action. A coin with so remarkable a history deserved other treatment. She rose from her chair by the fireside and went into an inner room, where a child was sleeping peacefully. Here she deposited the shilling among some other treasures which she kept securely guarded under lock and key. Then she crept quietly to the cot side, breathed a prayer over infant slumbers, and returned to the outer room.

It was now growing dusk. The fire was burning brightly, and its reflection upon the walls and ceiling of the cottage reminded Janet that the hour of her evening pilgrimage was come. Her preparations were very simple. She threw a shawl round her shoulders and tightened the strings of her sun-bonnet. Then, having put another log on the fire, she lifted the latch of the door and passed out into the serene and silent twilight.

The ferry was a poor commercial speculation, but the beauty of its site was very manifest, and never more so than at sundown on a quiet summer evening.

But Janet had no eyes for the peaceful loveliness of the scene, and when she reached the river-side she stood gazing fixedly into its cold depths. Day after day, for years past, just as the mysterious shades of night began to gather, she had come to watch that dark current.

Other people saw only the black woods mirrored in the glassy surface, but for Janet it reflected the memory of an old but ever-present grief.

It was the tragedy of her life. The river had robbed her of her boy, her best beloved child, and she had dwelt upon this painful fact so long that the river seemed to her to be a cruel enemy who still pursued her with relentless hate. And, just for this one brief space each day, she indulged a passionate resentment. Poor Janet! Her bitterness was short-lived. A sudden revulsion of feeling would fill her with dismay and she would withdraw from the river's brink, shuddering at her wicked thoughts.

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Contrite and submissive, she would then make her pilgrimage to a spot where a granite monument stood to commemorate her grief and that of the dwellers in the "Hall." Here she would bow before the Inscrutable Will, adding to her prayer for strength a petition for the dear ones left, that they might be kept unspotted from the world.

At the close of her devotions on this calm September evening, Janet's ears were assailed by a lusty shout. She was startled, and turned to see whence it came.

"Hey! Can you tell me if there is a ferry hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir, you be close to it. Please to walk down a little and you'll see the boat just round the bend. I'll be there directly, sir."

The traveller, an English tourist in knickerbocker tweeds, pushed on till he reached a point where a spit of shingle jutted out into mid-stream. He could just see the boat moored against the opposite bank, and overhead the cable by which the boat was towed across. The woman was already turning the handle of the windlass. The passage was a narrow one, and the traveller had scarcely taken his place in the boat before it grounded on the other side. Impatiently he jumped ashore.

"Now, can you tell me where I am, my good woman. I want to get to Brynusk to-night. How far is it?"

"Three mile to walk, sir."

"Three mile, eh?"

"It'll be all that, sir. But you had better take the train. There's one in about an hour, and it's ten minutes' walk to the station.

"That will suit me. Meanwhile, I I wonder if you could give me a cup of tea and something to eat?"

"Will ye come inside, sir? I did leave a nice fire burning. The evening do get chilly now."

The tourist ejaculated "Good!" and followed Janet into the cottage. It was a primitive dwelling with stone-flagged floor and plain deal furniture, but the fire gave out a cheerful blaze, and a second glance told him that the humble contents of the room were bestowed in an orderly, cleanly fashion.

Herbert Lane, a well set-up, athletic looking man of about thirty, threw himself upon one of the chairs, stretched out his legs and indulged in a good yawn that indicated contentment, quite as much as physical fatigue. He gave Janet details of his tramp as she laid the cloth and set the tea things. He was rather struck by her sad face, and remembered the curious scene he had witnessed across the river, but was deterred from questioning her by a vague notion that he would be intruding on a private matter. He forgot the incident on being asked if he would like some eggs with his tea.

When Janet had gone out to the fowl-house his buoyant spirits overcame his bodily fatigue, and he got up to examine the figures on the clock-face and the prints on the walls.

As he rose, his stick fell clattering on the flags, and equal, if not greater, noise was made by his heavy walking boots.

Whilst in the act of picking up his stick he was surprised to hear a cry of "Granny!" from somewhere or other.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, looking around him. "That must have been a youngster's voice. I thought there was only the old woman here."

On the same cry being repeated he was able to locate the sound as coming from the inner room. He opened the door gently and peered in. The moon was shining through the diamond panes of the little uncurtained window, and, by its light, he saw in the further corner a cot, and emerging from the bedclothes the fair, round face of a little girl.

"Where's Granny?" asked the child.

"Granny's getting me some tea. Do you want her?"

The child made no answer, but kept her eyes fixed upon the strange figure in the doorway.

Lane, painfully conscious that his bulk and height were exaggerated by the smallness of the room, guessed that the child would be frightened at such an apparition. He felt foolishly timid and helpless, yet was determined to allay her fears. He dared not move lest she should scream out aloud, and he lowered his voice to its softest pitch.

"I am afraid I frightened you, little girl. I thought there was only your Granny in the house, or I should have been as quiet as a mouse. Now, you'll go to sleep again, won't you, and I'll take off these great boots, so that I shan't wake you again."

The little girl listened quietly, and then said:

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"Will you come and tuck me up, please?"

Lane thought he was amused—but he wasn't—by this touching confidence. He began to move gingerly towards the cot, vainly trying to reduce his huge person to reasonable dimensions.

Having done his clumsy best at bed-making, he was rewarded by a compliment to his personal appearance. His long, fair moustache called forth from the child a tribute of admiration. This final touch vanquished Lane.

"Well, you are the sweetest little innocent that ever I set eyes on. I wish every lady would pay me as pretty compliments. May I kiss you?"

The small face was lifted up to his, and, laughing at himself for a soft-hearted fool, he kissed the child's forehead and stroked her silken hair.

His awkwardness came back with a rush when he turned and saw the grandmother quietly eyeing the tableau from the doorway.

"Oh, you have caught me nicely. I woke up your little girl with my noise and so had to come and tuck her up again."

"Indeed, sir, I was just enjoying the sight o' you. It did do me good—it was that natural. And did you think you had scared her, sir? Well, I never, why did you think that? But you'd better come and have a sup—the time be getting on. And you go to sleep again, there's a dearie."

While he was having his tea, Lane elicited a little family history.

"Yes, sir, she and her mother be all that's left—not that we wass ever a big family. I had one boy—Johnnie—but he's been gone this long time, poor lad! And when one's taken from a few it do seem to leave a blank, sir."

"Yes, you have had trouble like the rest of us—but I'm glad to hear that baby is not an orphan—I was afraid she might be."

"OH, YOU HAVE CAUGHT ME NICELY. I WOKE UP YOUR LITTLE GIRL WITH MY NOISE AND HAD TO TUCK HER UP AGAIN."

"Well, she's a'most that—for all she do see of her mother. My poor girl, sir, has lost her husband, and so she has to work to keep herself."

Lane thought that there was a reticence in the woman's manner. She seemed to tell him more than she actually did, so he continued to question her in as casual a way as possible.

"Her work separates her from her child, then?"

"Ye-s, sir," after a pause. "She acts in these plays—as they do call them. Trumpery good-for-nothing things. You've seen the pictures, sir, on the hoardings?"

Lane nodded.

"She do never stay in one place long, so she leaves the child with me."

"Does she like the life?"

"If we wass to believe her word, sir—but, there, she don't talk much about it. She's fond of baby. And when she's here she just puts the acting a-one side. Sometimes I can't sleep thinking on her

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and the life she do lead. She wass at Cardiff just now, and when she's there she do generally come over for a Sunday. But I've had no letter this two weeks."

Lane was reflecting—and, moreover, was busy with his tea. Janet looked at the clock.

"It's nearly time you were going, sir, if you be going to catch the train to Brynusk. They could give you a bed at the 'Dragon' in the village."

"No, I'd better catch that train, as I sent on my bag. I'm quite sorry to leave your cosy fire, though. I must look in on my way back."

He drew out a shilling and a half sovereign, and was about to return the latter to his pocket when a sudden impulse seized him.

"There's that for my tea," he said, handing Janet the shilling, "And this is for baby's money-box."

"Oh, sir, you are very kind; but I couldn't think of taking it."

"Yes, if you please," he insisted, quite earnestly. "Buy her something, if you prefer it that way. But I should like her always to remember the big clumsy man who woke her up with his noise, and whom she forgave with a kiss. I shall never forget her sweet little face."

"God bless you, sir; I don't know how to thank you. You must come again and let baby thank you herself. I wish as her mother wass here, too. I haven't much faith in what people calls luck, but a gentleman as came over in the boat to-day gave me a new shilling, for luck, as he says, and it do seem to have come true."

"In the shape of a visit from a stray vagabond, eh? Well, good-night, I must be off, or I shall lose this precious train."

Herbert Lane was an enigma to himself that night as he trudged along. He did not lay claim either to sentiment or generosity—and yet, without warning, he had given an ignominious display of each.

The effort to explain his mood and conduct revived a painful memory, so he tried to put the matter aside. There was nothing, however, to distract his thoughts.

The face of the child recalled another face, the face of a woman whom he had loved. Yes, it was love, though of a selfish, imperfect kind. Else, why should this strange longing to see her face again possess him?

The vision grew in clearness. The past resumed its sway. He felt in all its old intensity the passion that he thought was dead.

There was one great change. Her face, as he saw it to-night, was pale, distressed and worn. Once it had been rosy and smiling as the face of summer. He knew, too, that it was his heartlessness and cowardice that had wrought the change, and, with this knowledge, the mask of self-respect fell away. For the first time in his life Herbert Lane felt naked and ashamed.

Ah! what had become of her? She had left him to return to her friends. But there was no comfort in this thought. He knew little of them save that they were poor. She was proud and did not volunteer details to which he was indifferent. What would he not now give to be able to trace them!

The stress of an arduous calling, the intoxicating breath of advancing fame had more than engrossed his thoughts for several years. But, to-night, these things were as nothing, and the years were blotted from his life.

A dull stupor succeeded and he stumbled on to the platform of the little station as one in a dream. The train drew up, and he was vaguely aware of a lady struggling with one of the doors. Mechanically he moved towards it and held it open whilst she alighted.

"Oh, thank you very much."

Had she merely bowed her acknowledgment, their destiny might have been changed. Instead, she spoke, and he, suddenly electrified, gave one swift, eager glance. It was sufficient. He had found her!

So the train steamed out without him, and they two were left standing on the platform of a little hillside station that seemed remote enough from life and its vicissitudes.

For one brief moment, there was silence—a silence tense and solemn—and then his lips gave forth a fevered exclamation. His voice was hoarse but glad.

"Nell!"

"You! Herbert Lane!"

He slipped his hand round her waist, lest she should fall, and the movement sent a thrill of nervous joy through him. How delicious it was to feel that she needed him still!

But for the presence of the porter he would have taken her face between his hands and smothered it with kisses—

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kisses of contrition, of a love that was born again from a deeper fount.

But she recovered quickly, and tried to free herself.

"Go away, please! We can't have a scene here."

Then he detected the hardness—that new note which he had never heard before—in her voice. He dimly knew its meaning, and shuddered.

When he spoke again, the joy was subdued to a tremulous entreaty.

"Nell, have you forgiven me?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Then you haven't—the wrong—was—too great."

Entreaty yielded in its turn to an agonised despair that choked his utterance.

More gently she said:

"Is this wise? We have met again, how or why I cannot tell—I suppose as the playthings of chance ——"

He tried to say something but his voice miserably failed.

"Yes, Herbert Lane, I have forgiven you, if to forget is to forgive. But"—and here her voice hardened again—"surely we have passed beyond the emotional stage. I have not time for crying over the past. I have to work—I am glad—I like it—it fills my life—but it leaves no room for other things."

Here they reached the wicket that led from the station into the lane.

"Which is your way?" she asked.

"Would you have me leave you?" he cried. "Do we meet then only to part? I know I have driven the sweetness out of your life, but, Nell, it is not too late—let me bring it back, will you?"

Her lips remained sealed, and her only answer was a slight turning away of the head.

His heart ached with helpless pain when he saw that his appeal was vain. Yet he was certain that could he but touch the right chord, all would be well, and her heart would leap to his in response to the love he bore her.

"Nell, I cannot go away till you tell me that you can never love me again."

"You don't understand—you think I am the same woman that you once knew. Surely you see that I am changed. I have struggled to gain my independence—and now—yes, now, I love it."

"I would not fetter you. God knows I am not fit to direct any one's life. I only ask that I may give you a life's devotion. Will you not grant me that? Let me woo you over again."

She listened with closed eyes and the words fell softly on her ears. But the gathering emotion was overborne by a rush of worldly sentiment. A light satirical laugh escaped her.

"You ask to woo me! You forget I am no longer a charming rustic maiden—I am not even quite penniless. I have knocked about considerably since last we met—and the innocent country bloom has all gone—every vestige. Please you, I am a fourth-rate comedy actress. As such I have no claim upon the attentions of a professional gentleman."

Lane, on hearing the word "actress," started as the truth dawned upon him.

"Actress! Why! The woman at the ferry cottage ——"

"—— Is my mother," calmly interposed the daughter."

"Yes, but the child! Can it be ——?"

Words seemed altogether too meagre to express his tumultuous emotions at the discovery that had flashed upon him.

"Nell," he began again in broken, feverish sentences, "that sweet little child! She is ours—mine? And you never told me!"

She was silent. She hung her head. The naturalness, the spontaneous truth of his outburst had pierced her very soul.

"I don't understand," she said humbly. "How should I know that you would care? Men never do. I did not think that you would be so moved."

"Is it not enough that the child is flesh of my flesh? Dearest, if you had sent for me then I would have come. . . . But I deserved it. You would slave yourself to death rather than owe anything to a wretch. . . . Yes, I understand."

"Tell me how you came here," she asked, with a woman's tactfulness. He told her in a few words.

"You see why I was drawn to our little one. It was because of her likeness to you, my darling!"

As he whispered these last words he drew her to him and kissed her passionately.

Her eyes glistened with tears when she looked up, but she spoke lightly:

"How indiscreet you are! You forget I am a fourth-rate actress."

"You are too modest," he said, with a man's blundering seriousness. "I am

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sure you could not be a fourth-rate anything."

She turned away and sighed.

"Do you know we two have just made a very foolish display—for all the world like a stage performance."

FOR ONE BRIEF MOMENT THERE WAS SILENCE—A SILENCE TENSE AND SOLEMN.

CHARLES HORRELL

"There is no sham in our performance."

"No sham! Why, we are wider apart to-day than we were six years ago, and yet we pretend——"

"No, not pretend, darling. You love me?"

"Yes, I love you, Bert—that is why I will not ruin your career. Think!"

"Why should I?" he said, with a dash of recklessness in his tone.

"My family, my connections, my profession—why, it is absurd."

"Who says it is absurd?"

"I do, and so would everybody."

"Nell, don't maddden me. You know I care nothing about social convention and all that humbug—and, if I did, is not the ferry cottage as beautiful as any mansion?"

"It is sweet of you to say so—but you mustn't let your feelings run away with you and make you unpractical. It is only poets and dreamers who do such things. We, you and I, are sensible people." Then she took his hand, not knowing that her slightest touch was a caress. "Bert, we must live as we have been living — apart. It will be quite easy now we know we love each other. Perhaps I shall die or do something dreadful, then you will be free to marry again. I would free you now if I could."

"Dearest, you mustn't talk like that."

It was her turn to ask the vital question.

"Do you love me, Bert?"

"Do I love you?" he exclaimed, hysterically.

"Then you must trust me. You may write if you care to. And I am not proud—if you like to secure baby and me against the chances of a precarious calling——"

"You shall never act again—unless you wish—but that is trifling beside——"

She waited, trembling, for him to finish; but something checked him. She saw a light, as of a new idea, break over

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his face, and the strained expression gradually died away, and in its place she thought a smile began to dawn.

"Perhaps, you are right," he at length said, in a new tone. "But there is a third party. Did it cross your mind? There is a chance—just a chance—that our child may want us both. How then?"

The idea came as suddenly to her, and her heart gave a wild leap as she saw its possibilities. It was hard to disguise her voice—this time.

"Possession is nine-tenths, they say."

"Then you cannot object to baby choosing. Look here. I have a plan. There is an inn in the village. I shall sleep there to-night, and to-morrow at ten I shall go down to the river to inspect that curious stone. You can arrange the rest."

He held open his arms that she might come to them if she cared. She wavered for a moment, but, in the end, pride yielded to love, and she responded to the silent invitation.

* * * *

Herbert Lane read the inscription on the granite monument with saddened feelings. To give pain to the stout of heart is wrong indeed—but to crush the bruised reed is infamy. It was a morbid thought, and he cast it behind him. After all, the future was his, and he would make it bright for those he loved.

He threw himself on the grassy bank. Everything was fair to behold: the calm river flowing serenely by; the green luxuriant meadows and the long shadows of the trees; the ivy-mantled church and the dark yews that stood around it; the undulating hills and the pageant of the fleecy clouds. Oh, it was good just to lie and idly watch it all!

A happy smile began to play over his features. He was thinking of the small deception he had practised on the previous evening. He had not told his wife that the love of their little fair-haired girl was already divided. How wonderful the unconscious movement of the child towards her unknown parent! He thought that he had never seen a proof so absolute of nature's truthfulness.

A sweet music was wafted to him on the quiet morning air. He turned his head and saw a little girl coming towards him. She wore a white pinafore, and the sun kissed her golden hair.

He did not stir, and the child was quite near before she saw him. Then she ran and dropped upon the grass beside him, her arm around his neck.

"I dreamed you was my dad before mammy told me."

"You did! And have you brought a message from mammy?"

"Yes." The child nodded eagerly. 'Ould you like to come and pick flowers in the 'ood. Dere's such lots."

He rose and took her hand and, together, they went in search of "mammy."

[THE END.]

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MARRIAGE FAILURES.

By the Rev. E. J. HARDY, M.A.

Author of "How to be Happy though Married," &c.

WE hear much more of matrimonial failures than of matrimonial successes, but I believe that the number of the latter are more beyond comparison than those of the former. When the several parts of our bodies are in perfect health we do not feel them, or, indeed, notice them at all; but the moment something goes wrong we feel, and cry out: "Oh, my tooth!" "My poor head!" "My leg!" So it is with matrimony. When husband and wife pull along happily together they forget themselves and each other, and do not speak about their happiness at all. Thus, one unhappy alliance makes more noise than a hundred that are happy. A shriek of pain is heard far more easily than a hum of satisfaction. Matrimonial failures strive and cry in the streets, while the successes enjoy domestic felicity at their own firesides, and say nothing about it.

Still, there are but too many marriages that do turn out failures, and that for several reasons. The first and commonest cause of matrimonial failure is carelessness in the choice of a life partner. There are men who take less thought and care in the choice of a wife than they do in selecting a tie or a pair of gloves; and there are girls who marry men about whom they know as little as they do about a torpedo. No wonder that to husband and wife there comes a rude awakening after marriage.

"But love is blind," people say. This may be so, and yet in almost every case there will be some aftershine of common sense, by the light of which we may save ourselves from the ruins of a foolish marriage. Of course, it is by our feelings and instincts, and not by our reason, that we make choice in this matter; but reason may exercise at least a negative influence. If our hearts tell us when we should marry, our heads may point out those whom it is inexpedient to wed, and it is possible to keep our hearts in our heads. A man about to marry seeks only for one who pleases his eye, who amuses him, who flatters him, and not at all for one who has those qualities which make home happy, and then, when too late he finds out his mistake, what can he do but write to the newspapers, and say that marriage is a failure?

Is marriage a failure?" As well ask, Is dinner a failure? All depends upon the cook, the food, and the state of your digestion. What would you think of a man who should say that smoking is a failure, and throw away his pipe the moment it ceased to draw comfortably, instead of running a straw or wire up its stem in order to remove any little thing that impeded its soothing influence? Of course, if people will marry too young or without sufficient means; or, having married, if they will not accommodate themselves to the conditions of married life, they will be matrimonial failures.

Matrimony in itself is good, but there are fools who turn every blessing into a curse, like the man who said: "This is a good rope; I'll hang myself with it." An Irish magistrate once asked a prisoner before him: "Are you married or single?" "Single, please, your honour." "Oh, then," answered the magistrate, "it is a good thing for your wife." It is a good thing for any man or woman who has escaped a life partner with a bad, or even an indifferent, character.

Some women do not think this. They say that, if their lover is not all that he ought to be, he will soon be different when he comes under their influence; and so they marry in a sort of missionary spirit, hoping to change him from the error of his ways. Failure is the nearly inevitable result of so acting, for people's characters seldom change much after thirty

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years of age, and if a man has a bad character it is far more likely that he will improve his wife off the earth by bad treatment than that she will much alter him.

A minister's wife falling asleep in church, her husband called out to her from the pulpit: "Mrs. B——, everyone knows that when I married you I got no beauty with you. Your friends know that I got no siller; and if I have not got the grace of God I have indeed had a bad bargain." Without the grace of God people will not cultivate those qualities in the absence of which domestic life must prove a failure, and particularly they will not restrain their tempers; and after impurity, drunkenness, gambling, and such gross vices, is there any mar-marriage more certain than bad temper? Sir David Baird and some other English officers were captured by Tippoo Sahib, and confined in his dungeons at Bangalore. When the old mother of Sir David heard the news in Scotland, referring to the way in which prisoners in those days were chained together, and to the well-known irascible temper of her son, she exclaimed: "God pity the lad that's tied to our Davie!" How much more to be pitied is he or she who is tied for life to a partner with a bad temper! "When I see a man," says Addison, "with a sour, shrivelled face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife." "Only temper," we often say cheerfully; but too often this means only wives goaded to rebellion, only husbands driven to dissipation, only children detesting their homes.

Some terrible diseases are hereditary. Deliberately to marry where these are known to exist is worse than folly. It is well that a healthy opinion is arising which will not admit "falling in love" as an excuse for such unholy alliances. On one occasion when Dr. Johnson was waiting for dinner in Mr. Thrale's drawing-room a young man came up to him and said: "Dr. Johnson, do you think that I ought to marry?" Being rather nettled at the intrusion, the Doctor replied: "Sir, no man ought to marry unless he is likely to propagate understanding." This applies to the souls and bodies of children as well as to their minds.

One of those obliging people who always remind us of our sins of omission tells me that in my book, "How to Be Happy Though Married," I have not sufficiently emphasised the fact that jealousy is a fruitful source of domestic infelicity. "I don't mean," says the writer of the letter, "as it is often given way to, in an unreasonable manner, but as it affects many a good, kind husband, whose wife, by her silly flirtations, makes him feel neglected; or as it affects the good and kind wife, who has to watch her husband devote his time and attention to some girl or woman who has taken his fancy." What our obliging correspondent says here is very true. Married people are bound not merely to abstain from actually preferring others to their partners, but even from the appearance of so doing. If, however, they study their happiness they will fight hard against groundless suspicion, the product of a diseased imagination. It is "the green-eyed monster, which doth make the meat it feeds on." Unless husband and wife trust each other all in all, the result will be much the same as if they did not trust at all.

Unsympathetic people often wonder what lovers find to say during the hundreds of hours they spend in each other's company. Consider, however, that they have to tell the history of their past lives, their present feelings, and their future hopes, and the more candid they are towards each other the better. To keep back part of their confidence and have secrets apart from each other is to endanger the happiness of their marriage. Ideal lovers are as honest as were the famous Dr. Johnson and the widow, Mrs. Porter, when they were courting. The great lexicographer told her plainly that he was of humble extraction, that he had no money, and that one of his uncles had been hanged. The sensible woman answered that she had no more money than he, and that though none of her relations had been hanged, she had several *who ought to be!*

The same Johnson, when asked why, in his dictionary, he defined "pastern" as the "knee" of a horse, replied: "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." This is the simple explanation of many an accident that takes place at the commencement of the matrimonial journey. The young couple have not yet learnt the dangerous places on the road, and, as a consequence, they drive carelessly over them. This is the reason why very often the first year of married life is not as happy as others that follow.

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Before marriage many persons expect too much from that state. When they find that their unreasonable expectations are not realised they jump to the opposite extreme, and pronounce that it is a failure. Better to enter the marriage state in the frame of mind of that company of American settlers who, in naming a new town, called it Dictionary, "because," as they said, "that is the only place where peace, prosperity, and happiness are always to be found."

Young people too often fancy that domestic felicity can be obtained merely by going to church and having the wedding service read over them. However—

> No man e'er gained a happy life by chance,
> Or yawned it into being with a wish ;

and to this married happiness is no exception. It must be earned by patient continuance in well-doing, by self-control and self-restraint. Sydney Smith said that marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, but always punishing those that come between them.

Certainly, however married people may differ in other respects, they should agree to protect themselves from the mischievous, however well meant, interference of friends. Sometimes, for the sake of supposed economy, or for some other reason, two families try to live together as if they were one. It is generally a failure. People ought to live on terms of friendship, or at the worst of armed neutrality with their relations-in-law, and the way to do this is not to see too much of them, at least during the first year of married life.

We are so often assured nowadays that marriage is a failure that it was quite refreshing to read lately a letter in a newspaper which concluded as follows: "I have gone over the boundary line of fifty, my wife is four years younger, and to-day she is 'my sweetheart, my wife,' and she tells me I am still her 'king among men.'" We have ourselves known many couples —perhaps, indeed, the majority of those with whom we are acquainted—who might be described negatively as "married, but not unhappy"; but here is a man who retains even the enthusiastic feelings of a sweetheart for his wife. But, indeed, we can call to mind many sweetheart couples.

The poet and divine, John Donne, who became Dean of St. Paul's in 1621, married a daughter of Sir George Moore without the consent of her parents, and in consequence was told by his father-in-law that he was not to expect any money from him. The doctor went home and penned the pithy note: "John Donne, Ann Donne, undone," which he sent to the gentleman in question, and this had the effect of restoring them to favour. As it turned out, however, Donne and his wife were anything but undone by their marriage. It was not a failure, but a great success, until Mrs. Donne who was "the delight" of her husband's eyes and "the companion of his youth" died at the birth of her twelfth child.

Another divine and literary man who was not undone, but who did well, was Charles Kingsley. Writing after many years of married life to Mrs. Kingsley, from the seaside, where he had gone in search of health, he says: "This place is perfect, but it seems a dream and imperfect without you. I never before felt the loneliness of being without the beloved being whose every look and word and motion are the keynotes of my life. People talk of love ending at the altar . . . fools!"

A medical practitioner in a parish in the East End of London described lately an old working-man who called himself "the happiest man in London." Why was he so happy? Because he forgot himself, and only thought of what he could do to comfort and assist his aged and paralytic wife. When the doctor himself was going to be married this good husband thus spoke to him: "It's a solemn thing, sir, to take a woman to be your wife; but when God's blessing rests upon a marriage it brings much grace. Your faith grows, and your love grows, and your nature deepens.

You learn a many things. I'm old, and I've lived, but the part of my live that has helped me to the best knowledge is—just that. I took Lucy. I said I'd 'love her, comfort her, honour and keep her in sickness and in health.' I've tried, and we've been happy. Sir, love does it all! You'll want to comfort her, you'll have to honour her, and if sickness comes you'll love her all the more." This man was happy because he began and continued marriage in the right spirit.

Writing of the near approach of his marriage, Lord Byron said: "I must, of course, reform thoroughly; and seriously, if I can contribute to her

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happiness, I shall secure my own." The noble poet knew the secret of domestic felicity as well as the poor working man just quoted; but how different was the practice of the two men! The result was that the marriage of the former was a success, and that of the latter a failure. How, indeed, could a marriage not be a failure when a husband was as wanting in ordinary politeness as Byron was to his wife? When she would come to his study door and ask: "Do I interrupt you, Byron?" the poet would answer, "Confoundedly."

When is marriage a failure? One lady of whom I lately asked this answered: "When it lasts too long." My friend would seem to agree with the philosopher who said that we should marry "early and often." Another lady replied to the same question: "When it does not last long enough." Who shall decide when opinions differ so much as this? Most people, however, will agree that marriage is a failure when a husband who was politeness itself in courting days thinks that any manners will do to show to her who has committed the indiscretion of marrying him, when having got her into his power he proceeds to bully her, when instead of asking: "What can I *give* to my wife in the way of attention, devotion, and happiness?" he only asks: "What can I *get* from her?" On the other hand, if to be ever beloved one must be ever agreeable, it is most foolish, as well as wrong, for a young woman, when married, to lay aside those graces and accomplishments that won her husband. Before marriage a girl speaks to her lover with her eyes, after marriage with her tongue, and in other respects her manner is generally less winning. This is the sort of thing that made Dean Swift say that "the reason why so few marriages are happy is because young women spend their time in making nets, not in making cages." Marriage is a failure when husband and wife nag and try to get the last word; when they see only the worst and not the best in each other's character; when the husband tries to be mistress as well as master, and the wife will have a finger in every pie of her husband's business. Marriage is a failure when people enter the state without any preparation, when "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." It is a failure when a husband thinks home a place to get away from, because his wife pays more attention to her new hat than to the family dinner.

Marriage is a failure when a husband entrusts money to everyone except to his wife, or when a wife looks upon her husband as a mere remitting machine—a slot that receives money for her to take it away. Marriage is a failure when a bachelor thinks that he can retain his freedom from anxiety and self-regarding pleasures after marriage, and tack this matter on merely as an additional luxury, or when a girl marries only to be free from the restraints of girlhood. In a word, marriage is a failure when it is taken in hand "unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly," instead of "reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God."

E. J. HARDY

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COMMON SENSE FOR MOTHERS AND NURSES.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES

By Dr. Julia Holmes Smith.

NUMBER SIX.

The Evolution and Care of the Teeth.

THE creation or evolution of the eye and the ear, as of most of the body of the child, is completed during the months just preceding birth, but it is a fact well authenticated by students in embryology, that, six months before the birth of the child, the germs of the first teeth are lying in a groove, and that even when the baby is born the germs of the permanent teeth are deposited in the gums.

In prenatal life there is at first a mere sac with a little pulp in it having the shape of a tooth, and on this sac the lime salts are deposited day by day, week by week, until all of the tooth is formed, and this substance is called dentine. Outside it is a covering of enamel, very thick and entirely impervious to the healthy fluids of the mouth; and when the child is between five and seven months old, a little white edge peeps through the skin of the jaw, and if the baby is born of healthy parents and has had a healthy infancy, this first appearance of the first milk tooth, and indeed of all the baby teeth, is made without an atom of pain; but there is a tiny opening at the very point of the root, through which comes the artery to carry healthful blood, and the vein which takes back into the system the debris left over from the nourishment needed by the teeth, and side by side with these, a tiny nerve, which gives the small organ the opportunity to suffer. In fact, the teeth are very rich in nerves.

In order to have these teeth strong, it is very necessary that a certain amount of lime should enter into the system, for every one hundred parts of enamel contains ninety-six parts of inorganic matter, dentine seventy-two, and cementine, or pulp, sixty-seven. Now, if the supply of these organic substances is meagre during the time that the child is being evolved, and if the milk upon which the child is fed after birth does not contain the requisite constituents, the child will soon cry with toothache, and, instead of having a beautiful mouth, full of pearly teeth, will have black stumps, or brown cavities, or dark snags, reminding one of an ill-cared-for cemetery.

One of the best dentists I ever knew recommended me to wash the child's mouth with a very weak solution of lime-water three or four times every week, before the teeth came, and after the teeth fairly arrive, to do it daily, with a soft piece of cloth. A certain amount of this lime will be taken up through the mucous membrane of the mouth, go into the system and so help to harden the child's teeth.

In preparing lime water, the following rule has been proved good: "Slake half an ounce of lime by the addition of three fluid ounces of water, then add half a pint of water and stir for half an hour. After it has settled, and is entirely clear, throw away this first water and add pure water, eight pints. Let this stand for a few hours, and when all the harsh particles have settled to the bottom, strain off the liquid and keep it in a glass-stoppered bottle." Dilute as needed.

In classifying nutritive principles, some one has placed them under four heads: Aqueous; saccharine, or sugar; oleo-margarine, or butter; albumen, represented by curd or caseine. All these are

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found in milk when milk is perfectly good and pure; and if we could count upon its always being such, or every baby having its own mother to nurse it, then the necessity for the further consideration of foods would be unnecessary.

Some children have been born with teeth, and I have seen one child who never had any teeth; but as a rule, the evolution of the teeth begins at the age of six months or thereabouts, and is completed by the time the child is two years old. In regular dentition the teeth appear in pairs, the central incisors in the lower jaw first, and their mates directly opposite. Then, after a few weeks, the lateral incisors come. There is then a period of rest—perhaps three or four months—when the molar teeth come, one on each side. Then the dog teeth, or canine teeth, called by some people the stomach teeth, appear with their mates above. And just about the end of the second year, far back in each jaw, there are other molars, thus making twenty teeth in all.

Now nurses generally say that children ought to be sick while getting their teeth, and a little diarrhœa, stomach-ache, hot heads and hot mouths are stated as being common occurrences, which is true, and great the pity of it, and a great many children die during dentition. It seems to me that, given an ordinarily healthy child, with healthy heritage, there must certainly be some mistake on the part of the mother or the nurse, which is the cause of any such disturbance.

The first possible cause is, of course, the lack of proper lime in its food, or the addition of too much sugar, which has fermented in the stomach; the second, giving it things to bite upon which are not desirable. Baby should have a rubber ring, or a bit of mineral silver or something of that sort, not biscuits or cake or white bread. A third possible cause of disease is that the child is not properly clothed as to its lower limbs; the belly-band has been taken off too soon; it has short socks and pretty slippers; its knees are exposed to the cold air; because it is restless and likes to creep, it is allowed to go about on the floor and in this way takes cold.

This cold is very apt to strike directly at the most sensitive part of the child's organism. If it is inclined to bowel disturbances, diarrhœa will set in, which may so exhaust the baby that it has not strength to digest the food received in the stomach. The stomach may be its especially weak organ, and milk or Mellin's food, or whatever may be given the child, is thrown up, not enough being retained to nourish the baby. And there is the gravest trouble; fever may set in; the child may suffer from intense pain in its teeth, and, because of the weakness of its nervous organisms, convulsions may be the result. The gums may be inflamed and badly swollen, and the inflammation and rush of blood to the head are the cause of the convulsions, which may be readily relieved by lancing the gum. I have often thought that the dentist is the proper person to do this lancing of the gum, because he should know just when, where and how to do it.

As the teeth come it is quite important to wash them regularly, and, just so soon as the eight incisors are in place, then the toothbrush should be used. This toothbrush should be made of very soft hair, and the teeth should be brushed from the gum toward the edge, never crosswise, because this may hurt, and does not help, the teeth. When the jaw teeth come, rub them all around with the brush, and after the child is old enough to eat bread, fruit, meat, or anything of that sort, then a thread of floss silk should be passed between the teeth from the gum toward the edge of the tooth, and so take away every scrap of food. This should be done night and morning, and, by the way, these rules are admirable for grown-up people, as well as for little children.

Before I leave the subject of the teeth, I must suggest the regular care of the child's teeth by a skilful dentist from the very moment that the first set is fully evolved. Decay comes so insidiously—it may be due to hereditary causes, and in the spots that seem of no importance to you the dentist finds evidence of a tendency to decay. A great deal of sickness will be prevented by having the child's teeth in good condition, and all cavities filled as soon as discovered, because if there is a cavity, the child will be loath to chew carefully and slowly, and great lumps will get into the stomach, so causing indigestion. I think the milk teeth are as deserving of a dentist's attention as are those that come in adult life, because upon their good condition and their remaining the full time in the mouth, the good condition of the others depends.

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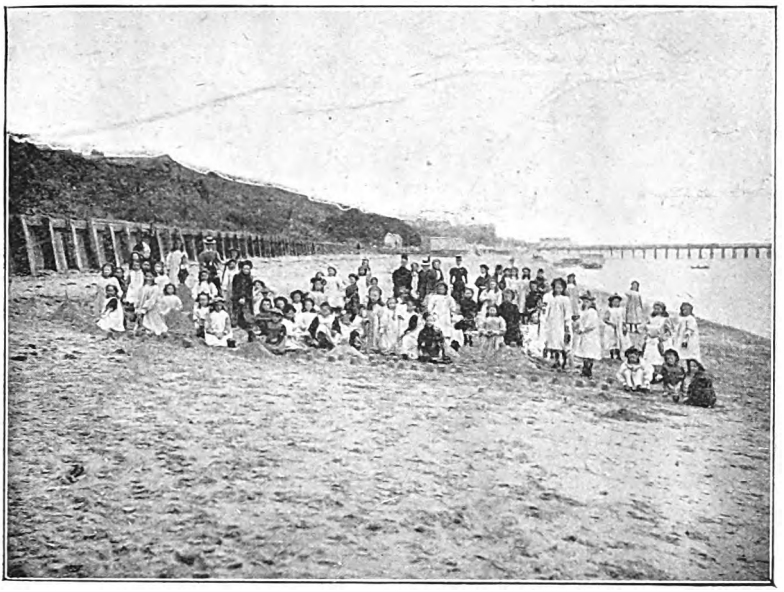

ON THE BEACH AT CLACTON-ON-SEA.

THE LONDON FLOWER GIRLS AND WHAT IS DONE FOR THEM.

By GEORGE HATTON.

THE flower girls of the Metropolis, whom we are accustomed to see in most of the leading thoroughfares and places of public resort, find it very difficult to provide even a scanty livelihood from their daily sales of pretty buttonholes. This is the case even when they are diligent and painstaking, and if it were not for such useful institutions as the Watercress and Flower Girls' Christian Missions, so ably presided over during the past thirty-four years by Mr. John A. Groom, it is difficult to surmise what would become of these poorest of the poor of our street traders during the winter months, when the flower-selling industry is brought almost to a standstill. We are indebted to that great philanthropist, the late Lord Shaftesbury, for first drawing the attention of the public to the deplorable condition of these neglected women.

As everybody knows, he took a very deep and practical interest in all the various street traders among the London poor, and his tender sympathy, coupled with his wide experience and singular tact, soon found a way to reach the hearts of these wild colts of the street.

In the middle of the sixties, when in co-operation with Mr. Groom, he set on foot this excellent mission, the outlook was very dark, for both the moral and spiritual condition of these women was simply deplorable, and probably the worst feature of all was the neglected condition of the poor children, especially the crippled and deformed among them.

These poor little things used to be sent out by their disreputable parents with the ostensible intention of flower selling, but they were in reality expected either to beg or steal, as opportunity presented itself, and it is hard to say to what this great

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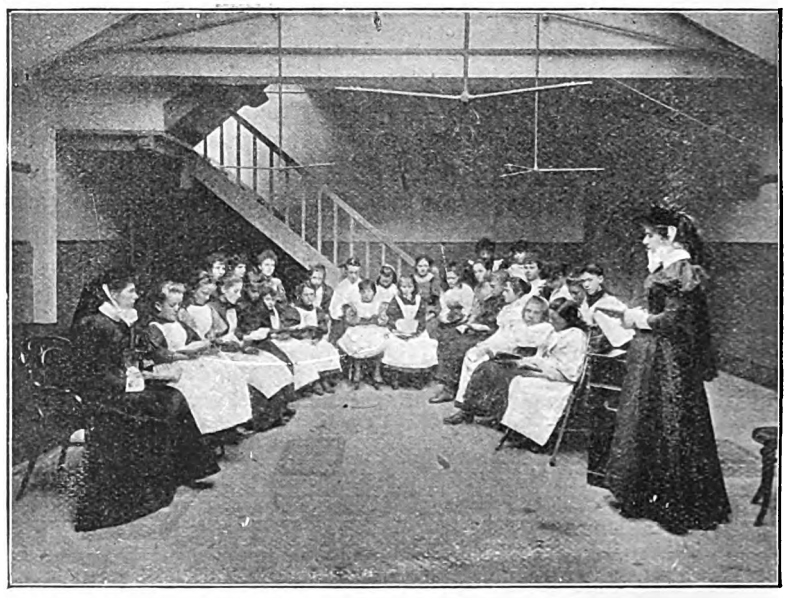
READY FOR SERVICE.

evil would have grown in the course of years if it had been left unchecked. Happily, through police interference and charitable enterprise, all this base trading on afflicted children has been brought to an end, and the greatly improved behaviour and general appearance of the flower women is everywhere noticeable, and is a great encouragement to those who are endeavouring to improve their condition.

In order to obtain a sensible hold on these women, who are widely scattered north, south, east, and west, Mr. Groom found it necessary to divide the Metropolis into districts, and apportion a separate mission station to each important centre, which is placed under the care of godly, self-denying lady workers, who prayerfully and persistently aim at securing the confidence and love of these girls.

How far they have been successful can be best judged by a visit to one of the weekly gatherings, for at certain hours they are regularly met and taught to mend and make their own garments and to invest a part of their earnings in clothing, the penny bank, and other thrift agencies that are in active operation; then there is attractive singing and a loving persuasive presentation of the blessings of the Gospel, and not a few of the women give the clearest evidence of an entirely changed life.

Perhaps one of the most striking proofs of this is the pleasing fact that more than 2,000 of the younger girls have aban-



THE CRIPPLED GIRLS' BIBLE CLASS.

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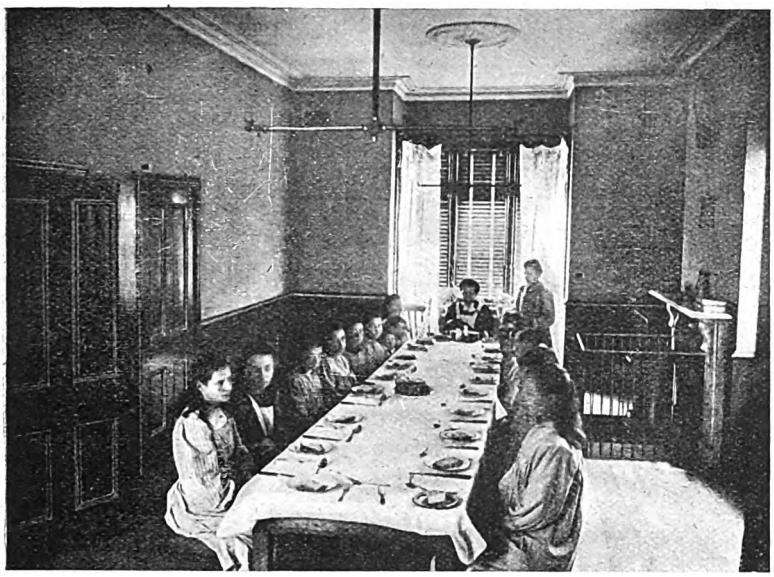

DINING-ROOM IN ONE OF THE COTTAGE HOMES.

doned their street flower-selling, have been trained for domestic service, and are now in comfortable situations all over the land. The crippled and deformed children, whom we have already referred to, are taken in hand by Mr. Groom, and received into the Industrial Home in Sekforde Street.

Here they are taught the art of artificial flower making. They are housed and supported entirely for some two years, when they are generally considered to have mastered the business, and are enabled to earn for themselves a comfortable living, work being provided for them by the institution.

So cleverly do many of the crippled children turn out the various descriptions of flowers and ferns that it is hard to detect that they are only artificial and not the real thing. Great interest has been aroused of late in many of our large towns by the beautiful exhibitions that have been held of the work of these crippled girls, which is the admiration of all beholders, the flowers always finding a ready sale, as they are so cleverly executed and are so reasonable in price.

It is not to be wondered at that this business-like scheme of Mr. Groom's on behalf of these suffering children has attracted the attention of several members of the Royal Family.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cornwall and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) are taking much interest in it and have attended two of the exhibitions and made purchases, to the unbounded delight of the cripples, some of whom are invariably at

THREE LITTLE "SNOWDROPS."

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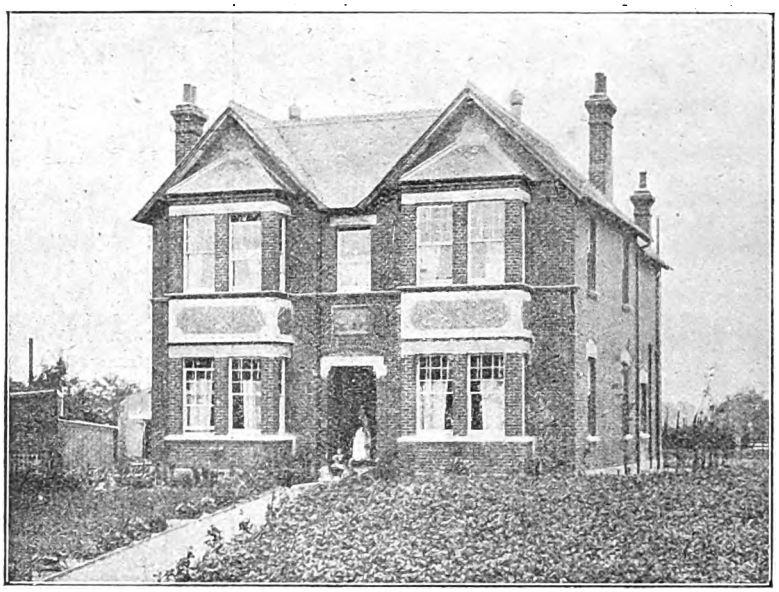

HOLIDAY-HOME FOR BLIND AND CRIPPLED GIRLS, CLACTON-ON-SEA.

work to furnish an object lesson on these occasions.

One thing is quite clear, that this industrial branch of the mission is destined to grow into considerable proportions. Already upwards of one hundred of these painfully-afflicted girls are regularly employed, and a considerable extension of the home and work-room accommodation is one of the pressing necessities of the Mission.

Another branch of this most interesting work — the Flower Village Orphanage at Great Clacton, Essex—provides for the absolutely destitute little waif girls, some hundred and twenty-five of whom are now in residence. A happier and more contented company of children could scarcely be found anywhere. The homes are built on the cottage system. They each stand in their own grounds, and bear the appropriate names of Buttercup, Daisy, Violet, Snowdrop, Forget-me-Not, Bluebell, and Lobelia. The little ones are admirably cared for—each cottage is under the charge of a foster mother, whose bright and cheerful demeanour is quite an inspiration to the little family, all the members of which are wisely trained for domestic service. The courteous resident superintendent and matron, Mr. and Mrs. James Groom, are dearly loved by all, and are in every way suited for their positions.

Recently a very gracious work of the Holy Spirit was made manifest in the institution, and some seventy of the girls gave very sweet and clear evidence of having received a change of heart, and the whole atmosphere of the Orphanage just now is one of joy and gladness.

Through the magnificent liberality of some unknown friends, the Orphanage scheme is now rapidly nearing completion, and five more cottages are being erected on the freehold ground that was already in Mr. Groom's possession.

When they are finished, and the funds are in hand for the putting up of "The Children's Church" which will cost £3,000, the Clacton Girls' Orphanage will be one of the prettiest and most useful institutions of its kind anywhere to be found in the country. Space forbids our entering into detail of the extensive general mission work carried on in connection with the Mission Chapel, Woodbridge Street, Clerkenwell. This commodious building narrowly escaped a few years ago falling into the hands of the proprietors of a great gin distillery close on the spot, but through the prompt and energetic action of Mr. Groom such a disastrous calamity was averted, and the premises were secured and suitably fitted up, and are now in trust for mission work for all time.

The chapel itself is invariably crowded on Sunday evenings, and a perfect network of most useful agencies for the uplifting of the poor of Clerkenwell is in full working order every day of the week. Mr. Groom is surrounded with an exceptionally earnest and faithful band of workers, and there is every indication of rapid progress in almost every department of this many-sided London Mission.

GEORGE HATTON.

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FOR THE BAIRNS.

Conducted by
THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE.

What a poor, dry, bleached-out world this would be if we were all clever, all strong, all possessors of the ten talents, all consumed with great ambitions! Who would have time or desire then to listen to the fancies and the prattlings of little children, or slacken the pace to share the burden with some weak one, or stop to companion for a little with some lonely, stricken one?

What a mercy that some folk have escaped the contagion of cold, hard-reasoning, and stern, unflinching, logical thinking! After all they are the quiet, loving, sympathetic hearts that are the blessed, saving salt of the world.

When you are strong, and abounding in vigour and health, it is natural perhaps that all your leanings should be to the strong, and that—when your own intellect is powerful and clear, and the road is smooth beneath your feet—your aim should be to stand among the intellectual giants; but when strength has been weakened in the way, when brain and heart are faint and weary, and hope has somehow drifted down the wind, how you turn, not to the great, the strong and the brainy, but to some quiet, kindly soul, with the priceless gift of sympathy—someone who may not be able to enter into the high matters that concerned you once, but who can feel with you and feel for you!

And so sorrow comes sometimes to teach us to sorrow with the sorrowing, and affliction touches us to open fountains of sympathy for the afflicted. Let the following letter—a sample of many coming to hand every month—fling its light on thoughts of this kind :—

DEAR SIR,—Lying in bed, ill myself for some weeks, I had some copies of the TEMPLE MAGAZINE sent me to read. I am so deeply interested in the Crutch-and-Kindness League that I desire to become a member myself, and my little daughter, aged nine, thinks she, too, could manage to interest some little sufferer, and would like a card of membership to remind her of her monthly duty. I wish I could help you in your difficulty with the older boys, but, having no sons myself, I am doubtful whether I could write really interesting letters to young men.

Having little ones, however, I fancy it would be more of a success for me to write to such, as I love children. Recognising this as an opportunity of doing something for Him who has done so much for me, I am grateful for the privilege, and shall try also to induce others to take up the work. Awaiting names and addresses of two poor, forlorn ones, I remain, yours truly, ——.

Another letter in the same batch this month is from one who had a long spell of nursing in a children's hospital, but though obliged to give this up through ill-health, she saw so much of the sufferings of the afflicted wee ones that she must, in her own weakness, join the Crutch-and-Kindness League, that she still might be able to do something on behalf of "the least of these."

To the same effect is the letter from another applicant for membership. Having spent a winter at Bournemouth she became acquainted with the Cripples' Home at Alum Chine, and from what she saw there of the pitiable condition of these little sufferers she must also now

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do what she can to mitigate their lot. Again, then, may we not say, "Blessed is the touch of suffering that makes us sympathetic!"

I do not know that I could more fitly speak of the need for the Crutch-and-Kindness League than by quoting the following from a pretty little circular.

Over six thousand maimed and afflicted children, whose parents are poor, are on the register of the Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society. They represent every grade of deformity and suffering, but whether bedridden or able to hop about on crutches or simply hunchbacked or club-footed, they remain with their parents, and under their ordinary family conditions and surroundings. The needs of these children are more difficult to meet than those of the much larger body of ordinary poor children of the slums that this Society deals with. Nearly a thousand visitors under honorary officers work with the official staff in keeping the register of the names and addresses constantly revised, in bringing the wants of individual cases under the notice of headquarters, and in doing the vast amount of work which, apart from the cost in money, the satisfying of these needs involves. The more pressing of the Cripples' wants are Surgical Instruments and Sea-side holidays.

What the Crutch-and-Kindness League aims at is to encourage these noble, voluntary visitors, and cheer their poor little suffering charges by some little monthly token of kindness. This takes the form of a letter written by each member of the League, once a month, to some cripple child put under his or her care, or, if too busy to write, by sending a bunch of flowers, a ribbon, old picture-book, or illustrated magazine—anything that may interest the child till the post comes next month. This, it will be seen, is work that all can engage in, no matter where they live, in this country or the ends of the earth, and no matter whether young or old, sick or strong, rich or poor. All that is needed is the sympathetic heart and the pen.

All further particulars about the League may be had for a stamp from *Mr. John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.*

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH.

Miss Emily Still, c/o Miss Armstrong, Finchley; Miss Elsie Andrew, Miss Helene Devine, c o Miss Medway, Hendon; Miss Hilda Brown, Glasgow; Miss Grace Williams, Sheffield; Mrs. Watson, Ireland; A Friend, per Miss Fergusson, M.C.O.L., Pitlochry; Miss Cæsar, Worthing; Miss Miriam Taylor, Penistone; Miss Ida Miles, Bath; Miss Lilian Berry, Nettingham; Mrs. Owen and little daughter, Formby; Miss Lucy Doubleday, Downham Market; Miss E. H. Fleming, Ireland; Miss May Need, Pettdown; Miss Alice Bowhay, Cornwall; Arthur Williams, Janie Heywood, Minnie Gilbert, May Gilbert, Ada Cann, c o Mrs. Dayman, Kilkhampton; Miss Mary Strickland, Uxbridge; Miss Macpherson, Cheltenham; Miss Dorothy Webster, Blundellsands; Miss Gertrude Cutcliffe Wetheridge; Miss J. Jeffrey, Wimborne; Miss Pauline Mactaggart, Thetford.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

"OUR TOWN."

So many interesting letters have come to hand on this subject that I think it will not only be kind, but also fair, to take them in two batches—one this month and one next—and so give two prizes instead of one only. The last prize-winner, Miss Una Mann, Sunnyside, Otley, writes:—"Please accept my very best thanks for the nice book which you sent me as a prize; I was so pleased to read in the TEMPLE that I had won it. Thanking you again very much, also for the kind note, which is just as valuable to me as the book itself, I am, etc."

The descriptions of "Our Town" given this time all refer to the suburbs of London. This first one makes you wish to cycle to Cheshunt "straightaway," as the Americans say.

Brook Villa, 152, Crossbrook Street,
Cheshunt, Herts.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—In this month's "TEMPLE" I saw the competition on "Our Town;" so I thought I would write and tell you about it. Our village is one of more than ordinary interest, as there are several historical buildings, etc., in it. The first thing worthy of notice is the Eleanor Cross; there are only three remaining, and ours is in the best preservation of any. Edward I. had these monuments built wherever his wife's (Queen Eleanor's) body stopped on her way to interment at Westminster Abbey in 1291.

The next building worth mentioning is King James's Palace, which stands in Theobald's Park. He exchanged Hatfield House with Lord Cecil for it, as it was more convenient for his hunting, of which he was very fond. James died here in 1625.

Temple Bar is a very interesting gate. This remarkable Metropolitan landmark was removed by order of the Corporation of London by Sir Henry Meux. It now stands at the entrance of Theobald's Park, the residence of the late Sir Henry Meux. Whenever visitors come to Cheshunt they always want to see Cheshunt Great House, formerly the residence of Cardinal Wolsey. Richard Cromwell also lived in Cheshunt after he retired from public life, and on the spot where his mansion used to stand there is now a row of villas. Near by stands the stately old Parish Church which was erected in the year 1418. Opposite the church stands the Countess of Huntingdon's College (in its beautiful grounds), where the late Rev. James Chalmers was educated.

About a quarter of an hour's ride from here brings us to Goff's Oak. The story which is recorded under a rude drawing of the tree is:—That the oak was planted in the year 1066 by Sir

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Theodore Godfrey, or Goffby, who came over with William the Conqueror. The oak itself is a curiosity. The dimensions are enormous (20 feet in girth) and the trunk is hollow; nor is it the least of its claims to the attention of the visitor that half-a-dozen persons could sit comfortably round a table in the cavity which time has formed. The tree is not generally known, but there are few who would regret a drive to the spot, or who would think the time which would be occupied in its examination lost.

Watts, the composer of some of our most beautiful hymns, also lived in Cheshunt, and a great many of his hymns were composed in "Watts's Walk," which is named after him. Another house of importance is Effingham House, which was given by Queen Elizabeth to Lord Effingham for the help he rendered in the conquest of the Spanish Armada.

The noted rose-growers, Paul and Son, live here. The scenery of Cheshunt is remarkably pretty; the New River, which was formed by Sir Hugh Myddleton to take pure and spring water to the Londoners, runs through it. In the summer time Cheshunt is very lively with holiday-makers passing through it on their way to Broxbourne Gardens and Rye House.—I remain, yours truly,

RUBY BENTLEY (*Aged 15 years*).

The next calls up a pretty picture of the town on the Wandle—a river on which three boys were once reputed to have played pirates—to the consternation of all the cats on the banks.

14, Melody-road, Wandsworth, S.W.

"Our town" is Wandsworth. There are very many interesting tales, etc., connected with it. Very many years ago the Huguenots—after having been cruelly persecuted in France—came to England, and several came to Wandsworth, and lived in a big house, at the bottom of our road, called the "Huguenots," after them. In this house are several cellars in which the Huguenots used to hide, and where they used to make silk goods to help pay for their food and lodging. The stones over the graves in the Huguenots' Cemetery are rotting, and there will soon be little trace left of those poor martyrs.

In those days, and several years later, Wandsworth was a very beautiful district, now it can hardly be called "beautiful." It now consists almost entirely of houses.

Lavender Hill, which is now a regular marketing-place, used to consist of far stretching lavender fields, the only houses being a few very large ones belonging to rich gentlemen.

Wandsworth has grown in every way since we have lived here, and that is only seven years. Several hundreds of houses have been built, and we now have a Mayor of the Town (which was once only a tiny village), also a motor bus has lately been running. There are several good and very old schools here. The school I go to used to be the house of a Japanese ambassador, and it is very large and once very beautiful. The ball-rooms, whose ceilings are hand-painted and beautifully gilded, and whose walls were hung with beautifully hand-painted canvas, are now used as prayer-rooms. The schoolroom I am now in was formerly the lady's boudoir. We have a nice large hall and a very wide staircase, and altogether it is a very interesting school.

We have only four tennis courts on our common, so there is a rush in the evenings (if they are fine) to get a court. I do like tennis, and I have just got a net, etc. We have a Wandsworth branch library, band, pupil-teachers' centre, very many Board and private schools, churches, both Protestant and Catholic, and many chapels. I hope I haven't written too much, but there are so many interesting things and people in our town.—Yours sincerely,

CONNIE FOOTE (*Aged 14 years*).

Next to Wandsworth comes Battersea, and, although I have been there scores of times, I had no idea till now it was such an interesting place—which shows what we lose by ignorance.

9, Dickens Street, Silverthorne Road, Battersea, S.W.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—"Our town," according to the latest Census return, contains 168,896 inhabitants. It is a municipal borough, and returns a Member of Parliament, two County Councillors, and possesses a mayor. The story of Bygone Battersea (for that is the name of our town) is replete with great interest, for, hovering over the old town are many historic associations and cherished traditions, too numerous to mention in a letter. Half a century since, Battersea was but a pretty riverside village, hardly yet touched by the great "over-grown City." The mighty iron steed and suburban builder have now changed all this, and a vast sea of houses now covers the site of many an old-fashioned farmstead, waving cornfield, or verdant meadow. But still we have left to us a beautiful park which was obtained by the people of Battersea after losing certain lammas, or common rights, over the common fields. Battersea Park, as an open space, proves a joy to countless numbers, while it can be varied by a visit to Wandsworth Common on the west, and Clapham Common on the south.

There are two good libraries, a town hall, a polytechnic, a theatre, and a capital set of baths and wash-houses just recently opened. A book, entitled "Bygone Battersea," says:—"Several ancient documents relating to the Parish are preserved in our national archives, the earliest being one in Westminster Abbey, dated A.D. 693. From this and subsequent documents such names appear as Cædwalla, King of the West Saxons, Erconwald, Bishop of London, King Harold, William the Conqueror, Edward I., Henry VIII., Sir Oliver St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, Earl of Albemarle, and Earl Spencer." Battersea Fair still exists, but will soon be extinct, as the Brighton and South Coast Railway have acquired the ground where it is held, for widening purposes. My parents on my father's side have been associated with Battersea for more than half a century.—Yours truly,

MARY HEATH (*Aged 14 years*).

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The following, like those that have preceded it, shows again that "things are not what they seem." You must have in yourself what you see outside you.

64, Winchelsea Road, Tottenham,
Middlesex.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—Although I am not one of those people who say that "our town is the prettiest and most interesting place in England," I can truthfully say that Tottenham, where I live, possesses more than the average share of both modern and historic interest.

Within the last few years, Tottenham has grown from a pretty, unpretentious village into a populous London suburb. There are, however, some pretty rural spots still left. Close to where the old church nestles among the dark yews, you can roam along in grassy deep meadows, listening to the song of the birds, and be still within the boundaries of Tottenham. The River Lea, which runs through the town, the pretty park, with its old castle, and the "Green," with its beautiful foliage, are all pretty spots in the therwise busy suburb.

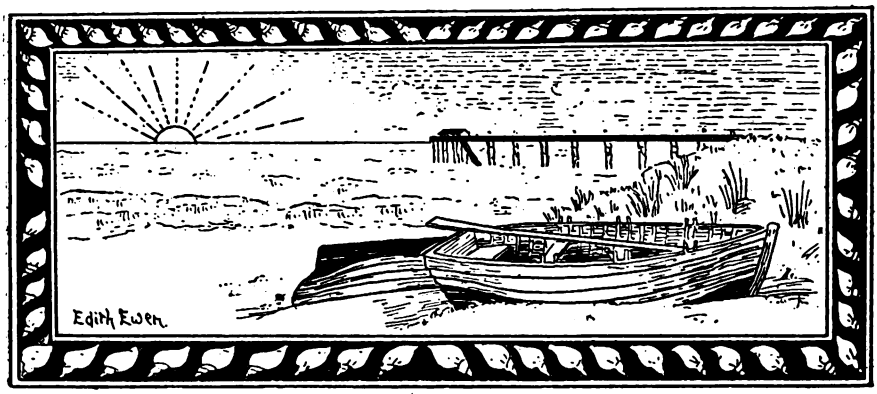
Tottenham has played a prominent part in early history, and we can go as far back as when the Romans had great difficulty in cutting their way through the woods of "Toteham," as it was then called. In the year 894, the Danes sailed up the River Lea, through Tottenham, on their way to Ware; and, in digging reservoirs on one side of the river, the men have found an exceedingly old canoe which they have proved to belong to the Danes. When William the Conqueror came to England we find that Tottenham was mentioned in the Domesday Book, where he took an account of all the places of importance.

Tottenham has many historic buildings. The old Parish Church was built in the twelfth century, and Bruce Castle, which I have mentioned, belonged to the great King Bruce, of Scotland. Even the High Road, the busiest part of the town, was made in 1611, and rising straight from the wide pavement is one of the Eleanor Crosses which was erected on the spot where Queen Eleanor's body and the procession halted on the way to London, where this beloved wife of Edward I. is buried.

The last important feature in the history of Tottenham is that our late Queen halted here on her way to Epping Forest. I do not think that Tottenham is lessening in interest. Queen Alexandra has just conferred honour upon a Tottenham lady who was a nurse in the Ashanti expedition. I hope I have not tired you with this long letter, but somehow I feel almost as patriotic when writing about my town as my country.—I am, dear sir, your little friend,

FLORENCE ABEL (*Aged* 14 *years* 6 *weeks*).

The prize winner for the best letter this month I shall announce next month, with the one for the best in that batch.



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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

FOR HOME AND SUNDAY READING.

VOL. 5. AUGUST, 1901. No. 11.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

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Photo by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, I.W.

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FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

The large bows on either side of the face and bunches of flowers which have found their way to the fashionable head-dresses are also in favour with children, and many such ornaments appear under the brims of their little hats. They are also wearing large bonnets with flaring brims, and enormous bows to toques. Children's wardrobes are becoming far too elaborate. Printed challis, mousseline delaines, and several other kindred fabrics which now come under the comprehensive term of voiles are much worn by children, with plenty of soft silk large collars and fronts laced with velvet.

THE REWARD OF DUTY.

In whatsoever sphere we find ourselves—however humble or irksome our occupation—we can still do our duty, and so reap what is higher than the world's applause, better than fame, and more enduring than bays or laurels—the inward satisfaction of having honourably and faithfully performed that work which our hand found to do. To us wise worldlings a state of things is quite conceivable by which a man might get along well enough without the aid of his neighbour; but the great Creator of us all has ordered otherwise. He has made us dependent on our fellow-men for the supply of our wants. We are sent here to give and take. He has so arranged that in our labour we shall be useful one to another—that my labour shall provide for some necessity of yours, and yours for a necessity of mine. It is a duty imposed on us that we shirk not our share of the world's toil, if we would have the approval of Him, of our fellow-men, or of ourselves. Our ability to labour is our best title to live—our producing something which will benefit our neighbours is the best return we can give to God for sustaining and providing for us here.—JAMES CROMB.

THE GREATNESS OF TRIFLES.

How solemn is the life that now is! There is greatness even in its trifles; for they are agencies, all of them, for good or evil. The cairn is heaped high by each one flinging a pebble; and the living well is worn by the diligent flow of the brook; and the shoal that has wrecked a navy is only the work of a colony of worms. And in the moral world surely there can be no trifles at all. Nourish the unrecorded thoughts of ill, and it shall ripen into the full deed by-and-bye. Hug the sin to the bosom and cry: "Is it not a little one?" and the one demon will go out only to bring a brotherhood of seven home. The most blood-stained man of crime once prattled at a mother's knee. Trifles! They have fixed a destiny, and have sealed a doom many a time.—DR. PUNSHON.

WATCHES AND WHERE TO WEAR THEM.

Women are not supposed to be very logical, and mere man is eloquent in his sneers at our pockets which are not to be found and our watches and purses that present so tempting a bait to pickpockets. There is a little wisdom in the fault-finding. If we wear watches at all they should be able to show us the time and be placed somewhere where we can get at them without disarranging our apparel. We have introduced them at our waists, in our bracelets, and on the side of our bodices; but a clever American has invented the plan of placing them under the collar-band, attached to a chain only 5 in. or 6 in. long, so that the watch cannot disappear into the depths of the bodice.

Call it happiness or call it blessedness, the life whose end is righteousness is a life which satisfies, and which one is not only willing but glad to live; its ways are ways of pleasantness and all its paths are peace.

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MUSLIN BLOUSES.

The two blouses shown in the sketch are cool, being made of soft white muslin. The inevitable tuckings are useful in giving strength and also in keeping them in shape. The first has an embroidered collar, the second an embroidered yoke, and the sleeves of both widen at the wrist. The first hat is trimmed with roses, and the second is of "pancake" shape, with a small wreath of ivy and small white heather for trimming.

Small flowers and leaves have succeeded, though not entirely ousted, the enormous ones that have been fashionable for so long. A dainty hat is pale tan straw, trimmed with a wreath of bluebells. Another has a garland of ripe corn round the crown and an immense bow of poppy-pink glacé. The simplicity of such compositions as these is all in their favour. No one should ever look as if much intentness of care had been lavished on the toilet.

A charitable feeling causes some men when they see a fellow-man in distress to wish some other man would come along and relieve him.

TAKE A MILLINER'S ADVICE.

Never buy a hat, says a West-end milliner, without looking at yourself in a full-length mirror. There are plenty of hats which fit the head and face, and, if these could be detached from the body, would be charming. But look in a full-length mirror and see the difference. If the woman is inclined to stoutness the hat may be too small for her body; she appears unnaturally broad, and her head a funny little pinnace, which reminds one of a pyramid. Or the thin woman with the round face is suited by a large hat, but the full length of slender figure shows her to be over-balanced, like an over-rigged ship under sail. There are not too many views to take of any article of wearing apparel before buying it.

STYLES OF HAIRDRESSING.

The mode of dressing one's hair is to-day extremely varied. Many folks prefer to adopt a fashion of their own, and arrange their hair just as it suits them. As to the actual fashions, however, there are several modes prevailing. One of these—and quite the prettiest—is that of turning the hair back from the face and crimping it in large heavy waves. These large heavy waves are important to acquire, for anything like a fuzz or frizz is quite out of date, and has never proved becoming. The centre of the hair is then caught up fairly high, while the two de pieces are fluffed out to make the width of the head as broad as possible. In such case a few soft curls are left falling over the forehead. Another mode, and one equally becoming to some faces, is that of arranging the side hair in exactly the same manner as described above, while the centre piece, instead of being carried high and away from the face, is arranged to droop over the forehead in one big crimp. With this style occasionally one sees the side parting, which to some faces proves specially becoming. Other modes there are for older folk, in which the hair is arranged in a kind of figure 8 at the centre of the back, rolled, curved, curled, and twisted, and caught back with combs, and occasionally finished with a bunch of flowers. This is specially for evening wear, while one notices how much now is worn in the hair for full-dress occasions. Diamonds we have always seen, but nowadays also bows of ribbon, feather aigrettes, twists of tulle, and many small blossoming flowers all find favour, and, in many cases, add not a little to the complete appearance of a dainty toilet.

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FOR GARDEN-PARTY WEAR.

Either voile, crape, crépon or linen should be employed for such occasions, while foulard of every kind, and especially in black and white, is more popular than any other material. For matron's wear the foulard and crape will prove most suitable, but for the young girl's use there is nothing so pretty as the white or coloured linen. These linens can be made in a whole variety of ways, the prettiest being a perfectly plain, full skirt, slightly tucked upon the hips, and

allowed to flow out in fan-shape at the foot-hem, as shewn in the sketch. The bodice can then be cut somewhat in bolero form, with small pleats in front, opening over a full vest or under-bodice of spotted muslin or silk. A very handsome Irish lace collar should be added, while the sleeves may be cut in bishop shape, and cut into the wrist with the most ordinary little cuff. A very large black hat would look its very best with such a costume, and, if a little colour is needed, a knot of carnations or a big bunch of roses may be introduced.

The finest nature, like the truest metal, must be tempered in the hottest furnace.

SELF-CONTROL.

We have need not only to watch, but to keep up a strong habit of self-control. How it is that every act we do leaves upon us its impression, we know not; but the scars and seams of our bodily frame may warn us of the havoc sin makes in our unseen nature. The current of our thoughts, the wondering of our imaginations, the tumult of our passions, the flashes of our temper, all the movements and energies of our moral being, leave some mark, wither some springing grace, strengthen some struggling fault, decide some doubtful bias, aggravate some growing proneness, and always leave us other and worse than we were before. This is ever going on. By its own continual acting, our fearful and wonderful inward nature is perpetually fixing its own character. It has a power of self-determination which, to those who give over watching and self-control, becomes soon unconscious, and at last involuntary. How carelessly men treat themselves.—MANNING.

THE STUDY OF HOUSEWIFECRAFT.

There exists in the education of the young girl of the upper and middle classes in England a great want which has been admirably supplied in some of the Continental schools. It is not necessary for the woman of the future to be merely a *savante*; she should be, above all, one who is initiated into all the secrets and mysteries of housekeeping. She should be a clever housewife in the highest sense of the word. The school programme is, unfortunately, already too full to leave room for the practical knowledge which should form the termination of a thorough education. A young girl, after the age of fourteen or fifteen, should be required to perform daily some manual work. She should be instructed in the duties she will ultimately have to perform, or preside over, as mother, and manageress of a home. Let those who have the training of these young girls in their hands impress upon them that there is nothing *infra dig.* in housework. Therefore, teach them to perform it honestly and diligently. It is ennobling rather than otherwise. Some of the highest ladies in the land are able to do exquisite work in many branches of art, and at the same time they excel in, and are proud of, their proficiency in the "culinary art." Among them may be numbered some of our princesses. It is also well known that our beloved Queen Alexandra, as Princess of Wales, always used to put on a flannel dressing-gown and wash and dress her babies.

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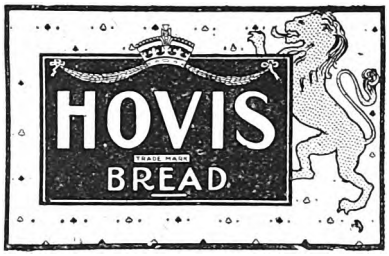

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LATE SUMMER AND EARLY AUTUMN GOWNS.

We must not leave it too late ere we consider the needs of late summer and early autumn wear. Cool days, or rather cool evenings, will be upon us before we are aware, and, therefore, it will be most necessary to invest in a useful tweed or serge gown, cut and made in the latest fashion, and ready so as to don at a moment's notice. Certainly for country-house parties such a possession is most necessary, while the gown must not be made too dark or in too wintry a fashion. A dainty under-front of lawn and hanging cambric sleeves to the bell-shaped over-sleeves should be added, while an elaborate scarf of printed foulard should also be added, just as much for warmth as for smartness, for this is caught round the throat, crossed at the back, and brought forward to finish in the now inevitable sailor's knot, the whole forming a dainty finish, and one that is equally suitable for morning or afternoon wear. A large hat of stitched silk or cloth should be carried out *en suite* with the costume, the felt itself repeating the colour of the gown, and quills and a folded sash ribbon round the crown being added to complete the whole.

WOMEN HEALTH VISITORS.

Some interesting particulars of the work of women health visitors were given in the report on the health of Birmingham recently presented by the medical officer of health to the City Council. The women health visitors, during the quarter under review paid 6,150 primary visits and 2,519 revisits. In 2,130 of the houses visited there was sickness of a more or less severe character. The main object of the visitors is to get the tenants to make the best of their surroundings, and the following statement denotes the principal points to which they called attention: Houses to be cleansed, 1,347; slops to be emptied, 1,339; windows to be opened, 1,627; chimneys to be unstopped, 576; bedding to be cleansed, 236; rubbish to be burnt, 116; additional bedroom to be used, 122; screen to be made in bedroom, 57; larger house to be obtained, 59; additional bedding to be bought, 27; lodgers to be got rid of, 11; children to be washed, 224; infants to be suitably fed, 63; children to be sent to school, 11; doctor to be consulted, 220; yard, drains, etc., to be cleansed, 89. The inspectors also reported 1,382 houses and yards as requiring repairs for which the landlords were responsible.

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A FAIR TROUBADOUR.

(Photo by F. Downer, Watford.)

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AMBULANCE DOGS AND THEIR WORK.

By THEKLA BOWSER.

Photographs by R. Henry, Carnoustie.

IT is wonderful how perfectly dogs can be taught to succour the sick and the helpless, but for some years now they have been used for rendering first aid to the injured in war time by most of the European nations, except ourselves. At first it seems incredible that it should be possible to teach them to go and find the wounded on a battlefield, after the stretcher-bearers have been over the ground and have missed seeing some of their comrades, but when one remembers all the clever tricks that show-dogs learn to perform, one readily understands that these animals are endowed with excellent intellects.

Provided that you take a dog with a broad head, of an intellectual race, and that you are in the habit of training animals, you can make him do almost anything that you please. The training, of course, is entirely carried out by kindness, and infinite patience is necessary to teach the dog every step separately, for, although he is not at all "dull," the difficulty is to make him understand what you require of him.

The first necessary bit of education for an ambulance dog to conquer, is that he must be absolutely obedient to the word of command, for a war-dog is as much under orders as are any of the rank and file. The duties of the war-dog are various but the most interesting is that of ambulance work, of which a most instructive exhibition is being given at the Crystal Palace by Major Richardson with his troupe of dogs trained for war purposes. They display a remarkable acuteness of perception, and whine to their master, as though they were talking to him.

MAJOR RICHARDSON AND HIS TROUPE OF COLLIES TRAINED FOR AMBULANCE WORK AND MILITARY PURPOSES.

In the Palace grounds a sham fight takes place, men falling wounded behind the trees and amidst the bushes that

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surround the open space in which the exhibition is given. The ambulance dogs are very restless whilst the firing is going on, tugging at their chains with impatient jerks; evidently they are eager to get to work, but it is not until the firing has ceased, that they are let loose. Then they scamper away in great glee. Each dog is provided with a neat little saddle, with a pocket on either side, in which are placed all kinds of lint and bandages, and slung round his throat is a flask of brandy. On the outside of the saddle-pockets there are two conspicuous Red Crosses, which should protect the dog from molestation by the enemy.

The animal makes straight for the bushes with a business-like air that is very funny to watch. From tree to tree he hurries, sometimes snuffing the air, but more often running with his nose to the ground, scenting, until he comes on the wounded man. Then he calmly sits down to await the arrival of his master and the stretcher-bearers, who will be guided to him by the bell which is hung upon his neck.

WAITING FOR A MESSAGE.

In war time the soldiers know exactly what is put in the pockets of these ambulance dog-saddles, and if the wounded man is conscious and able to stir, he will open the pocket and take out a bandage with which to bind up his wound for the time being, a drink from the flask often giving him sufficient strength to do this, so that he can somewhat stop the loss of blood, and materially help towards saving his life. The dog understands precisely what is going on and meekly stands close up to the man to enable him to reach the pockets.

One of the sham-wounded men at the Palace pretended to be so weak that he could not get along alone, but by hanging heavily on the collar of the dog, managed to crawl to meet the ambulance that was coming for him. It was wonderful to see how the faithful animal adapted his speed to the convenience of the sick man, helping to drag him along with the utmost patience and good humour. Time and again, when the stretcher-bearers have passed by the wounded men, hidden by foliage or lying at the bottom of a ditch, the dogs have scented them out immediately and without the least hesitation. It is interesting to remember that the Knights of St. John invariably had dogs for outpost duty in the olden days, so that it is only fitting that the canine descendants should wear the Red Cross of the Order, the honour of which they most admirably uphold.

It is the old idea that has been so splendidly carried out by the great St. Bernard dogs in Switzerland, who have so distinguished themselves by their sagacity and gentleness in their work of mercy on the snow-capped Alps; but although the St. Bernard can stand the snowy ground and atmosphere, against which his tremendous coat protects him, he is too cumbersome for the more diplomatic duties of army work. There is one Great Dane in Major Richardson's troupe, but the big dogs are not nearly so wiry as the smaller breeds, and they cannot wriggle their way through bushes without running the risk of attracting attention.

The old Welsh story of Gelert reminds us of a dog-martyr that was of the collie breed, and it is usually the cross-bred collie that makes the best ambulance dog. These animals have great hearts and fine brain power. In the execution of their duty there is seen a vast amount of docility and tenderness hidden beneath that

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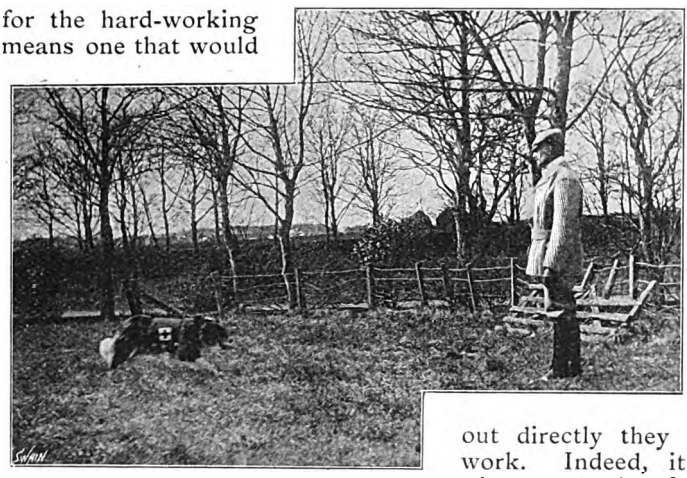
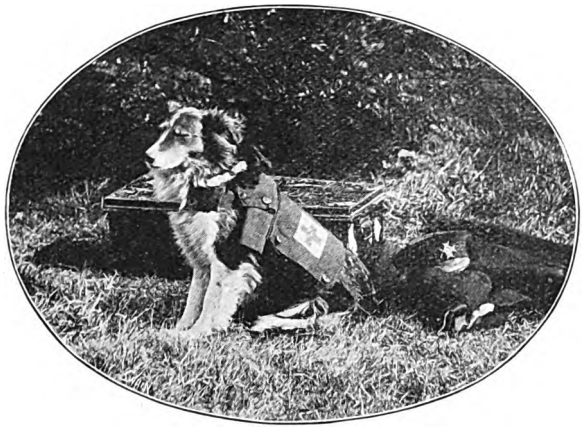
shaggy coat, for the hard-working dog is by no means one that would take a prize at a show for his points of beauty. He generally comes of a sturdy stock of Scotch sheep dogs that have for generations past gathered their masters' sheep together, yelping and barking at them in different tones as the occasion required.



BRINGING BACK THE ANSWER.

No one can watch a sheep dog at work on the mountain side, away out of sight of his master, collecting the wandering sheep with all the sense of a human being, without becoming assured that dogs think in one way or another. A collie's devotion to his master is beautiful to see, and it is remarkable to notice how much they seem to understand when a man is ill. The eyes that will gleam with a dangerous fire at the approach of an enemy, will gaze down on the wounded man with an illimitable depth of sympathy and kindliness. Again and again the St. Bernard has revived the more than half-frozen traveller, who was fast sinking into that sleep from which there is no waking in this world, by licking him persistently with his warm tongue, and such deft help has been known to be rendered by the ambulance dog on the battle-field.



GUARDING THE BAGGAGE.

The practical aid that dogs can give to the wounded was proved in the grand manœuvres of the 8th Prussian army corps at Coblentz in 1898. Many of the fallen men were missed, at night, by the stretcher-parties, but the dogs scented them out directly they were set to work. Indeed, it matters not where a man has fallen; the dog will find him. In the deepening dusk of evening when the stretcher-parties set forth on their terrible task of scouring the field for their comrades who have fallen under fire, it is difficult to find those who have dropped into ditches or trenches under all kinds of debris, but where the sight of man fails, the dog smells with a certainty, and he will paw away at the ground until he finds the man, who still has breath in his body.

When one remembers the number of people who are lost every year on our own mountains in Scotland and Wales—climbers who are caught in a mist and lose the track — it seems a pity that dogs should not be employed to go with the search parties that are organised. Our mountains are not dangerous in the matter of precipices when compared with those of Switzerland, but in the darkness of night not a few men have fallen over the edge of grassy slopes and have lain injured and alone for hours together, and again many a fatal illness has been first contracted through the exposure of a night on the bitter mountain

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side. It is impossible for search parties to see, even by the aid of lanterns, and if the traveller should have fainted he may be within a few yards of help, and yet be passed by. This would never happen if trained dogs were taken out, for their sense of smell is so fine that they would at once be guided to the spot where a human being lay.

ON OUTPOST DUTY—A SENTRY WHO NEVER SLEEPS.

Although the ambulance dog naturally claims our deepest interest, we must glance at the work which is carried on by his companions. There is the spy, who runs in front of a moving patrol, and guards baggage or a camp. This is very important work, as dogs can be placed in a more dangerous position than a sentry and will do the work just as efficiently.

The outpost dog is taught *not* to bark upon observing the approach of a stranger. On a still night he will detect footsteps at a distance of 400 or 500 yards, and on seeing or hearing anything suspicious, he makes no kind of remark on the subject, but turns tail and trots into camp, to "inform." It seems incredible, but at the exhibition the other day, the writer was immensely amused at seeing an out-post dog suddenly disappear over the brow of the hill. His conduct was explained by the fact that three ladies had, all unconsciously, walked within his range!

Then there is the message bearer. This dog has a small wallet attached to his collar in which is placed the precious message which he has to convey. The animal has been trained to this work and to no other and understands exactly what he has to do, as will be seen by the expectant look on his face in the accompanying photograph, where he is waiting whilst his master writes the message. Happily we can congratulate ourselves on being more humane than were the Romans of old, who would tempt their poor dog messenger to swallow an important paper, wrapped in a dainty morsel of meat, and would reward his faithfulness at his journey's end, by killing him, in order to get at the missive.

The power of scent makes the dog invaluable in fighting against a savage nation, as ambuscades are then the things most to be dreaded. The dogs will smell the enemy, let him lie ever so still, amidst tall grasses, or steal noiselessly through the depths of wooded ground. In the Mexican war the guerilla insurgents found that the presence of dogs in their enemy's army was an exceedingly uncomfortable item to be reckoned with. Mere men may be trapped into unwariness or deceived by an innocent exterior, but the

FIRST AID TO THE WOUNDED—THE BANDAGES ARE CONTAINED IN THE SADDLE POCKETS, AND A FLASK IS HUNG ROUND THE DOG'S NECK.

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dog, never. His instinct is unfailing ; he will pick out his master from a hundred men in the dark ; he will save the child that is in danger of death by accident, but he will never forget his foe, and will remember the "scent" of him years and years after the man has forgotten the incident that first made the dog his enemy. So it is in war. The dog is trained to differentiate between his own army and his enemy's, and woe be to the man who comes spying round the camps after dark if a dog be on duty !

The dog who mounts guard over the baggage will sometimes have to run from half a mile to a mile, in order to protect all that he is put in charge of. These dogs are taught not to bark, but to bite the enemy who approaches. The attention of the dog on guard never wavers for a moment, but the sly look in his eye gives one a feeling—and one that would be distinctly uncomfortable if one wished to annex the property—that whilst his one eye is upon his baggage, the other is scouring the country for possible trespassers.

The average dog takes about eighteen months to train, and in the German army each one has to pass an examination, before he is put 'on the strength.' Thus they can be depended upon almost absolutely, for it is exceedingly rare that a trained dog will play his master, or his orders, false. The only reason that Pointers cannot be used for this work, is that their natural love of sport is too strongly inherent in them, and they could not be depended upon, if they happened to come across the chance of a good chase, as they would probably forget all about their work and go flying off after their own pleasure. But the steadfastness of Collies and sheep dogs is not to be feared ; they are faithful and valiant, sticking to their duty with conscientiousness, and fighting to the death in a manner that gives a fine example to their superiors. And sad though it is that many of these loyal, loving creatures must perish, yet if they die in place of a human being, then surely they have not lived in vain.

THEKLA BOWSER.

IN HER SWEET EYES.

In her sweet eyes what phantoms rise,
What subtle ghosts of memories
Weaving their charm with witching grace,
Bringing new beauty to her face
As thought is brought by melodies.

I know not where the splendour lies
That gleams and flashes and then dies,
Yet evermore it leaveth trace
In her sweet eyes.

But this I know, that anger dies
And trouble wears a gentler guise,
The past grows fair, the now less base,
And future grand through time and space,
When I behold the light that lies
In her sweet eyes.

Bertha E. Bush.

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Woman and the New Century.

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE.

THE eighteenth century closed in all the throes of a revolutionary movement, in which women, as well as men, were entangled. Mme. Roland had died for liberty, Mary Woolstonecraft pleaded the cause of woman, Mrs. Chapone displayed literary taste and acquirements, Elizabeth Carter wrote Greek, Mrs. Montague entertained a select society of learned ladies, Hannah More and her sister laboured in the service of a half-savage population of miners, while Elizabeth Fry, with sweet womanly tenderness, ministered to the needs of the poor prisoners.

These were the pioneers of freedom, education, and the great social movement of humanitarianism and the enfranchisement of women which will make the last hundred years famous in history. The whole ideal of life was altered, the trend of education, public opinion, and thought. Such vast changes cannot take place in a moment, and we find, therefore, that until the middle of the last century woman's sphere had not altered to any considerable extent. Miss Austen's novels convey a very correct picture of the middle-class life of that day, a life that was the personification of dull respectabiiity and undue regard to trivial decorum. Such decorum was always the fetish of the middle as opposed to the upper and the lower classes, who could afford to despise or rise superior to the opinion of their fellows. Marriage was the great aim and end of life of the English girl. For this desirable consummation she was trained, modelled, and designed.

The long weary hours of needlework, the dull domestic duties, the short constitutional undertaken in thin shoes and white stockings, the narrowness of outlook, the stifling and subjection of all natural and youthful activity to the demands of the ladylike, served as a mere probation for the greater freedom of wedlock. "An old maid" became the lowest term of reproach. Miss Austen, herself unmarried in consequence of an unfortunate love affair, says with delightful satire: "A single woman with a narrow income must be a ridiculous, disagreeable old maid, the proper sport of boys and girls; but a single woman of good fortune is always respectable, and may be as amiable and pleasant as anybody else."

Time, opportunity, and economic changes have brought about a vast revolution in woman's life, of which the principal features are independence, freedom, and equality with men as far as the right to work for a living is concerned. Endless avenues of employment are open to the formerly oppressed sex, while physical, moral, and intellectual development have proceeded hand in hand.

The social changes in woman's life are so immense that it is almost impossible to enumerate them. An enormous gulf lies between the woman of to-day, with her latch-key, her bicycle, her hansom, and her trips abroad, undertaken by herself or in the company of another woman, and the custom-ridden, stay-at-home, timid and unenterprising grandmother, who could not stir without an army of maids, lackeys, and the safe refuge of her coach and six, or the curtained closure of her private chair.

The contrast, however, is not entirely due to the enterprise of woman; it must be attributed to the more settled and orderly condition of society, and to the existence of railways and telegraphs, which permits a woman to walk out alone, dispensing with a male escort. In the early days of Queen Victoria a married woman never took an airing on foot, even in the Park, unless attended by her maid, and it is only within the last fifteen years that girls of good family could walk alone in certain quiet and respectable streets. There was once a time when to drive alone in a hansom would have subjected a lady to the imputation of being fast and immodest. Now there is scarcely anything women cannot do. They travel,

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visit, stay at hotels, dine in a restaurant, belong to a club, without male escort or male approbation. One of the most marvellous sights to a foreigner is that of the young Miss who wanders abroad with a companion of her own sex, climbing mountains, boating, bicycling, sight-seeing, at the sweet will of her own fancy, unashamed, calm, composed, and perfectly at her ease.

Athletics are answerable for a good deal of this freedom. The lawn-tennis, croquet, golf, and hockey clubs, the skating rink, the gymkhanas, all render it impossible for chaperons to follow and mothers to direct. The girl, like a young Athenian maiden, is free to do as she chooses, and to enjoy herself as she can. So we behold a race of tall, strong, muscular and athletic women, who put some men to shame. Their physical development is splendid. Even though, like some young men, girls overdo the physical training, and ruin their nerves and health, yet, with the possibility of excess, never absent in any game, the result is good. If the nerves are to suffer it is better to suffer from too much exercise, than to ruin them with tea or indulge them in hysteries. Habits of early rising and of healthful exercise are not easily put aside, and stand their devotees in good stead when age and increasing *embonpoint* incline them to laziness.

Education alone shows almost the widest development. The highly educated women of the eighteenth century studied on their own account, from the pure desire of learning; they sought to dissimulate their attainments, and were ashamed to air their knowledge. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu writes: "We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our minds, indeed are entirely neglected, and filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with. This custom, so long established and ridiculously upheld, makes it more ridiculous to go out of the common road, and forces one to find as many excuses as if it was a thing altogether criminal. There is hardly a creature in the world more despicable or more liable to universal ridicule than a learned woman. These words imply, according to the received sense, a tattling, impertinent, vain and conceited creature."

Dr. More caused his daughter Hannah to discontinue her studies in Latin and mathematics as soon as he found out the rapid progress she was making in them. The danger of pedantry seemed a real one. Mme. de Staël was looked upon as a creature apart, whose example should certainly not be followed, while Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, though admired for her learning, and Mrs. Montague, and her set were nicknamed blue-stockings. Yet even these ladies so far conformed to public opinion as to live in the world and enjoy society.

At the beginning of last century the education of women was at the lowest ebb. Dancing, deportment, water-colour drawing of the feeblest description, French, and the use of the globes, together with a free application of the blackboard, constituted all the education offered by a fashionable boarding-school. Even Mrs. Somerville, whose father had opposed vigorously all her attempts at study, suffered to the end of life from defective education. The great bugbear then was the fear of singularity, while the pendulum now has swung back so far that originality, and even eccentricity is freely aimed at.

By degrees more catholic doctrines prevailed. Girls began to be thought worthy of education as well as boys, a juster appreciation of the position of the sexes was awakened, a new impulse stirred among women, and slowly, tentatively, the new education was born. In 1835 Mrs. Somerville and Caroline Herschell were elected members of the Astronomical Society in complimentary fashion. Yet in 1893 the Geographical Society refused to admit ladies as members, and the present Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, was found sufficiently narrow-minded to observe that the proposal was "part of the general movement to break down the natural barriers between the two sexes."

Queen's College was founded in 1848, having grown out of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution; in 1869, through the efforts of several devoted women, a college for women was opened at Hitchin, the origin of Girton College, and Newnham College quickly followed suit in 1875. The number of students educated at these colleges and at the High Schools, of which the first was organised by Miss Buss, on a new basis of method and efficient study, cannot be reckoned

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as small. The wave of evolution in education spread rapidly.

The next result was the opening of new careers for women, who flocked eagerly into the professions of medicine, science, nursing, bookbinding, printing, and all the various branches of art. They studied seriously, competed with men, and seized the highest prizes. Women have occupied the position of senior classics, doctors in medicine, members of the School Board, factory inspectors, and other dignified and learned posts during the latter half of the century.

In art, designing, and music they have also done well; though less skilled in the artistic crafts, they are beginning now to make their influence felt. In literature they have always held their own, and as lecturers on science, history, languages, philosophy, and cookery their services are valued.

Domestic service has suffered in the same proportion. Girls of the farmer class, who generally found their happiness and comfort in orderly and comfortable service, now prefer to be shop assistants and clerks. Long hours, unfair agreements, capricious and vexatious deductions of salary, insanitary surroundings, and poor living count in their eyes as nothing compared with increased liberty.

The woman of the poorer classes has not profited by the race for wealth. She ekes out a precarious existence as shirt, mantle, and trouser maker, she does tailoring and matchboxes, and invariably earns a less wage than the man. This in a measure comes from the fact that women's labour is considered as supplementary, rather than as the wages of the breadwinner. It is frequently interrupted by marriage or by ill-health. Women regard their work as something to add to the family income, instead of being worth so much in the abstract. The work is often faulty, poor in quality, and less efficient than that of men. They will accept a lower rate, and do not hold out for a decent subsistence.

The vast number of unemployed women and the vicissitudes of fortune have driven gentlewomen into trade, which at the beginning of the century was considered degrading and unladylike. The sweeping away of these prejudices successfully accomplished, the result has been a new and wider horizon for women. The discontented, idle, useless girl of the past has become a brisk, cheerful woman of business. The Post Office Savings Bank and the telegraph absorb a large number of workers; typists and shorthand secretaries find a fair field of labour before them, while the shop, either for gowns, furniture, *bric-à-brac*, dressmaking, or millinery, satisfies the aspirations of others.

Some women keep luncheon-rooms, others dispense tea, a few offer cyclists rests. Imagination is stimulated in finding ever new branches of industry and means of making money; the new journalism employs the energies of those who like to think themselves intellectual.

Women have learnt thrift, industry, and finally co-operation. Everywhere women's trades unions, of which the first was founded by Emma Pattison in 1874, are springing up, and women's leagues being formed. The enthusiasm of individuals has given place to the union of forces. The Primrose League, the Women's Liberal Federation, have taught them that union is force, and liberty, without method, anarchy.

Even in humanitarianism, which is perhaps the greatest emancipation of the age, the necessity of organisation has made itself felt. The nursing societies, the sisterhoods, the benevolent institutions of all kinds, have their regular workers, their distinct lines, their combined aims. Philanthropy is essentially woman's work, and as such she has taken it. The vast schemes in connection with religion, temperance, social regeneration of all kinds, are presided over by women of rank, and engage in their machinery members of all classes, and are served with the winning zeal and enthusiasm of the devotee.

Every great lady toils, as well as the poorest. From temperance to trade, from sympathy with suffering nations to practical work for the soldier's wife, fair hands are employed, cultured brains exert their faculties. To be idle is now a disgrace, and even the claims of society cannot engross all the time and thoughts of the rich woman of leisure. As in a busy hive, the women of England are for ever planning, toiling, labouring for themselves or for others.

Are women happier, better, more healthy for all this storm and stress, this endless business and worry? Do not the children of the present, will not the generation of the future, suffer? To all

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notable revolutions there is a reverse side, and while the woman of means may pine in discontent for more freedom and less home duties the woman of the poorer classes sighs for her fireside, and longs to spend her affections on her home, and to be once more in truth what she is in name only, a mother and wife. Yet who would wish to restore the mediæval times, when vassals were the property of their lords, heiresses were disposed of in marriage by the King, and peers, even in the reign of Henry VIII., took their wives behind them on horseback up to London, their heads cased in hoods of waxed linen and their bodies wrapped in warm cloth mantles?

We have gained much, but we have also lost not a little. In high society conversation is dead, politeness and elegance of manners have disappeared. The modern girl is brusque, angular, rude in speech, and self-assertive. There is less respect for parents, less regard for duties in the concrete, with much talk of humanitarianism in the abstract. Liberty often leads to licence. Women of the poorer classes lead a monotonous and toilful life in factories, they labour from night to morning, while their children die early from convulsions, or inherit deteriorated constitutions. The highest rate of infant mortality is to be found in manufacturing towns, and motherhood there comes to be regarded as a mere annoying incubus.

In many instances men resist the encroachment of women's labour, for they know too well that by opposing the levelling down of prices they are fighting against the degradation of labour. Women are still weaker than men, they are less independent, they yield to the slightest economic pressure, and the fact that their remuneration is subject to no given standard of living or efficiency is a source of danger to the working community.

Thus the working-woman must always fare worse than the man, so long as these causes exist. Yet, with all drawbacks, the new century has opened with a brighter vista for women than has ever previously dawned on them. Their position as helpmates to their husbands is conceded, their right to independence and to a considerable amount of equality allowed.

No girl need lead an idle, hopeless life; she may develop her talents, expand her mind, and enjoy life with all the zest that the rush of vigorous blood within her induces. She may be healthy, happy, and useful if she pleases; she may go out into the universe and take her part with the workers and the makers of the world; or she may enjoy the sweet tenderness of love, and nourish cultured ease in the quiet seclusion of her home. She is a free being, no longer the slave or the toy of an unappreciative and prejudiced man. Marriage has ceased to be the outlet of a woman's energies, and an old maid no longer denotes a term of reproach.

VIOLET GREVILLE.

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THE KING AS AN UNDERGRADUATE.

BY . . HUGH W. STRONG.

THAT King Edward the Seventh treasures the happy memories of student days at Oxford, and has a high place in his enduring affections for "The rose red city half as old as time," he is his own witness. Addressing the deputation from the University which tendered him the loyal congratulations of Oxford on his Accession to the Throne, His Majesty said :—

Your references to the time I spent at your University as a student recalls to my mind a period of my life which I shall ever look back upon with great pleasure and satisfaction, and I cannot forget the hearty welcome accorded in your famous city to Queen Alexandra and myself when we were present at Commemoration in the early days of our married life.

The King made a very early acquaintance with his *alma mater*. In the company of his father (the Prince Consort), the Princess Royal and Princess Alice, a visit of a strictly private nature was made to the University in 1857. So devoid of formality was this introduction, that not even the Vice-Chancellor was apprised of the intentions of the Royal party, who moved through the colleges with the facility and freedom of ordinary visitors, escorted by the Master of University, who had the privilege of entertaining them.

Though, in the ordinary course of Royal affairs, the matriculation of the Heir to the Throne at the University which had been so closely associated with Crown and Court was to be expected, there was a special circumstance which determined that his name should be entered upon the books of Christ Church College, or "the House," as it has long been the habit to distinguish this most aristocratic of the University colleges. Dean Liddell had, for some years, been a chaplain in the Royal household, and the Queen and Prince Consort held him in such high esteem that, in the council which determined the course of University education that His Royal Highness was to undergo, a strong desire was expressed by his parents that he should be placed under the personal supervision of the Dean of Christ Church. Dean Liddell, it is interesting to remember, was known as "the grandest specimen of the Don that even Oxford has turned out."

Kings and princes may not go about their business in the fashion of even the most elevated of their subjects, and so it happened that when H.R.H. came "up," in 1859, the "divinity" which "doth hedge a king," imposed on him the ceremonious duty which attaches to even his ordinary movements. Loyal Oxford was not to be deprived, for the second time, of an opportunity of demonstrating its appreciation of a Royal visit, and, possibly in view of the fact that a Royal residence in the University was graciously regarded as worthy commemoration, "Town and Gown" on this occasion had their way.

Some day the leisurely student of our social manners will pause to consider the esoteric source of the love of demonstration which is conspicuously characteristic of university towns the wide world over. It may be found in the communication to citizens of the gay spirits of youth which there know neither lapse nor fluctuation, since they are perpetually renewed by the aptly named "Freshmen" who, at the beginning of each academical year, fill the veins of the university with the elixir of youth, the colour, the brightness the buoyancy of existence, which lie only in the enchanted teens.

Be this as it may, neither Oxford nor Cambridge misses a legitimate opportunity of shouting itself hoarse in generous acclamation. So there was a remarkable manifestation of interest and good feeling

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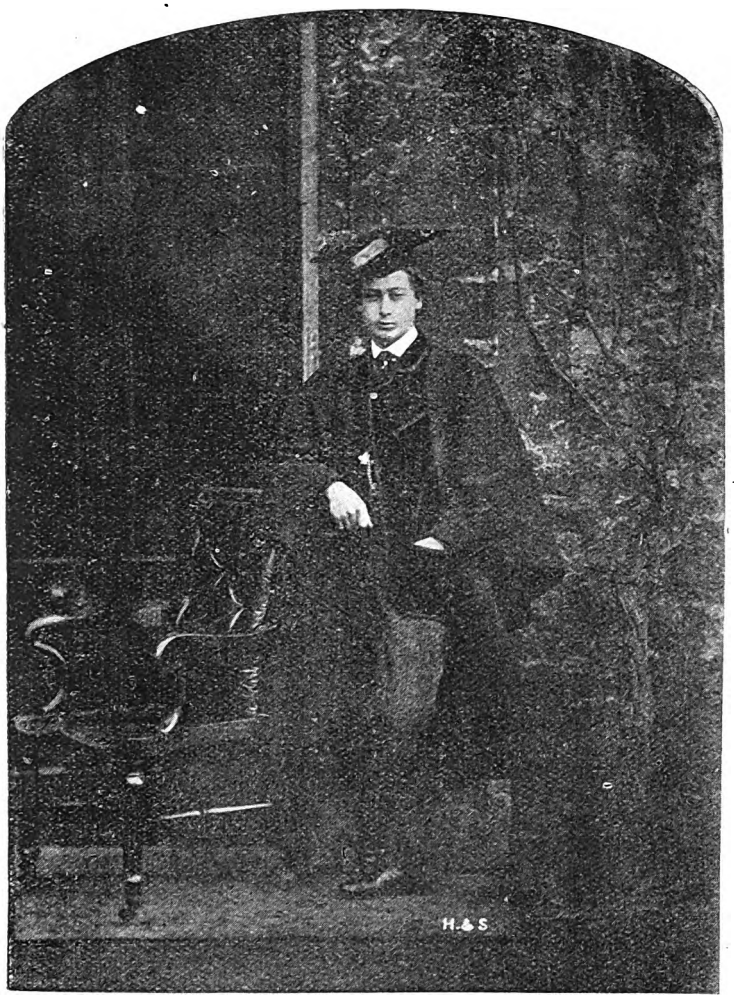
when the Prince of Wales arrived in the city on October 17th, 1859, for the purpose of taking up his residence as a member of the University. He was greeted with boisterous cheers from the thousands of people who had assembled at the station and along the line of route, in eager anticipation of catching a glimpse of the Heir Apparent. The Prince was met by Dr. Liddell and Dr. Acland, with whom he drove at once to his residence at Frewin Hall.



THE ROYAL UNDERGRADUATE.

To the visitor to Oxford in these days, the selection of this secluded and overshadowed dwelling for the young Prince is somewhat inexplicable, save on the ground of its proximity to the Union, a social, literary, and debating club for University men. From "The Corn" the house occupied by the Prince of Wales is approached by the narrowest of lanes, running between business houses. On the New Inn Hall side, a greater dignity is lent to it by the approach through an old gateway, a relic of St. Mary's College, founded in 1435, and, of course, on account of its attainted name, dissolved at Queen Elizabeth's command, but not before a great distinction had been given to it, since it was there (in 1498) that Erasmus prepared his edition of the Greek Testament.

At the door of Frewin Hall His Royal Highness was formally received into residence by the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors. To these succeeded the civic authorities bent on offering a sincerely cordial welcome to the ancient and loyal city. Their address congratulated the Heir Apparent on his advent among them for the purpose of pursuing his studies at the University, and proceeded :—

It is our earnest hope and prayer that during your residence here your Royal Highness may be blessed by Divine Providence with health and strength to pursue those studies which may qualify you to discharge (but we hope at some far distant day) those great and important duties which must necessarily devolve on the Sovereign of this vast and powerful Empire. It is no less our earnest hope and prayer that your Royal parents, our beloved Queen and the Prince Consort, may long be spared to witness your progress, and to watch over your interests, and that the bright example set before you in their distinguished position, as well as in the more sacred circle of domestic life, may stimulate your Royal Highness to tread in their footsteps, and thus secure in an equal degree the love, loyalty,

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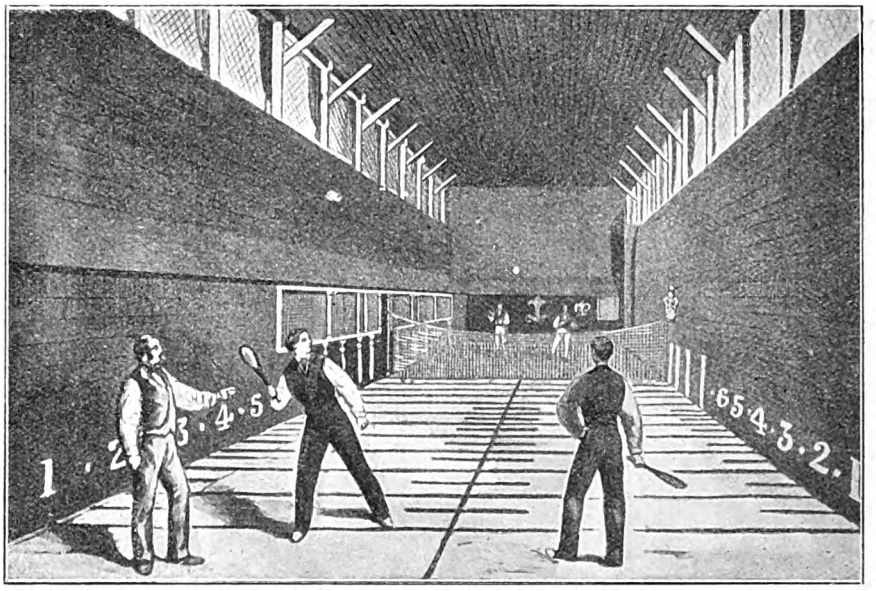

THE KING PLAYING TENNIS IN RUSSELL'S COURT.
(From a Rare Print.)

and devotion of a happy, contented and united people.

That courtly grace and unaffected *bonhomie* by which King Edward has been distinguished throughout his public career was early in evidence at Oxford. The Prince received the deputation in the most cordial manner, and shook each member of it by the hand. After the departure of the deputation, he drove to Christ Church for the purpose of having his name entered on the books. The undergraduates and citizens mustered in strong force and gave the Prince a cordial reception on alighting. He was detained at the Deanery a few minutes and when he emerged he was attired in the usual academic costume worn by noblemen.

From Christ Church the Prince proceeded on foot to the Vice-Chancellor's lodgings at Pembroke College, for the purpose of being matriculated. He was followed by an enthusiastic crowd, that cheered him on the way. With less pains but with infinite more ado, as became his position, the Heir Apparent was enrolled an Oxford undergraduate.

FREWIN HALL, OXFORD, THE KING'S RESIDENCE IN HIS STUDENT DAYS.

A graceful act of homage to genius very early marked the career of the royal Oxonian. In the week following the matriculation, Charles Dickens paid a visit to Oxford and gave readings from

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his works. The Prince and suite, with the Vice-Chancellor and family, attended the reading of the "Christmas Carol" and the "Trial from Pickwick." At the close of the reading the Prince sent his compliments to Mr. Dickens, with an expression of the great gratification that the evening's entertainment had afforded him.

Entering with genuine ardour into the attractive life of the University, which even then varied study with sport and pastime to such an extent that those dons who were old enough to have forgotten their youthful inclinations shook their heads in shocked perturbation at the decadent prospect, the Prince speedily discovered that an undergraduate's existence was very much to his taste.

It need not be pretended that he found his studies so engrossing as to exclude the lighter occupations in which the average undergraduate excels, but he was just as attentive to the serious work of the University as satisfied the authorities in the case of nine-tenths of the members of "The House." Dean Liddell's oversight of the Royal heir who stood to him in a highly complimentary relation, *in statu pupillari*, was judiciously exercised.

The Prince's private tutor was Mr. Herbert Fisher, and Colonel Keppell was Equerry-in-waiting.

King Edward is at one with the majority of his fellow-subjects in this particular —the love of sport is inbred in his nature. He was encouraged by the Prince Consort (himself a daring and brilliant rider to hounds) to shine as a huntsman; and it is on record in the sporting annals of his undergraduate days that he could hold his own with most of his fellow University men when "a fast thing" was enjoyed with the South Oxfordshire Hounds, at that time under the late Earl of Macclesfield.

An excellent story is told of the Prince's hunting experiences. Out with His Royal Highness on one of his earliest runs with the South Oxford Hounds were Colonel Keppell, Mr. Herbert Fisher, Earl Brownlow, Sir Frederick Johnston, Mr. H. Le Marchant, Mr. Henry Chaplin, Mr. H. Taylor, and other less known hunting men. Meeting with but indifferent sport, the party, not to be entirely baulked of the pleasures of the day, determined to take a bee-line back to Oxford, riding hard across country. For the most part unacquainted with the country, they made their way over the lands of a farmer named Hedges, at Barton, and, quite unaware of the temper of the sturdy yeoman (who was locally known as "Lord Chief Justice Burns"), rode into the farm-yard.

With his usual regard for trespassers, the farmer immediately closed his gates on the illustrious party and levied a fine of a sovereign for damages, enforcing the demand with an intimation that none of them should leave until he had pocketed the amount. The huntsmen at first imagined that when Hedges was acquainted with the names of his visitors he would at once have claimed the Royal clemency; but in this they were quite mistaken, for, upon being informed that he was detaining the future King of England, he remarked: "Prince or no Prince, I'll have my money!" The astonishment of His Royal Highness's retinue may well be imagined, but, being encompassed by stone walls, they were compelled to yield to the inexorable Hedges. Although somewhat annoyed at their detention and the obstinacy of the farmer, the party made the best of the joke, the Prince above the rest being much amused at the turn matters had taken.

Tennis was another favourite Royal pastime, and in one of our illustrations (a rare print, of which there is only one copy extant in Oxford) the Prince is seen at play in Russell's Court, a popular undergraduate resort of the time.

A contemporary record gives in a sentence or two an agreeable picture of the pleasant and uneventful sojourn of the Heir Apparent in Oxford. Mr. George Valentine Cox, in his "Recollections," says: "During the five or six terms of his residence the young Prince gained golden opinions by his easy, unaffected bearing, and took with him at his departure the loyal good wishes of all Oxford University and city."

The Prince's eighteenth birthday (November 9th, 1859), somewhat unceremoniously introduced His Royal Highness to the amenities of "Town and Gown." For historical reasons—alas, only too forceful—the expressed intention of citizens to illuminate "the most beautiful city in the world" at night produced an order from the magistrates inhibiting any such display. A chronicler of the period, after recording the decorous rejoicings of the day, rather quaintly adds: "And the

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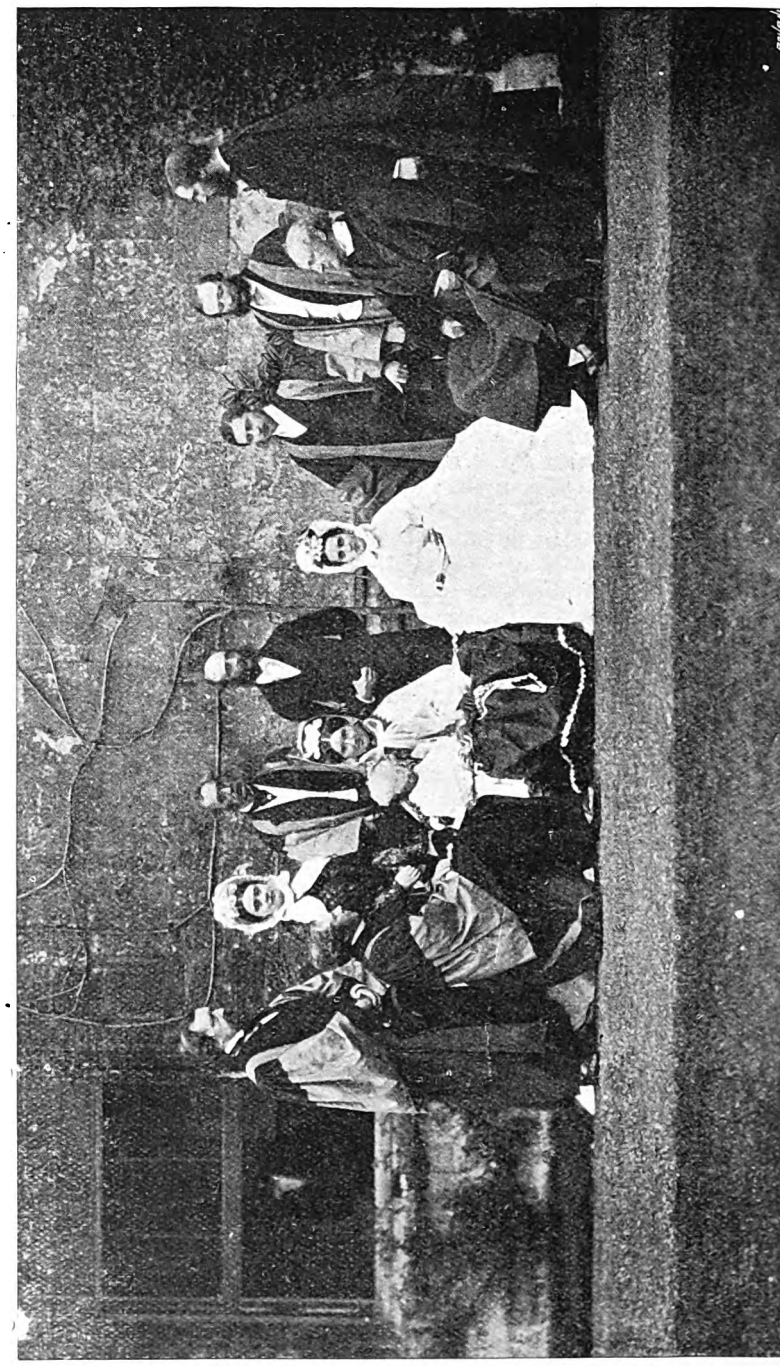
night would have closed in with all the quietness of other nights but for some commotion that took place in the streets about nine o'clock between a number of undergraduates and citizens, who seemed desirous to retrieve the error of having allowed the Fifth of November tc pass away without a skirmish. The mayor received a blow on the head, and such was the determination evinced for jostling that the special constables were obliged to use their staves, which they did to good effect."

High festival found the Prince ready to play his part, and not the most gallant undergraduate was more assiduous than he in discharging the social and chivalrous duties which Young Oxford eagerly undertakes in Commemoration Week. His Royal Highness was a prominent figure at the Procession of Boats, the Encænia, and the Masonic Ball, in June, 1860, opening the ball with the fair daughter of the Provincial Grand Master. It was during the Long Vacation of 1860 that the Prince made his tour of the United States and the British Possessions in North America, returning to Oxford in November for a few weeks. The close of



KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO OXFORD WITH HIS BRIDE.

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the October Term saw the end of his undergraduate days at Oxford, and his illustrious Queen-Mother, accompanied by the Prince Consort and other members of the Royal Family, then paid a visit to Oxford as a gracious indication of her appreciation of the cordial goodwill displayed both by members of the University and all classes of the citizens toward His Royal Highness whilst he had resided in their midst.

"*Albertus Edwardus, Princeps Walliæ, Dux Cornubiæ, admissus die Octobris 17, 1859,*" runs the inscription in a commemorative window of Christ Church Hall which bears the arms and motto of the Prince, and is a fine example of heraldic illumination. The rounding and completing of the King's Oxford career was the chief interest of Commemoration Week, June, 1863, when, accompanied by his beautiful bride, Princess Alexandra of Denmark, the Heir Apparent attended the Encænia to receive the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, *honoris causâ.*

HUGH W. STRONG.

THE FLOWER-STARRED LANE.

O country lanes, white-starred with bloom,
  Where wild things nestle, shy and sweet,
Where all your waving grasses laugh
  And part before my eager feet—

Could I forever dwell with you,
  Letting the mad old world rush by,
And just be glad of wind and sun,
  Of rocking nest and brooding sky!

How often, in the crowded streets,
  I dream of you, sweet country lane,
And feel once more your soft breeze soothe
  My empty breast and weary brain.

Ever above the city's din,
  Above the clink of yellow gold,
I hear a wild bird's ringing call,
  I catch the scent of leaf-strewn mould.

Your grasses kiss my fevered cheek,
  Your hawthorn drops her scented rain,
I am a child again, and dream
  That Heaven bides here, O flower-starred lane!

FLORENCE A. JONES.

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THE LOST HERITAGE.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

I.

"WHAT'S come over Sir Humphrey?" everybody was saying. And well they might wonder. Hitherto one of the most carelessly-dressed men in the county, Sir Humphrey Dakin had suddenly become quite a dandy. Always distinguished-looking, despite his homespun and his weather-beaten hat, marriageable women had nevertheless ceased to angle for him, and girls had long since treated him as they might their grandfathers.

Ironmaster and territorial lord, Sir Humphrey was a man of great wealth. It was his nephew Harry whom match-making mothers encouraged in attentions to their daughters. Harry, a bold, extravagant, handsome young fellow, was publicly avowed as his uncle's heir. He was the son of Sir Humphrey's only brother, who, preferring the Army to commerce, had succumbed in early life to the climate of the Gold Coast, and, his widow following him soon afterwards, left an only child, a boy of seven years. Sir Humphrey adopted the lad, and had brought him up with every indulgence.

Indeed, it may be said that Sir Humphrey's ambition had gradually centred in his nephew Harry, who was in many things already master of Holmby Hall, except that Sir Humphrey now and then felt it necessary to assert his authority and to protest against Harry's extravagance. All the time, however, it seemed as if he were amassing wealth for his heir. It was shortly after a visit to London, on an important matter of business connected with the purchase of an estate adjacent to Holmby, that the change in Sir Humphrey's dress and manners became so marked as to elicit general remark.

His man, Godwin, was bewildered with the visits of tailors from town, and the city of Lincoln was taxed for haberdashery, boots, whips, sticks, and various articles that seemed more suitable for Harry than for Sir Humphrey. But the uncle cut the nephew out, not only in dress but in the wearing thereof. Moreover, the old expression of seriousness was gone from Sir Humphrey's face. His eyes were brighter than formerly, his step more elastic, and, among other feats, mental and physical, he had astonished his fellow county magnates by a speech at Quarter Sessions that argued a capacity for public life which had never been suspected. Indeed, Sir Humphrey was a new man.

It was more particularly noted that he and his nephew were now seldom seen together. Formerly, when Harry was at home, the two were inseparable. They shot together, hunted together, and whenever they went to the county town they rode together and dined together at the County Club.

Latterly, and suddenly, as we have said, all this was changed. The uncle, who had hitherto been tenderly regardful of his nephew's feelings, now took to bantering him on his faults; but what was surprising to Harry was the way in which Sir Humphrey laid himself out to be courteous and attentive to the ladies. He became especially devoted to Mrs. and Miss Tennant, and drove them with a picnic party in the smartest drag seen anywhere in the county.

Harry affected to think that "the old man was in his dotage;" but Sir Humphrey was no longer the old man. To men of his own age who complimented him on the revival of his youth, he would smile and talk of the elixir of life that an Eastern sage was selling in London at ten thousand pounds a bottle.

But all the same, apart from the chief motive, Sir Humphrey had really fallen in love. Her name was Susan Tennant.

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She was the daughter of one of his oldest friends and neighbours, Captain Tom Tennant, a retired Army man, who had a small estate five miles from Holmby, which he found it difficult to maintain at its best on his limited income. Nevertheless, Valley Farm was a charming place, with gardens that matched Sir Humphrey's own for choice fruits and flowers, and Mrs. Tennant presided over a table that might have been worthy of the most fastidious of *gourmets;* for she was a model housekeeper, proud of her establishment, though not too proud to take an active part in its management. Her kitchen knew her as intimately as her parlours; and while she might have earned her living, if need had been, as a cook or housekeeper, she could hold her own among the most fashionable women at the most fashionable functions. Sir Humphrey had always admired her, and more than once had suggested to Harry that her only daughter, Susan Tennant, would make any fellow, rich or poor, a wife in a million.

Susan had all the charms of her mother, accentuated by youth. She was only three-and-twenty, and Sir Humphrey was sixty. If, a few months before he fell in love with her, anyone had forecast such a thing, he would have regarded the prophet as crazy. He had always been fond of Susan, just as he had been fond of her father and mother, as an admiring friend and neighbour, and as one who had an honest appreciation of honest folk. But soon after the change people had noted in his dress and manner he began to see Susan's beauty in a new light. He had always known that her hair was a rich brown, with shades of bronze in the sunshine, that her face was fair beyond most others, that she had beaming eyes, a rosy cheek, a natural manner, and a voice that was musical. She rode with grace and freedom, and yet had none of those masculine characteristics that are affected by many women who follow the hounds and take an interest in manly sports. She was high-spirited, bright, and companionable; and one day, soon after the change, as we have said, Sir Humphrey Dakin fell in love with the girl; and before the day was over "spoke to her father," with what result we shall presently see.

Meanwhile, let us discover to the reader the reason why Sir Humphrey laid aside his old clothes and donned new ones, put away his previous serious, if not austere, manner, and became a dandy, challenging comparison with the physical strength and alertness of young fellows who had known him for years as "old Humphrey Dakin, young Dakin's rich and money-making uncle."

II.

This is how it came to pass. Sir Humphrey had returned unexpectedly from town.

"Master Harry in his room?"

"Yes, sir; Captain Tennant's with him. Pardon, sir, but we didn't expect you for nigh upon a week."

"That's all right, Godwin; didn't look to have returned. Glad to get back, though. Don't say I've come; I'd like to surprise Harry."

"Yes, sir," said Godwin, taking his master's overcoat and hat.

"Tim will take my bags to my room; let me have some hot water."

"Yes, sir."

"What time is dinner?"

"The usual time, sir."

"Any company?"

"Captain Tennant, and Mrs. and Miss Tennant."

"What—Susie?"

"Yes, sir, Miss Susan. They are in the drawing-room."

"Very well," said Sir Humphrey.

"I'll surprise the young dog, and dear old Tennant will be glad to see me," thought the master of the house, as he climbed a thickly-carpeted staircase and made his way along broad, dimly-lighted corridors towards Harry's suite of rooms. When the petted youngster had returned from college his uncle had placed a corner of the right wing of the Hall at his disposal, to furnish and adapt for himself as he chose, and Sir Humphrey rarely visited Harry in the young fellow's sanctum. With increasing age he had come to regard Harry as a son. He had, indeed, often said that but for this feeling he might have married and had a son of his own.

Entering upon the landing that led to Harry's private room, the door of which was open, Uncle Dakin received a shock that sent him staggering to the wall. A bullet could hardly have more completely paralysed him for the moment; though

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he recovered presently, his teeth set, his hands clenched.

"Oh! Confound my uncle, I say!"

There was no mistaking the voice. It was Harry's.

"My dear Harry!" protested another, and this was Captain Tennant's voice.

"I repeat it, confound him! I'm sick of being brought to book for a few trifling debts. Why doesn't he die and let me have an innings before I'm too old to enjoy myself?"

"Harry, my dear fellow," said Captain Tennant, "if you had not drunk more wine than is good for you I should feel inclined never to forgive you for such a savage and ungrateful exclamation."

"Oh, bosh! What's the good of being heir to an estate, if you have to wait all your life to inherit?"

"Your uncle has been awfully good to you."

"He'd be awfully good to me if he'd peg out!

"Harry, you are mad!"

"No, not mad, only frank. Some fellows think things they dare not voice. I say what I mean."

"Then I'm sorry to hear it," said the other.

"There, don't be a fool, Tennant! Sit down, old chap. I daresay I'm an ungrateful beggar, but when one is heir to a millionaire, and every time one outruns the constable there is as much fuss as if he wasn't worth five hundred a year, it sets one's temper on edge. Hang it, I shouldn't wonder if the old miser lived to be a hundred!"

"Pray God he may!" said the other, evidently rising to his feet with anger. "I'll be hanged if I'll stay and listen to your ravings, drunk or sober."

"Oh, come; don't turn against a fellow. Your governor was poor as a church-mouse, so you can't appreciate the feelings of an expectant heir."

"That's true; and I tell you plainly, Harry, that I should have despised myself if I had been tempted to desire my succession in the way you profess to desire yours."

"Oh, well, forget what I've said. You led me into it by talking of the Jeffersons and Janet."

"Then I'm sorry. If your uncle had the faintest idea that you did not love him as a father, by Jove, I think it would break his heart."

"No fools like old fools," said Harry.

By this time Humphrey Dakin, who had been held as one spell-bound, felt himself sufficiently recovered to seek his own room. It is always interesting to know how a man comports himself in face of some tremendous discovery. If Sir Humphrey had been a Frenchman, he would probably have wept and torn his hair. An Oriental would have flung himself upon the floor and yelled. There are Englishmen, no doubt, who would have burst in upon their nephew under similar circumstances, and cut him off with a shilling, and so on. Sir Humphrey Dakin, though burning with indignation, walked calmly to his room, where he found Godwin laying out his clothes and waiting to shave him.

"The Tennants been here long?" he asked.

"Most of the afternoon sir," Godwin replied. "Mrs. Tennant has been with the gardener."

"And Miss Susan?"

"With her mother, sir."

"Very well, that will do," Sir Humphrey replied. "Let them know I have arrived and am dressing."

"Yes, sir," said Godwin, gliding from the room,

Sir Humphrey went on dressing. His mind made up, he gave way to no vain regrets. It came to him like a flash what the nature of his revenge should be.

The bell rang for dinner as he put on his rusty dress-coat and fastened his dingy black tie.

"Wants me dead, does he?" he said, his face pale, his teeth clenched. "By Jove, I'll show him! I'll show him!"

III.

Sir Humphrey was quite gay over dinner. At least he thought he was. He was very attentive to Mrs. and Miss Tennant, and confidential with the entire table. He joked Harry about Miss Jefferson. Never before had he mentioned her name. He didn't like the Jeffersons. Mrs. Jefferson was a notorious match-making mamma, who had six marriageable girls, with fashionable tastes and the smallest of dowries. Harry hated his uncle to think he cared for Janet, one of the showiest, not to say most forward, of young women, who brought into the county all the lively and unrestrained manners of town.

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It was very unusual for Sir Humphrey to speak of his business or his money. Over this memorable dinner he put aside all his customary reticence. He informed Harry that he had concluded the purchase of the adjacent estate which it had been his life-long ambition to add to the Holmby acres. In a loud aside he acquainted Tennant with the fact that his Cleveland iron property had gone up enormously in value. To Mrs. Tennant he said :

"My dear friend, there is a deal of talk about millionaires in these days, and yet they are common enough—you have one for your neighbour. If I was wound up to-day my estate would realise over two millions—that's what those ghouls, the lawyers, will call cutting up well, when they come to read my last testament to the assembled heirs and assigns, or whatever the legal jargon may be for my successors."

"My dear Sir Humphrey, we should value you none the less if your estate was as modest as our own ; and as for 'cutting up,' as the legal men have it, you have many and many a long year before you—enough to become a triple millionaire."

"What do you say, Susie?" the old man asked.

"I'm sure I hope so, Sir Humphrey."

"That I'm sure you do, my child ; and permit an old fellow to say that he never saw you look more charming."

"Thank you, Sir Humphrey. But you always are so kind," the girl replied ; and shortly afterwards the ladies retired.

The men had a general chat over their coffee, about the crops that had been gathered and the prospects of pheasant shooting. Harry said the keeper assured him they had ten thousand birds in the covers, and promised him fine sport.

"I have invited half-a-dozen fellows for the First," said Harry, lighting a fresh cigar ; he never smoked a weed more than half through.

"That's right, Harry ; the more the merrier," said Sir Humphrey. "'Make hay while the sun shines,' is a good motto, and 'Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, Old Time will still be flying,' or words to that effect, is good poetry ; and there may be some truth in the proverb, 'No fools like old fools.' One never knows what a day may bring forth.

Harry went to bed wondering what was the matter with the old man.

IV.

And so it came to pass that Sir Humphrey entertained a score of tailors, and brushed back his hair from his broad forehead, and rode to hounds in the trimmest costume and on the rarest of mares ; made calls, went to dinners, and, people said, grew younger every day.

Harry Dakin came and went at his own sweet will. His uncle paid his debts and made no complaints ; but the young fellow gradually felt that he had somehow lost his confidence. The old man, by careful observation, discovered ample confirmation of the reality of Harry's ingratitude. A well-known Jew money-lender, who knew the ways of the world, had thought it advisable to consult Sir Humphrey in regard to certain loans he had made to his heir, secured by deeds that showed too plainly how largely Harry had already discounted his death.

As Sir Humphrey grew in knowledge of his nephew's unworthiness, he seemed to rejoice, as one who had been spared a bitter sorrow ; for with his disappointment had crept into his lonely heart the warming light of love.

"I know you are young enough to be my daughter, my child," he said, "and I would not have ventured to speak to you without the permission of your mother, one of my very dearest friends, and possibly the best woman that ever lived ; nor if I did not love you as fervently as if we were both of an age."

They were sitting together in the morning-room of Valley Farm, and it was spring. The hawthorn was white in the hedges, and the perfume of gillyflowers came in at the open widow. Her hand lay in his, her face was flushed, her words trembled on her lips.

"You are very good to me," she said.

"Yes, my dear, but that is not the question. We have always been great friends, have we not?"

"Always," and her soft fingers tightened a little on his strong hand.

"What I want to ask you is this. Do you think you could leave your mother and father and come and live with me at Holmby, and be the mistress of it, and—be my wife—and love me!"

Sir Humphrey trembled with anxiety ; and it was strange, but when she looked up at him to make reply she saw that there were tears in his eyes. He bent his head, that she might not note them.

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"I have always loved you, Sir Humphrey Dakin," the girl replied, in the clear tones of truth, "ever since I was a child, and now that I am a woman I will be your wife."

"My darling!" he said, taking her into his arms. "And I will be your slave!"

* * * * * *

And so he was, but she led him in a silken chain.

When the day of the wedding was appointed, Sir Humphrey called Harry to his room and said: "Listen, Harry. I will not upbraid you, I leave you to your own conscience. I have settled a thousand a year upon you. My lawyers, receiving from you a complete schedule of your debts, will pay them, so that you start with an unencumbered twenty pounds a week as long as you live. And now I want you to clear out. You are no longer heir to Holmby, so you will not be troubled with a harassing expectancy of my death. I don't mean to die until I am a hundred. Anyhow, I hope to have a son of my own, who shall be brought up to work and earn his own living like a gentleman, so that he need not worry himself about 'dead men's shoes.' Good bye!"

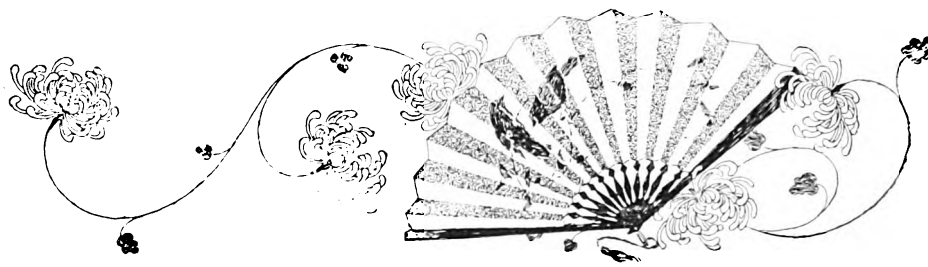
"It is very hard, no doubt," said Mrs. Jefferson, to whom Harry went for consolation and advice, "but you have played your cards very badly."

"That cur, Tennant, must have repeated what I said."

"No doubt," Mrs. Jefferson replied. "You should not have barked until you could bite. Of course, as regards Janet, that is all off; a thousand a year between you and Janet is no good. If I were you, I should go to America or somewhere—they say New Guinea is a very possible country—dig for gold, or keep a ranch, or something in which young men make what the Americans call 'their pile' or hide their failure. I am a woman of the world, and now you must be a man of the world. You have said good-bye to your uncle, you must now say good-bye to us. Janet, by the way, has gone on a visit to some friends in the Engadine."

Talk of May and December, you should see how they flourish together at Holmby Hall—December rich and sturdy as October, May full-blown, with the warmth of summer in her hair! A hale, hearty man of merely middle age, as it might seem, though getting on for seventy, with a wife beautiful in her womanhood, and who honours and loves him with all her heart—the twain rich in heirs and heiresses, to succeed to millions and the responsibilities of wealth, a happy, healthful family, each of whom is a fairy godmother or a Santa Claus to half the county at Christmas, and at all times a blessing to the poor.

[THE END.]



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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

IT is only about seven years ago since Mrs. Heron-Maxwell had her first short story published, but her name is now familiar to all magazine readers, her writings being so vivid and brilliant that they impress themselves upon the reader's memory. Her stories are of a peculiar and distinctive style, often dealing with psychological problems and Oriental traditions, her intimate knowledge of the latter probably being accounted for by the fact that her father, Mr. E. B. Eastwick, C.B., was a great Oriental scholar, and for some time was Her late Majesty's *Chargé d'Affaires* at the Persian Court. Mr. Eastwick subsequently became M.P. for Penrhyn and Falmouth.

Mrs. Heron-Maxwell's first book, "The Adventures of a Lady Pearl Broker," was published only a year or two ago, and was followed by a collection of very clever short stories called "What May Happen," which has met with much success. The latest long work from this lady's facile pen, written in collaboration with her sister, Miss Florence Eastwick, is a novel entitled "A Woman's Soul." But her stories are to be met with in many periodicals of the moment, and in spite of being so prolific a writer they are always delightfully vigorous and original.

Mrs. Heron-Maxwell is versatile in other things than her writings. Not infrequently she illustrates her stories and verses with her own drawings, for she is almost as fond of the use of brush and pencil as of singing, and pianoforte and guitar playing. But widely as is her charming personality known, it is only the privileged few who see her many kindly acts to her less fortunate professional sisters. She believes in not letting her right hand know what her left hand is doing, and it is only the recipients of her cheery word or her ready and practical assistance at the

MRS. HERON MAXWELL.
A charming writer who delights in helping her less fortunate professional sisters.
Photograph by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, I.W.

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most dreary, the most critical moment, who look up to her not only as a clever writer, but as a woman who is helping to make the world better and brighter.

THE career of Alderman Samuel Edwards, J.P., Lord Mayor of Birmingham, is one of which his fellow-townsfolk are justly proud.

He is one of the city's most successful men of business, but he is far more than that, for he has all his life taken a most active part in religious and philanthropic work, and Birmingham owes much to his energy and foresight on the Corporation.

Alderman Edwards is a member of the Congregational body, and is President of the Association of Congregational Churches.

He began to take his part in religious work when he was but a boy, and was very successful with his classes in the Sunday-school.

When twenty-one years of age he began a course of lectures throughout the district, and these his zeal and literary abilities made most popular. Such varied subjects as "Men and Manners Three Hundred Years Ago," "The Chinese Empire," "The Post Office," "Oliver Cromwell," "Law and Lawyers," and "The Four Gospels," besides many others on religious subjects, were included in his course, and they proved a liberal education to his poorer fellow-townsmen and the country people whose stock of book-learning was small.

The popularity of these lectures was not only very great among the audience, but they probably proved a great boon to other less gifted platform orators. One itinerant lecturer in the "Black Country" confessed in after years to the worthy Alderman, much to the latter's amusement, that he had been in the habit of regularly delivering the lecture on "The Four Gospels," which was invariably received by his audiences with great enthusiasm.

Alderman Edwards has conducted a Teachers' Preparation Class for thirty-five years, and this is the oldest class of its kind in Birmingham, and he has by him the notes of no less than 1,200 lessons.

He also meets a class of forty young men twice every Sunday.

He is now 65 years of age, having been born in 1836.

He was educated at King Edward's Grammar School, where he formed a warm schoolboy friendship with Edwin Hatch, who afterwards became Dr. Hatch, the well-known Oxford Don. This friendship lasted till the death of Dr. Hatch, and so close had been the intimacy between the two, and so many were the references to "Sam Edwards" found in the doctor's diaries, that when it was proposed to publish his memoirs, Alderman Edwards was asked to contribute the chapter on his friend's schooldays. The project fell through however, owing to the death of Mrs. Hatch.

ALDERMAN SAMUEL EDWARDS, J.P.
(Lord Mayor of Birmingham.)

Alderman Edwards is the head of one of the most successful auctioneering and surveying businesses in the Midlands and this he started himself in his early manhood.

One of his greatest achievements on behalf of his native city was piloting through the Corporation a scheme for the construction of John Bright Street, which has proved invaluable as a connection

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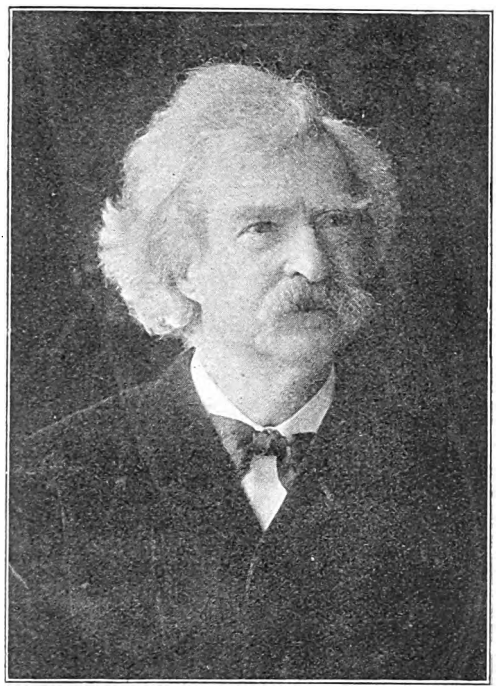

MARK TWAIN.
Photo by Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

between Edgbaston and other parts of the city.

The introduction of tramway construction, and the alterations to New Street station which almost doubled its size also took place under his Chairmanship of the Public Works Committee.

MARK TWAIN, the irresistible humorist, whose books are read with equal delight on both sides of the Atlantic, has long established his right to our gratitude for the pure enjoyment of a hearty laugh. But this is not his only claim on our admiration; he is a man of generous and kindly disposition, who delights in doing little unostentatious acts of benevolence, of which the world at large frequently hears nothing.

Mark Twain is, perhaps, one of the greatest draws as a lecturer whom it is possible to secure, and managers of public halls consider themselves fortunate when they can "bill" his name upon their notice boards.

Once, however, when travelling through the States on a lecturing tour, he came to a certain town whose inhabitants were so insensible to the charms of wit and drollery, that the great humorist made his brilliant sallies under the depressing influence of half-empty benches, and as a consequence the manager of the hall did not anything like clear his expenses.

To the lecturer and his agent there was something like £60 owing, and as the poor man could not scrape together more than some £48, Major Pond, who had arranged the tour, agreed to accept whatever he had got, and to forgive him the rest of the debt.

When Mark Twain heard of the transaction it did not at all fit in with his ideas of right and justice.

"What," he exclaimed, "take from the poor man his last penny? I don't wish anyone to lose money over my lectures," and the generous-hearted author was not satisfied till a cheque for £20 had been returned to enable the unfortunate manager to meet the other expenses of this disastrous engagement.

DR. THEODOR BERNDT, the eminent German scientist and inventor, is a notable example of what a man who keeps up a good heart among

DR. THEODOR BERNDT.
One of the first to apply electricity for curative purposes.
Photo by Carl Schipper, Wiesbaden.

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every misfortune can do for himself and his kind. He was born in 1837, at Rathebur, in Pomerania. He attended the Gymnasium; studied at Jena, Leipzig, Halle, Breslau; graduated at Berlin in 1863; and then entered the army.

In the Schleswig-Holstein War he unfortunately contracted a severe chill, which resulted in gout, and a terrible nervous affection of the spinal cord which obliged him to leave the army and place himself under eminent medical advice, when Professor Dr. Traube, of Berlin, pronounced him incurable. Then the young man, thus thrown upon his own resources, applied himself to the recuperative power of electricity. Thirty years ago the science had not been perfected, but Dr. Berndt adopted the Voltaic pile principle, and constructed a transportable galvano-electrical chain of copper and zinc, from which he derived much benefit and relief. As his health improved, the doctor opened, in 1878, a sanatorium at Breslau for the cure of gout, rheumatism, and nervous disorders, prescribing electrical, mineral, and vapour baths. The strain of the work was, however, too great, and Dr. Berndt resolved to retire, in order to devote himself exclusively to the perfecting of his various electrical appliances at Wiesbaden. Besides the galvano-electrical massage for self-use, his latest achievement is that of electric eye-glasses, which are of much utility in the restoration of impaired or weakened eyesight. These spectacles, or pince-nez, are in appearance like ordinary glasses; but the gold-rimmed frames are especially constructed with thin layers of copper and zinc, which, when diluted with vinegar, or other thin acids, conduct a restorative and moderately strong current of electricity to the nerves of the eyes. A greatly improved vision results from the use of electric glasses; the worn and exhausted nerves becoming strengthened and rejuvenated.

MR. E. MINSHALL.
One of the founders of the Nonconformist Choir Union.

THAT genius will have its way is exemplified in the case of Mr. E. Minshall, who was born in Oswestry in 1845. His parents wished him to enter the law, but the boy felt that music must be his career, and he was right, for at the early age of sixteen he was appointed organist of Leatherhead Congregational Church. Subsequently he took the same position at Oswestry, but the scope was not wide enough, and in 1874 Mr. Minshall came to London, and after being organist for two years of Uxbridge Road Chapel was offered and accepted, the post of organist and choir-master of the City Temple.

For seventeen years he laboured in Dr. Parker's great City church, gradually raising the standard of the musical service there to a high level, and eventually introducing the popular Thursday concerts, which were continued for eleven years. Thirteen years ago Mr. Minshall assisted in founding the now influential body named "The Nonconformist Choir Union," which has since spread its branches throughout the country. This Union lately gave its Thirteenth Annual Festival at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Minshall conducting the choir of over 4,000 voices, and Mr. T. R. Croger presiding over the large orchestra, which works in conjunction with the Union.

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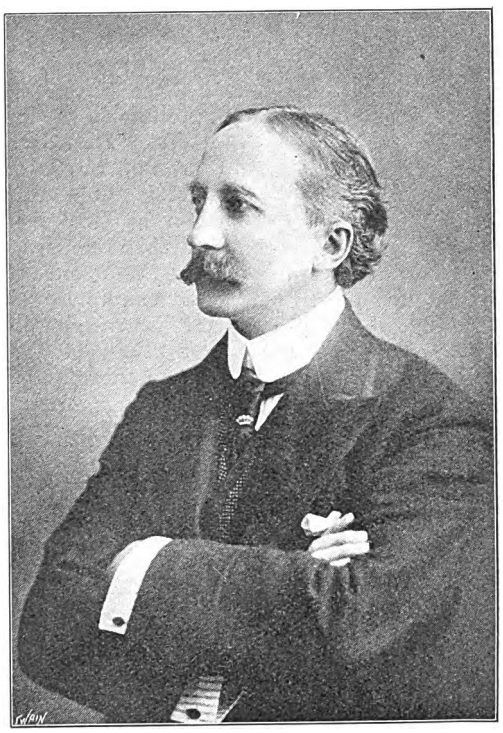
In the matter of musical writings Mr. Minshall has done excellent work, his book on "Organs, Organists, and Choirs," having proved of practical aid to many people interested in the subject. He is not only editor of "The Nonconformists' Musical Journal" and "The Organists' Magazine of Voluntaries" but the composer of various anthems and hymn tunes. Mr. Minshall's services are constantly requisitioned all over the Kingdom as conductor of musical festivals, adjudicator at Eisteddfods, and supervisor of the building and opening of organs; so that one wonders how he manages to dovetail all his work together, and yet be ever ready to chat genially with a friend on events of momentary interest.

FEW men have devoted as much time and thought to the aiding and organising of charitable institutions as has Mr. J. S. Wood, and this in spite of the heavy work which necessarily devolves upon him as editor of *The Gentlewoman*. It was years before Mr. Wood thought of starting his popular weekly, whilst he was engaged in various journalistic and editorial enterprises, that he displayed a keen interest in hospital work. He had a large share in founding the Chelsea Hospital for Women, of which he was Secretary for nine years, at the same time being Hon. Secretary of the Bolingbroke Hospital, where he first instituted his system of letting patients partially pay for their treatment. Altogether, hospitals and kindred institutions have benefited by something over £100,000 through Mr. Wood's efforts on their behalf.



MR. J. S. WOOD.
Editor of the *Gentlewoman*, and a most active organiser of charitable works.

Always interested in Irish work, Mr. Wood gave very practical help to the cause by managing, and obtaining a large profit from, the Irish village which was a part of the Irish Exhibition in 1888. For many years he has been closely connected with The Irish Industries' Association, which does giant service to the peasantry, in bringing their goods before the public, and thus raising their marketable value.

Far too numerous to mention here are the charities which have been assisted through the columns of *The Gentlewoman*, the latest of which is the Great County Sale which recently took place in Earl's Court on behalf of The Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. Mr. Wood was the hon. organiser of this huge scheme, which, as we all know, was so successfully carried through that it brought infinite relief to the distressed relatives of our own brave warriors.

MADAME ALEXANDRINE VEIGELE, who has made her abode in England since 1866, was born in Paris in 1840. She is an enthusiastic worker in the cause of Vegetarianism, which from her point of view, is the cause of humanity, health and economy. Six years ago she founded the "Woman's Vegetarian Union," of which until lately she was the President. To the cause she devotes unceasing care and energy, often working as many as sixteen and eighteen hours a day at what to her is a labour of love.

Madame Veigelé contends that those who avoid flesh as an article of diet are enabled to lead a simpler and far more healthy life. In common with other

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vegetarians she maintains that among the benefits to be derived from an abandonment of animal food, would be a complete solution of the drink problem; with meat would disappear all craving for alcohol.

In connection with the object she has so much at heart, Madame Veigelé has started an agency at which can be obtained all sorts of vegetarian foods and purely vegetable leather and clothing. The profits arising from this depôt will be devoted to the foundation of a provident fund and home for needy vegetarian women, and an orphanage for the children of vegetarians.

MISS HELENA WRIGHT.
The Fisherman's Friend.

The helpers in the agency will receive a certain share of the profits; those who have worked in it for ten years or more will, at the age of sixty-five, be entitled to receive a pension. Thus for women vegetarians, at any rate, would Madame Veigelé solve the "Old Age Pension" question.

The Vegetarian Union does not, however, exhaust the full amount of Madame Veigelé's energies. She is an active worker on the committee of the Woman's International Progressive Union, of which, as well as of the Woman's Vegetarian Union, her able daughter, Mademoiselle Adrienne Veigelé is the honorary secretary, and her mother's valuable and energetic co-worker.

MISS HELENA WRIGHT, the lady representative of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen at Gorleston is doing splendid work that merits recognition.

For the last five years Miss Wright has laboured devotedly among the fisherfolk of this quaint Suffolk seaport. Notwithstanding inevitable disappointments, the results of this noble woman's actions are convincingly perceptible. Not only among fishermen of mature age does she work, but in the ranks of the lads are to be found some of her most successful results. The women and girls, too, claim a large portion of Miss Wright's time and interest. One and all of the fishing population at Gorleston find in her a friend. A life so selfless, so entirely lived for others, is at once a grand life and one of great example.

It is rather difficult to define Miss Wright's work for she just gives her life to the fishermen. Her time is theirs. Be it morning, noon, or night, she is ever ready to assist them whether by practical help or wise counsel. In every sense of the word she is their friend. She has various classes for the young men, needlework parties for the girls, and mothers' meetings for the women. Her bright face may often be seen at the Fishermen's Institute, and both skippers and lads feel glad when she is among them.

The outcome of her influence must be so far-reaching that its breadth and depth cannot be gauged. And, it may humbly be added, when the great day of reckoning shall come, many will rise up and call her blessed.

THE ONLOOKER.

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MAN'S JUDGMENTS.

By the REV. SILAS K. HOCKING.

HOW easy it is to sit in judgment upon others, and how ready most of us are to apportion praise or blame. In clubs, in railway trains, and in street cars one hears people praising or blaming this man and that with the utmost freedom and candour. And yet, if only one would think about the matter seriously for a few minutes, one would realise how difficult it is to apportion either praise or blame with justice and with knowledge. When David said: "Let me not fall into the hands of man, but let me fall into the hands of God," he gave expression to a feeling which has no doubt been common to most people. We are often harsh in our judgments simply because we do not know and do not understand. There are always so many things that never come to the surface, so many influences at work which are hidden from the eyes of the public. We can see just that which is on the top, but that which comes to the top is generally of the lightest character. The things which would enable us to form a true and correct judgment lie out of sight, and are known only to the individual and to his Creator.

Moreover, we are in the habit of praising and blaming people for things they cannot help, and for which they have no responsibility whatever. We praise people for their beauty, for their intelligence, for their inventive faculty, for their physical prowess, for their courage and power of endurance, and yet it may be they are in no sense of the word deserving of praise for the possession of these gifts; they did not create them. Why should people be praised, or honoured, or applauded, for their good looks? Beauty is a gift of nature; they had nothing to do with the shaping of their face or the moulding of their figure. We applaud others for their splendid physique, for their great physical strength; and yet these gifts are not something that they have won by their own effort—the reward of toil or struggle, or enterprise—nature simply bestowed these gifts upon them without even their asking. We praise others, again, for their magnificent voice, for their power to charm us with song; but their voice was the gift of nature, and they could not help the possession of it; it came to them without effort of their own, without will or contriving. We applaud others for their eloquence, we extol them, give them places of honour and position, because nature has given them a certain gift. But the gift was not of their own contriving; it came to them just as the daylight comes to them, or any other kindly gift of nature.

So all along the line we are constantly honouring and applauding people because they do what they could not very well help doing, because they simply follow their natural bent and do the things that come easily to them. Now, there would be no hardship in this, and no wrong, if we did not blame other people for not doing things which they have neither the strength nor the capacity to do. The beautiful woman is fêted and honoured and applauded, the plain woman is passed by—treated with neglect and sometimes, perhaps, almost with contempt. The clever woman is paragraphed, and is written up, and receives all manner of attention, and the woman who is not clever is left to pine in the cold shade of the world's neglect, and her humble efforts are passed by without recognition, and the services of a lifetime receive no applause and no reward. The man who accomplishes something good without effort and with scarcely any labour, who does it because it is natural for him to do it, and because his genius lies in that direction, receives the *kudos* and the gold—is lauded and magnified, and given a foremost seat. But the man who has not the genius, and yet who works hard and long, and does his very best, and throws his life and soul into some humble endeavour, and spends all he has of strength and intellect in the accomplishment of something that may be useful to his

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generation, not only receives no praise, but is very frequently blamed for not accomplishing what the other man did without effort or toil.

In so far, of course, as men improve the gifts they have, and by the cultivation of their talents rise to the foremost positions, they are deserving of praise. But the majority of people are not geniuses, are not even clever. The great crowd must go along the humdrum ways of life, doing the things necessary to be done, and doing them in many instances to the best of their ability. But these very useful necessary things do not bulk in the eyes of the world. Moreover, the doing of them requires no particular talent. They can be done by other people; and the hardship comes in when a man has striven his very best, when he has put forth all the effort he could, when he has exhausted all the resources with which he has been entrusted, and still in the end his work is deemed unworthy of recognition, and perhaps receives a world of criticism and abuse. To such people as these the words of David come home to the heart with peculiar force: "Let me not fall into the hands of man, but let me fall into the hands of God." They realise that only God, Who sees all their efforts, Who has marked their labour, Who has watched the diligence and patience with which they have toiled, Who has seen and understood the motives that inspired and actuated them—He only can know how much they deserve of praise, how much of blame.

We only see the completed work, and looking at the work we see that it is poor and faulty, and marked by many imperfections and defects, and we blame the worker, and heap upon his head our abuse. It may be that God will praise him, praise him for all he attempted to do, for the honesty of his efforts and for the patient zeal which he displayed from day to day, while the other man whom we applaud so much may be in the eyes of Heaven deserving of much less praise; for what he did he did easily; it cost him no sleepless nights, nor anxious days; the work came naturally to his fingers, his gifts lay in that direction, he followed the bent of his mind and did easily what others by years of toil could never accomplish at all. So it seems to me that there may be more virtue behind some men's failures than behind other men's triumphs. He Who will judge aright at the last will not merely look at the triumph or at the failure, He will look at what lies behind. He will look at the motive, at the desire, at the purpose: He will look at the amount of toil that was put into the work; He will look at the patient effort that was manifested from day to day, and I think He will apportion praise or blame not so much according to what was done as according to what was attempted.

One man may do his very best, and produce only what we despise; another man may do his very worst, and yet the result is something which receives the world's applause. But He Who judges aright, with justice and with knowledge, will surely praise the man who did his best, though the world scorned him, and will blame the man who did his worst, though the world applauded. We praise a man for painting a great picture, when if we only knew him, knew the greatness of his gift, knew what he might do if he only put his best into his work, we should blame him because his picture was not better. We praise a man for writing a good book, yet, if we knew him better, we might be disposed to blame him because his book was not so good as it ought to be. The truth is, we are none of us in a position to judge others. We lightly apportion our praise and our blame—I grant it seems the easiest thing in the world to do; yet the greatest Teacher of all, Who understood this matter better than any of us can understand it, Who saw the impossibility of our forming correct judgements relative to the doings of other people, said: "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

SILAS K. HOCKING.

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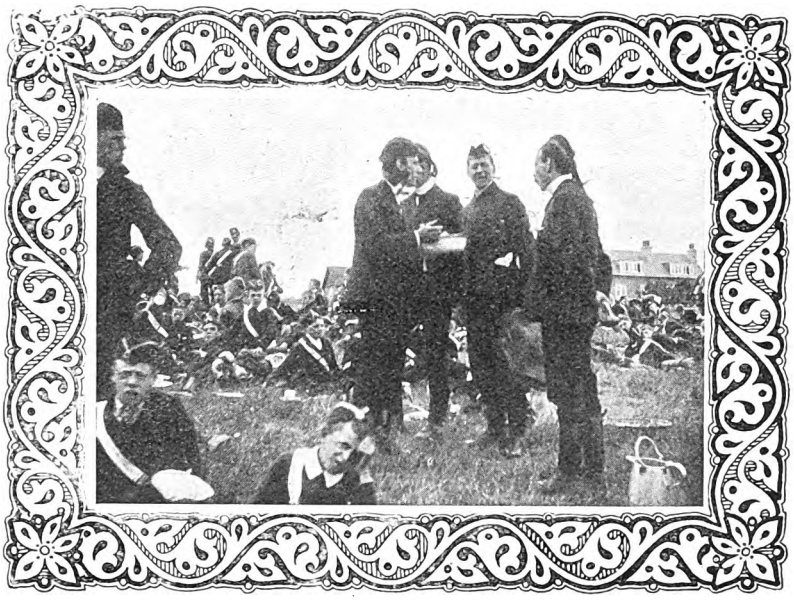

ROUTE MARCH—HALT FOR DINNER.

The Boys' Brigade in Some of its Aspects.

By CHARLES B. PENNY.

THERE is no life like boy life, and there is no boy life, we say to ourselves, like that of our island home. All that stands out before our minds as we gaze into our past lives brings witness that for most of us our young days were the best. The hours of school, the long holidays, the joys of home, the glory of games, and those marvellous boy friendships which fall to the lot of some, all surround our early years with a halo.

But when we talk thus glibly of the glorious life of young England, its aspirations, opportunities and ideals, we are confronted by a picture, the reverse in nearly every respect to the rich and full impressions we have conjured up. The privileged caste, the children of wealth and intellect—theirs is the boy life we talk of, theirs are all the delights of school, but they are the exception, they form but a drop in the ocean. The London-bred boy, if the son of a rich man, spends nine months of the year at least in the country, and at a critical phase of his physical development is subjected to the most favourable conditions existing for his well-being.

But what share of all these joys falls to the lot of the child of the petty tradesman and the labourer, the artizan and the mechanic? Not for him is the old schoolhouse with its acres of playing fields, and its high traditions which foster in its sons that pride and love for itself which rings so true in the life of the comfortable classes, and which is reproduced wherever in the wide world a Briton is found. Not for him the regular games to imbue him with endurance and perseverance, the self-controlling bent of discipline, or the example of men of decision and experience.

The Board School is his *alma mater*, while his impressionable mind is branded for all time with the doctrine of *sauve qui peut*.

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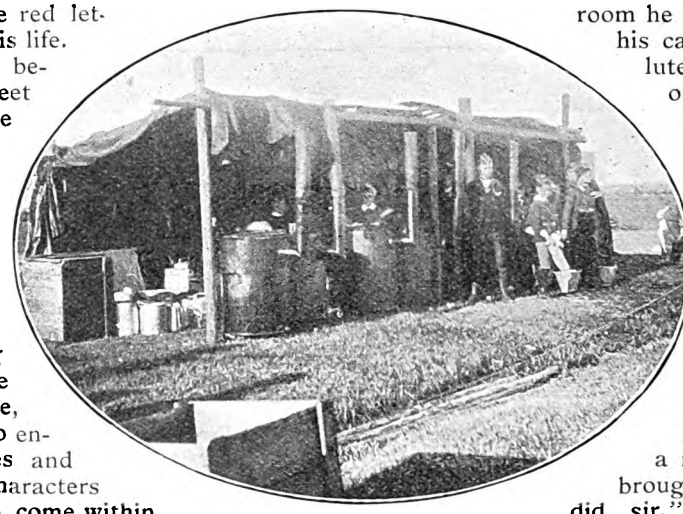
He has an inconceivable dislike for soap and water, and is ready to be entrapped by the cheapest vices he meets. *Esprit de corps* he might perchance be able to translate, but its meaning is hidden from him, he has had no opportunity of learning its lessons, and never will. He does not grow fast. As soon as the law allows, he is sent out to work to augment the family income. Before, between and after the hours of school, he is expected to earn his share, and if he has time for a game, there is in many cases only the street for a playground.

For change there is the Sunday School excursion in the summer, and a few entertainments in the winter, and these are the red letter days of his life.

Is nothing being done to meet his need? Are not some or many of the privileges of the high to be extended to their lowly brethren? Something is being done by the Boys' Brigade, which tries to enrich the lives and mould the characters of those who come within its ranks. The Boys' Brigade was founded by Mr. W. A. Smith of Glasgow, in 1883, for the purpose of "extending Christ's kingdom among boys." Supported by Lord Aberdeen, the late Professor Drummond, and other influential Christian men, it has made great strides, and now counts 70,000 boys in its ranks in all parts of the world.



THE CAMP KITCHEN.

It is worked on military principles in so far as they subserve to maintain discipline, and there they cease, for the object of the Boys' Brigade is not to convert boys into soldiers, but to transform them into Christian men. Incidentally it fills up their lives with pleasures, new ideals and ambitions that they never had the opportunity to enjoy. The following description is of a typical Company as worked in London among the sons of working men.

The beginning of the session after the summer vacation of two months has arrived. The drill-hall is well lit, and the captain and his officers are discussing the evening parade that is to be. Outside there is the noise of many voices, and many a kick is delivered at the locked door.

There are a lot out there and they all want to come in. Who are they? Let us see. Open the door and stand back. In pours a stream of boys, helter skelter falling into the hall. None are under twelve years of age, and each is wearing forage cap, haversack and belt. The hall seems full of them, and the air is a Babel of voices: in different parts of the floor are knots of struggling boys.

But as soon as each is in the room he marches up to his captain and salutes him. The officers stroll about, sorting out pugilists, enquiring about each boy and his doings since last they met. A bashful boy, not in uniform, is pushed forward. He is a recruit. "Who brought him?" "I did, sir." "Garn, I did," says another. He is claimed by many.

He is rescued from his friends, and taken to the captain, who asks him many things, and stores his answers up in his mind for future reference. Presently, the captain beckons to a boy wearing a peaked cap; he has three stripes on his arm. The boy runs up and salutes.

"Fall in," says the captain, quietly.

A boy with a bugle has been waiting near, looking very important. Loud and clear rings out the call. The babel is hushed, and with less noise the old members take up their accustomed places in the ranks as of yore; the recruits feel helpless and shy, until they are handed over to a staff-sergeant for the evening.

The company is standing more or less correctly "at ease" when a lieutenant walks to the front, and if unprepared you jump. "Company—'tion" (attention) he

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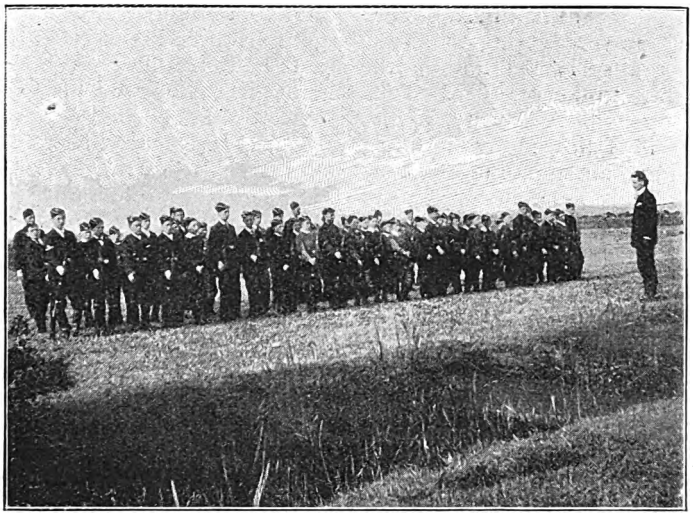
yells. The swaying ranks seem suddenly electrified, the boys spring up and become rigid, and there you have them, fifty or sixty street boys, motionless, erect and alert. "Company — uncover for prayer" is the next order, and quietly in a few words the fortunes of the coming year are laid in the hands of the Great Captain. Someone is at the organ, and sweet boyish voices rise up on the evening air, "Fight the good fight" is the burden of their song. The subaltern looks on and listens, great peace in his heart, such as he ever feels when his boys are singing.



COMPANY ON PARADE.

Then the work of the evening begins. On this the first parade of a new session only the rudiments of drill are practised, but all through the year, weekly, they are hard at it, aiming at, if not reaching, perfection.

The drill over, announcements are made: Gymnasium will be open on Wednesday; Friday evening will be devoted to the boys' club; on Saturday there is a football match, and in the evening a free-and-easy romp in the drill-hall. Sunday sees the Company Bible-class, and all are expected to attend. The announcements over, the boys are dismissed with hymn and prayer, and soon are pouring out into the street, home, and to bed. A recruit lingers behind to speak to the captain, "Please, sir, when can I have my uniform?" If the company is well regulated, the answer will be that the small subscription must be paid in, and so many drills attended, and the lad's conduct satisfactory before he can don the uniform he covets so much.

THE ORDERLY SQUAD AT WORK.

As the last calls of the departing boys die away, the privileged ones, the N.C.O.'s, gather round the captain, giving and receiving items of news.

"Jimmy Smith is ill, sir, and has been taken off to the hospital," tells one. "Tommy Jones is out of work, and his father is ill," says another. All fall into the captain's sympathetic ear, and cases are noted for visitation and enquiry, etc. "Are we going to try to be picked for the Queen's Hall demonstration this year, sir?" asks one bright-faced sergeant. "That depends upon the company, my boy," and so on, until the little gathering breaks up, and with many a "Good-night" officers and boys seek their homes.

It is Sunday evening, and here they are at the Bible-class, not in uniform to-night,

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but in neat clothes and with clean faces, the picture of smartness.

Seated in rows shut off by a curtain from the bare hall they are waiting for the service to begin. There is a buzz of conversation, and much fidgeting of seats; the elder lads are sprinkled among the younger, helping to keep order. Then the meeting opens. A hearty hymn, heartily sung, is followed by a short, earnest prayer, and amongst the veterans, at any rate, there is a hush, for some of these lads realise that they are in the presence of the King of Kings, and in this simple, plain service, absolutely devoid of ritual or aids to devotion, some are raised, if but a little, to a higher conception of things. A short address, given by an officer or outside friend, will follow.

The amount of attention it obtains from the boys will depend partly upon the quality of the discipline maintained, and partly on the quality of the address, for, in well disciplined companies, boys have been known to listen attentively to a most wearisome discourse, while their officers have found it hard to conceal their lack of interest. On the other hand, there are a favoured few—alas! very few—who will hold their hearers well in hand, no matter who they be, and of such we say, "Oh, send us more!"

A strong feature in the Boys' Brigade is the intimate relations that exist between officers and boys. Their connection is no superficial one; descents into the midst of the boys once a week, and then complete withdrawal into polite society for six days, are not esteemed in the Boys' Brigade. The "B.B." officer is a constant and welcome visitor at the homes of all his lads. He strives to win their affection and inward respect. Outward signs of respect he insists on, but if he be keen he tries to gain their love, and that once his, his hold on them is tremendous. The most successful officer is he who treats his boys with the same consideration he extends to those of his own rank. He is careful to be as refined and as punctilious with them as before any lady, at the same time showing no condescension or fictitious superiority.

"Why do Captain A.'s boys love him so?" I asked someone once. "Because he treats them as gentlemen," was the reply. And we are convinced that this trait goes far towards enabling a man to fill his boys with real affection for him. Is a boy ill? He may be ever so poor and lonely, but he is certain of at least one visitor, one who will see he is looked after, and cared for; one who regards him as a younger brother, and who will gently soothe his pain.

Is he in trouble? Who is most worried about it, the boy or his captain? Has a boy to be expelled for bad behaviour? How eagerly the officers look this way and that to find an excuse for him, and how sadly and reluctantly they confirm his punishment.

Many glorious evenings are spent at the captain's house. Squads of six boys or more come periodically to tea and form a merry party round his hospitable board. Then is the captain happy, as he sits and listens to their ceaseless rattle of conversation, at times convulsed at the recital of some boyish escapade. He has long ago given up trying to look severe, except when there is real wrong, and then he comes down on the culprit, severely and justly, according to his light. When the table is cleared they draw round the fire and talk of days gone by—of camp and its pleasures, of old faces no longer in the Company, of the lad who went on before last year, whom they hope to meet again some day; of future ambitions and achievements, till it is time for them to go, and gathering round they join in family prayer, and so "Good-night."

Life at camp. Can we describe it? Eagerly anticipated, what industrious saving up there is for weeks beforehand, what vast funds of experiences to relate when it is over! From June to August the various companies of the Brigade hie away from grimy town to sea or country, and in the pure air for eight long days they revel in the joys of summer.

Let us begin at the very beginning. All are ready for the journey. By the evening before the eventful day on which we are to start for camp we have polished our bright things, *i.e.*, numbers on the caps, buckles on the belts, and the barrels of the "dummy" rifles; we have packed our kits, and are only waiting for the morrow; the pocket money that each boy has saved up during the past weeks, all the odd coins that fathers and mothers have bestowed on him are in his pockets.

The start is fixed for five a.m. Little sleep do any get that night, and when it is time to get up we are not sorry. Here are twenty or thirty excited boys waiting

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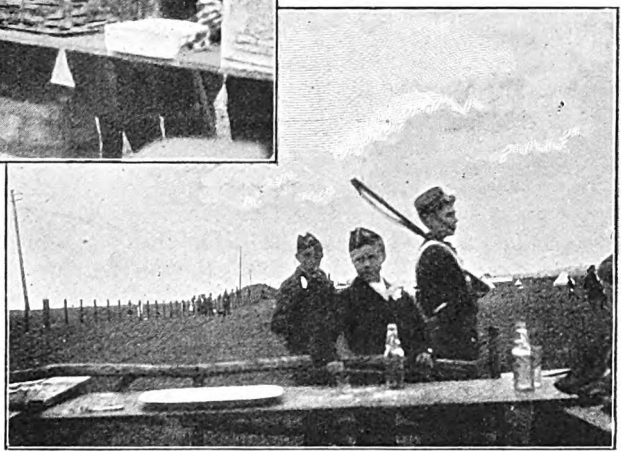
for us as we arrive. The cart is waiting to take the kits, and off we go to the station. The special train steams in loaded with cheering boys; we are the last to be entrained, and no more stoppages are to be made, so we fly away across country to the sea. At last we are there, and march off with 200 or 300 boys of other companies, with whom we are going to make camp, to the field where our tents are pitched. The rest of the day we have to ourselves, and by nine o'clock the boys are sound asleep on their straw mattresses in the large marquées, each of which is in the charge of an officer.

"WHERE GOOD DIGESTION WAITS ON APPETITE."

Reveillé sounds early, and the boys are not loth to get up.

There is not much time before morning parade. Officers are running up and down the lines to see if their companies are ready, and when the bugle sounds the "call," the boys march off to the parade ground, where biscuits are served out; and then for three-quarters of an hour, the Adjutant manœuvres the battalion through as much drill as the time will allow, and which leaves the boys with a healthy appetite for breakfast, which follows in a vast tent arrayed with clean white tables. All the officers, assisted by the orderly squad for the day, are serving and helping to assuage the hunger that seems difficult to cope with.

Breakfast over, the time is the boys' own until dinner. Some stroll about on the beach, some into the country, but most wait for the bathing parade at eleven, for no boys are allowed to bathe alone or without superintendence. Dinner is a plain solid meal, to which ample justice is done, after which cricket is played by some, but none are laid under any constraint; and, trusted not to get into any mischief, the 300 boys pervade the district at their pleasure. The kitchen is a most important part of the camp, and, like the rest of it, is conducted on strict principles, with an experienced man cook in charge, who has a dozen boys chosen every day to help him. If the weather be fine the open-air life soon begins to tell on the boys' faces, and all rejoice to see the pale skins rapidly darkening. Indeed, at the end of the week many of them return home the colour of copper. Officers go off for long walks with groups of boys, or join in the frolics as much as their more numerous years and greater girth permit. It is on these occasions that they hope to get closer to their boys, and for a better mutual understanding to begin between them.



GUARDING THE CANTEEN.

One day is given up to a route march, when the whole camp sets out to the strains of a cheerful melody by massed bands, and proceeds to some select spot for a picnic at, say, about seven miles off.

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The transport wagons, hired from friendly farmers, carry the food and other indispensables, and with their own escort bring up the rear.

The unusual spectacle of 300 to 400 boys marching in good order, and the martial sound of the bugles, bring out numerous crowds to watch them go by, and many are the good wishes for a happy holiday showered on the boys by the spectators.

Sunday at camp is strictly observed. There is no morning parade, and longer time is given to the boys to make themselves smart. Arrangements are generally made for a service especially for the boys to be conducted at some local church—perhaps an hour before the usual service.

But the best meeting of the day is held at the "drum-head" in the evening. The boys form up in a square, while the staff is seated in the middle. People from neighbouring villages come over and listen to the boys' singing.

Discipline is the key-note of the camp. Its tone is always high, and it would impress a stranger to live among so many boys and to observe the good fellowship that exists between them, the courtesy and good temper which are the rule rather than the exception, the absence of profanity or even improper language which marks them all.

Such is a brief account of life in the Boys' Brigade. Nor is it fanciful or overdrawn. It is the experience of dozens of young men who have made this their hobby. And it does to a great extent fill up the gap described in the opening words of this article.

The boy who joins it is no longer without friends or interests in life.

The company becomes the pivot of his existence. Next to his daily work he is taught to be faithful to his Company—to be true to his officers and kind to his fellows. He is taught that self-control, respect, and obedience to authority are the elements that will make a man. He is taught to distinguish between the flash and the solid, the gilt and the gold, and in very many cases he reacts to this new environment. Meeting his officers in the streets, he will take off his cap, and so, unconsciously, he does it to others, and acquires the rudiments of polite habits. He does not spend his evenings in the streets now, propping up the walls at the corners, waiting to fall into mischief, simply because he has nothing to do. He is always "round at the Hall," and when the time comes that, by reason of his age, he must leave, he comes nearly as regularly as before to look on.

When a company has been long in existence it forms an Old Boys' club, and so the tie that binds to the Company is not broken until some change such as must come to all lives carries them apart. And so the work goes on. The more quietly, the less display, the better pleased is the keen officer, and the years roll rapidly by, bringing into the lives of hundreds of boys joys their fathers never dreamed of, and into the life of at least one man the friendship and love of them all, that will enable him to help to raise them towards the all-supporting embrace of the Everlasting Arms.

CHARLES B. PENNY.

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"THE LAST POST."

By DORA LANGLOIS.

Author of "A Bolt from the Blue," &c.

THE battalion call rang out and after it a short "Tarra-ra-ra! Tarra-ra-ra!" that brought every man's head round, broke the thread of half a score of conversations, lighted the eyes of —— company and hung a smile on bearded lips.

The words of this particular call explained the gleam in the eye and the smile on the lip; the bugle was bidding the orderlies assemble to collect for distribution the "Letters from home! letters from home!" Among the men who looked most fiercely eager and impatient was Private Edward Marks; his boyish face bore quite a dramatic expression of intense expectancy, and yet he knew—he knew with deadly certainty—that there were no letters for him.

There never had been any, there never would be, simply because there was no one to write. There was nothing tragic or romantic about the situation. Private Marks was no innocent outcast, bravely bearing blame for some unworthy other; nor had he been robbed by any cruel circumstance of his nearest and his dearest. His isolation was merely an outcome of the fact that he was the only son of an only son, and that his mother's people had all died young or lived single. He had been educated by maiden aunts who abhorred the idea of a public school, so he had not learned how to make friends in his boyhood, and he had been placed at sixteen in his uncle's counting house where his relationship to an unsympathetic employer had led to his being shut off from others of his age. He had not the art of making advances himself and so his life had been very solitary for a young man.

He had joined the "City Soldiers" to get in touch with a wave of popular enthusiasm, to feel himself something to somebody, if only the Lord Mayor and Aldermen.

Out in South Africa he found himself very much alone still; but so strongly did he hold to the belief that the man who has no one at home to care has no one but himself to thank, that not for worlds would he have let his comrades suspect the truth. He lied about it; he would mutter when the mails came in and brought nothing for him that "it was very strange and he didn't understand it." Sometimes he would hint darkly at tons of presents waiting for him at Cape Town, at others he would declare that if the next mail brought nothing he should begin to suspect that there was "something wrong at home." Then he would fall to watching the other fellows, and would listen dully to such scraps as this: "Hullo! Just listen to what old Bob says." "All well at home? Rather!" "They've just had a great lark at the office." "By Jove! My sister's got a boy, and they've christened the young shaver after me." And so on and so forth.

On this occasion, as the orderly handed over the last letter he felt disinclined to play the part of listener to other men's news, and took it as a sort of relief when he found himself detailed to join a fatigue party in search of firewood.

Away over the veldt he spotted a likely looking fence, and made for it, singing to himself. He never sang unless he was quite alone; —— company did not know that he possessed a voice, and could sing all the old home songs better than most of those men who obliged at the "smokers" held when they got to a standing camp. He had never volunteered the information, though he was often pulled to pieces between desire to make himself heard and dread of asking permission to do so. Here, alone on the veldt, however, he let

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it go, and sang to himself the song of "The soldier what's fit for a soldier":—

When your officer's hit, and your sergeant looks white,
Remember it's ruin to run from a fight.
Extend to ten paces, lie down, and sit tight,
And wait for supports like a soldier.
Wait, wait, wait like a soldier——

He had reached the fence, scrambling through a clump of sage bush, and was ringing out the rhythm of the chorus with his axe on the cross pieces.

Wait, wait, wait like a soldier,
Soldier of the Queen.

He wrenched out a bar, and stood with it in his hands, thinking again of the scene in camp, and the arrival of the last post. He had seen men make their letters into spills and light their pipes with them. He had seen them—"Hullo! what was this?"

A letter, a letter without an envelope, lying at his feet. He picked it up and something fell out on to the dry grass. A photograph, the photograph of a girl. With his heart beating he raised it and looked long and earnestly into the pictured face. A fair face, a sweet innocent youthful face with large soft eyes, smiling lips, and a broad white brow crowned by soft puffy tresses, and shaded by little tendril-like curls, suggesting nature's handiwork; the face of a girl, not a woman, a picture of the sort of wee sweet creature of whom the poet sang, "My love is but a lassie yet." With a spasm of jealousy of the other man, the man to whom she wrote, Private Marks turned to the letter to discover his identity if possible. There was very little to guide him, no address on the sheet, no surname at the end of it, and the epistle commenced "Dear Edward"—(his own Christian name, by the bye).

There was nothing for it but to glance through the letter, hoping to discover some clue, some chance mention of regiment or corps which might throw a light on the subject. Private Marks found nothing of the sort however, it merely contained references to "Mother and Father," and places and people who could only be identified by the recipient—but it breathed all through a warm affection, a tender regard (the exact nature of which it did not reveal) and was signed simply—

"Your own little Girl,
Susie."

"Hullo, this looks like a likely bit of wood! You here, old man? Reading your letter, eh! Didn't know you'd got one."

The new comers were two others of the fatigue party who had also been attracted by the tempting fence.

"I didn't get a letter, I told you so," retorted Private Marks.

"Oh! I see; you are just cheering yourself up with a look at her photograph. Let's have a squint at her."

Before Marks could resist the photo was taken from his hand and examined by the other men.

"By Jove! You've got better taste than I gave you credit for. Your girl's a beauty."

"The young lady is not my girl," Marks explained.

"Oh! A *sister*, I suppose?" remarked the other with a laugh.

"Why don't you say she's a niece at once, old fellow?" suggested the second man. "Or, if she *is* a sister, promise to introduce us when we get home."

"I don't know her at all, and the picture isn't mine," Marks insisted, taking it nevertheless, out of the hands of the intruders on his privacy. "I found it lying on the veldt just now, and I was trying to make out who it was meant for. The young lady signs herself 'Susie,' and ——"

"And she begins her letter '*Dear Edward*,' the first speaker interrupted. "By Jove! What a close old file you are, Marks. Here! Lend a hand, and let's have some of our brother Boer's kindling wood." Private Marks put the letter and photo into his tunic. "Never mind chaffing," he said. "If you hear of a man who has lost a photo tell him I have got it. I'll keep it safe for him. Ten to one he'll be glad to have it again."

His companions were now engrossed in the task of breaking up the fence, for the mealy flour and beef ration are not inviting raw, and so the subject dropped; but later on over their pipes with the other men, when the stock jokes had been trotted out and fallen rather flat, they began to "chip" Private Marks about "his little girl."

The same thing occurred the next night and the night after, for on the march Mr. Atkins' jokes, as well as his songs, get like his tunic, rather threadbare from constant wear and tear.

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Private Marks bore the chipping well; there were but three other men in —— company whose Christian names were Edward, and when the last of the three had cracked his joke he knew that no one of his immediate fellows owned the portrait, and that there was very little chance of his ever being asked to surrender the only letter from home that had reached him on the veldt.

By degrees that which everyone held as true, that which his own heart so ardently desired, assumed for him the dimensions and the potentiality of fact. The letter, from being his in trust, seemed to become his absolutely. He thought of Susie's tenderness for the absent soldier, her implicit faith in his courage and devotion, and began to regard himself as the guardian of that faith.

Once at Britstown, when he left some excellent cover to aid a wounded comrade, and came off scatheless, and once again at Diamond Hill, when a shell burst near him, and not one of the flying fragments struck, his first thought was how thankful *she* would be if she could only know; and he had absolutely no time to remember till much later that there was no possibility of her knowing, and no special reason why she should feel any personal interest in the matter if she could.

He was now on better terms with his comrades. Men like a man better when they have chaffed him, they respect him more when he has shown fight, and Private Marks, who had stood the chipping so admirably, had proved very pugnacious when a man, whose name was not Edward, had claimed the photo and demanded its production. He was one of the "good boys" now in his company, and it seemed to him that in some way Susie had drawn him nearer to his kind. Her picture was his talisman. On outpost duty when in the darkness of the night he lost his bearings for a time, and could not find his way back to the corporal and two privates who formed his post, the dead black wall, shutting him in, and cutting him off from all the world besides, could not separate him from *her*.

HE LOOKED LONG AND EARNESTLY INTO THE PICTURED FACE.

He grounded his rifle, and, slipping his cold hand into his tunic, drew hope and courage from the message from over the sea that lay against his heart.

Sometimes, of course, there came on

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him a desperate sickening jealousy of the other man; but he soon found that thoughts of him so utterly destroyed his peace, so absolutely nullified his efficiency as a soldier, that he put the real away and lived on in his dream.

And so this "little City Soldier" guarded her portrait and carried it in his tunic over hundreds of miles of veldt; lost every single article provided for him by the City Fathers (except his rifle and the clothes he stood in) but took Susie under fire and brought her safely out, and at last re-entered Cape Town with her and carried her aboard the "Aurania."

It was a grand run home, but every knot that slipped beneath the good ship's keel and subtracted itself from the distance from home brought Private Marks' spirits down. On the veldt he and Susie had lived in a dream country, but in the old homeland she, the reality, was waiting for the other man. Each day she seemed to be slipping further from him; and yet with a sort of feverish energy he hugged his talisman still closer to him.

At Madeira some of the men got iced lemonade and drank it against doctor's orders; and then the mischief of the voyage began. Enteric, the old enemy, as though loath to say good-bye, showed his ugly face and put his name down on the passenger list. Private Marks was not one of the incautious consumers of the insidious and tempting beverage; but as others sickened the doctors regarded his pale face with suspicion.

One day a group of men from various companies, who had only met occasionally in South Africa, were smoking and chatting idly, and by some chance the subject of feminine names and diminutives was broached.

"Now what do you think is the prettiest name for a best girl?" asked one young fellow, turning suddenly to Marks.

"Susie," he answered, the name passing his lips before he could check himself; for never till that moment had he uttered it aloud since the time when he ceased to inquire for the owner of the missing letter.

"It's a favourite in the songs now," another man said. There's been a run on it lately. There's Susie Tuzie, and the Susie whose mammy was always with her, and oh! a host of others; but I should think all the Susies must be black girls, for they are all in coon songs."

"I know a white girl named Susie," cut in a fine young fellow with broad shoulders, and a frank good-humoured face. "She sent me her picture too; but I lost it at ——. I was very sorry; I wish I could have told her that she had gone through the campaign. It would have pleased the little girl."

Private Marks' face turned suddenly white; he got up, left the circle, and walked up alone to the bulwarks. It seemed to him that the letter and the portrait in his breast had grown on the instant red hot. They were no longer his, they belonged to this other man, he must relinquish them. No, he would not; this other was going back to the real Susie, but the Susie of his dreams should not pass to him.

"Tell her that she had gone through the campaign? Ah! Should he tell her that, and not add that she had gone through it in another breast than his?" No he could not bear it, he would not give her up.

All through the night that followed Private Marks slept but little, and, when he slept, tossed from side to side in feverish dreams. In the morning he looked at his hidden treasure, but it seemed to bear another aspect. The eyes were clouded with cold disapproval; Susie was now his unwilling prisoner, she was no longer his well-contented guest.

About mid-day he saw Rutherford, the young C.I.V. (who had, as it were, claimed his lost property) standing alone, and with a face more grimly set than the face he had turned towards the line of fire at Britstown or Diamond Hill, he advanced upon him.

"Yours, I think," he said, and held out the letter and the portrait.

"Mine? Yes, by Jove! How did you ——"

But Private Marks had turned away. Rutherford slipped the little packet into his pocket and eyed the retreating figure.

"I hope he hasn't been showing the little girl's portrait about," he said to himself. "She wouldn't like that. Funny I should get it back this way." Then something attracted his attention and he almost immediately forgot the incident.

"Where's Marks?" inquired one man at mess that evening.

"In the sick-bay," answered another. "It's rough on him, poor chap, and we so nearly home."

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"YES, YES," HE SAID DREAMILY, "I KNOW. THEY ARE GOING TO SOUND 'THE LAST POST' AND—THERE WERE NEVER ANY LETTERS FROM HOME BUT YOURS.'

"He looked queer this morning," remarked Rutherford. "What's the matter with him?"

"They think it's enteric," replied the second speaker. "He won't march through London."

"I wish I'd thanked the poor beggar," muttered Rutherford to himself, "but he didn't give me half a chance."

Yes, Private Marks was facing the enemy again, and this time, his talisman gone, he was not showing pluck. He let the fever fiend have its way with him, and never tried to make a stand-up fight of it.

All day he lay and moaned, and at night he called in a dry, harsh voice that the mail had arrived, and that he must go and get his letters from home. Later on he told the sick orderly that he had lost them, lost Susie's picture and her letter, and that he could never forgive himself.

All through his sickness he was concerning himself about the portrait. "It's there!" he would say, piteously, "there, lying just where I can't reach it. Oh! for God's sake, man, don't tread on it, but give it back to me. Ask Rutherford to give it back to me."

One night he made the same passionate appeal when the doctor was making his rounds, and that functionary, struck by the orderly's statement that he always asked for Rutherford, and never, in all the wildness of his many fancies, for any other man, took it into his head to mention it to the young volunteer.

It was the night of the 27th of October, and the doctor spoke to Rutherford on deck as the ship lay anchored in Southampton waters.

"Good Heavens! How strange," said Rutherford, looking into the doctor's face. "Do you really think he wants the picture, doctor?"

"There *is* a picture, then? It is not all fancy on his part?"

"Oh yes, there is a picture. It's the portrait of a little niece of mine—I don't mean a child, you know, doctor. Her mother is my eldest sister, you see. She's sixteen, and a very dear girl. She sent me her photo, but I lost it, and he found it and took care of it. Just before he fell sick he discovered that it belonged to me, and gave it back. Do you think I ought to let him have it again?"

"Humph! He certainly seems to have

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set some store by it," the doctor replied. "Mark you, if you decide to let him have it, he may not recognise it. We tried to pacify him with a photo the orderly had, but he flung it away. He may do the same by yours; but I should like to find some means of making him lie still if possible."

"Very well," said Rutherford slipping his hand into his pocket. "Here it is, doctor. I don't think she would object, and, after all, the poor chap has a better right to it than I."

The following Monday Rutherford was marching through London to the sound of the City's acclamations, and Susie's face smiled on him as he passed; while Private Marks was lying at Netley Hospital with her picture under his pillow.

He had it, and through all the mists that clouded his brain he knew he had it; but now a new phrase of his trouble grew on him; he was for ever fearful that it would be taken from him.

"If I lose it before I see her again," he would say, "she will never know that she went though the campaign. And she wanted to know that. She said she wanted to know that. I must have it to show her when she comes."

Three dull November weeks slipped by, and then the white-capped nurses drew the screens round the bed on which lay Private Marks. The other men in the ward knew that it was done more for their sake than his, because Private Marks was going to get his discharge.

The fever had left him; he was merely slipping down a gentle incline out of life.

Presently he opened his eyes; someone beside him lent forward, and the soft hair lying loose upon her shoulders fell over and touched the back of his hand. He was looking into a young face in whose expression he read childish wonder and womanly pity.

"*Susie!*" he said faintly. She took his hand in both hers, and held it in a warm but gentle clasp. A smile of supreme content stole over his worn face. The girl watched him with the wonder growing on her own. She did not understand how she came to be so much to him; but she knew it was so and she was there.

For his part, he had closed his eyes and drifted back again in a sort of placid dream to the moment when he found her on the veldt as he was singing to himself of the soldier of the Queen.

"A soldier of the Queen!" he said, with sudden energy, opening his eyes, and fixing them on her face. "The Queen's soldier and yours, Susie."

"The Queen's soldier, and mine, and—and God's soldier very soon," she answered in a broken voice.

"Yes, yes," he said dreamily, "I know. They are going to sound 'the last post' and—there were never any letters from home but yours—'the last post' and 'lights out,' but, believe me, Susie, it's not so very dark."

[THE END.]

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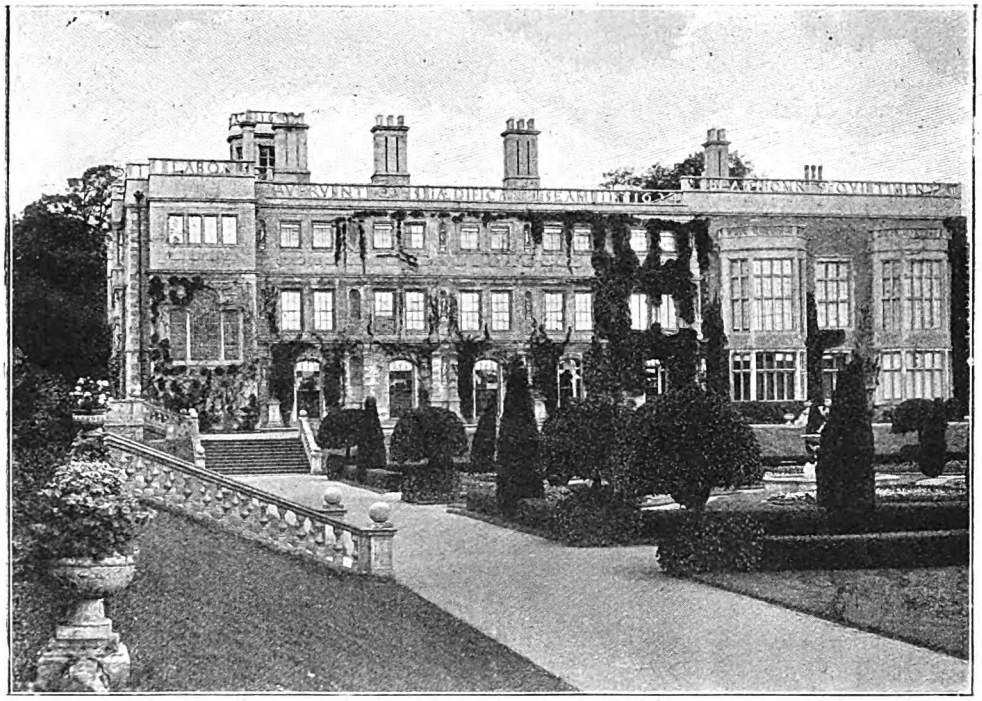

CASTLE ASHBY, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON—A "SERMON IN STONE."

A Famous Scripture Residence.

By GEORGE A. WADE.

Photographs by H. Bartholomew, Newton Pagnell.

AMONGST the residences of the aristocracy of our land, one stands out pre-eminently with regard to its "religious" character. For there is none other that can show such a bewildering array of Scripture texts, phrases, and verses, placed here and there all over it, and about its surroundings, as does the celebrated stately home of the Marquis of Northampton, at Castle Ashby, in Northamptonshire.

It is, doubtless, a mere coincidence that so much outward display of Scripture about his house and grounds should be associated with the name of a nobleman who is at the present day one of England's very foremost laymen of mark in all that is connected with religious life and work. But the coincidence is certainly a notable one, and extremely appropriate. Some people who have visited the celebrated residence have gone away with the idea that the Marquis himself was responsible for the abundance of texts and mottoes that may be seen there, but in this they have been much mistaken.

The original framer of the design for the texts round the top of the house was an ancestor of the Marquis, who lived in the early part of the seventeenth century. I believe the first texts were set up somewhere about the year 1624, and since that time different lords of Castle Ashby have added new texts and verses in fresh places on or about the house and grounds just as the notions came to them.

The visitor is sure to notice first the big letters on the top of the house itself. The words that these make extend right round the great residence. The

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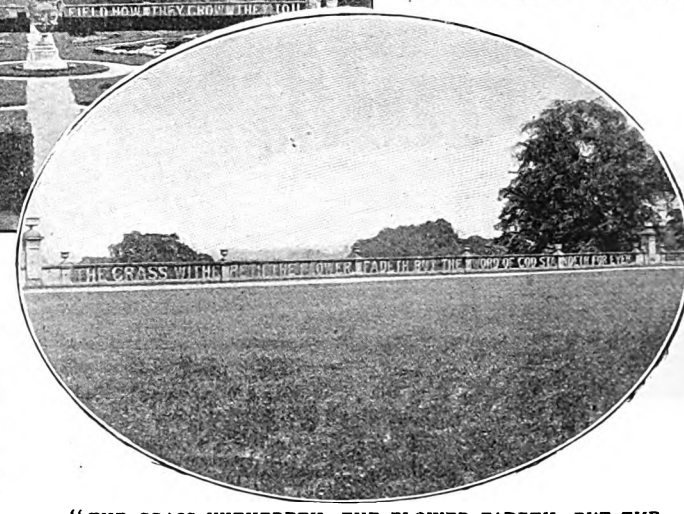
letters are placed between the upper and lower rims of stonework, and are about two feet in height. This great size makes them comparatively easy to distinguish, though, to many visitors, the difficulty of appreciating some of the words is a serious one, owing to the fact that several of the texts are in Latin. There are so many texts that it would be a wearying task to expect the reader to go through them all here, but attention may be drawn to one or two of the most prominent.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD, HOW THEY GROW."

"Except the Lord build the House, their labour is but lost that build it." This stands out strongly as we gaze at the front of the stately Castle before us, and reminds us of one of the most favourite Scripture quotations that our ancestors used in the adornment of their buildings. I should not care to hazard a guess as to how many erections of the past in our islands have that very same text carved upon them somewhere or other, but the number must be very great. Other texts that grace this Northamptonshire residence around its summit are, "The Lord is our refuge and strength," "He will preserve thy goings-out and thy comings-in," with many of a like nature. All these texts are in Latin, and, as the letters are interspersed now and then with upright supports of the upper stone rim, the words are not all easy for the average visitor to decipher.

There have often been amusing guesses amongst the many people who have spent a day at Castle Ashby, by kind leave of its owner, as to the material of which the letters of the various texts are made. Some folks have suggested that they are of stone, some of brick, some even of painted iron. As a matter of fact, they are of terra-cotta; though few of the guessers ever mention that material in their surmises. Another curious fact about these texts is that, were they all placed in one unbroken line, they would extend to the length of at least threequarters of a mile! This alone will show the reader what a profusion of them there is up and down the house and grounds of the celebrated place.



"THE GRASS WITHERETH, THE FLOWER FADETH, BUT THE WORD OF GOD STANDETH FOR EVER."

When one leaves the house and comes to the gardens the texts still seem to haunt one as much as ever, or even more; for, look where you will, there is a Scriptural reminder placed before your eyes. You come in the course of your wanderings about the grounds to a fine lawn, and you notice that it is bordered at one end by a raised stone parapet. Along the whole length of that parapet runs a long series of letters, big letters that impress you and stand out distinctly

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whilst you are far away from them. And you read: "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of God standeth for ever." The photograph here given of this will afford the reader a fair idea of the great length and the fine appearance of a text like this when thus prominently displayed. And, as one looks at it, one cannot but wonder whether such a "silent sermon," such a "sermon in stones," is not, after all, even more impressive and more lasting in its influence than many sermons that are heard each Sunday from various pulpits throughout our land. For one can never forget that text, those letters, after seeing them at Castle Ashby. They stand out clear on memory's page, cut with diamond-precision, and often, in one's after-life, the words will come swiftly across the mind just when they are most comforting and can be most appreciated.

You will, perhaps, at Castle Ashby, stroll into a charmingly laid-out garden, with carpet bedding. Some of the very beds before you have been constructed so as to show other texts from different books of the Bible. The Proverbs, the Psalms, the Gospels and Epistles, are all brought into requisition in this respect. The carpet-bedding texts in their contrasted colours stand out prominently from the surrounding plants and flowers, and you will acknowledge that they are quite equal to anything you have seen of the kind at any other spot. Hardly will you have done reading some of the Scriptures transferred thus to the gardens of the Castle, before your eyes again light upon the stone-work surrounding this pleasaunce, and before your gaze you see, written in solid terra-cotta once more, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say to you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

It takes two or three sides of the garden wall to give the full text, but there it is. And, immediately, whether you desire it or not, your thoughts are carried off to that scene where those famous words were first spoken and heard, and you acknowledge that never before have they seemed so real, and appealed so strongly to you, as they now do whilst you stand gazing at them, silently spoken by those terrace walls in front of you.

Nor must I forget to mention that the quotations one sees about Castle Ashby are not only those taken from the Bible. They are, indeed, all somehow connected with religious matters, but some of them are from other sources. The whole of the Lord's Prayer, according to the Prayer Book version, is inscribed upon one of the parapets. Just fancy what an extent of roof-edging is needed to place the whole of the Lord's Prayer consecutively in such letters, and you will begin to have some idea of the extreme size of this extraordinary mansion of the Marquis of Northampton.

As regards the house itself, it is indeed one of "the stately homes of England" that Mrs. Hemans wrote so charmingly about. Few of our chief noble mansions are its equals, let alone superior to it. Castle Ashby is of the Elizabethan style of architecture, and has from one view of it a slight general resemblance to Hatfield House. This place of the Marquis of Northampton, however, is not nearly so well-known to the average traveller about the British Isles as is that former favourite residence of the Tudor Prime Minister. For Castle Ashby stands somewhat out of the way; it is not on the line of march of the average cyclist or pedestrian who keeps to the chief roads. Nor is it, like Chatsworth or Welbeck, situated in the midst of a county that has a great reputation for beauty and lovely spots. There are certainly some pretty places in Northamptonshire, but who has heard of them as compared with the world-wide fame of Dovedale and the Dukeries?

Hence the visitor to Castle Ashby is astonished at "lighting on" such a novel and charming residence in an unexpected place; and he is all the more pleased with the curious texts and decorations we have spoken of here. He imagines that he has discovered a method of silent preaching that is unique, and he is inclined to bless the memory of that former lord of the Northampton family who, he supposes, first originated the idea of having these texts erected when he was building the great house.

But in this assumption the visitor will make a serious mistake. The credit for these particular texts and for their arrangement may well be given to the nobleman in question, but it is an error to suppose, as so many people have done after visiting the place, that the said lord originated the idea, or even that Castle

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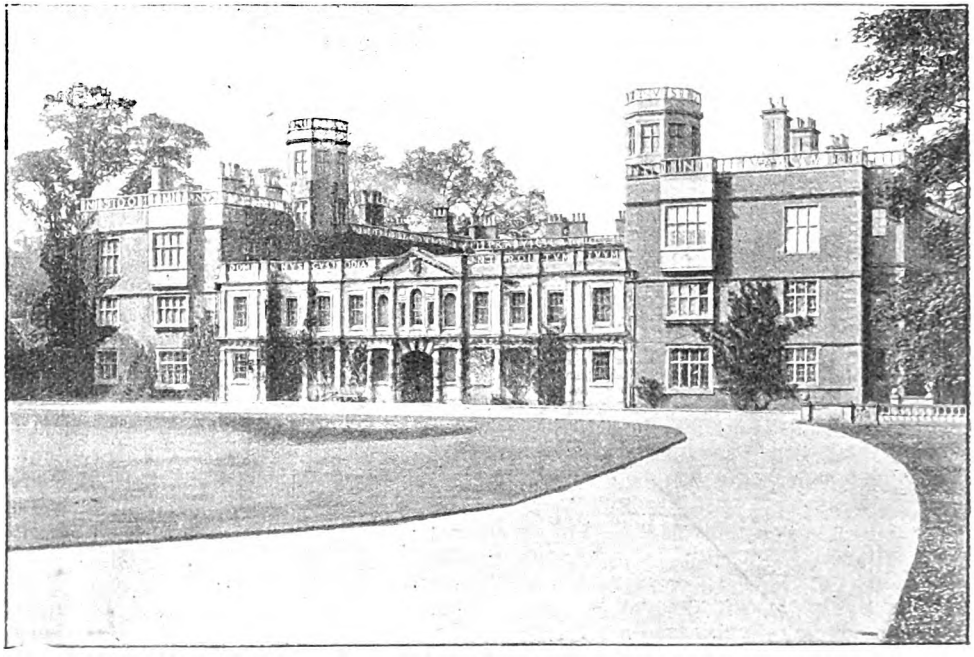
Ashby is unique in thus being equipped with Scripture quotations.

The Temple Newsam, about three miles out of Leeds, which figures as the "Templestowe" of "Ivanhoe," is another old Elizabethan mansion, certainly built before 1600, even as it stands to-day; and this house also is decorated with Scripture texts in a similar fashion to Castle Ashby, only not quite to the same extent. All round the eaves of the Temple Newsam there are placed large upright letters, probably not less in height than those of the Northamptonshire house; but in the case of the Yorkshire mansion the letters are made of iron. They form the text, "Glory to God in the Highest, on Earth Peace, Good Will toward Men."

There is an old cottage, also, not far from Huddersfield, built, I daresay, long before the last century began, which similarly bears all over its front many texts from the Bible, calculated to lead the passer-by to meditate upon religious things.

But, though I know, too, of several other houses, big and little, that bear Scriptural quotations in this manner upon them, I must acknowledge that Castle Ashby is easily pre-eminent amongst the class. It not only surpasses all the rest in the extent of its texts, but also in their preservation, in their novelty, in their unexpectedness, so to speak. It may well stand as a type of its present master, the Marquis, in that the words that are wanted to make a lasting impression on their readers are ever ready just at the proper time. Of all the occasions when I have ever heard his lordship speak on social and religious topics, I never recollect a time when what he said was not exactly appropriate, to the point, and encouraging.

The Marquis is one of our most earnest workers in the fields mentioned, and his home helps to further his good words and works. As we stand in those charming gardens, fancying we are in the old world of four centuries ago with its peace and quiet life, as we look up at the parapets and read those words, "The Lord will bless me and keep me," we can almost fancy we are at some meeting of Ragged School children, and are listening to the voice of a most earnest but quiet practical gentleman in the chair, who is uttering those very same words to the hundreds of lads before him, and whose name is set down on the programme as "The Marquis of Northampton."



THE LATIN TEXTS RUN RIGHT ROUND THE DIFFERENT WINGS. ONE MEANS, "EXCEPT THE LORD BUILD THE HOUSE, THEIR LABOUR IS BUT LOST THAT BUILD IT."

GEORGE A. WADE.

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IN DEEP WATERS

By MRS. BAGOT HARTE.

Illustrated by SYDNEY COWELL.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Sir Horace Rylmer dying abroad, the title falls to his younger brother James. To the disgust however, of the new baronet and his wife, it turns out that Sir Horace had years before contracted an unequal marriage in Italy, and that most of the money is left to his daughter Marie, a girl of twenty, and on her death to Maurice Rylmer, a son of Sir James by a first wife. Marie Rylmer arrives at her aunt's, and proves, in the baronet's own expressive phrase, to be "well-travelled, well-read, well-educated, well-everythinged." Sir James foresees the union of Maurice and Marie. Lady Rylmer, however, in the interests of her own son, Derrick, attempts to poison Maurice. Maurice recovers, under the care of Laura and Marie. A cheque for £500, purporting to be signed by Sir James, turns up, and is pronounced by him a forgery. Lady Rylmer accuses Maurice of being the forger. Maurice indignantly repudiates the charge, but finds, to his grief, that his father believes him guilty. Maurice decides to leave home, and he and Marie part as lovers. Lady Rylmer writes a letter to the Scotland Yard authorities instructing them to arrest Maurice, and the letter is given to Derrick to post. Marie, hearing this, creeps out of the house at night and takes the train to town, sees Maurice at the Hotel Metropole, and persuades him to leave for the Cape next day. She misses her last train back and has to spend the night in London at the Hotel Victoria. She takes the early train back in the morning, but finds the window which she had left unlatched fastened, Derrick having watched her departure on the previous night. Afterwards she has an interview with Lady Rylmer, who demands to know whether she had followed Maurice up to town. Marie refuses to answer, and Lady Rylmer invites her sister, Miss Stanley, to the house to keep watch on all her movements. She looks over Marie's shoulder as she is writing her first letter to Maurice, and reads the contents. When the girls attempt to post the letter they are stopped by Lady Rylmer, who refuses to let them go out without an escort. They, however, escape at night by means of a secret staircase, to the door of which is fixed a picture containing a secret spring. The letter is safely posted, but the girls are much frightened by the presence of two men loitering about the house. One pursues them, but they reach the staircase safely, but as they ascend Marie is terrified by the touch of a human hand.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FIRST LETTER.

"DON'T scream, don't!" entreated a voice from the darkness.

"O Susan, is it you?" cried Laura, in a tone of superlative relief.

"Yes, miss, it's me, and what's more, I've got a candle and some matches, and was just going to light up as you rushed in. Where have you been, miss?"

"To post a letter to dear Maurice," said Laura, quickly. "I'll tell you more later on. Do light up quickly. There's only one bolt fastened and a dreadful-looking man is running this way."

Susan struck the match without an instant's loss of time and lighted the candle.

"I'll hold it. You'll fasten the bolts quickest," said Laura, raising the candle up high.

Susan's muscular hands were swift to do their work. As she fastened the chain

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there were sounds outside and the door was shaken slightly.

"He can't get in?" queried Laura, nervously.

"Not he, miss. Look at them bolts and chains. He'd have to raise the house with the noise before he could get in. Don't give two thoughts to him. Let's carry up poor Miss Marie. She's fainted straight off."

"Oh, so she has. How ill she looks!"

"I'll carry her up, Miss Laura, if you'll light the way. Lor! This staircase wasn't made for this kind of job. It's lucky I'm fairly strong."

As an accompaniment to these words, Susan leant down and raised the unconscious Marie in her arms and began to edge her way up the stairs, with a steady determination to succeed in the difficult task before her.

Laura preceded her step by step, warning her of dangers and offering advice. But it was anxious work.

"I shall never, never forget to-night," she said, sinking down into a chair with a sigh of relief as they entered Marie's room. "It seems as if years, not hours, had passed over my head since we started to post that letter."

"It's a blessed thing that I'm here to see to you both, I'm thinking, miss," said Susan. "I'll just step downstairs and get some whisky, or brandy, or whatever I can lay hands on for this poor, dear young lady."

Together they worked at restoring poor Marie to consciousness. Little by little colour stole back into her white lips, and thinking power into her eyes.

"We have got back safely," whispered Laura, sitting down at the bedside.

A smile told her that the words were heard and understood.

"And I daresay you're wondering how it was that I happened to be on the staircase," said Susan, lapsing into narrative style. "So I'll tell you, miss, how it was.

"This evening, by the last post, I got a letter from Mr. Maurice, saying as how he'd been lucky in getting a berth to the Cape, and how he wished Miss Marie to know that he was going on safe. And he enclosed this letter for her. I'm thinking it'll do you more good than anything else to read it." Here Susan turned towards Marie and handed the letter to her.

"Oh, thank you," murmured Marie, taking it eagerly. She was getting better quickly now. "Please see that the door is safely locked. I do not want Miss Stanley to come in," she added nervously.

As she read her letter with a look of joyous relief, Susan explained to Laura that she had waited outside the house near Marie's window from half-past twelve until one o'clock, trying to attract attention, and that just as she was beginning to fear she must return home unsuccesful, she had discovered that the door of the secret staircase was open.

"I just crept upstairs silent-like, miss, and finding Miss Marie wasn't there I was going to settle myself down to waiting until I saw she was safe back in her room. Lor, miss, how you did frighten me a-tumbling in as you did. I hadn't time to collect my thoughts and to say I was there."

"We were in such a terribly overwrought condition we scarcely knew what we were doing. We have gone through a series of frightening experiences," explained Laura.

Then she gave an account of all they had undergone. And Susan listened with a running accompaniment of exclamations of astonishment.

Marie lay quietly watching them, clasping in both hands the first letter from the man who was her all in life.

It was a tender, loving letter, and contained so many references to that bright time in the future when they would be united that tears of joy glistened in her eyes.

"There's lot o' comfort in that letter, I'm hoping, miss," said Susan, turning to Marie.

"Yes, oceans of comfort."

"I'm so glad," put in Laura. "And now I'm going to peep out of this window to see if that man has gone away. I believe he has."

"Oh, be careful, Laura!" cried Marie, hastily. "Perhaps he has a revolver and will shoot you."

"No one is likely to shoot me for mere malice. If he is there I shall throw a jug of water over him." Her spirits had risen at a bound.

"I wouldn't, miss. It 'ud anger him so," advised Susan, who was incapable of seeing a joke.

"He's gone," exclaimed Laura, drawing in her head; "and so our adventures

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are at an end. But, Susan, tell me how we can spirit you away. You are not supposed to be living in the house are you?"

"No miss, I'm not. But seeing as how Miss Stanley's come to stay, it's about right that I did remain hereabouts. It'll be handy knowing how to come in and out by the private staircase. I'll stay until it's daylight and then go off afore many people are about. I'm always to be found at my cottage when I'm wanted, as you know."

"As you can stay with Miss Marie, I won't risk being absent from my room any longer," said Laura.

"It 'ud be safer to go there quickly, Miss Stanley's a light sleeper, and over fond of prowling about at nights. You can make yourself quite easy. No harm'll come to Miss Marie now I'm here."

Faithful old Susan watched Laura creep noiselessly down the long landing to her room, then she returned to Marie.

"Your arm is a-hurting you too much to let you sleep, maybe," she said.

"Yes, unfortunately."

"I'll bandage it up for you, miss. Whatever you do, don't let my lady know of its being hurt, or she'll have the doctor to see it, and he'll send some poisonous kind o' lotion. I'm not over fond of those handling poisons who aren't too careful. Not that there's half fear of mistakes being made over you, miss. But—— Well, there, I can't say all I'm thinking."

CHAPTER XXIV.

TURNING THE SCREW.

It was a dismal day, raining hard. Nevertheless Sir James and Derrick were reported to have gone to London for the day, and Laura was also lunching with some friends.

Lady Rylmer, Miss Stanley and Marie were having lunch together—a cosy lunch as Lady Rylmer described it; which merely meant that they were waiting on themselves and consequently better able to talk gossip.

"You remember that pretty girl, Sybil Drew, who used to live near me," began Miss Stanley.

"Oh, perfectly well. She married a baronet last year," answered Lady Rylmer.

"Yes, and committed suicide this year." Miss Stanley said it with a relish.

"Poor girl!" exclaimed her sister.

"How sad," put in Marie.

"It was her own fault," snapped Miss Stanley.

"WITH AN UGLY GRIN OF TRIUMPH HE LIFTED ME OUT OF THE BROUGHAM AND CARRIED ME INSIDE THE COTTAGE."

"But she was so pretty and so young," argued Lady Rylmer.

"That being the case she should have been careful to act discreetly. As it was, she was indiscreet and everyone cut her—everyone!"

"But why did they do so?" asked Marie. "And did her husband not protect her from them?"

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"I don't think he tried to do anything in the matter. You see, she had behaved in a very silly and foolish way, thrown herself at his head, so to speak, and people said he'd married her because she had proposed to him. Someone told me —of course, I don't know how true it was—that once when he was going away she followed him up to the very hotel where he was staying to say good-bye to him. Can you imagine any girl behaving so indecorously, Marie?"

"Perhaps she was very devoted to him." Marie jerked the words out in reply, scarcely knowing what she said. She felt the blood surging to her cheeks.

"Nothing could explain such conduct to *my* satisfaction," was the scathing answer. "However, all the respectable women who heard of it cut her afterwards. In the end she became a social outcast."

"Then I think they acted cruelly," Marie's eyes flashed as she said this.

"Society has a right to protect itself," mildly observed Lady Rylmer. "For instance, I should not have allowed Laura to speak to her. One must guard against contamination."

"But was it true, and how did it became known?" asked Marie, as calmly as she was able.

"Such things have a knack of becoming known; and her husband felt annoyed when he looked at it from a sensible, practical point of view," explained Lady Rylmer.

"But it was cruel—very cruel!" Marie spoke emphatically. "It was very wrong to edge on the young husband to be unkind."

"Always the case! Besides, what value can a man place on a girl who runs after him? If she had respected herself, he would have stood by her and helped her to live it down."

"The man must have been a coward and a scoundrel," said Marie, looking at Miss Stanley.

"Oh no, he was rather a nice young man—harmless and inoffensive, and very handsome," she replied.

"And how did she kill herself?"

"She drowned herself. People said she deeply regretted not having married another man, who was much fonder of her. But she wanted to marry the handsome baronet, and she worked on him to fulfil the engagement."

"He can't have ever loved her truly," remarked Marie.

"He cared for her money first, and herself second. Once she was his wife, all the money became his, and he has it all now, minus the trouble of possessing a wife no one will visit."

"And no one would visit her just because she—she—said good-bye to him?" asked Marie, angrily.

"Yes."

A deep-drawn sigh escaped the girl's white lips, followed by a look which spoke of scorn.

An ominous silence followed.

"Had poor Sybil married the other man, I believe she would have been alive now." Miss Stanley's words sounded somewhat like the concluding words of a sermon.

"She must have had an evil conscience, poor girl! Oh, but I'm sorry I said that—one should not speak slightingly of the dead."

"Please do not talk about that poor young wife any more," said Marie.

"Quite so," stiffly observed Lady Rylmer, at the same time telegraphing a look to her sister that said: "You have managed badly."

Only too well Marie knew that the conversation was directed towards herself, and she knew, too, that Lady Rylmer was aware of her actions of the night that Maurice left home.

Few words were spoken during the remainder of lunch. Miss Stanley was annoyed at her failure to induce Marie to speak unadvisedly; and she immediately began to consider what her next move should be in the game, in which Marie's wealth was to be the reward of the winning side.

CHAPTER XXV.

WEALTH'S BITTER CURSE.

Five o'clock struck, then six o'clock.

"I wonder why Laura has not returned," thought Marie to herself, as she opened her door and listened for sounds which might indicate her cousin's approach. "I cannot understand it," she added in a perplexed voice, "especially as she said that nothing would induce her to be later than four."

A week had passed since the night of adventures which attended the posting of Maurice's letter; and since that night Marie and Laura had felt themselves virtually prisoners, and had made no attempt to leave the grounds. Day after day had passed with monotonous

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sameness. Tennis had failed to find a supporter in Marie since Derrick was always her partner; and the two girls had found it so difficult to keep up a moderate display of cheerfulness that Laura had willingly acquiesced to lunching with the Draycotts, her special friends.

"I'll go and bring back a good budget of news for you, dear," she said, when discussing the matter with Marie; "and I'll enlist Mr. Draycott as a protector. He is such a dear old man, and a J.P.—a person of consequence and influence. Mrs. Draycott is cheerful, sweet, and motherly, and always kisses me as if she really liked me. There's a boy, Ted Draycott—he's twenty-five—I like him too: but you won't tell anyone that I have said so?"

"Certainly not," Marie looked reassuringly at the earnest face turned towards her. For the first time, she realised that this young cousin had already reached the age when girls marry and begin to play leading parts in the world.

"I shall be nineteen next month," observed the latter, as if in answer to Marie's thoughts.

"Then you'll go and spend a happy day with the Draycotts—and Ted." The last word was said with a smile.

"But he isn't at home," was the rueful reply,

"What a pity!" laughed Marie; but there was sympathy in the laugh.

"Yes, isn't it?" agreed Laura, with marked emphasis. "Do you know—mind, I am telling you a great, great secret—Ted and I are half engaged. But he never speaks to me before Derrick. He dislikes Derrick, and Derrick hates him, I know. The Draycotts are not rich, and consequently mother does not care for them. Of course, if I were good-looking like mother, she would have begun many months ago to find me a rich husband—a hateful being, cashey, and stingy, and all that's dreadful, I expect! Luckily for me, I'm distinctly plain, and have an elf-like figure; but Ted likes me."

There was a volume of satisfaction conveyed in the last four words.

"If I can help you two to marry, I will," said Marie, fervently.

The only reply to those words was a sisterly hug and a smile of acquiescence.

An hour later Laura had driven off in the new brougham, looking bright and happy.

Now it was past six, and she had not returned.

"How late Laura is!" observed Marie to Miss Stanley, who happened to pass along the landing.

"Late! Oh, haven't you heard the news?"

"No. What has happened?" The question was almost sharply put.

"The Draycotts have asked her to stay for a week or two. So kind of them! Of course, Lady Rylmer has agreed, as dear Laura really wanted a change. I hope that you won't feel lonely without her."

Each word fell like lead on Marie.

"Lonely!" she echoed to herself. "I shall be worse than lonely."

"Perhaps, dear, it may lead to your coming more amongst us, and mixing more with the family. I am sure it would be better for you," observed Miss Stanley, blandly.

The look that came into Marie's face in response was of so negative a character that Miss Stanley felt it would be folly to press the subject, and sought for an excuse to discontinue the conversation.

"I am helping to pack Laura's things," she remarked.

"I will collect her drawing materials together, and pack them for you," said Marie, quickly. It would be easy to conceal a note.

"Thank you, but she will be better without them. They would tempt her to stay indoors, and she really wants fresh air and amusement. She has been looking so depressed lately."

Miss Stanley's manner of speaking was courteously explanatory. If she guessed that every word she spoke was disbelieved, she certainly did not allow the fact to be suspected. With a departing smile, she hurried away.

Marie returned to her room and began pacing it with quick, feverish steps.

"Another plot to part Maurice and me is on foot! I do not believe a word that that woman says. How I wish that I had not advised Laura to go to the Draycotts for lunch! But did she go there? It is as likely as not that she was taken to some other house, and is being detained against her will. Oh, there is Derrick's voice! He is laughing! I hate his laugh. I wonder if he knows anything, and will tell me."

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His voice was only to be heard for a moment, then a door was shut noisily. Evidently others did not wish that what he was saying should be overheard.

"I am, indeed, a prisoner now!" said Marie, with quivering lips. "O Maurice, Maurice!" she cried, in an agonised voice.

It was well that the sadness of that cry could not reach his ears. It would have unmanned him.

"The curse of wealth!" she muttered. "If I were penniless, I should be free to come and go as I liked. My relations would steer clear of me; and better a thousand times that they should do so than make me a prisoner. Supposing that I were to try to escape. What then?" She rested her face in her hands, and looked out on the fair view of wooded country and placid river. "But they would not let me escape! Everyone within this house is more or less my gaoler. Those who would take my part are afraid to do so—afraid of that wicked woman, Aunt Rylmer. If I were to go from here, without writing to Laura, I should be severing the only link that exists between us. There's no possibility of communicating with Susan. She has not been here since that terrible night of adventure, and there can be no doubt that she has been entrapped, or that the house is so carefully guarded that no one can enter the grounds and approach it, without being stopped. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? I am entirely in the hands of that unscrupulous aunt of mine; and her only aim in life is to see me married to Derrick. I would sooner die than marry him! There is not an element of honour in Derrick's character —*he* will do anything to get my money. Oh, what shall I do?"

She leant back in a chair and her hands met in a tight clasp on her lap. At that moment her eyes happened to stray towards the opposite mirror and she started at the beauty of the face therein reflected. Cares and troubles were writing their history on that face in lines that beautify and idealise.

"Everything combines to make my path in life more difficult!" she cried, looking away.

Again she asked herself the question: "What shall I do?" Again no answer arose in response.

It was seven o'clock now, and she rang the bell to tell Jane to inform Lady Rylmer that she would be unable to be present at dinner, owing to a headache. She was thankful for an excuse to remain alone.

The rain had ceased, and the sun was lighting up the west with glorious streaks of red and gold as it sank to rest amidst fleecy clouds. A lover of all that was beautiful, Marie's eyes rested on the scene with a sense of relief, and she was grateful that her gaolers did not begrudge her the lovely sight.

"I will not believe that God brought me into this beautiful world to be unhappy," she said. "So long as it contains Maurice, I shall not give up hope."

It was growing dusk, and in her oak-panelled room, with its small windows, there was accentuated gloom once the brightness of daylight was gone. She rang the bell and asked for the gas to be lighted.

"Your arm isn't hurting you, is it, miss?" inquired the maid, in a sympathetic voice.

"No, it is quite well, thank you," was the reply. "It was only a slight sprain."

Scarcely had the girl gone before Miss Stanley hurried in and asked numerous questions about Marie's health. Was she feverish? Had her arm become worse? And, worse still, should she, Miss Stanley, spend the evening with the invalid?

That last question, spoken in manner of a threat, caused Marie to disclaim all right to being an invalid.

"I shall be quite well if left alone," she said, conscious of the fact that the remark sounded ungracious. But it was worth being classed as ungracious to free herself from Miss Stanley's annoying society.

The latter understood the hint, and after a few minutes of tantalising Marie with an intention to remain, rose and stole out of the room in her usual silent manner.

Dusk was followed by the darkness of a dark night; but it was warm now that rain had ceased to fall. Marie threw a cloak over her shoulders and sat in the window-seat looking longingly on the outside world. Never did prisoner's eyes look more longingly towards freedom than hers at this moment. Thoughts of Maurice and fears for Laura moved side by side with her yearning to escape from the Hall. And as she thought, with her face resting on her hands, she gradually fell asleep.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

A STRANGE REVELATION.

It was a few minutes past midnight.

Marie awoke with a start. Her own name was being called by someone standing under the window. In an instant she had recognised that voice. It was Laura's!

Springing to her feet she glanced out, and at the same moment answered in a low, terrified voice: "Yes, Laura. I am here. Oh, what has happened?"

"Don't ask, dear, but come down and open the door as quickly as you can. I mean, of course, the door of the secret staircase. Oh, please come very quickly."

"Yes, dear. I will be down in an instant."

Marie knew the exact spot where to find the spring which opened the door. She knew, too, that the dangers of descending the staircase were small to one who was accustomed to its narrow windings. No moments were wasted in hesitation or fear. Yet she was trembling in every limb at the shock of Laura's mysterious return. What could it mean? Hastily asking herself these questions, she hurried downstairs quickly, yet carefully, and step by step. Fears of personal safety played no part in her thoughts. Her desire to reach Laura and hear what had happened filled her mind to the exclusion of all else.

A grating sound, a thud, and the door was being pulled hastily open. At the same moment Laura's arms were thrown round Marie's neck.

"Oh, tell me what has happened," entreated the latter.

"It will take so long to tell now. I have been waiting outside here for twenty minutes at the least. I have called and called, and was afraid I should never succeed in rousing you."

"Oh, I am so sorry, dear Laura. If I had suspected you were returning I should not have allowed myself to fall asleep. My head was so tired of thinking and thinking of you. From the moment I heard that you were not expected back I have been so wretched. I fell asleep sitting at the window with my head resting on my hands."

"What did they tell you had become of me?"

"They said that you had been invited to stay at Draycott Towers, and Miss Stanley packed your clothes to be sent after you."

"Marie, I believe that that woman must be one of the worst in the world. I can't help saying so, although she is an aunt of mine. You are the only person to whom I can appeal for help and protection. Oh, Marie, you will save me from my relations? I know I am talking wildly, but I have suffered so much since this morning."

"But, dear, tell me what has happened. I feel at a loss to understand it all. Why have you come home like this? Why did you not stay at the Draycotts' until to-morrow?"

"I have not been there! O Marie, since I left this house to-day I have gone through so much. Help me upstairs. I am faint from fatigue and excitement."

"But where have you been, dear?" Quickly Marie's arms were twined round the young girl, supporting her as she stumbled up the stairs into the room above.

"I cannot tell you how thankful I am to have escaped."

"Escaped from where? and from whom? But don't try to talk until you have had some biscuits and this cup of chocolate. It was brought to me the last thing to-night, but I have not touched it, fortunately."

"I have had nothing to eat or drink since breakfast," said Laura, looking with ravenous eyes at the dainty biscuits and chocolate.

For a few minutes neither spoke. The exhausted girl ate and drank with evident relish all that Marie had to give her.

"I wish I could get more for you," she said.

"Oh, no, you musn't try to," was the emphatically spoken reply. "For no one must guess I am here. It was their intention that I should not return for ages—perhaps never."

"But where have you been?"

"I was driven straight from here to a dark, lonesome cottage. At first I declined to leave the brougham, and told the coachman—that new man with red hair—to drive on to Draycott Towers. All he did was to say that his instructions were to drive me to this wretched-looking cottage, and he couldn't disobey orders. The road to it was overgrown with weeds and so rutty that I knew it must be seldom used. From *ordering* him to drive me to

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the Draycotts' I changed to imploring him. I told him that one day I should be in a position to reward him for obeying me. But he only smiled in an annoying manner and never stirred. How I longed for something to frighten the horses and for them to run away, but they stood so quietly that it seemed as if even they were determined that I should remain there."

"But did you get out of the brougham?"

"No, I refused to do so, although a very big, muscular woman told me that it was of no use objecting when she was concerned in anything. I ordered her not to speak to me like that, at which she only laughed and called her husband to come and carry me out. O Marie! Imagine my feelings when the wretch, who got out of the trap and whom we nearly stumbled over when we were returning from posting Maurice's letter, came out of the cottage. With an ugly grin of triumph he lifted me out of the brougham and carried me inside the cottage. I wanted to scream, but my pride wouldn't let me. When he put me down—at least dropped me into a chair—I must have fainted away, for the first thing that I can remember afterwards was coming to myself again, and hearing Derrick tell them to give me more brandy."

"Do you mean to say that Derrick was there?"

"Yes, but he did not want me to know; and although I was only semi-conscious I was able to conceal the fact that I knew he was there. It was wisest. I know Derrick."

"But how did you escape, dear?"

"Oh, I feigned to be worse than I was, and I lay quite still all the afternoon. The woman tried to get me to eat, but I pretended I was too ill to swallow. At last she got frightened and told Derrick I ought to have more brandy and that they had no more left in the house. So the man was given the money to buy some with, and he started off to a public-house about two miles away. When he came back he was very tipsy and in a furiously excited state of mind. He and the woman quarrelled—Marie, imagine the horrors of my position!—and they had a fight. Derrick had gone home, so I was completely in their power. But when they were fighting they forgot me, and I stole out of the house and escaped into the woods."

"Poor Laura! What a terrible time you must have had."

"Yes, indeed it was terrible. And once in the woods I lost my way from sheer fright and wandered about for hours. At last I struck the road leading to Surbiton, but I had to hide each time a vehicle was heard approaching. I must have been about seven hours making my way home."

"I am so thankful that you have got home at last!"

"Yes, so am I; but I am terrified to remain. What can we do—you and I? It seems as if the world was in league against us. Oh, no! That is not true. Your money protects you from injury."

"And it shall protect you too."

"I am afraid it cannot. All know that I am devoted to Maurice. Father, mother, Derrick, Miss Stanley—all are bent on his ruin, and they know that I shall be true to him through thick and thin."

"But I *will* protect you. I will dare Lady Rylmer to take you away again. No one——"

"Oh, listen, listen!" cried Laura darting across the room. "There are footsteps approaching and angry voices. Oh, save me, Marie!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

"WHO IS THERE?"

"The door is locked. No one can come in," said Marie, in a quieting voice, clasping Laura in her arms.

"Then you have managed to keep the key?" queried the latter.

"Yes. It only remains in the door when I am in the room alone. I will not trust it in the lock for an instant when anyone else is present."

"But who were talking so angrily outside just now? Let me stand near the door and listen," whispered Laura, going across the room on tip-toe.

"No! For it is more than likely that they are now listening outside this very door. Stay over there, dear, near the entrance to the secret staircase, and, if anyone knocks at the door, hide there." In a very low voice was each word uttered.

Laura nodded assent and stole across to the spot indicated. A sofa was close at hand, and she looked longingly at it.

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"Can I sleep here?" she queried.

"Would it not be unwise?"

"It would be wiser to sleep *under* it, perhaps. I'll place these pillows close against the wall and creep in and sleep on them."

"I only wish I could offer you a more comfortable sleeping place."

"I could sleep on a bare board—I'm so tired," was the weary reply; "and to know that you, Marie, are near, means comfort even in sleep."

It was the work of a few minutes only to arrange the pillows, then Laura crept in and lay down.

"After a good night's rest, I shall feel equal to thinking out what shall become of me," she murmured, in a sad voice, then fell asleep.

Marie threw herself on her bed, and, throwing a shawl over her, prepared to rest, but not to sleep. She must act the part of a guardian angel to Maurice's sister; and when the happy moment came to look into his face once more, she would do so with perfect confidence.

Twice she got up, and, stealing across the room, peered under the sofa and listened to the steady breathing of the tired girl, then she crept back to bed again, to lie awake. She could not venture to sleep. Lady Rylmer's depth of wickedness horrified her; it spoke of an utter abandonment to heartless intrigue, which would surely be followed by further developments.

One hour passed, then two. A dreamy sleepiness was stealing over Marie, hard to battle against. She had ceased to listen with strained attention, ceased to be painfully on the *qui vive*, when——

"O Heavens! There's someone trying to open the door!" she mentally ejaculated, with a cold shudder.

She lay as still as stone, scarcely daring to breathe, and listening—oh, listening as she had never listened before.

Very cautious were the movements of the person at work outside, and very persevering. Would they be successful, those cautious movements? Would——

Yes! The door was being opened, just an inch at a time, and a subdued light was stealing in through the opening. A hand was shading the light; Marie could see its reflection on the opposite wall. Then the owner of the hand entered with noiseless step. It was Miss Stanley!

She came straight towards Marie's bed, and stood there for a few minutes, evidently studying the face of the supposed sleeper, then she leant down so low that her breath fanned Marie's cheeks, and remained thus, listening intently, noticing intently, for several minutes. To Marie it was a terrible ordeal.

Then noiselessly Miss Stanley moved away, and began with slow deliberation to examine every corner of the room which offered possibility for concealment. There could be no doubt that she was looking for something. No! it was not for an inanimate object—it must be for Laura that those eager, observant eyes were searching! Behind the curtains, in the wardrobe, in the cupboards—everywhere, she looked thoroughly. Marie watched her movements with half-open eyes, aflame with excitement and fear, and she glanced with momentarily increasing terror at the stealthy figure creeping about the room. Now she was nearing the sofa, now——

MARIE GLANCED WITH MOMENTARILY INCREASING TERROR AT THE STEALTHY FIGURE CREEPING ABOUT THE ROOM.

Yes, she was leaning down! In a moment Laura would be discovered.

"Who is there?"

It was Marie's voice that spoke, and it was low and muffled.

"It's—it's only me," answered Miss Stanley, in honeyed tones, at once standing upright and looking calmly at Marie.

"What are you doing here? You have startled me terribly," she whispered, in an indignant voice.

"My dear girl, pray don't speak like that. I merely came in to

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look for the cat. I happened to wake up a few minutes ago, and I suddenly remembered that I saw her run in here about three o'clock this afternoon. The servants tried to find her to-night, but failed. As you know, she is a wild, vicious creature, and——"

"Oh, please don't keep me awake any longer. The cat isn't here, I can assure you, or I should have known it, and I have still got a bad headache. Good-night." The last word was pointedly said.

To argue with Miss Stanley was useless; she was too skilled in word fencing to allow anyone else to gain an apparent advantage over her. And the chief thing to accomplish was her departure from the room, before Laura woke up.

Miss Stanley looked at Marie as if she much wished to stay; as if, too, she had suspicions which merely wanted verification.

But there was a look in Marie's face which spoke of offence if her wishes were ignored, and to offend her openly did not come within Miss Stanley's range of scheming.

"Very well, dear, I will leave you," she observed, unabashed. "I hope you will soon fall asleep again."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Marie, as the door closed and she found herself alone; and as she uttered the words she rose and went to the door to lock it.

"Oh, that woman has taken the key away with her!" she exclaimed in consternation. "I am, indeed, in her power now!"

It was an appalling discovery, an alarming culmination to the harrowing incidents of the night, impressing on her that further cruel plots were in contemplation. Immediate action was being forced on her. Laura was not safe within the walls of Rylmer Hall: that was only too evident.

"Oh, how fortunate it is that she has slept through Miss Stanley's visit," thought Marie to herself, glancing at the wrapped-up figure packed away under the sofa; "and it was quite as fortunate that she slept *under* the sofa and not on the top of it. I will wake her up at once and barricade the door, and stop up the keyhole. We must keep Miss Stanley out by some means, and stop her chances of seeing what is passing in this room."

A cleverly placed chair had the effect of partly ensuring privacy, and some cotton wool was then stuffed into the keyhole.

"I wonder if it will keep her from hearing and seeing," exclaimed Marie. "It would, if she were an ordinary person; but I begin to believe that the woman is a witch. How ever did she manage to unlock the door? Of course she can't possess burglars' tools. But I won't give her another thought."

Then Marie knelt down and gently roused the sleeping girl.

"Wake up, dear," she whispered.

"Oh, must I? I am so tired," was the answer.

"Yes, it is quite necessary that you should wake up. Miss Stanley has been in and taken the key. I want you to hide at once in the secret staircase. See, we can carry these pillows there and make a tolerably comfortable place for you to lie on."

"But won't the pillows be missed from this room by the servants?"

"We must chance that. You can't sleep on the bare boards. To-morrow I shall speak to Uncle James and claim the right to have my key back to ensure privacy."

"You might as well try to induce an inhabitant of the stars to befriend you, as father. He is entirely in the hands of my mother and her sister," said Laura, in a hopeless voice.

"But I shall try to rouse him to his responsibility in the matter. Are you not surprised to hear that Miss Stanley actually managed to open the door when the key was in it?"

"Nothing which that woman does surprises me. She is a sorceress, I almost believe. I wish that I had less disagreeable and less unscrupulous relations."

"Am *I* not a relation?" asked Marie, with a smile.

"Yes, and you counterbalance all the shortcomings of everyone else! Now, I'm ready to face the horrors of solitary confinement. You won't forget me at meal times, I hope."

Notwithstanding all that she had gone through, Laura could not withstand a chance opportunity to smile—and she smiled now, rather wanly it must be confessed.

"You need have no fear that I shall forget you," was the reassuring reply.

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"Now, we'll open the door of the secret staircase, and arrange somewhere for you to sleep."

It was not an easy matter. The steepness of the stairs made it almost an impossibility, but Laura's natural resourcefulness bore her in good stead now. She found an old box in one of the cupboards, and wedged it on the stairs, and on this piled some of the cushions.

"I hope the erection won't give way suddenly. If it does I shall go down the stairs with a rush. Don't look alarmed, Marie. I'm light, and light people always fall lightly and if the noise of my fall happens to be heard you can attribute it to the reappearance of ghosts here. It will be the best means of keeping inquisitive people away."

"You are brave, Laura," said Marie, in a voice of warm approbation.

"I'm glad you think so. Good-night for the second time. I think I'll turn in now. I hope they'll send you up a good breakfast. And don't look so troubled, Marie, for I know it's on my account that you do."

"I'm wondering how I shall be able to arrange your escape from here to a place of safety. The opportunities for discussing it will be so few."

"Almost nil. So you had better let me think it out, and then I'll explain matters to you. I shall have plenty of time for thinking, on that dark staircase."

"Yes, indeed, too much."

"I don't know. The position is uniquely dangerous for two girls to face alone. One can't have too much time for viewing matters from every point. But I mustn't stay talking any longer. Good-night again."

A moment later the door was swung to, and Laura was face to face with hours of solitude and darkness.

"I'm afraid I do not feel too brave at the present moment," she said to herself. "I must go to sleep at once. But the awakening will be trying."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN ANXIOUS MORNING.

"Where can I find Sir James?"

Marie asked the question of Lady Rylmer, who was strolling up and down the south terrace with Miss Stanley.

"I am afraid he has gone to the greenhouses. But we can walk there, you and I. I wanted to have a little chat with you, dear. We seem to have seen nothing of each other the last two days."

"I should like to speak to Sir James at once. I have particular business to discuss with him."

"Really! Oh, then, we will find him at once. You, dear"—here Lady Rylmer turned towards her sister—"have those two letters to write before post-time. We shall meet at lunch. Good-bye for the present." A graceful wave of the hand accompanied the farewell and also a significant look.

Marie did not notice the latter; her eyes were fixed on the shrubs which screened the door of the private staircase, where there seemed to be an alteration. Before she could notice what that alteration was Lady Rylmer touched her playfully on the arm.

"Come, dear, if we are to find that will-o'-the-wisp man, my husband, we must go to the greenhouses at once. He is certain to have left word with one of the gardeners where he can be found."

"Yes," replied Marie, mechanically.

"I am glad to see that your headache is better, and this glorious weather will do you good. You must miss the lovely sunshine of Capri."

"I do miss it very much."

"I wish circumstances admitted of my travelling more, for I feel such an insular-minded Briton, so different from you, dear. One of these days we must go for a delightful tour and take Laura with us. I was so glad for the dear child to stay for a few days with friends. The Draycotts are really very charming people—homely, but so kind. And Laura wants care, she is so young for her age and delicate."

"Yes, she wants great care. I often think that she will grow into a pretty girl if she becomes stronger. Anything like a shock or trouble would be very bad for her."

"Just so. We must guard against those contingencies. Oh, there is Derrick—with his dogs as usual. How he loves animals! Of course you know that that is an excellent trait. Are you fond of animals?"

"Yes, of some."

"How fast you walk. I wish I were young and nimble. Derrick!" Here Lady Rylmer raised her voice slightly. "Go, dear, and find your father for us. Marie wants to speak to him on business."

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"I would rather go to the greenhouses myself," interposed the person referred to.

"Very well, dear." Then turning to Derrick—he had come forward to shake hands with Marie—she added: "You young people walk quicker than I can, so you can go together in search of Sir James, whilst I remain here."

Marie looked hesitatingly at the young man, now standing at her side with an air of proprietorship.

"No, thank you. I will not trouble you to come with me," she said, glancing straight at him.

He smiled, an aggravating smile, then folded his arms and surveyed her with complacency. It brought her anger and indignation surging to the surface, and it required all the strength she could summon to quell her yearning to tell this cruel mother and son how she hated and despised them. Unconsciously her manner of regarding them squarely and the glitter of wrath in her eyes revealed the workings of her mind.

SHE RENT THE PICTURE FROM END TO END.

"By the bye, I just remember that father left for London in a hurry about a quarter of an hour ago," observed Derrick, lackadaisically, "and——"

"Why did you not say so before?" demanded Marie. She doubted the truth of the statement.

"Because I was reminded of the fact by seeing the brougham return to the stables. There it goes."

She turned her eyes in the direction indicated. It was only too evident that the man from whom she sought to obtain help was beyond reach. She glanced at the two faces turned towards her. How alike they were in all that was unlovable, and cold, and hard, and cruel! She uttered a mental cry for help against their machinations. Their very silence at this juncture added to the miserable feeling of depression now stealing over her.

"I will go in," she said, turning towards the house.

She could not trust herself to say another word or to remain near her two tormentors another minute.

Quickly she retraced her steps to the house. At the door she met Miss Stanley and passed her with averted face.

"Going in so soon, dear?"

Marie heard the words but made no reply. She felt her self-command was on the verge of collapsing, for now fears of Laura's safety were growing momentarily greater. The delicate, frail girl could not be left in her present dark, unhealthy hiding place. Means for her escape must be found without loss of time.

But how? But how?

She must solve that question at once. Surely it would not be difficult in England to set at defiance plans to imprison two innocent girls. There must be some means of escape from these amateur gaolers.

She entered her room and sat down on the window-seat, then looked anxiously at Lady Rylmer and Derrick. They were seated side by side, and were talking excitedly as people who knew themselves to be alone, so far as regards the possibility of being overheard. Next Miss Stanley joined them, and the conversation became still more animated, angrily animated.

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Marie shuddered as she thought of the plot, or plots, that the trio were concocting together, and again her thoughts drifted to Sir James.

"The moment that he returns I will throw myself on his mercy and tell him all, and implore him to ensure no further cruelty being practised on Laura. Her own father will surely befriend her. My father's brother must be incapable of playing the villain so deeply as to allow his child to be harassed to death. Everything is in his hands; he, himself, is complete master of the situation. My income passes through his hands, the nomination of my home is also in his hands. All lies in his hands to right. May God give me powers of eloquence that will rouse him to realise the greatness of his responsibilities, and courage to act in opposition to that wicked trio of plotters! The sight of them unnerves me. I will lie down and rest, and try to forget them for a few minutes."

Acting up to this determination, she turned her back on the outside world and began to study the geography of her room.

She had done it often before, now she did it with a fresh aim in view, and that aim was to discover means of hiding Laura in a more salubrious quarter than on the dark, narrow staircase.

But no solution to the difficulty suggested itself for some time, then it suddenly occurred to Marie that it would be feasible to place a wedge under the door and keep it closed by that means. She remembered having watched a carpenter make a wedge of the required shape. He had the right tools and the right kind of wood, whilst she would have to manage with makeshifts. But a desperate desire to release Laura would enable her to overcome all difficulties.

In a few minutes her hands were at work, eager fingers were deftly handling a penknife, and a piece of deal, discovered in the corner ot a cupboard, supplied the wood.

Swiftly they moved, those eager fingers! If only they did their work well Laura would soon be liberated.

"It must be done, it must be done!" Those were the words that rang in Marie's ears as she cut and carved in breathless haste.

At last it was done. With a cry of delight she placed the wedge under the door and found that it answered splendidly.

"No one shall ever steal in again when I am here, and Laura can sleep on the sofa to-night," she exclaimed, gleefully, as she hastened to touch the spring which opened the door of the secret staircase.

"It's all safe. I have managed to fix a wedge in the door," she said, taking Laura's hand and rousing her gently.

"Can I come out, then?" queried the prisoner.

"Yes, I'm delighted to say. But keep away from the window, for the three conspirators are in confabulation on the lawn, and if they were to see you it would treble our difficulties.

"You need have no fears, Marie. I'm too grateful at being liberated to care to run any risks of being captured. I'll just lie here and look at the blue sky and the sunshine and the green trees in the distance. Oh, what a lovely thing pure air is! To spend hours and hours on a musty old staircase in the dark, makes one fully capable of appreciating fresh air and daylight, and all that belongs to this beautiful world of ours. But, to turn to another subject, I believe I'm hungry."

"You must be, and here are some biscuits and a glass of milk. They were sent up at eleven, and I kept them for you, dear. Take them now, and let us discuss our next move—the conspirators are busy discussing theirs! Unluckily, Uncle James has gone to London, but on his return, and in the presence of the servants, I intend making what is generally described as a scene. Of course, scenes are vulgar and unpardonable as a rule; but there's an exception to every rule; and this happens to be the exception."

"I should like to take part in that scene. I feel it's my duty to do it, and to denounce Derrick before everyone. I don't feel quite certain that the servants will dare to side with us. But it's a clear case of nothing venture, nothing have. And if they don't side with us openly at the time, they will tell their relations about it, and the matter will be known far and wide."

"Yes, there's no doubt that a 'scene' will be the best way of making our wrongs known. I should not be surprised if the servants openly side with us at once. If so, we're saved."

"Let us hope so; happy results are much needed. Your face pleads eloquently for rest and kindness. As for myself"—here Laura's trembling hands made an effort to raise the glass of milk to her lips,

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and failed—"I feel about ten years older than I did yesterday, when I said good-bye to you before going for that imaginary visit to the Draycotts."

"You look it, dear."

"Perhaps it's a good thing, for I have always looked so absurdly young. I hope Ted will be gratified at the change in my appearance. But let us talk about the coming 'scene.' The whole success will depend on choosing the right moment, or all will go wrong. I should suggest the time of father's return as being the most propitious. He always retains a small amount of independence for the first few minutes after he re-enters the house. You see, he has been enjoying the delights of acting on his own initiative for a few hours, and clings to the memory of it until mother gives him a 'snuff-out'—as Aunt Stanley one day described it. So, if you and I pounce upon him at once, and give him a full account of all we have undergone, we may succeed in rousing him to take our part. I think that the seriousness of our position may frighten him; and I know he likes you."

"I'm truly glad of that. I only wish I knew when he was expected home."

"You must get to know that. The knowledge is to be bought from James, the under-groom, for about five shillings. But he is not a very easy man to find at any time, and at the present moment it would be many degrees more difficult than usual. Oh, I have it! He is in love with Lizzie, the under-housemaid, and she is to be found turning out one of the upper rooms every afternoon."

"Then I'll find her and offer her ten shillings. Are you sure I can trust her?"

"Yes; she is reliable, and, better, she is devoted to me."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SECRET OUT.

The bell for lunch had just rung, and Laura had thrown her arms round Marie's neck.

"Just one kiss. Then I'll retire again into solitary, dark confinement," said the former.

She looked so ill that Marie bitterly resented the necessity of leaving her.

"I wish I could have remained with you; but it would be running too great a risk to do so," she said. "I must hurry off now, dear, or they may send to inquire if I am ill again. Unless I hear what they have to say, I have no means of judging what their next move may be. I might be able to find out if uncle will be home early. He sometimes gets back from London by the 2.35 train. In that case, I shall hurry up to fetch you, and we will make our grand move together."

"Yes, do. I fervently hope he will come by that train. Good-bye, dear."

"I shall ask for coffee and biscuits to be sent up to my room after lunch, and afternoon tea will soon follow, and I shall have that brought up here too."

"I shan't starve, and I'm not hungry. Good-bye." Laura spoke sadly. The door of the narrow, gloomy staircase stood open; but reluctance to enter it, and to face the darkness and the close, stifling atmosphere, was strong within her. "I earnestly hope this is my last term of solitary confinement," she said.

Then she stepped quickly in, and closed the door after her. She could not trust herself to hesitate—with hesitation might come cowardice.

But Marie knew that the strain was making sad havoc with the girl's brave spirit.

"Things shall be different before nightfall," she thought, as she walked downstairs.

A general air of brightness prevailed at lunch. Derrick and his mother were in excellent spirits, and even Miss Stanley managed to produce a whole-hearted laugh. Marie watched them with growing apprehension. It was not in their natures to be so light-heartedly joyous, and it spoke of expected success.

And their success would be the undoing of her whole life's happiness, she knew that.

Very mechanical were her answers, very strained was her manner. She just managed to keep in touch with all that was passing around—nothing more.

At last all rose from the table and filed into the hall.

"When will Uncle James return from London?" inquired Marie, addressing Lady Rylmer.

"He is going to stay with a friend in Cheshire," was the reply, blandly spoken. "He may be away for a week, perhaps for a fortnight."

"Then——" Marie checked herself, and, with slow, heavy steps, remounted

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the stairs and entered her own room again. She must speak to Laura at once. and again take counsel together.

She rang the bell and asked for coffee to be brought, and biscuits. So quickly did they appear that it seemed as if her wishes had been anticipated. As the servant retreated, Marie brought out the wedge to place under the door. Passing the cheval glass, she caught a glimpse of her own face. It was haggard and white!

"Thank Heaven, I can ensure peace for a few minutes—peace and sympathy."

As she said this, her hand was raised to touch the spring that opened the door of the secret staircase. The exact spot was well known, and her finger was extended to give the requisite pressure when ——

A cry of agony escaped her lips. The centre of the flower had been removed! The spring was gone—gone! Was Laura still imprisoned, or had they carried her off? Or had they murdered her, and was her lifeless body lying on the dark stairs? These and other ghastly questions flashed across her mind instantaneously.

She turned as cold as stone, and her trembling limbs refused to support her. With a groan, heart-sick and hopeless, she sank to the ground.

"O Laura, Laura!" she pleaded, in a tremulous voice. "Speak to me if you are there. Tell me that you are safe. O Laura, Laura!"

There was no reply. But faint sobs could be distinctly heard from within.

"They have hurt her, they have hurt her, the wicked wretches! Oh, what can I do? O God help me—help us both!" With tightly-clasped hands and reverent upturned face, was the prayer uttered.

Springing to her feet, a moment later she was pressing with all her strength against the frame of Lady Sybil's portrait, which screened the door. But the position in which it was hung defied her to use her strength to the best advantage. She hastily placed a chair against the wall, and, standing on it, endeavoured to see if she could unhook the picture, but failed to discover how it had been fastened against the door.

It was madness hoping to take it down; and still greater madness believing herself capable of bursting in the door. Again the cry of agonised entreaty: "O God help me—help us both!" rose to her lips.

It was followed by silence—a strained silence—during which Marie listened with acute eagerness for sounds that proved Laura could still be numbered with the living. Those sounds came—painful, laboured sobs.

They cut Marie to the quick. She quivered from head to foot, and her face, white before, was now livid. Losing all control of herself, mad with anguish and despair, and hatred of her tormentors, she brought her clenched hand down on the picture and rent it from end to end. Tearing away the canvas, she gazed frantically at the door which it had concealed.

But the outline was hidden amongst the carvings of the oak panelling; it twisted and curled amongst the design until only the eyes of the man who cut the opening for the door could trace its course.

Increased despair seized the unhappy girl. She threw herself against the oak panelling with all the force she could muster. It shook, it gave way just a little, just sufficient for her to discern the outline of the door—that was all.

(*To be concluded.*)

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HADLEIGH LABOUR COLONY.

How the Salvation Army Raises the Fallen.

By CATHERINE CARSON.

OF the social and industrial work of the Salvation Army, with its splendid humanity, the world knows little, though in less than two score years, besides developing to an extent altogether unprecedented in the history of religious bodies, it has become one of the greatest social and industrial forces of the age, the most far-reaching of humane agencies the Christian world has seen. Its efforts in this sphere were specially brought to the notice of the public some years ago, when its work and methods were exhibited in London in the Agricultural Hall. To many to whom the "Darkest England" scheme had seemed an Utopian dream this exhibition came as a welcome revelation, and did much to dissipate prejudices chiefly due to ignorance. Better far, however, than a visit to such an exhibition is a visit to one or other of the Army's many fields of operation, which are as varied as they are numerous.

Perhaps its most interesting, effective, and far-reaching work for dealing with one of the most difficult social problems is the Labour Colony at Hadleigh, Essex, the value of which people are only now beginning to recognise, though it is ten years old. This Labour Colony is neither more nor less than a laager for society's outcasts, for men—not Salvationists—who are perforce, for some reason or other, of the great army of the destitute and unemployed, for whom our existing social system makes no provision and of whom it takes no account.

Hadleigh is within easy distance of London, and can be reached by the London, Tilbury and Southend Railway. In the long summer evenings the walk or drive from Leigh, the nearest railway station to Hadleigh, is a pleasant one. Three miles of charming country will make you ask the question, "Is this flat, unlovely, uninteresting Essex, where farming can only be carried on at a loss?" Instead of the ague-producing marshes of which you have read, you find grass on either side of the broad high-road, sweet, green hedgerows and fields, undulating farmlands and scattered groups of peaceful home-like cottages wherever the eye turns.

Hadleigh village is of the delightful Sleepy Hollow type of which Essex can show many. In and around the village, hitherto interesting only for its ruined castle, its historic associations and its quiet, restful beauties, the Salvation Army Colony established itself a decade ago, when a large tract of land was here acquired at a cost of £40,000, part of the money raised by the "Darkest England" Scheme.

The colony lands to-day extend to over 3,000 acres, and so much has the value of the land risen by the labour expended that it is now worth at the lowest estimate five times the original cost. Patches of wheat-growing lands, acres of fruit and vegetable gardens, nurseries with glass-house for choice plants and choice fruits, a poultry farm, farmsteads, cow houses, piggeries, cottages and dormitories for the workers, and farm-buildings dotting the landscape at every point, make up the varied and pleasing picture which the eye may here behold from any one of the many heights overlooking the river.

Here rural solitude has been turned into smiling farmlands, and acres of marsh land have been and are yearly being reclaimed. The thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah might well be the song of the Hadleigh farm colonist, for here not only the breezy heights overlooking the broad estuary of the Thames, but the low-lying marsh lands of Essex have

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been made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Here they strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees. Here to them that are of a fearful heart everything seems to say, "Be strong, fear not."

It is easy for the lover of nature to conjure up the picture of this fair Essex landscape, as seen in the warm, mellow lights of a glorious October day, with its

GATHERING THE FRUIT.

picturesque nooks and village green where the Hadleigh colonists make merry with their friends on Bank Holiday. It is beautiful to look upon this corner of God's green earth, but the human interest with which it is invested eclipses every other.

The life story of many a Hadleigh colonist with all its pathos, its tragedy, its sad beauties, would be worth a gold mine to the modern dramatist or novelist. But a man's life story is his own. Into that past the Hadleigh Colony authorities never pry. Their hope and work are with the future of all who come here to earn food and shelter by the sweat of honest toil. At Hadleigh no credentials are required. That a man needs help and is willing to help himself explains his presence at the Colony. Some find their way to this field of industry of their own initiative, some are drafted from Salvation Army City Shelters because of need or wish for a country life, or because, being country bred, they will be happier amid farmland scenes and sounds. Some are recommended by public officials to whom their destitution is known; others are sent to Hadleigh by relations, and in some instances supported by them.

General Booth's hope that the Farm Colony would gain the support of the local authorities has been realised. To-day the Union Guardians in and around London are only too glad to utilise Hadleigh as a profitable field of labour for able-bodied men. They pay the Hadleigh Colony authorities 5s. per week until such time as the labour of the individual will defray the cost of his upkeep. The officers of the Army keep close watch on our prisons, and are constantly drafting men to the Colony who would otherwise have little chance of becoming self-supporting and self-respecting members of society.

In many cases applicants are, to begin with, unfit to earn even the subsistence, which is all that is allowed during the first month — the probationary period. They must not, however, be turned hungry away. The Scriptural injunction is, "Deal thy bread to the hungry and undo the heavy burdens." To obey this command in a practical, common-sense, resourceful way the farm colony was brought into being. Those in authority

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exercise their discretion as to the necessity of each case and the nature of the applicant, and relieve his pressing needs without wasting much time in formal inquiries.

Whatever is given in the form of clothing is debited against the new-comer—a draft on his prospective earnings. The living is graded—four grades in all—and all newcomers begin with the first grade, which costs 1s. 2d.—8d. to 10d. per day for food and 4d. for lodgings—so that, apart from housing accommodation, the minimum cost of living is 5s. 10d. per week. For this sum, the authorities aim at, and manage to provide, something more than the gaol standard of the necessaries of life—namely, three good meals per diem.

THE COLONIST'S EXCHANGE FOR A LIFE IN THE SLUMS.

The colonist receives checks to the amount to which he is entitled according to his class. He is at liberty to make what choice the menu offers, and to apportion his expenditure over the day as he may think best. The second stage costs 8s. per week, third 9s., and the fourth 10s. per week. Each stage is an improvement on the preceding one as regards quality and choice of viands, and the mode in which they are served, and though the colonist sings "You can live quite up-to-date on 'eleven d.' a day," if a colonist merits

THE UITLANDERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.
(From the picture by Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A.)

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it and prefers it, he can go considerably beyond this.

In the first stage the large dining-hall, capable of seating 350 men, is furnished with trestle tables and benches, and the food is served from the counter, in dishes of enamelled ware. The second stage consists of a dining-table in an enclosure partitioned off the large hall. This affords a certain degree of privacy. The table is covered with a white cloth, sundry simple appointments are provided, crockery takes the place of enamelled ware, and chairs that of benches. When the fourth stage dining-room is reached things are quite equal to the ordinary boarding-house of the cheaper class. Indeed, the latter comes quite as a surprise, so far is it removed from the bare, rough and ready style of the first stage.

Promotion from one to the other cannot be bought. It is not so much a matter of money as a matter of conduct and fitness, and is in the nature of an honour earned by special recommendation from the Work and Home Superintendents. To men who have never known the refinements of life, the common dining-hall suffices, but here it is that the tact and delicacy of the management are shown.

The members of the Colony represent men of every class, creed and nationality. It is a delusion to think the colonists are drawn entirely from the lower classes—the dregs of our cities. Every class has its residuum of failures, and men who have held high places in the commercial world, men who have moved in "smart" society, and university men, are of the human conglomerate found at Hadleigh. No intoxicating liquors are permitted in the confines of the Colony on any pretext whatever. This rule is hard and fast.

In the matter of dormitory accommodation also, the principle of grading rules. The cottages and dormitories scattered over the Colony vary as to the comfort and privacy they offer, and a considerable standard of both is possible to the well-conducted and self-supporting. There are no chambermaids. Each man has to perform certain duties such as making his bed, etc. Otherwise the first-class colonist has little to complain of. His washing is done at the Colony laundry by colonists to whom this work has been relegated. Thus not only is perfect personal cleanliness and the comfort of well washed garments possible, but the man to whom a linen collar means an added self-respect and a nearer approach to his old status has only to earn this.

A recent and much appreciated innovation, due to the territorial chief's wife, provides for the darning of colonists' socks by the women of the Colony and some ladies in the neighbourhood, who meet three afternoons a week for this purpose. The "eternal feminine" is not much in evidence in the actual administration of Hadleigh, being only represented by the wives of the married farm officers and the "ministering angel" in charge of the Colony Hospital.

So far as may be, colonists are relegated to congenial work. Thus, as a matter of economics, it is more profitable to the Colony to get a man's best work instead of following the example set in our prisons of doing much laborious work with little profit. The consequence is there is little need to resort to outside labour. The cook cooks for all, and teaches those under him his art; the baker bakes for all and trains others at the same time; the tailor makes garments for all; the shoemaker makes shoes for all; each is a teacher with so many pupils, and each is thinning the ranks of the unskilled workers.

Every trade is represented. All the carpentry, joinery, plumbing are done on the Colony. Farm buildings, dormitories, cottages for permanent colonists have been built by the colonists with bricks made on the Colony, the brick-making industry being the chief one after agriculture. The agriculturist gives his knowledge for the good of the Colony, works his pupils in groups, and all that science can do to enhance the value of agricultural work, the breeding of stock, etc., is requisitioned in order to gain the best results. The 1,650 acres now under cultivation afford employment for the great body of the community. Draining, road-making, fencing, in the early days of the Colony much needed, are now superseded by the higher class of work made possible by the labour of the past ten years.

No tract of land could better have suited the needs of a labour colony. It has exceeded by far the expectations of the most sanguine. Magnificent crops of fruit have gladdened the hearts of its promoters. Some of the finest wheat-crops

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Essex has seen have been raised on the marsh-lands of Hadleigh. Acres upon acres of clay soil, intermixed with veins of sand, have made the brickmaking industry a most important one and added materially to the support of the Colony, besides providing a source of profitable labour which never fails.

Every wooden erection on the Colony —originally all the dormitories were of wood—is being replaced by substantial brick buildings. The bricks made at Hadleigh, like the farm and garden produce, fetch the highest prices in the market. The Colony being so well placed with regard to railway facilities, transport is an easy and relatively inexpensive item.

The live stock form an important section and a goodly army of workers is required to cope with the forty milch kine, the sixty young stock, the three hundred pigs and six hundred sheep, together with the poultry farm. The authorities are very proud of their live stock, and have some splendid specimens to justify this pride. The poultry farm sends exhibits to the principal shows and secures many prizes. Dairy farming is not prosecuted to any great extent, it being found more profitable to sell the surplus supply of milk locally.

When a man, after leaving the Colony, again seeks its aid, the period of probation, or work without money, is extended to three months. Should it happen, and it sometimes does, that a man returns even a third time, this probationary period is extended to four or six months. If it be that the individual who lapses thus is nevertheless a capable worker, the money he earns is credited to him and spent for his behoof by the authorities. Cases of such backsliding are usually due to drink.

Men who are liable to yield to the temptations of the world are encouraged to make the Colony a permanent home. Fortunately the great majority of those who come to Hadleigh, broken down in body and spirit, to all appearance helpless moral and physical wrecks, after a period of the free, healthy life spent here are restored in mind and body. Their moral fibre is strengthened. They return to society, to take up their own callings. It may be, as in some instances, agricultural work has proved congenial, has been studied as a science and in some other corner of the world they begin life again and pass happy and useful days.

Others, again, become attached to Hadleigh, become imbued with the spirit of willing self-sacrifice, upon which the Colony is founded; and have no wish to leave it. They prefer to remain the employés of the Colony at a wage of 20s. to 30s. per week and gladly and resolutely turn their back on the best the world can offer. Permanent workers, guiding spirits, capable, reliable men are needed for this noble work; and to be able to recruit the highest service, a service of perfect freedom, direct from the ranks, is surely the best earnest of the spirit of the work done at Hadleigh.

To accommodate this class, cottages have been built in Hadleigh village and on the Colony grounds. They become the tenants of the Colony, and add much to the stability and welfare of the community. They are steady consumers of the Colony's products. Their influence is a healthy and happy one. They are a stimulus to the downcast and despairing; to the newcomer, a convincing proof of the reward labour and industry may bring; to the officials, a joy and a stay in days of disappointment and difficulty.

The Hadleigh colonist is free to come and free to go. He has, on becoming a member of the Colony, to subscribe to a code of regulations dealing with conduct, obedience to those in command, abstinence from intoxicating drinks. There is no agreement as to length of residence, nor is there any limit of residence. If a man give his dole of labour for the assistance received he has paid his bill, and the authorities ask no more.

The stringent rules and regulations to which members of the Salvation Army are subjected are not imposed on the colonist, whether his stay be short or long. He wears no uniform; may dress as he thinks fit. Men who profess to be religious and men who make no such profession are treated exactly alike. There are no sanctimonious long faces because a colonist does not attend religious meetings; no misery-making for anyone, no worrying with sermonettes in season and out of season. If a man shows a desire to avoid religious themes it is respected. He is met by his officers with a kindly greeting or a friendly inquiry. Often the word which sinks deepest, and is most appre-

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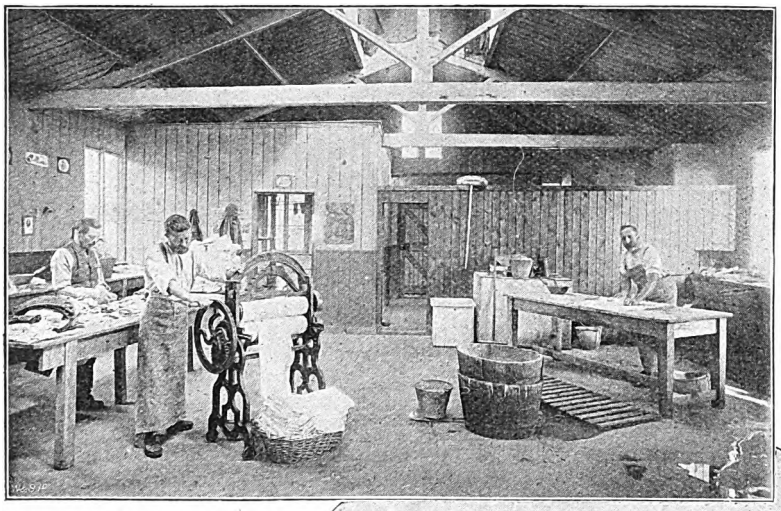
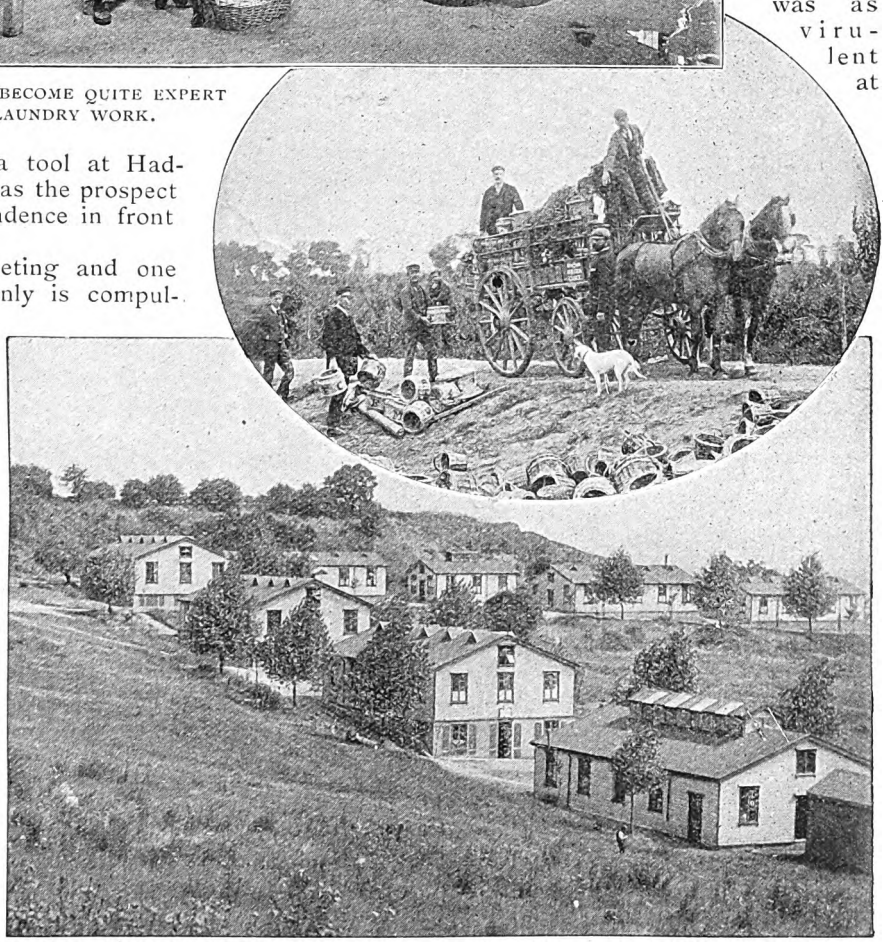
ciated comes from those who a week or a month earlier were in the same plight as the new arrival. He is allowed to work quietly and left much alone if he seems to prefer it so. The moment a man lifts a tool at Hadleigh he has the prospect of independence in front of him.



THE MEN BECOME QUITE EXPERT AT LAUNDRY WORK.

One meeting and one meeting only is compulsory, the Saturday night meeting, when every man is expected to answer the roll call. The reason is obvious. Saturday is pay day, a day when temptation might more readily come in a man's way. This danger must be guarded against. The Saturday evening meeting is in a lighter vein than most of the other meetings. The talent of the Colony as entertainers is on this evening allowed much freedom, and this is much appreciated by all. In the reading-room and smoking-room the long winter evenings are spent, and the outside world and its affairs fully discussed. The war fever was as virulent at



HADLEIGH VILLAGE.

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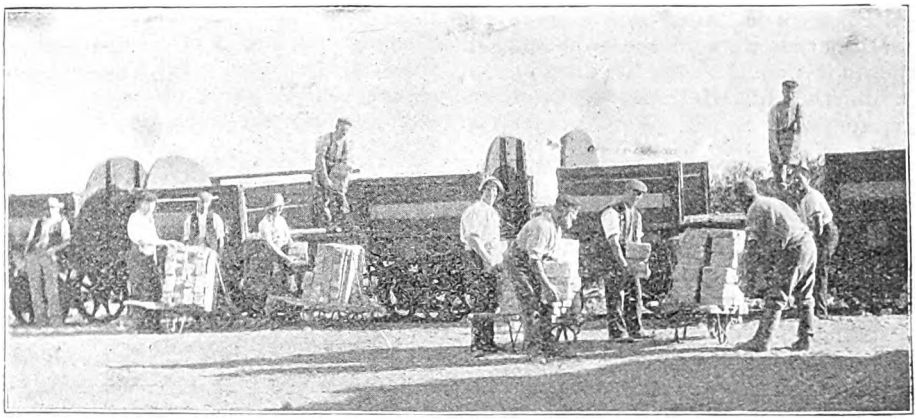

THE BRICKMAKING INDUSTRY IS ONE OF THE MOST FLOURISHING.

Hadleigh as elsewhere, and the Little Englander did not have a happy time. Harvest Home, Christmas Day, New Year's Day, Bank Holiday, are all duly honoured at Hadleigh, and mirth and gladness and friendly greetings at such seasons drive dull care away and oil the wheels of life.

The stores at the farm colony are a busy scene on Saturday night when shopping is going on. Everything is supplied at the lowest price so that the colonist may purchase as much as possible with his limited means. No credit is given under ordinary circumstances, but here again discretion has to be exercised, especially in winter.

HAYMAKING.

Men come to Hadleigh almost naked, with shoes that will scarce stick on. Perhaps their physical condition is far from satisfactory. To clothe them to some extent is a crying necessity. Credit must be given. In such cases the second-hand department provides for their wants, and this department could do with much more support from the public. Bundles of cast-off clothing will be gladly received by the authorities, and will do much towards simplifying their task of clothing the naked who find their way to Hadleigh. Generally speaking the debt incurred in this way is redeemed in due course. Physical inability often makes it difficult for a man to get to the stage when his labour will leave a margin to pay off such liabilities; it must also be owned that in cases where there is no physical inability the trust is some times betrayed. Loafers come to the Colony, ostensibly in search of work, in reality to secure a stock of clothing by the easiest means they know. Still the percentage of bad debts made by

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the Colony is only about fifteen. This is a very low figure when it is remembered the authorities accept all sorts and conditions of men in destitute circumstances, irrespective of their character or conduct in the past, and take the risk of losing by the transaction. That four out of every five of the moral and physical wrecks who find their way to Hadleigh respect the trust imposed in them is the best proof possible that it is not in the power of any external circumstance to utterly ruin a man's higher nature.

The broad and sympathetic lines on which the Colony is conducted has won for the Army some of the finest officers in its ranks. Persuaded to try this experiment, when every other had failed, they came to Hadleigh when the outside world refused a crust, a shelter, even a civil word, for society only undertakes to house and feed a destitute man *after* he has committed a crime. Starved, ill-clad, sick at heart, footsore and weary, they found here something better than the average doss-house. They were received kindly. In the first instance, neither wept over, nor prayed over, nor yet subjected to a critical examination. Their needs were attended to as soon as they had given their word that they wanted work. The authorities took what work they were capable of, fed and housed them for weeks before they earned what this cost.

An erstwhile colonist, now a highly responsible official, said to the writer, "What other institution on God's earth would have done for me what they did? If you know of one I have yet to learn of its existence. The true reformation is what a man works out for himself. They treated me as a man. I had done no manual work for years before. I was a novice with a spade, an unskilled worker, a man in very humble guise, but a man, neither a vagabond nor a scamp. I had been a fool. For my folly I paid dearly, and life did not seem worth living the day I tramped from Leigh Station to Hadleigh. They did for me what no else would. Now I mean to do what I can for the Colony."

The man who expressed himself thus rose in less than twelve months to be head of the home department at Hadleigh. A keen, shrewd Scotsman, a year or two ago well-known in the Metropolis, he has thrown his heart and soul into the working of the Colony, and is responsible for the conduct, housing, feeding, and clothing of the entire community. The spirit of the Army is to forgive unto seventy times seven. The opinion of this hard-headed Scot is that too often the systematic loafer alone benefits by this leniency. He is convinced that legislation as in Germany alone meets the loafer's case—that all else is wasted effort. In the Fatherland, where the labour colonies number some forty, the penal code compels the vagrant classes to find regular employment or resort to one of the colonies. The loafer has thus no choice. The upkeep of a colonist, even if not self-supporting, is exactly half that of a criminal in gaol, and the Germans realise that apart from the good done to the individual by keeping a man from crime, you are saving the purse of the State.

This is a fact we as a nation seem slow to grasp, and it is to the everlasting honour of General Booth that he was the first to teach us the value of a labour colony and to show us exactly how it could be worked.

Let no one imagine a subsistence is easily earned at Hadleigh. From six a.m. to six p.m. with an interval for dinner, a ten hours' day of steady work, where idling brings a sure penalty, those sons of Adam earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. To new-comers with no knowledge or liking for agricultural work, unaccustomed to handle heavy implements, the early days are a severe trial, and the loafer usually succumbs.

The task of the officers is a herculean one. Only whole-hearted service, only enthusiasts could have accomplished the work that has been and is being done. Floods have wrecked Hadleigh's harvests; fire—the work of a colonist—has played havoc with Hadleigh's hay, lesser misfortunes have followed in the wake of the greater, and the officers know by trying experiences that the human heart is sometimes desperately wicked and basely ungrateful; but they have endless faith withal.

They are working for the world's more perfect sanity, heroically facing the problem of Here and Now for those who have failed to do so for themselves, and gradually opening out to their vision glimpses of the glories of that country Beyond to which each weary world-wanderer must sooner or later journey alone.

CATHERINE CARSON.

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The Colonel's Little Boy.

By GERDA GRASS.

"OH, it is monstrous! It is incredible," said Miranda's mother, tearfully, "that a father should be so unforgiving, so unnatural! To think of his wanting to adopt a boy child when he has you! To think of his seeking a stranger to give his heart and his name to when he has you, the child of his love, the treasure your mother left him! Oh, Gerald, what haven't I cost you! If you had married as he wished, ah! If you had married anyone but a poor little nobody like me, you would have been his pride and his happiness yet! You would have been rich and a society lion, and——"

"And everything but as happy as I am!" filled in Miranda's father, with a smile, which glistened a little nevertheless. "You foolish little woman! Not a thousand fathers could make me regret that I chose the girl I loved, instead of the girl I didn't. Though, heaven knows," he added gravely, "how fond I was of the dear fire-eating old governor! Ay, Meg, there's hardly anything in this world, except you and our pretty little Miranda, that I wouldn't give up just to grip the old dad's hand again! But he prides himself on being a man of his word, you see, and so when he said I had to choose between you and him, and I chose, there was an end of it; and I knew it at the time. He would rather break his heart than his word!"

"Ah, no," said Miranda's mother bitterly, "if our child had only been a boy instead of a girl, he would have forgiven you, perhaps, if only for the old name's sake. It might have made him think a little better of me—made me seem a little worthier of his name. If our child had only been a boy it might all have been right again. Ah, yes! He would have forgiven us then!"

Miranda, ensconced with her doll in a little parlour of her own formed by the deep bay window and its broad curtains, had ceased her polite conversation with Lady Jane when the first note of unhappiness fell upon the air, and with hands folded had been sitting in sympathetic gloom for a full five minutes. Now she suddenly sat up, shook her curls aside, and, parting the richly-gathered draperies, looked out upon the pair with shining wide brown eyes set in a lovely little child-face that looked inexpressibly sad just now, in spite of its roundness and glow.

"Then it is my fault!" she said, startled, "I—I ought to have been a boy! Everything would have come right then! I——"

"Miranda!" said her mother, sharply, hastily wiping her eyes. "You should let people know you are in the room. It is very wrong to sit still and hear things you are not meant to hear."

"Yes, mamma," said Miranda, abashed. She paused awhile, then went on with sad pensiveness. "Everybody likes boys better than girls. I do myself. I just adore Bobby Butterwick. And if I had been a boy I could have made everybody happy! Are you very, *very* sorry that I am only a girl, mamma?"

Tears were sparkling in the big questioning eyes, and the mother drew her out from between the curtains, and, clasping her passionately to her breast, said, "Darling, darling, no! Miranda is papa's sweet little comfort—mamma's dearest little treasure—better than any little boy in the world! Come, baby mine, take Dolly to bed. It is time these bonny peepers were closed. Kiss papa good-night!"

Then Miranda, hugging them alternately, as if she could never let them go, broke down completely.

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"Good-night, my dear, dear papa! When people are unhappy and I am near, how can I help listening? But I can't do anything. Girls never can."

It took a deal of petting to comfort her, and her mother had to sit by her bedside and hold her hot little brown hand till she fell asleep.

Two days later Miranda turned up at a barber's shop. The barber had never seen the neat, bright-eyed, firm-lipped little lady before, and he looked at her with interest.

"If you please," said Miranda, "I want my hair cut off short like a boy's."

"Nay," returned the honest man, lifting one of the pretty brown curls admiringly; "that would be a crying shame, missie! I'll just snip off the ends, and it will grow quite as well. If you have it cut quite short, it will never be so silky and nice again."

"If you please," said Miranda, quietly, "I want it cut short like a boy's."

The barber lifted his scissors, but paused again.

"Are you sure your mamma said it was to be cut *quite* short, little lady?" he asked.

"My grandpapa," answered Miranda with some emphasis, "likes the hair short. You will please cut it like a boy's."

So the lovely curls were sacrificed.

"I will take them with me, if you please," said Miranda; "I have promised them to Bobby Butterwick."

When Miranda tendered her threepence, the barber, whom his customer clearly thought rather an eccentric individual, closed her fingers over the coins, and said with a smile, "No, no, little lady! keep the pennies and buy candy. It was a sin and a shame to cut off those bonny curls, and it's rare and sorry your mother'll be when she sees you with that new poll of yours!"

"Thank you, Mr. Barber, and good-bye," said Miranda, putting the money and the little packet of curls in her pocket. She passed her hand over her head as she surveyed herself gravely in the glass, then, putting on her hat with the elastic under her chin, she nodded and smiled brightly, and walked sedately out of the shop. But the barber, going to the door to look after his quaint, determined little customer, saw that her sedateness had vanished in the fresh air, and the little miss was running as for dear life.

Round the corner a small boy of about her own age and size stood waiting.

"It's done, Bobby!" cried Miranda, breathlessly.

"Take off your hat!" commanded Bobby.

Miranda went into a doorway, and taking off her hat turned docilely round before him.

"H'm! It's nicely cut," said Bobby, critically, "and you might look a much bigger fright. You will look nicer, I daresay, when you get my old suit on."

"And you will never, never tell!" asked Miranda, anxiously.

"Boys never tell," answered Bobby with dignity. "Only girls are tell-tales."

Miranda's lips took a yet firmer curve.

"I will never be a girl again. I wish I'd thought of it before. Here are the curls, Bobby. And here's the note to mamma. You may read it, if you like. I left it open on purpose. And, whatever you do, don't forget to drop it into our box, or they will think something dreadful has happened to me."

Bobby took the letter out of its envelope, and, after some grave scanning of its rather muddled hieroglyphics, read slowly and solemnly aloud:—

Dere mama and papa you are not to think that I am ran over or that any thing has harmed me I will be very carefull and I will come home some day all rite I have got sumthing on my mind and I will do it you will see boys can be red injans and kill pierots and robbers and they can be soljers and bobby butterwick sase girls cant do ennything but he will see I will do what I have said I will do and so god bless you and keep you from your loving dawter miranda.

"You don't spell things the way I do," remarked Bobby, folding the letter and putting it back into its envelope, and giving the lappel a broad lick, "but I dessay they can read it. Now, steam up, and I'll take you to our summer-house. It's a sailor suit, but, mind, it isn't quite clean. In fact, it's very dirty. In fact," he added, after a pause, "it's awful dirty! It's the one I had on when I slid down the roof of Barnes's shed, and I had to sneak it out of the dirty-clothes closet. But it will do well enough for a girl. Well, here we are. Our garden gate's locked, but I'll help you over. And now I'll stick here and watch. The parcel's just inside the summer-house, and if I see any Indians on the war-path, I'll give you

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a whoop, and then—may they look out for pepper, that's all!"

Miranda was over the fence and out of sight, and Bobby stood alone, muttering savagely, as he made a trigger of his left thumb.

"Bang! Ha, ha! That's settled *you*, Fire Cloud! What! Not dead yet? Bang! How's that, then?"

"Oh, Bobby, stop shooting," said Miranda's voice presently through the fence. "I'm all ready, and I make the loveliest boy!"

Two little brown hands clutched the top of the fence, then appeared a brown-eyed, ruddy-cheeked, boyish little face, and, finally, with a jerk came up the whole figure of a plump little urchin in a very dirty sailor suit, who, seating himself on the top of the fence and dangling his legs delightedly, said archly and in the gladdest voice:

"Oh, Bobby, I am a far handsomer boy than you! Who would ever think I had once been a little girl?"

* * *

"If you please, sir," said Colonel Cholmondeley's man, appearing in the doorway of his master's sitting-room that same evening and holding by the collar a small, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, youngster in a shockingly dirty sailor suit, and with a sailor hat held behind his back, "what am I to do with this young shaver? It appears——"

"I beg your pardon!" This to the man in apology for his interruption. "I heard," said the youngster to the old colonel shyly, "you wanted a little boy to keep, and, if you haven't got one already, and will have me, sir, I have come to stay! I will be very good and—and I will love you ever so! Oh, do—do please take me, sir!"

"Really, Marks," said the bewildered colonel, surveying the child under his shaggy eyebrows, "this altogether surpasses—my—"

He got up from his chair heavily, for he was a martyr to gout, and, limping forward a few steps, took the urchin's chin in the palm of his hand and looked searchingly into the bright brown eyes.

"I will be very, very good," said the youngster, pleadingly. "No other little boy you could get could be *any* gooder, sir!"

The colonel lifted the boy abruptly and seated him on the table.

"If you please, sir," remarked his man, "his clothes is particularly dirty, sir, and—"

"He's a fine, well-shaped, honest-looking little fellow, Marks," said the colonel, wistfully. "What is your name, my little man, and where do you live?"

"Oh, please don't send me away!" cried the boy, flinging both arms round the old soldier's neck. "I have been through such a *lot* of trouble to get here! I had to ask *heaps* of people and they thought I was lost, but I said I could take care of myself as well as any other boy, if they'd just tell me what turnings to take. The cabmen and the policemen were *ever* so nice! Oh, please don't send me away!"

"Really, Marks," said the Colonel again, disengaging himself from the hot clasp and the wet cheeks of the now wildly sobbing little stranger, "this—er—quite—Come, little one, what is your name? Where do you come from?"

"I mustn't tell. If you won't have me I will find my way home again. But, oh, you might keep me and try to love me! I am just as nice as any other little boy! I will be so good!"

"I should fancy, sir," said Marks, deferentially, "as 'ow the little chap's got into disgrace at 'ome, and 'earin' someways of your wantin' a little boy, 'as runned away in temper. 'E looks a plucky little beggar! Will I take 'im down to the p'leece station, sir?"

"It's not true," cried the little boy, indignantly. "I'm *not* in disgrace at home, and I'm *not* a little beggar, and *no one* shall take me to the police-station! I will find my way home all by myself! But, oh, sir, you might keep me and try to love me. I will be so good, and I look quite nice when I'm clean. Nobody but Bobby Butterwick knows I've come, and, oh, how he will laugh because I couldn't do what I said I would do! He said I would be home before night. Oh, please, please keep me till you love me just a little—just a very, very little! Don't let Bobby Butterwick laugh at me!"

"Marks, go away," said the Colonel, taken thus by storm. "It will do the boy no harm to let him stay the night. To-morrow we'll see he gets home all right. Heaven pity the mother of this mite!—how anxious she must be! But to-night we can do nothing. There, go! I'll ring when I want you. Don't you see you make the child nervous?"

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"If you please, sir," ventured Marks, "his clothes, sir, is particularly—"

"Be off this minute!" thundered the old fire-eater.

Marks immediately made himself scarce. For a moment there was a deep silence, then the little fellow, unabashed by the fierce-looking, shaggy brows and bristling moustache, took the fingers of the perplexed veteran in his two warm, chubby little hands and said, purringly:

"I told Bobby Butterwick I would do it, and I have! And now won't you please go back to your comfy chair? And may I sit up till you go to bed?"

"Ay, that you shall, sonny mine," said the Colonel with unwonted tenderness. "For I shall lose you to-morrow. Come, I am going back to my 'comfy' chair, and you shall sit on the arm of it, little one, and talk nonsense to the old man. And, by George!" here he gave a sharp pull at the bell, "we'll have some almonds! Marks, some almonds and raisins—if you don't mind," he added, sarcastically.

Marks smiled beamingly, and in a moment the almonds and raisins were placed before the pair. The little fellow feasted and chattered, putting alternately an almond and raisin between the old man's lips and one of each between his own.

"If only Bobby Butterwick could see!" he purred. "You mustn't think I'm always as dirty as this," he said, apologetically. "My mamma keeps me beautiful. But these clothes, you see, have been sliding down the roof of Barnes's shed."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Colonel. "The clothes slid down with you inside, I suppose?"

The quaint little man put an almond into his mouth and said nothing.

"I dessay," he remarked, presently, "you once had a little boy of your own?"

The laugh left the stern eyes that the magic of a child's embrace had so strangely softened.

"Hush, yes," he said, huskily, and fondled the little brown hand that held the raisin to his fierce moustache.

A little later he looked down and saw that his wee guest had fallen asleep. Very tenderly he bore him to the sofa and laid him softly down. As he stood looking pensively down at the handsome, frank, healthy little face of the slumberer, a peal rang through the quiet house. A heavy hand seemed to lay hold of his lonely old heart.

"They have found him out! They have come to take him away!" he breathed.

The door opened, Marks ushered in a tall, stalwart, handsome man of five-and-thirty, with crisp brown hair flecked with silver at the temples.

"Gerald!"

"Dad!"

Father and son, so long estranged, looked at one another in silence. Then the younger man's gaze, wandering anxiously round the room, fell on the sofa. A smile lit up his grave face.

"I've come," he said, "to take our foolish little darling home! "She—"

"She!" gasped the colonel.

"Yes, she, dad! She heard us talking of you one night at home, and of your wanting to adopt a little boy, and so she went, it seems, and had her curls cut off, and borrowed little Bobby Butterwick's clothes, and—"

But here the sleeper awoke, rubbed her eyes, and scrambled off the sofa.

"Oh, papa! my darling papa!" Then suddenly remembering, "Oh, Bobby Butterwick has told, and he promised faithful he never, never would! I dessay he was whipped till he told, but he is a coward! I would never have told if I had been whipped ever so! Oh, grandpa, grandpa! I am not a real little boy! I am only a little girl! I came to try to make you love me, so that you would forgive papa and mamma for my sake. Oh, grandpa! dear darling, darling grandpa! if I could only have stayed a little longer you would have loved me—I would have tried ever so!—and you would not have minded so much that I am just a little girl! It is all Bobby Butterwick's fault, I will never speak to him again! Won't you please forgive papa and try not to mind that I am just a little girl? Oh, please, please, dear grandpa, be friends!"

The Colonel stretched out his hands to his son, and the young man clasped them warmly with a glad glistening in his eyes. Then the old soldier turned to the little girl in Bobby Butterwick's sailor suit, and, lifting her to his formidable-looking moustache, said tremulously, "Little one! When you go home with papa to-night, take this kiss to mamma, and ask her to forgive grandpa! Gerald, lad! your old dad's been a brute, but, take my word for it, the years have punished him! Let us be friends!"

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The Chief Bard Cadvan.

A SKETCH OF REV. JOHN CADVAN DAVIES, THE POET-PREACHER OF WALES.

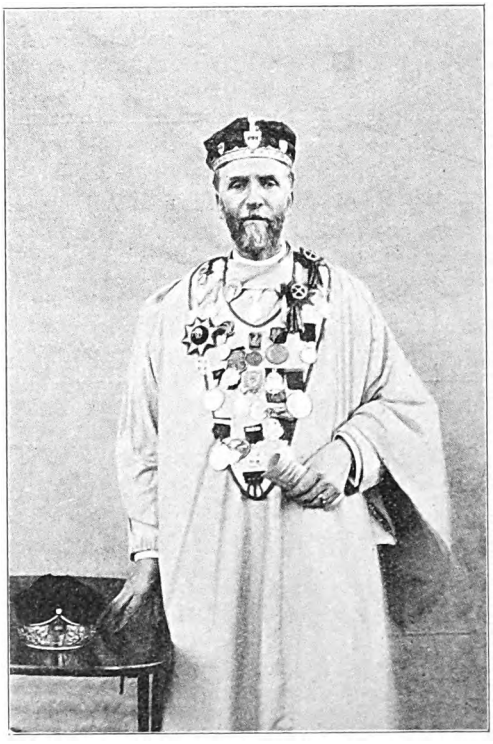
By GWYNETH VAUGHAN.

WE hear and read of men who are poets born, and of others who are prophets or preachers born; it is but seldom that we meet the unusual combination of the three great gifts of soul and intellect in one and the same person. The "Chief Bard Cadvan," as the Rev. John Cadvan Davies is universally known throughout the Principality, unites those qualities to an almost unprecedented degree. He represents the National Eisteddfod, the pulpit and true poetry, and it is not easy to say in which sphere he has most excelled.

As a poet he has given his country the *true* song, the inspiration of the Divine, without one offensive note. Whether he sings the old restricted metres of his beloved Gwalia, or charms with his lyrical powers, we find only the purest and choicest thoughts, interpreted by a perfect selection of words. Chief among the epic poets of his own country, he is also the author of many a sweet song and many a clever satire. At the Eisteddfod he is a most popular adjudicator, and as conductor of the great meetings he stands alone. The honour of the platform is kept as pure and unsullied as the pulpit while "Cadvan" is at the helm.

His deep melodious voice can as easily speak to twenty thousand people as to two hundred, and without any strained effort, and this makes him invaluable to the venerable Archdruid, whose right-hand man he has been for years, and the ease with which he addresses the thousands that throng to witness the ancient ceremonies of the Throne of the Bards of the Isle of Britain has fully established his claim as the only possible successor of his venerable chief in the Archdruidical honours.

As a preacher Cadvan stands in the foremost rank. He is of the Wesleyan Methodist connexion, but is no narrow-minded divine, unable to



CADVAN IN HIS ROBES, WEARING THE BARDIC CROWN AND WITH THE CROWN OF THE LONDON EISTEDDFOD BEFORE HIM.

Photo. by Guy Hughes, Clwt-y-bont.

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see good anywhere outside his "own people," but a large hearted evangelist, with a strong and sincere faith in God, and a firm unshaken belief in the goodness of humanity. Pure of mind, and clean of heart, to him there is "no spot of nature common, no object in nature unclean," and probably much of his success in the pulpit is due to that rare gift of placing the world's commonplaces before his hearers in the choice language he is such a perfect master of, as well as the earnestness with which the message is delivered.

There is an old Welsh proverb: "Land of peat, land of saints; land of wheat, land of sinners." Rightly interpreted the meaning is, that luxury and indulgence are not the best or the most necessary commodities for the development of saints, and most truly has it been verified in the life histories of great men.

The men who have moved the world, and touched its heart, have not been idling away their youth on a bed of roses, but have been acquiring strength of character through battling with the elements on the mountain tops. God has through all the ages called his servants "from the sheep-folds," and so with the poet-preacher whose life story I hope will encourage many a young man to overcome difficulties, determined to "go forward, looking up."

John Cadvan Davies was born on the first day of October, 1846, in a farmhouse in the parish of Llangadfan, in the county of Montgomery. His parents were devoted followers of John Wesley, and brought up their children in the strict puritanical way common to the Welsh people of that generation.

All great men have not had great fathers, but there are few great men who have not been blessed with great mothers. Cadvan speaks of his father as a good man, a good father; but his mother he describes as an *able*, as well as a good woman; clever and keen, intellectually far above the average farmhouse wife. What Cadvan owes to the influence of his mother cannot be over-estimated. She ruled the imaginative boy with the law of love, and he in return was to her a most devoted son, never willingly causing her one moment's pain.

I remember particularly hearing of an incident that showed the boy's anxiety to spare his mother.

He had been severely wounded by a scythe, and was obliged to leave his work and go home to be bandaged. As he neared the house, though suffering intensely, he began whistling a merry tune so that his mother should not be frightened at the sight of his blood-stained hands.

She was a tall handsome woman, owing her personality to the aristocratic Celt, not to the short, dark plebeian Iberian, and this personality she bequeathed to her son, who stands like King Saul among his brethren. He was her youngest child, and some of the oldest inhabitants of the parish recall visions of the fairhaired, blue-eyed boy who was always "talking poetry" to them from his babyhood, and preaching to the cows and the sheep, if there were no human ears inclined to listen.

The advantages of education were very limited at that time in Wales, and much of the poet-preacher's youth was spent in helping his father with the farm during the day. In the evening he would walk any number of miles almost to hear a good sermon, or to enjoy the company of a poet, or a man of letters.

From time to time the county of Montgomery has been the home of many men and women of genius. It was there that gifted hymn writer, Anne Griffiths, flourished at the end of the eighteenth century, and during Cadvan's boyhood several men that have influenced their country's literature dwelt in "Powys, the paradise of Wales." Some of them were not slow to understand that they had a youth of great promise among them.

The boy was so bright and possessed the gift of taking delight in all the beauty of nature, seeing a blessing in every gleam of sunshine and a silver lining to every cloud, that it was not so very surprising that he became a great favourite. Even now, after years of such hard work that would have tried the strength of a Sandow and a Samson combined, he still retains the cheerful disposition that is the gift of God to every true poet, to give joy to the lives and the hearts of men.

In 1867, when twenty-one years of age, John Cadvan Davies found his life-work. He began to preach in his home circuit. His eloquence was so attractive as well as powerful that he became at once a most acceptable preacher. With the voice I have mentioned, a mind full of beautiful

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ideas, perfect illustrations, and a thorough grasp of the mission of noble rhetoric, together with the absence of all unseemly gestures, and a great yearning for telling the story of Jesus, his success was not to be wondered at.

The young preacher understood that all noble speaking could be done by the lips; the ignoble that wanted the help of arms to flourish, and undignified attitudes, he had nothing to do with. And his oratorical powers have steadily improved, neither has he lost any of the enthusiasm of his young manhood for saving souls. Nor has the arduous circuit work of a superintendent, and the utterly unreasonable length of the Sunday walking arrangements in the Welsh circuits been able to rob him of his elasticity of spirit, or his sermons of their power. They are always clearly thought out, and heart and intellect are alike satisfied with them.

CADVAN AND THE ARCHDRUID HWFA MON.
Photo by Slater, Llandudno.

It was in the year 1867, too, that Cadvan began his public career as a poet. He won the prize at an Eisteddfod for a poem. It is to our old institution that Wales is indebted for developing the literary talents of her children. Since then the Chief Bard has won innumerable gold and silver medals, prizes of money, many chairs and crowns, the most notable perhaps being £20 and the silver crown of Carnarvon Eisteddfod in 1886 for an epic poem on Constantine the Great—a really great masterpiece, worthy of Constantine—and £40 and the gold crown of the London Eisteddfod in 1887 for an epic on John Penry, the Nonconformist martyr. This last was accompanied by a gold medal, which the successful poet received from the hand of King Edward, when Prince of Wales, and probably His Majesty appreciated the princely appearance and courtly manners of the Welsh bard, and understood that no amount of Royal favours could add to the lustre of the stamp on one of the truest of Nature's gentlemen. In addition to those, Cadvan has given his country many epic poems of rare value, and has transformed many a tradition into a beautiful love song or charming pastoral, each composition being characterised by the same exquisite purity of language and lofty ideals.

This last year he has figured rather prominently before the public, through his earnest desire to keep unsullied the old Eisteddfod motto which the poet Tennyson loved to think of, "Y gwir yn erbyn y byd" (the truth against the world), and was in that interest obliged to expose some trickeries unworthy of the honour of the Eisteddfod.

I have called him a prophet. In his fearless support of every good movement for the uplifting of humanity he walks the paths that prophets trod. At the beginning of this last great struggle of the Penrhyn quarrymen, when the 4,000 people marched in the orderly manner,

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that was almost pathetic, to Bangor—the Cathedral city—the home of colleges—to watch the prosecution of their comrades, it was the voice of the chief Bard alone that broke the silence, like the prophet crying in the wilderness, in the majestic song for freedom that is becoming truly national, "Magnificent Four Thousand."

If the temperance cause is to be upheld, he is in the vanguard—taking chairs at men, women, and children's meetings, lecturing, and preaching the noblest truths and strongest arguments in favour of keeping the "temple holy." And the woman movement has his ever ready help and sincerest sympathy. He believes in the rights of women as much as John Stuart Mill did. Had he not a great mother? And most men who have had that inestimable blessing honour and reverence woman, and believe her capable of greatness of soul and noble intellectual efforts, even as man is, under the same conditions, and given equal opportunities.

What his compeers have thought of Cadvan it is superfluous to dwell upon, for they have all combined to pay him honour. For three years he was a member of the Court of Governors of the University of Wales. He is a member of the Eisteddfod Association Council, and has a deep appreciation of the untiring efforts of Mr. Marchant Williams, K.C., the stipendiary of Merthyr, and Mr. Vincent Evans, of London, on behalf of the Eisteddfod.

The Chief Bard was also Chairman of the Committee to which the Pan-Celtic Congress owes its existence, and threw himself with the enthusiasm of a young and eager soul into the work. Nor has his own connexion failed to recognise his worth. As their sweetest, truest hymn writer, he was one of those chosen to select the hymns and bring out a new hymn book for the use of the Welsh Wesleyan Methodists. And during the year 1900 he was Chairman of the Wesleyan Council of Anglesea and Carnarvon. For the present year he is the Chairman of the Carnarvon Free Church Council.

Added to his arduous labours as superintendent of a large circuit of eleven churches, he has conducted revival meetings in different parts of Wales, and it was no surprise to anyone who understood the dangers of overwork and overexertion that the enthusiastic labourer's health gave way, and that he had to seek a short holiday in the free air of the ocean he loves, and try to lay all his burdens for a time on the breast of the wave.

That he derived much benefit from such a rest is satisfactory to all his well-wishers and admirers, who are legion. And I but echo thousands of voices when I express the hope that Cadvan will be spared for many a long year yet to work for his country, his nation, and his God. There is yet a great work for him to do, and if his self-sacrificing spirit and proverbial good nature and care for others would only allow him to remember occasionally that such a person as Cadvan exists, who has also some claims on his consideration, his country would for many a day reap the benefit of his genius.

GWYNETH VAUGHAN.

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COMMON SENSE FOR MOTHERS AND NURSES.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES

By Dr. Julia Holmes Smith.

NUMBER SEVEN.

Food Values.

IN an old-fashioned catechism occurs the question, "What are you made of?" And the child is expected to answer: "Dust." Such a question put to a physiologist would bring a longer answer, and, to some extent, this is the object of the present article—since, unless the purpose for which food is designed is properly comprehended, it will be difficult to follow advice given in a preceding chapter, and select the articles of diet suited best to each individual. So, to the question, "What are we made of?" I reply:—

Anatomical elements so minute as to be invisible to the naked eye, and yet each in itself perfect and incapable of further sub-division without destruction. For instance, in the liver we find hepatic cells, capillary blood vessels, and the ultimate fibres of the hepatic nerves—all essential to the very existence of the liver, yet only to be seen under the microscope. So, too, with adipose tissue, seen to excess in fat people, and the areolar and muscular tissues made up of a wonderful interlacing of nerve tubes, white and elastic muscular fibres, and tiny, thread-like capillaries.

These anatomical elements are the result of combinations of elements which enter into every solid and fluid in the human body.

These are divided into three classes: First, those purely inorganic in their nature, found in organised and unorganised bodies. They crystallise, and have a definite chemical composition. To this class belong water, the chlorides of sodium and potassa, phosphate of lime, and the carbonates of soda, magnesia and potassa. These are necessary ingredients of food and drink, and are found universally in the human body. Water is everywhere, even in the teeth, and constitutes nearly four-fifths of the entire weight of the body. Obtained from without, it helps as a solvent for other ingredients in the fluids and solids of the body, and leaves it nearly the same as it entered, having passed from mouth to intestine, thence to the blood, then into bone and tissues and secretions, and is finally eliminated by the skin in perspiration, exhaled from the lungs in the breath, and excreted by the kidneys. So, mothers, be generous of pure water.

Chloride of sodium, or common salt, is found in all parts of the body—except in the enamel of the teeth. Salt is needful in many ways. It helps dissolve albumen and earthy phosphates, while exactly in a different form of action it preserves the integrity of the blood globules. Found in every tissue, fluid or solid, the craving for it by the appetite is instinctive; and, as said before, a man can die from lack of salt as readily as from lack of bread.

Next to salt, both the phosphate and the carbonate of lime are important, because these help to build up the bones, and are of vital importance in the formation of the teeth; and here let me remind mothers and nurses that both the enamel and the dentine of the teeth are largely made up of lime, and it only reaches the body through food or drink. We find a very small proportion of lime in the pure white flour, and the too

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common use of white bread may be one reason why so many children have soft bones which readily deform and poor teeth which readily decay.

An authority on the subject has said that in five hundred pounds of whole-grained wheat there are seventy-eight pounds of muscle material and eighty-five pounds of bone and teeth material, while in five hundred pounds of fine flour there are only sixty-five pounds of muscle material and thirty pounds of teeth material. Hence flour made from the whole grain of wheat is far superior to the old-fashioned graham flour.

Many people like oatmeal as an article of diet for children, and claim it as a source of bone food. It may do for some children, but boiled and strained, as the fashion is for small babies, my experience has been that it causes constipation ; and without that straining the presence of the fine husks in the food irritates the mucous membrane lining the intestines.

The elements of the second class, of organic origin, are crystallisable and are first found in organised bodies. They are made up of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen, and because they have no nitrogen in them are called "non-nitrogenous' substances. These are divided into three sets—starch, sugars and fats; and it must be remembered that starch has to be changed into sugar by saliva or the pancreatic juice before it can crystallise and become really valuable as nourishment to child or adult. Surely, then, the craving children have for sweet things is entirely natural and should be indulged within reason.

Starch is found in potatoes, beans, in fact in all vegetables used as food, and because of its convertibility into sugar is valuable as a nutrient after the child's system is prepared to receive it. Sugar is introduced with the food and formed by chemical changes inside the body, but is absorbed and never is found in the excretions.

After sugar, we come to the fats, essential elements of the body. These are fluid at a high temperature, soluble only in ether, and upon being boiled with an alkali a separation is caused between the pure glycerine and the fatty acid which, uniting with the alkali, forms a soap. There is a very marked difference between the sugars and the fats, chemically. The former contain oxygen and hydrogen in the proportion to form water ; in the fats there is much less oxygen. A large quantity of the fat found in the body is taken in with the food, but by careful experiment it has been found that a great deal is formed by chemical action inside the organism.

It is important that careful attention be given to the fact that the elements of the second class are purely organic in origin, and once introduced into the body, they do not reappear in the excretions, but disappear by decomposition in the interior of the body, and serve by their death to promote the growth and health of the individual. Let mothers then see to it that their children are not stunted in their growth by the lack of the non-nitrogenous substances.

The third class, of proximate principles, is the most numerous, containing all four of the elements—oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen—and of this class every animal fluid and tissue contains one at least peculiar to itself. They are called albuminous, and include albumen, casein, fibrin, etc,

It is a notable fact that, with scarce an exception, everything for the growth of the body comes from what is exterior to itself and is taken in either with food or drink. The adult chooses ; the helpless baby must needs trust to the judgment of mother or nurse, and hence, for the good of the race, thorough training in the chemistry of foods and human physiology is of vast importance in the education of girls. A mother has learned that sulphur is a component part of flesh, hair and bones ; it does not at all follow then that she must give her growing child a dose of that medicine; but her chemistry will have taught her that sulphur is to be found in meat and eggs. Phosphorus is an important element of nerve and brain substance, and this the same chemistry shows can be found in bran, the yolk of eggs, in fish, and even in potatoes. Iron, an important constituent of the blood—that which helps to keep it red and pure—is a component part of nearly all foods, and, except in cases of mal-assimilation or peculiar disease, is rarely needed for use in tangible quantities.

One only has to know the value of different foods to choose and then to have, for Nature is generous and her storehouse always richly laden.

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"Davy" Stephens, the Prince of Newsvendors.

A DISTINGUISHED Englishman once remarked that there were three things no visitor to Dublin should miss seeing—Phœnix Park, Ball's Bridge, and "Davy" Stephens. Properly speaking, "Davy" should come first in the category, for he is the first it is possible for anyone to see who crosses the Irish Sea by the ordinary way—that is by the "packet"—and steps ashore at Kingstown pier. Year in, year out, in sunshine or rain, for half a century and four years beyond, "Davy" has stood there with the bright smile on his cheery face and the ready word on his tongue to welcome the weary traveller and give him "all the news."

Nowadays "Davy" is famous, and many a man who has never seen Bray Head in the early morn or looked across "Sweet Dublin Bay" when the sun was westering and the lights were beginning to twinkle along the shore, knows of "Davy" and could tell you that he has a son at the war who has served in the Prince of Wales' Horse and is altogether a very gallant and creditable young man, or that "Davy" himself has not missed a Derby for twenty-seven years. But that is, after all, not like knowing "Davy" and hearing him talk in his own quaint way, and with the true Dublin brogue, of the people he knows, and what they have said to him and he to them. For "Davy," to use his own expressive phrase, knows "all the great celebrities" from the King downwards, and he has a story about every one, and two about most.

A NEWSAGENT WHO HAS BEEN HONOURED BY ROYALTY.

The greatest time that Dublin ever saw, in his opinion, was when the late Queen went over in 1900. The Kingstown newsman was well to the front and sent aboard the Royal Yacht all the papers. Her Majesty was pleased to accept them and no sooner had the news got abroad than "Davy" had orders from the whole of the Channel Fleet, which was lying in the Bay, for supplies of papers. He was a proud man that day, but he was even prouder when, before the Royal Yacht left Kingstown pier, the Queen sent by the hand of Sir Arthur Bigge a sovereign "for Davy."

Perhaps the act and the words were more valuable to "Davy" than the present, but certain it is that the sovereign, mounted in gold and inscribed with the date and the occasion, is the most precious of all the veteran's possessions.

To enumerate all the personages "Davy" has known would be a task too heavy by far, but one may mention that he has given papers to the Empress of Austria, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, Prince Bismarck, the Queen of Roumania, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught—most popular of all Royalties—Mr. Gladstone, and most of the statesmen of the day, as well as Sir Henry Irving and many a star of the London stage. Of all he retains pleasant memories,

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and he points with pride to the many souvenirs of which he has from time to time been the recipient. Lords Lieutenant and Chief Secretaries are naturally all in "Davy's" list and many a good story he has to tell of them. It was a Lord Lieutenant who one day on Kingstown pier saw "Davy" kneeling at his piled papers, and, striking him briskly on the shoulder, said "Rise, Sir Davy, knighted not with a Sword of State but an umbrella with a hole in it."

He is perhaps the only man who made fun of the late Dr. Tanner without having cause to regret it. The Doctor was coming ashore one morning just at the time when he was arrested, and, alluding to "Davy's" long hair, he said "Well, Davy, they haven't cut your hair yet." "No, doctor," replied "Davy," "but Misther Balfour's cut yours, I see." Whereat the terror of the House roared with merriment.

It would be impossible to put down all there is to say about this most celebrated of newsagents. He is popular with everyone, old or young, rich or poor, and it is a sight, the Sunday after Derby Day, to see "Davy" in Rotten Row, bowing and saluting the "quality," and they bowing back for all the world as though he were a lord himself. No one would imagine to look at him that he was sixty-two years of age, but the outdoor life and the fact that he neither drinks nor smokes probably explain the reason of his marvellous vitality. Altogether "Davy" is one of the greatest "characters" of an Island which teems with remarkable people.

MY FIRST SERMON.

By the REV. CHARLES MOINET,

Ex-Moderator of Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England.

IT is a long way back now to my first sermon, and I cannot be quite sure that I can recall my feelings at the time.

I remember the general look of the building and of the audience, the high pulpit, the somewhat barn-like church, with its narrow, straight-backed pews filled with homely country faces. The vestry was below the church at the end furthest from the pulpit, and the minister had to follow the beadle down one of the aisles, and mount by a kind of companion ladder to his rostrum. The click of the door, which that important official shut carefully after the preacher was inside, and with an air of satisfaction as though he had safely bagged his prey, is still in my ears.

It was followed by a sense of dreadful isolation—the consciousness of all eyes being turned in your direction and of everything depending upon you alone. So far as I can recollect at this distant date, what I felt most was the responsibility of my calling, the solemnity of having to deal with men about eternal things, and not any special delight in my message. The result was a feeling of nervousness, which, combined with the novelty of the situation, prevented much freedom or ease in the pulpit.

Besides, I confess to having had something of a student's contempt for what are called popular gifts. The idea of playing to the gallery was too abhorrent for words, and led, perhaps, to the opposite extreme.

Though the feeling of isolation was more painful at first it never wore off. The preacher had to do everything. The people joined in no part of the service but the singing of the Psalms. He heard nothing but his own voice. There was not a single response, not even an Amen.

After the service the vestry was carefully shunned as a sanctuary too sacred to be entered. Everything made you feel that in the eyes of the congregation the minister while discharging his high calling was "like a star and dwelt apart." It would be well if it always were so.

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A FAMILY TRIP TO THE SEASIDE.

By DAVINA WATERSON.

MOTHER has finished her preparations the night before. Her back fairly aches with washing and ironing the array of small garments airing by the fire. The children have been put to bed early, but find sleep impossible, partly owing to the fear that by some dreadful chance mother may oversleep herself, and partly to the tight plaits and curls in which their hair is twisted. At eleven p.m. mother sits down to put a flower in her bonnet, and father looks up the train for the tenth time—just to be quite sure!

At last they go to sleep beside the children, and are awakened by the sun streaming in, heralding another hot and cloudless day.

Mother gets quietly out of bed, and instantly four small heads are popped up, which movement is promptly suppressed by mother asking, in a stern whisper: "If you wake baby, who is to to cut the sandwiches, *I* should like to know? So lie down again, this very minute!" She tiptoes into the next room and cuts huge wedges of bread, putting slices of meat between, and pressing them together with her hands. These sandwiches, along with some heavy meat pies, are packed in a wicker basket; bags of buns and fruit into another. She collects jackets and the family umbrella, then rouses the children—who jump up as if moved by one spring, and dress quickly. Their excitement is somewhat calmed by the solemnity of putting on Sunday clothes on a week-day.

Father cleans the boots, the elder girl minds the baby, who, gurgling contentedly over his crust, cares not one bit if he ever goes, and still less if he ever comes back. The boys are dressed in grey tweed suits with very long knickers, stiff collars and heavy boots, from which their thin legs emerge like sickly plants from large flowerpots. Several hooks and eyes burst off as the girls put on their starched frocks, but mother's hot and serious face breaks into a smile as she declares that "it really doesn't show one bit where the tucks have been let down!" Finally the curl papers are taken out and the hair tied up with blue ribbon. The elder girl feels dignified in her best frock, and orders the others about, telling the boys to "mind their clothes," whereupon they promptly bid her "mind her business."

Baby is taken up, and screams piercingly as the pelisse is forced over his fat arms, and becomes purple in the face when a bonnet with a prickly ruche is put on his bald head. "There, there," says mother, hot herself, and the children dance round trying to make him laugh. They fear lest baby's antics will makes them late for the train. "If we," says father slowly, as they finish breakfast, "if we start in ten minutes we shall be in loads of time. Now children, keep quiet, you are worriting your mother no end, and not a man-jack of you shall go if you ain't still this very minute: d'ye hear?"

Silence for two minutes. They subside and wriggle about on chairs. Surely the clock has stopped, surely that train will go without them! Father is actually lighting his pipe as if this were just an ordinary day. The ten minutes are up. The party arm themselves with baskets and coats. Mother takes a last look behind to see that nothing has been forgotten, and they set out for the station. The station is crowded. Such a hurly-burly of families. Piles of luggage, hot porters shouting, 'b'y leave,' bells ringing, anxious excursionists consulting fagged officials, and then going to another one to see what *he* says, engines snorting, distracted people tearing along the platform to secure seats in a train that hasn't the slightest intention of leaving for ten minutes.

Into the midst of all this father, mother and children enter. They stand on the

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platform in a determined row, grasping hands and feeling that, if they be left behind, the joys of one whole day will be lost for ever.

Here comes the train. The crowd on the platform sway and surge. The porters shout, "Stand back there, please." Then a rush is made. Father puts his elbows out squarely and pushes the children into an empty carriage. Mother is hoisted up, the boys bang the door triumphantly and install themselves in front of it.

Oh, how hot it is already! Mother wipes her damp brow and unfastens baby's cape as the train moves slowly out of the station and the full glare of the sun streams in through the curtainless windows. The children don't regard the heat yet, they have come out to enjoy themselves, and wave diminutive handkerchiefs to passing trains, or sing snatches of comic songs, drumming with their heels on the floor. The elder girl's gentility has succumbed to the heat; her festive gloves are stowed away in her pocket, she moves her head uneasily as the stiff tucker rubs it, and all the children look longingly at the baskets.

"Give 'em a drink," says father sympathetically.

"What! begin already, and their breakfasts jest swallered? They must wait a bit," mother answers.

On speeds the heavy train. Past orchards where the fruit hangs temptingly, past little rivers where boys are bathing, splashing the water about to the intense envy of the poor, hot little holiday-makers in the stifling train. Past quiet villages, where ruddy-faced children stand on the fence by the railway and cheer.

Says father, "I wish our kids looked as well as them yonder," whereupon mother retorts that she shouldn't mind the *looks*, but to be shut up in a place like that with no streets would drive her stark staring mad in a week!

More fields, more villages. The eyes get dazed. A rustle of paper bags is heard, and the boys expectantly eye mother as she gives buns all round, father following suit with ginger beer, each child, just as he is in full enjoyment, being told "to remember the others." Baby has his own private bottle, which he solemnly sucks, closing and unclosing his tiny hand as if mutely orating on its pleasures.

Sticky, but refreshed, they are quiet for awhile, when suddenly a boy shouts out, "Hooray, I see the sea." All the children press to the window, kicking mother's corns and disturbing the baby, but mother hasn't the heart to scold them. She beams as triumphantly as if she had been more successful than Canute and commanded the sea to appear at that particular spot.

"Will you buy me a spade an pail, mother?"

"May we have a donkey ride?"

"An' paddle an' bathe?"

"We won't go home for hours and hours, will we?"

Mother tries to answer these questions as truthfully as the state of finances will permit, while she moistens a corner of her handkerchief in her mouth and wipes the remains of bun and ginger beer from the mouths of her impatient children.

The train rushes shrieking into a tunnel, tears into the station as if it had resolved that not one of those trippists should stop there, and pulls up suddenly, jerking them all forward, and panting as if getting back its breath for another run.

All doors open simultaneously. The flushed and cramped people press forward to the barrier, but it is some time before they are all through and setting out eagerly for the beach.

Yes, they are really there! The sea is quite as blue as depicted in the flaring posters, the sands as yellow. Niggers are singing, blind men drawling hymns to the accompaniment of a wheezy harmonium, fat women with ear-rings and shawls offering fruit for sale, photographers asking orders for family groups, and showing specimens wherein smiles and exaggerated boots play a prominent part.

"Oh, mother, let's be took," beg the children.

"Best style, madam, hall the latest improvements: fine little family, yours."

Mother shakes her head, and pretends to be studying a ship on the horizon.

"*Can't* we, mother?"

She turns to father, saying, "How as if we had ourselves done to send grannie? An' the price ain't dear, neither."

"Just so," he answers. "Here Polly, Sophy, Bert, stand up all of you in a row and look pleasant."

"Al-low *me*," puts in the artist, sorting them up. The group is at last ready. Father behind, with a hand on each boy's

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shoulder, his face expressing a brave resolve to bear the worst. The girls sit on the ground, by mother—their frocks spread out, and one putting her new boots well to the fore. Mother carefully divests her face of all expression, and stares stolidly at the camera. Baby, fortunately, is asleep.

"One, two!—all look at this white speck,—just a lee-tle more smile, sir; thank you! That will do."

The family all screw up their dazzled eyes—and the great event is over!

Now the buns and ginger beer are well shaken up by the children having a donkey ride. Such a short-lived pleasure! But, when asked for more, father says: "Now, you've had your ride; so get along an' play."

Armed with small spades, the children set to work digging as though they had an order for a family burial, while father smokes contentedly, his pleasure drawn chiefly from a mental return to the workshop and thinking how very glad he is not to be there.

* * *

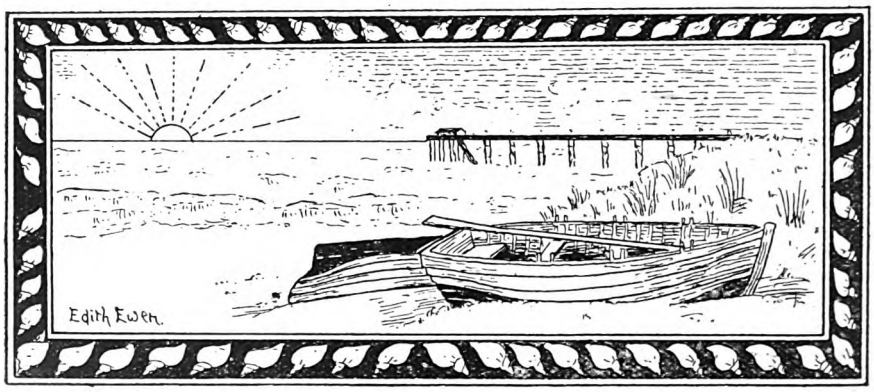
As on a stage, the events of years are depicted in a few hours, so into the compass of that one day the family managed to crowd in all that could possibly be done at the seaside.

Too eager to sit still, except when stowing away meat pie, the children bathed, rowed, paddled, took a walk and dug most energetically. As the sun went down they prepared for the inevitable going back, setting out, such a weary family, all carrying trophies of the day in the shape of shells, seaweed, and bunches of faded flowers.

The clean frocks were soiled, the boys' collars crumpled, the baby fretful and mother exhausted. The long journey seemed much longer, the hot little house hotter for being closed during their absence, and wore a disconsolate air from the hasty setting out in the morning. Everyday clothes were in unwonted places, the remains of the festive preparations were being enjoyed by a host of flies, and it was some time before the weary children were all safely tucked in bed.

But next morning, when the tiredness was forgotten, they never ceased talking of the glories of that yesterday. It threw a glamour over the hard work of to-day, and even kept a glimmer of hope that perhaps next year they might go to the seaside again. One of the boys, in fact, expressed a great resolve, as he trudged off to school, of going there when he should be a man and never coming back any more.

DAVINA WATERSON.



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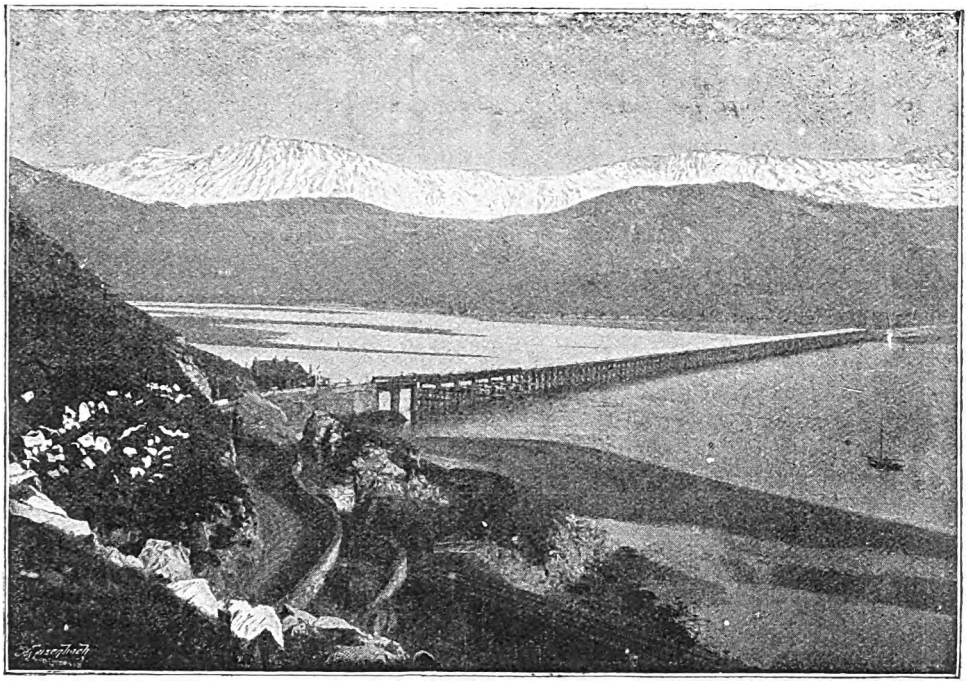

BARMOUTH VIADUCT WITH CADER IDRIS IN DISTANCE (WINTER SCENE).

A Holiday in Romantic Wales.

By ARTHUR PLAYFORD.

IF one can appreciate natural scenery varied from peaceful sylvan prospects to wild bleak mountain weirdness, it would be difficult to discover a spot more charming to those who love to study nature in her every mood than Barmouth, that beautiful resort on the Welsh coast, which is situated in the midst of some of the sublimest scenes which even Cambria can unfold.

Whether one reaches Barmouth by the Ruabon route through the beautiful Vale of Llangollen, subsequently skirting the Bala Lake for four or five miles, or by Welshpool by the valley of the Dovey, and along the shores of Cardigan Bay, the journey is delightful.

As the train crosses the long viaduct over the Estuary of the River Mawddach the scene that opens on the view is one of surpassing grandeur and beauty.

On every side of the still, transparent water, bold hills tower up from its margin, and lying beyond are loftier ranges still, until the eye, led upward. rests upon the peak of the mighty Cader Idris.

A broad footway runs by the side of the railway bridge, which is some three-quarters of a mile long, and thither visitors to Barmouth soon make their way to drink in the full loveliness of the scene of which they caught but a passing glance when hurrying by in the train.

Barmouth itself is most picturesquely situated, nestling at the foot and climbing the side of a great mass of what Ruskin described as "noble crystalline rock."

It might be called a pocket Gibraltar,

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for the general appearance of the place as we approach it from the sea bears a striking resemblance to that famous outpost of the British Empire.

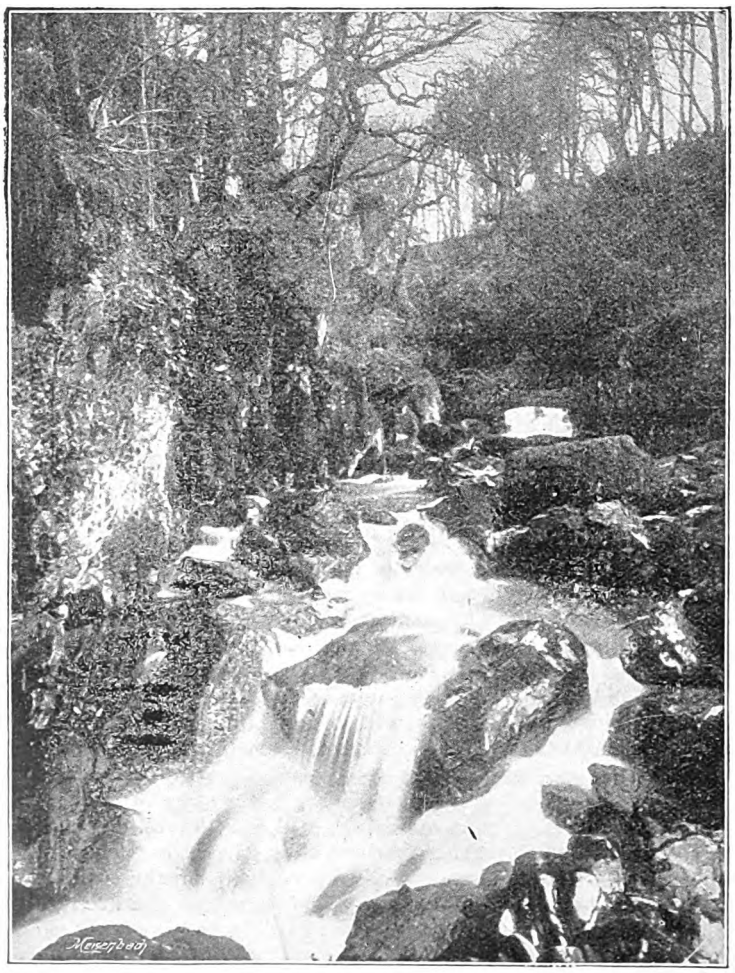
The handsome church of St. John, perched on the hillside, at once attracts attention. It is a beautiful specimen of Welsh architecture, built of grey stone with pink facings, and from its prominent position it forms a conspicious landmark to all who approach Barmouth from the sea.

The picturesque town with its romantic surroundings appeals strongly to the artistic mind, and it is not surprising that in this spot John Ruskin should have found a retreat where he loved to resign himself to the contemplation of the glories of Nature. Here the members of the Guild which he founded—the Guild of St. George—have established a settlement of tenants in a number of cottages on the hillside not far from the church, and this settlement forms a fitting memorial of the connection between Barmouth and the great Apostle of the Beautiful.

The place has attracted to itself other literary celebrities who have sought inspiration among its grand and solemn scenes.

In a house on the road to Dolgelly Darwin wrote his "Descent of Man," and Marianne Farningham, the well-known authoress, also resided in the neighbourhood, and said of Barmouth, "It is to my mind the most lovely place in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales."

Besides the natural beauty of this favoured spot, the town itself can boast a fair share of ordinary seaside attractions. Boating is very popular, especially in the calmer waters of the Estuary, and the far spreading sandy beach provides the safest of bathing, and makes it a little paradise for children, while removing anxiety from the minds of their parents.



TORRENT WALK, DOLGELLY.

But these delights which form the beginning and end of an ordinary seaside holiday must here soon give place to others of a far different kind, for the glimpse of majestic hills, and wild mountains, caught while passing over the Estuary Bridge, will soon tempt us to explore their wonders.

Quite near to the town is the commencement of Panorama Walk. Winding paths ascend through the valleys between a number of high hills,

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THE VIEW FROM THE PANORAMA WALK.

and open out upon a mountain, whence magnificent views can be obtained in all directions.

Cader Idris lies to the south, while on the opposite side of the water rise the gentler slopes of Diphwys and its attendant green hills, on whose graceful curves the eye lights with a sense of restfulness after the sterner glories of the mountain heights.

But chiefly the valley of the Mawddach rivets the gaze, the ever-changing lights and shadows on the water and on the heather and tree clad mountains giving the view kaleidoscopic freshness and variety.

The outlet of the estuary is lost to view, and embosomed by the high hills whose peaks are imaged in its clear surface the river spreads out before the eye like a vast and solitary lake, while over the whole scene broods a solemn mountain stillness.

Farther afield views of equal magnificence abound, and as a centre for excursions by rail, motor car, coach, or boat (or by a combination of rail and coach) Barmouth is most fortunately situated.

Since Ruskin described the road from Barmouth to Dolgelly as the "finest drive in Europe," thousands of visitors have travelled along it, and unanimously confirmed the verdict of the great writer. It is cut on the sides of the hills and offers to the view an endless variety of lake and mountain scenery, with glimpses of "happy valleys" lying between, and noble woodlands nestling at the foot and in the hollows of the hills.

Dolgelly is a quaint old county town, and from here the ascent is made to Cader Idris and the Precipice Walk.

Near by is the Torrent Walk, a footpath that extends for about a mile by the side of a headlong mountain stream that descends in a series of beautiful waterfalls tumbling over the rocks in sheets of silver foam and taking leap after leap until the plain is reached.

The path is shaded all the way by wide spreading trees, and it is most delightful to wander by this rushing cascade of musical water, with mosses and ferns luxuriating all the way along the damp and rocky gorge.

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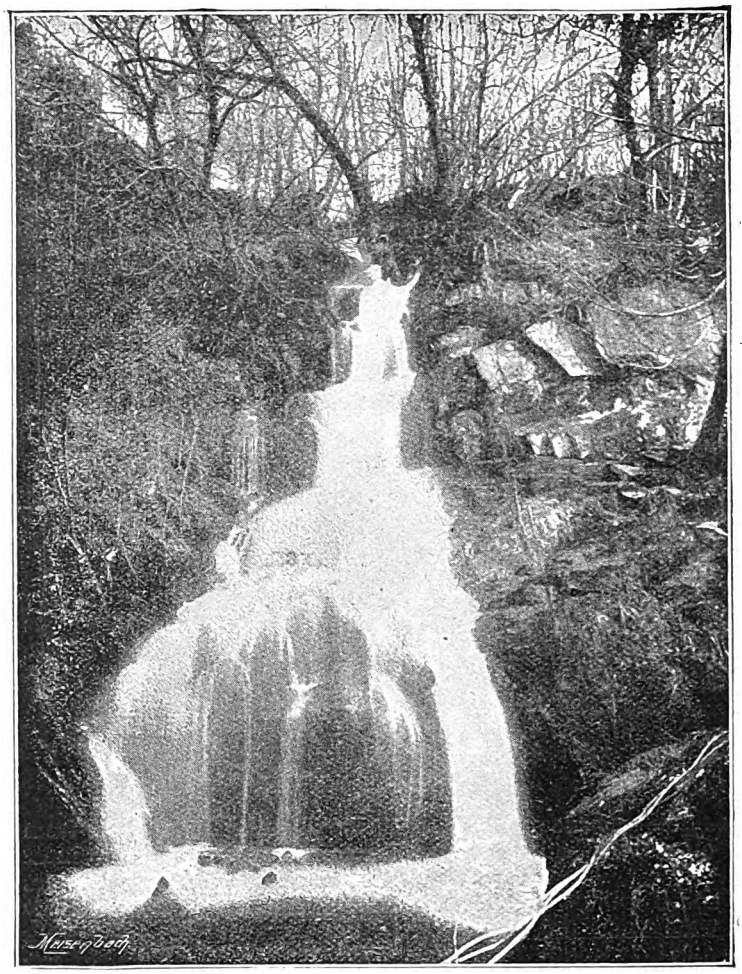

THE FALLS OF ARTHOG.

Other beautiful falls in the neighbourhood are those of Arthog, which are within easy distance of Dolgelly. The Cwmbychan Lake must also be visited; this is reached by a most enchanting route, first by the coast to Llanbedr, and then alongside the romantic river Artro, through lines of over-arching trees, and by mossy dells, anon winding along the edge of rocky ravines with the water tumbling, splashing, and gurgling far below.

It is an interesting drive by motor car to Beddgelert at the foot of Snowdon. The route lies by way of Harlech, Portmadoc, Tremadoc and the Aberglaslyn Pass, the length of the journey being nearly 30 miles. The Pass may well be famous for its beauty. Towering mountain-sides on either hand, a road winding through a forest of larches, and the picturesque river Glaslyn, foaming in white and grey, blues and greens, along its rocky course, and under a spacious stone bridge, make a sight well worth seeing.

The Cambrian Railways offer almost an endless variety of excursions further afield — embracing Aberystwyth, Brecon, Aberdovey, Lake Talyllyn, the Corris Railway, Harlech, Pwllheli, and many other pleasing resorts.

At Minffordd junction one may change for the Festiniog Railway, and take a delightful trip of about fourteen miles over a "toy" railway line of less than 2 ft. gauge, and there is no more novel and enjoyable excursion to the English tourist than a journey on this wonderful line.

Originally constructed to bring slate from the quarries in the mountains down to the coast, the toy railway has nowadays come to be utilised for purposes of pleasure as well.

The engines are of the double bogie type with funnels at each end, and these draw the carriages up to an elevation of some 700 feet, the return journey being made by allowing the carriages to slide down the incline.

The gauge is only 1 ft. 11¼ in., while the width of carriages is 6 ft., and as the train sweeps along the steep sides of various mountains, doubling about in letter "S" curves and loops, the unaccustomed stranger glancing out of the window is apt to recoil with a shudder, for at the side he looks down upon a sheer descent, which gives the unpleasant impression that he is travelling suspended in air.

But the feeling quickly wears off, and as

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soon as this natural anxiety on the score of personal safety has been quieted, he has time to look about him and drink in the exceptional beauty of the scene.

The beautiful Vale of Festiniog unrolls its loveliness all the way, and wood, stream, mountain, and waterfall by turn accentuate the pleasing picture, and form a panorama worth hundreds of miles of tedious travelling to see.

As soon as the terminus Duffws is reached, we seem to have passed from the land of enchantment to the prosaic twentieth century world again, and the bustle and stir caused by the arrival of the Great Western and London and North Western trains with hundreds of eager tourists form a strange contrast to the scenes through which we have just passed; to the awful stillness of the mountain solitudes, and the rare quiet beauty of the valleys below, over whose smiling surface are dotted picturesque villages, peopled by a race who cling tenaciously to their ancient traditions and, with an eloquence born of love and habit, fluently speak the beautiful language of elder Britain.

ARTHUR PLAYFORD.

AN UNKNOWN HERO.

A toiler who had done his best
Went one morning to his rest;
Never lip his forehead pressed—
Not one rose on his still breast.
But the angels knew that day
How along the rocky way
He had travelled for that rest—
A toiler who had done his best!

No one, as he trudged along,
Knew the sigh was in the song;
No one heard his poor heart beat
Where the sharp thorns pierced his feet.
But that day—the day he died—
There were angels at his side,
Angels singing him to rest—
A toiler who had done his best.

For the room was strangely bright,
And his face, in morning light,
Had a smile that seemed to say;
"After darkness comes the day!
All the grief—the gloom is past,
And the morning's mine at last!"
Far he'd travelled for that rest—
A toiler who had done his best.

Never sermon, song or sigh
Went that day toward the sky;
But God's lilies—violets sweet,
Decked his grave at head and feet;
And the birds, in shadows dim,
Sang their sweetest over him.
He that went that way for rest—
A toiler who had done his best.

F. L. Stanton.

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The Work of the Ragged School Union.

By ROBERT VINCENT.

PERHAPS there is no period in the life of this country which is so interesting to the philanthropist as is that which lies between the fall of Napoleon and the end of the 'sixties. It seems as though the close of the great wars which had rent the country for so many long years had left it with a tenderer heart and a wider sympathy. Men rose up—here and there, and in despised isolation—who saw the dark side of life and its trials and tribulations, and longed to do something to relieve the distress, and above all to lessen the crimes which were—and, unhappily, still are—the children of poverty.

The Ragged School Union is one of the many philanthropic institutions which dates back to that period, but it has a distinction which not many of its fellows have, that it was the genesis of a crowd of other movements, all of which have sprung from it and flourished and continued, perhaps on a larger scale, the work which it began.

It is a proud thing indeed to be able to say, as the Ragged School Union can say, that it provided the inspiration for such institutions as Dr. Barnardo's Homes and the Polytechnics, while it carries on itself work such as that done by the Cripples' Aid Society or the Holiday Homes for the poor children.

It was sixty years ago that Lord Shaftesbury began organised work for the first time, little dreaming that it would lead to so great results. The Earl had many great and good men to help him, and from the first industrial school, which was formed in London and which was founded by this band of men, sprang Ragged Schools in numbers throughout London. At first these schools were entirely under the management of the R.S.U., but in 1870, when the Education Bill passed, the greater part of day schools in London were given up to the London School Board, the accommodation being condemned. A few, however, lingered under the Union, and three or four are still running. Another great work which the Union originated, and the effect of which is seen wherever Christian work is carried on, was that known as the Mothers' Meeting. Mrs. Bayly's book, "Ragged Homes and How to Mend them," was the inspiration, and the cause recommended in the work has proved in the hands of the R.S.U. a blessing to many a poverty-stricken home throughout the land.

The benevolent social and religious work in which the Union, under Lord Shaftesbury, became so active has been developed and extended in every possible direction. "In His Name!" was no idle cry to the men and women working in the Mission, and as they went and sought out the children and induced them to come to their schools they found that there were other needs besides education.

One great need there was which from the first the Union set itself to supply—clothing. To attempt to provide the hundreds of ragged little ones with decent clothes was a huge task, but it did not appal the R.S.U., and it led to the establishment of the "Barefoot Mission," an organisation which has done incalculable good since its foundation. What its share in the campaign of the R.S.U. is may be gathered from the fact that from the depot or distributing centre at the headquarters of the Union in 32,

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John Street, W.C., clothing is sent out not only to the ragged schools but to the Board schools where the Union is recognised and given authority to distribute.

Last year there were 4,713 parcels received by the mission containing 19,344 new and 26,606 worn garments and 7,636 boots and shoes (mostly purchased), while grants were made of clothing to 1,367 girls, and 1,336 boys who received 9,124 separate articles, the remainder being distributed by missions affiliated to the Union.

The mission does not end its work, however, by the mere distribution of the garments. There is in the grade of society—the very lowest grade — in which the mission operates, a decided tendency to turn any piece of clothing which may reasonably be expected to raise a few pence, to good (or bad) account through the medium of the pawnshop. In order to prevent this happening to the clothes which the mission gives to the children, there is a sort of periodical inspection by which it is made impossible that these garments should be turned to the uses to which they would inevitably go were some supervision not exercised.

In reviewing the work of the Union—a theme so extensive as to be positively bewildering—it is impossible not to be attracted to that part of it which is devoted to Cripples. It is the latest development, as a separate branch of the work, but the traditions of the Union are pre-eminently bound up with work amongst cripple children.

Previous to the last decade, however, they were dealt with in company with the other little handicapped atoms of humanity who came within the ken of the missions and schools. Now, the treatment of them has been specialised, and for them staffs of visitors are organised, who not only carry to them little gifts designed to brighten their darkened lives, but are able to give sound and reliable advice and help to their parents as to hospitals, the loan of surgical instruments, and whatever may be done with the hope of relieving their sufferings.

A CANDIDATE.

A register of the addresses is kept, and the visitors try by a little religious instruction, and in some cases by definite general instruction, to effect the objects aimed at by the Union. What an enormous task this is, is seen from the fact that at the present time there are 6,000 names on the books of the Society.

There is no need here to describe what is from the children's point of view decidedly one of the most important sections of the work — the Christmas treat and hamper. Seven years ago, Sir William Treloar — the "Children's Alderman"—was induced to include the Ragged School children in the annual treat for which he was responsible, and since that time the fund for which he has appealed has provided not only the banquet in the Guildhall, but a number of hampers — last year there were 4,000—for the Cripple children.

To the cripple born in the slums of London the sea or the country is a dream, a vision afar off, something heard of in strange, short moments of bliss, and wondered about during long weary hours. To see the green fields or listen to the

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murmur of the waves might seem to the poor cripple impossible, but the Ragged School Union is a sort of good fairy, which makes all things possible.

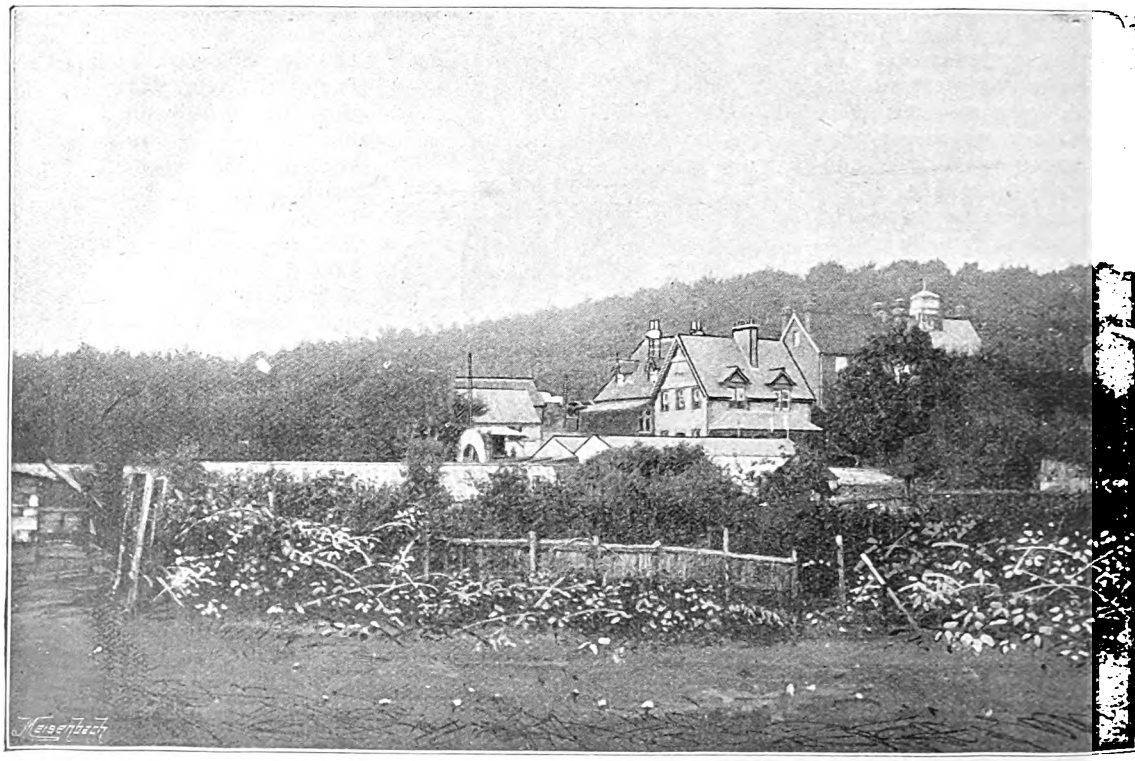
The seaside holiday is the chief joy of the cripple who has come under the protection of the Union. Three of the holiday homes, at Bournemouth, Southend, and Margate, are appropriated for the cripple children, and there they are despatched all through the summer months in relays every fortnight, comfortably clothed to enjoy the health-giving ozone, and live a life which to their weary little souls is heavenly in its pure happiness.

The cripples do not, however, monopolise the Holiday Homes. Those at Benchley, Brighton, Windsor (built by the Princess Christian), and Bognor are for the unafflicted physically, and they are always full of children taken from the slums for the fourteen days of well-fed, healthy living. Last year about 6,000 children were sent for the fortnight's holiday to the homes.

Apart from this work, though akin to it in many respects, is that of the "Day in the Country." Some few years ago Mr. John Kirk, the energetic Secretary of the Union, who has always made it his special effort to bring the Press into line with the work of the Union, was brought into contact with Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, who was then founding his "Fresh Air Fund."

Mr. Pearson had already found out that the proper administration of his fund must be undertaken by someone with experience, and he immediately asked Mr. Kirk, and through him the Union, to help. Since this powerful junction of forces was effected, over three-quarters of a million of children have been given the day holiday, and when it is remembered that they are taken from the very lowest regions of the Metropolis, where the light of day penetrates only through the evil, smoke-laden atmosphere confined between towering buildings, the greatness of this branch of the work will be appreciated.

It would be impossible to close this article without a reference to the self-denying labours of Mr. John Kirk. Mr. Kirk entered the service of the Ragged School as a voluntary worker many years



HOLIDAY HOME AT LOUGHTON.

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ago, and when Mr. Joseph Gent gave up the secretaryship of the Parent Union the Committee could find no one better fitted to take over the work. Mr. Kirk has justified their choice. Discharging his office duties with promptitude and unfailing courtesy, he has found time to organise the holiday schemes and bring them to their present successful condition, while almost every day he is engaged in some helpful work or duty of inspection among the various schools and institutions in the Metropolis. Now it is a prize distribution to a boys' brigade in Camberwell, and now an address to a ragged mission in the slums of Whitechapel, or opening an industrial exhibition in Spitalfields.

In this way he keeps in touch with all the workers and, above all, the objects of their efforts, and there is nothing which gives him more pleasure than to meet, as he often does, with those who have prospered in life and who got their first start at the Ragged School. He is engaged in a noble enterprise and thousands of children and those who have come to man's and woman's estate have cause to bless Mr. Kirk of the R.S.U. for happy days and purer lives and the first guidance on the way of success and righteousness.

ROBERT VINCENT.

FOLDED HANDS.

Dear, folded hands, so worn with care,
So quiet on the pulseless breast,
Will any burden need you there,
If heaven is a place of rest?
And you, dear heart, will you forget
The struggles of these lower lands?
Or is there some sweet service yet
For folded hands?

Yours was the never-ending task
Born of a never-ending need.
Our selfishness, it was, to ask,
Your sweet unselfishness to heed.
And now in the unwonted rest
Long promised in the better lands,
How can you sit an idle guest
With folded hands?

No tears to dry, no wounds to bind,
No sufferer to tend and bless—
Where will those eager fingers find
A need for all their tenderness?
Yet, knowing all they did before,
Perchance the Father understands,
And holds some precious work in store
For folded hands.

O. Moore.

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Conducted by
THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE.

A great editor of a leading newspaper of Scotland was often, like every other editor of newspapers or magazines, at his wits' end to find something to write about. When you have such and such a tale of bricks to make per diem, with no straw at all, it sometimes sorely taxes your ingenuity to discover where to get the clay, the mould, and the chopped-up cohesive medium. I have "been at this shop" myself, so I know.

The method adopted by the editor in question was simple, and tolerably effective. He strolled into his garden, took a look east and west, then north and south, scanning the sky ostensibly, but in reality rummaging in his mind for the spiciest item of news that had been delivered to date. But he had his weary moods, when none of these things would "catch on;" he had then but one resource—an unfailing one; he would leisurely turn his steps indoors again, meekly saying, "I must have another go at Candlish!" Candlish was his blessing—very much in disguise; when there was nothing else to assail or any other notable being to attack, Candlish was a perfect godsend to the jaded writer.

I sometimes wish I had my Candlish. To write month after month, year after year, on behalf of London's poor wee cripples, is not such an easy job as might be imagined, especially when the brain is a bit weary with over-work. How one "feels for a head" then, as an Irishman would say, or gropes for some equivalent to Candlish! The monthly budget of letters from those applying to join the Crutch-and-Kindness League, is, as a rule, my kindly fount of inspiration, but now and again even this runs dry, and then—how I wish for that equivalent to Candlish! I have been hankering after him very much this month, for the correspondence is rather scanty of kindly experience: good-hearted, as usual, in the desire to help the puir wee maimed waifs of this big city, but rather business-like in the expression. How I wish the members of the League, at home and in far-off lands, would take the hint and send me some of their experiences with their little forlorn charges; I believe some will—once they have got this hint, for, one and all, I have found them kind as kind can be.

It was in this weary mood my eye rested on the one gem of this month's batch. Two sisters joining the League write: "We have for some time visited a poor crippled woman near here, who has now 'gone home,' and for her sake we take a peculiar interest in others so afflicted. 'She, being dead, yet speaketh.'" Even so—and her speech is heaven's own—love and pity. This is but an echo of a tale that is told over and over again, with a refrain that cannot but gladden the heart of God and all good men and women—the story of kindness begetting kindness, and pity opening the fount for more pity still.

The mother misses the bairn that's away, and must take to some other for the lost one's sake, and it is just so with kindness. The one who needed the care may pass away, but the heart that has tasted the joy of doing good must seek to befriend some other needy one. Of such it can be said, "they are blessed in their deed."

For training this nobler nature few organi-

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sations equal the Crutch-and-Kindness League. There are six thousand poor crippled children in London alone, under the oversight of the Ragged School Union, and the lot of many of them is very lonesome. By means of the League much of this loneliness can be wondrously mitigated. All it asks of its member is—to write a letter, or send an illustrated magazine, a bit of ribbon, toy, or similar kindly token of remembrance, once a month to some child-cripple put into the member's care, with all particulars for this purpose. Who cannot do so much? Every boy and girl can, who can write; so can every man and woman, from the crowded city or quietest country nook. And it means so much to the weak little prisoner of God to get that monthly visit from the postman, and feel that not all in the great world outside is indifferent to whether he or she lives or dies! And verily the doer is blessed in the very deed; there is training in kindness for the young, and a kindly outlet for every better desire of the heart in the busiest adult or sickliest invalid.

So much for the mere suggestion of the merciful character of the Crutch-and-Kindness League; all further particulars may be had for a stamp from *Mr. John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.*

As the only means I have for acknowledging receipt and cordially thanking the donor, let me give the following letter from an anonymous friend:—

"Holiday for one little sufferer, from one who has just read Rev. J. Reid Howatt's interesting and touching words in "Chat," *Temple Magazine*, and who also can well understand and sympathise in his 'Funny Mistake.' Postal order 10s. enclosed."

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH.

Miss Cox, Devon; Miss Eva Cassey, Miss Claris Smith, c/o Miss Goodhind, Essex; Miss Gwendolin Harris, Miss Dora Harris, Catford; Miss Gwlady Thomas, Carmarthen; Miss Florence Ratsey, Alverstoke; Miss May Findley, Littlehampton; Miss Elsie M. Dupey, Miss Winifred M. Dupey, Guernsey; Miss Wilding, Norfolk; Miss E. Stone, Leeds; Miss Pettitt, Chingford; Miss Mary Butler, Hastings; Miss Elsie Corke, Kettering; Miss M. S. Hill, Weston-super-Mare; Mr. W. H. Robinson, Belfast; Miss Annys S. Heelis, Cambridge; Miss Nellie Fraser, c/o Miss Hayward, Blackheath; Miss Bowen, Plaistow; Miss Marion Pearce, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Harbour, Miss Pethybridge, Miss E. F. Pearse, Mr. Francis Herbert, Mr. William Howells, C. E. Barry Group, c/o Miss Pearce; Miss E. Tate, Miss A. Tate, Bath; Miss Montague, Master Montague, London; Miss Matthews, Edinburgh; Miss G. Coulson, Devon; Mrs. Sturgeon, Stanton; Miss Grace Stevenson, Devonport; Miss Chilvers, Miss Braggins, c/o Miss Medway, Hendon; Miss E. Prince, Miss Lillycrapp, South Australia; Miss Gittens, Miss Gentry, Miss Lilly, Mrs. Simpson, Mr. Tyrrell, Brixton Hill.

PRIZE COMPETITION—II.

"OUR TOWN."

I give this month the second set of samples of letters on this theme. But they are only samples; space compels me to leave out several letters. Those dropped have been written on both sides (which is very inconvenient for the printer), one has forgotten to give name and address, and two others have not mentioned their ages. These must try again more accurately.

LIVERPOOL.

12, Oakfield, Anfield, Liverpool.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—I have not written to you before, but thought I would like to try the competition on "Our Town." I am very proud and also ashamed of Liverpool. I am proud of it because many good things are done in it, men and women visit the poor, feed them, and educate them: if children are hurt they are taken to hospitals, where they are nursed and kindly treated. I am very proud of Liverpool's fine buildings; St. George's Hall is a very large hall where meetings and concerts are held. It has one large hall and many class rooms, where juries and corporation meetings sit. The large hall has massive pillars and a beautiful floor, which is generally covered over with boards, except at balls. The Wellington Monument, which is over 100 feet, looks very high. The Town Hall has some fine rooms. Museum, art gallery, library, and reading-room are very fine buildings, all in a row. A school is being built, and that will finish the row of beautiful buildings. The landing-stage, which floats, is very large, and seems very wonderful. The docks are very interesting, especially when dry. I saw the Oceanic in a graving dock, she was immense!

The disadvantages of Liverpool are, that there is no pretty mountain scenery, no waterfalls, no shore and sea. Of course there are pretty parks, but they are not like the natural country. Also drinking and gambling are the greatest drawbacks to Liverpool. Men and women are seen so drunk that they are insensible. I pity most the poor little children who have such parents, and so are given a bad beginning in life, and are also tempted to drink and gamble like their parents; they are often crippled and deformed through the parents' neglect.

I could say much more, but am afraid I have said too much already.

I remain, yours sincerely,

L. SHALLCROSS,

(*Aged 12½ years*).

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

37, Wood-street, Stratford-on-Avon.

My home is in one of the best known towns in the world, Stratford-on-Avon. Shakespeare was born here, and was buried in the old Parish Church. I have been in Shakespeare's house and sat in the old chimney corner where he used to sit. Some of the stairs are so old, no one is allowed to go up them.

There are some very old almshouses; in one of them an old man lives; he is 92 years old, and makes pretty baskets and netted wool shawls. He made me a nice basket last year.

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There is an old Grammar School next to the almshouses, where Shakespeare went to school. Marie Corelli has a beautiful old house here. There are two public gardens, one called New Place, and one called The Bancroft. The Bancroft is on the banks of the Avon.

There are some little steamers and a great many boats on the river; there are also some nice swans. Next to the Bancroft are the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre and gardens. People come from all parts of the world for the Shakespeare Festival week, when the theatre is open. Shottery, where Anne Hathaway's cottage is, is only about a mile from here. There are a great many other interesting places to see round Stratford.

OLIVE MURIEL EDWARDS
(*age* 10½ *years*).

ILFORD.

St. Osyths, Balfour-road, Ilford, Essex.

The town in which I am now residing is Ilford, which is situated in the county of Essex. We have one small tidal river, *i.e.*, the Roding, but there are no pleasure boats on it at Ilford, on account of the tides—there being no locks.

Let us take a walk through Ilford beginning at the Central Public Park. There is a fine lake in the centre of it, with very beautiful trees growing all round at the edge of the lake. There are about thirty pleasure boats on the lake, including two or three canoes, and on fine days these boats are in great demand. Just lately some gentlemen have been trying to institute a model yachting club; if they succeed the yachts would be launched on a new lake which would be excavated for the purpose, as there would be no room on the one we now have. Let us proceed with our walk. We shall go past the fountain—given by Mr. Griggs—to the far end of the park, where there is a field set apart for recreation. We will return by way of the pretty sand path, which is a large natural grove on the left of the Sports' field, all composed of small paths with brooks in between, and the paths are lined with trees. These paths, of course, form the popular walk of the park in the summer. As you ascend to the level again, coming up from the sand paths, there is the new pavilion which is being built, and a little further on is the band-stand, where, in the summer, the band plays on two evenings in the week. On band-playing nights the park is very much crowded. We come next to the boat-house, and, going a little to the right, to Mrs. Ingelby's estate. "Valentines" is the name of the lovely house and grounds. In my opinion it is the loveliest spot in Ilford. What could be more delightful than a saunter in the shady Bishop's Walk on a hot summer's day, or to dawdle through the Rosary when the roses are in bloom, or to row oneself on the lovely old lake in the dusk of the evening?

On coming out of Mrs. Ingelby's gates we come to the "Ilford Folly." It looks like an old unfinished castle, but people say, that a man long ago—when Ilford was but a village—had a great desire to live by himself, and so was having built this large castle-shaped house on the hill, but before it was finished he died. The reason why he built the house round was so that he should be able to have the sun in every room, and he wanted to move round in these rooms as the sun went round. It is still left unfinished though inhabited. Going on we come again into the Cranbrook-road. We will go straight down it. First of all on the right is "The Drive," the house belonging to Mr. Griggs, one of Ilford's greatest benefactors; then straight down the hill and up the other side, and there is one of the largest of Ilford's schools, next to the Board Schools, *i.e.*: Cranbrook College; the head master of this school is Mr. Carte. Opposite this school is Southpark-avenue, a lovely old grove of trees, at the end of which is St. Clement's Church. Farther up is the Baptist Chapel, and then begins the Cranbrook Parade of shops; the next place of interest is the G.E.R. Station on the right.

We next come to the Broadway, where there is a clock tower and fountain, given by Mr. Griggs.

The Hospital Church of SS. Mary and Thomas is a very old church. At its side are still seen the holes where the lepers used to look through ever so many years ago. Retracing our way, we come to the new Town Hall, now in process of building. It bids fair to be a magnificent building, being of white stone, and four large stone domes. Beyond this is the new Congregational Church, a very large building. The old reading room is on the left. Next come the Roman Catholic Church, and a parade of shops and houses all the way to Seven Kings, with the railway on the left.

I have put down none of the traditions of Ilford or historical facts, as, owing to the shortness of the time I had to write the essay I was unable to get notes.

GERTRUDE E. BURBRIDGE
(*age* 15 *years*).

Katie Cook will see from above that it has included all she wrote of the same place, yet I have had to cut it down considerably.

The letters on this theme were so many that I had to put them into two batches, giving a prize for each. The best letter in the first lot has been judged to be that of Ruby Bentley, Brook Villa, 152, Crossbrook-street, Cheshunt, Herts., and the best in the second lot that of Gertrude E. Burbridge, St. Osyth's, Balfour-road, Ilford, Essex. To these two, accordingly, handsome books have been sent.

The next competition will be—

"THE BEST STORY ABOUT A PET."

We all have our pets—or should have them. Tell me the best story you have about yours. Or if you have not one of your own, but know something good about somebody else's, tell me that. Or if you can't do better, tell me of one about which you have read, but you must tell it in your own style. Write on one side of the paper only, do not forget name, address, and age (under 16), and send, *on or before* the 20th of this month to Rev. J. Reid Howatt, The Crescent, Camberwell-grove, Denmark-hill, S.E., and I shall give a beautiful book for the best story.

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VOL. 5. SEPTEMBER, 1901. No. 12.

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FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

ECONOMICAL LUXURIES.

Too many housewives consider ice and ices a luxury! Now this is quite a mistake. There is nothing in the world so easy to make as an ordinary cream ice, while there is certainly no addition to any little dinner which will be so much appreciated as a well-made sweet or savoury ice, served and arranged picturesquely. To start with, only half and half of cream and milk are necessary, while many people think that all cream is required. Indeed, if the ice is composed of all cream it will be too rich to make. Take, for instance, a strawberry cream ice, which is the most ordinary and well-known sweet of its kind. Half a pound of fresh strawberries and half a pound of whole fruit strawberry jam are required, also sixpennyworth of cream, a halfpennyworth of milk, and sugar to taste. Crush the fresh strawberries and the jam together, mix the cream and milk in, and stir well, adding the sugar last. Now rub the whole through a fine sieve; place all in the freezer, and turn the handle for five minutes at a time until the ice is required, when turn out and rock into a dish, or place in tiny paper cases as desired. Threepennyworth of ice and twopennyworth of freezing salt will be more than sufficient to freeze enough ice for twelve persons. Ice caves and paraphernalia of the kind are, I allow, very expensive in the first instance, but they very soon pay for their cost; they are so useful. I mean that the ice or ices can be made in the morning, put into their little cases, and placed in the cave until the ice course has to be sent in. Therefore, to a single-handed cook their value is, of course, great. They are not, however, by any means a necessity. An ordinary ice machine or freezer, in which the cream is frozen, only costs a few shillings. I quite allow that valuable time is wasted by the cook in breaking and chopping the ice itself, but now even this difficulty has been overcome by a delightful invention only just brought before the public. This is a machine which chops the ice quite small and ready for use. In the ordinary way a large amount of ice is wasted and powdered while the chopping process is going on, but the machine counteracts all this, while a few turns of the handle will form a large lump of ice into delightful little pieces ready for use. The ice for the table can be broken in the same way, and thus in a small household a large amount of time can be saved. This machine can be obtained in all sizes.

AN EMPRESS'S RECREATION.

The Empress Frederick had to the full the English love of outdoor life, and to be confined to her room was a great affliction to her. Perhaps her favourite recreation was riding. She was a perfect horsewoman, having been carefully taught in the riding school at Buckingham Palace; and when only seven years old her chief amusement at Osborne seems to have been that of galloping up and down the beach on her pony or driving a miniature phaeton along the sunny slopes of the Home Park at Windsor with her brother and her sister Alice. At Friedrichshof she was accustomed to take long rides, generally in the morning, accompanied by Baron Reischach, her Hofmarschal, and when the autumn manœuvres were on in the neighbourhood she always went forth and followed them with deep and intelligent interest.

Is there not with all of us some simple thing which weaves itself into our ideal joys? The gleam of sunset, the lull of a drowsy wind, the chime of a distant bell, a something which we catch and lose again, but without which our vision is imperfect?

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SILK FOULARD GOWN.

This sketch shows one of the fashionable white satin foulards, with a design in black all over it. There is a simulated double skirt, managed by a deep tuck like that which borders the hem. The front breadth is quite plain, and the fulness at the sides is flattened down on the hips by means of numerous small pleats. The little capes are in white glacé, button-holed all round with black silk. The revers on the fronts match them, and have black and gold cords and

little gilt buttons. The stitched black and gold waistband passes under these, leaving them free. The vest is plain, transparent lace, shaped to the neck, and the tie is in cherry-coloured silk. The sleeves are entirely composed of the foulard, stitched down as far as the elbow and thence allowed to puff out, the fulness gathered into rather deep white silk cuffs, button-holed round the upper edge with black silk.

We worry because we do so little, whereas the real trouble is that what we do is ill done. Of work done as well as man can do it, a little is sufficient to make a life useful and noble.

THE TRUE AIM OF LIFE.

In one of Browning's poems is the beautiful story of a boy working at his poor trade and praising God morn, noon, and night. But one whispered in the boy's ear a word which left in his mind a feeling of discontent with his lowly place and work, and started in his heart a desire for something great and conspicuous. He craved now to praise God in the Pope's great and splendid way in St. Peter's dome. He left his poor trade and became a priest. Meanwhile Gabriel took up the boy's tasks, and played the craftsman well, praising God in his place. At last Theocrite realised his early dream—he was Pope now in St. Peter's. But Gabriel appeared to him, saying:

I did not well when I took thee from thy craftsman's cell and set thee here.
Go back to thy cell and thy poor employ;
Resume the craftsman and the boy.

He seemed to be serving God now in a far grander way than when he was working at his trade in his lowly place. But really he pleased God better in those early days than now, amid splendour and pomp. God had missed the boy's song all the years—his place had been really vacant since he left it. Only when he went back to his poor employ was he fulfilling the divine plan for his life. . . . Not the making of a fine career, therefore, but the simple doing of God's will is the one true aim in living. Thus only can we achieve real success. If we do this, though we fail in the earthly race, we shall not fail in God's sight.—J. R. MILLER, D.D.

IN SYMPATHY WITH NATURE.

It is wise to put ourselves into sympathy with Nature in all her moods, that in all we may have the fullest blessing God would send us. Many people have a dislike of the wind. They can find comfort even in a rainy day, in that it freshens vegetation, fills the springs, and renews the face of the earth. The knowledge of its services helps to make up, with them, for wet feet and carrying an umbrella. But the wind, too, is as much our benefactor as the rain. It is the means of keeping the air pure and wholesome. It gathers and brings from the sea the ozone which freshens life in us. It stirs the blood, quickens the pulse, and floods the system with its own energy, when we meet it on the ground of sympathy as a fellow-servant. And if, under some conditions, it brings disaster, and even death, it has first saved and nourished every life it takes.

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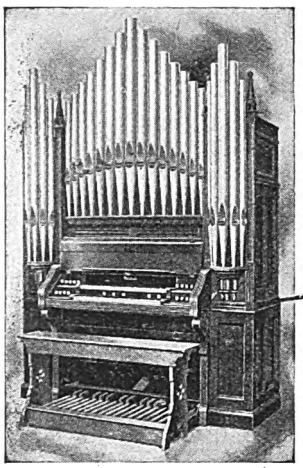

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VISITE.—NEW MODEL.

This sketch shows a new model of the dainty little garment known by its old-world name of "visite." It was originally devised as a supplement to ordinary home dress, fitting it for going out in and paying calls. The one from which this is sketched was composed of flowered chiné silk, wraith-like flowers in dreamy tones of hydrangea colours being strewn on a ground of warm pinkish pearl-grey. It is made with a Watteau back and bell sleeves, finished with a band of guipure matching that which forms the collar. A little frill of chiffon in hydrangea-mauve finishes the edges of the lace, and a ruche of

the same, with threefold bows of black velvet ribbon, borders the visite. At Goodwood one of these was worn in plain white glacé silk, with a border of cretonne poppies sewn on with a tambour stitch of black and green. For river wear a holland visite with lace collar and cuffs would be charming. In holland, tussore, or linen it would require no lining. When made of silk a lining is necessary though it may be as light as possible, such as a flowered muslin with a stripe, or merely brilliant in some suitable shade. There are stripped gauzes, too, which would answer this purpose. The plain ones would not be strong enough. The stripe means strength.

WITNESS FOR TRUTH.

I will tell you one thing which seems to me now plain. Everyone is not now called upon to be a martyr for truth. It is perfectly true that wherever there is a great soul pouring out its utterances to the world, there will be a Calvary; but before we pour out utterances we should be quite sure that we are great souls, that the truth is one important enough to suffer for, and that the persons we speak to are worth illumination, and not blind Pharises, before whom Divine wisdom says: "Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things." These three rules save from much irritation, which exhausts and does no good, like a great horse kicking at flies, every kick covering him with sweat, and enough to break twenty men's legs. But flies are not men. The convulsive kick goes through the swarm innocuous, and back they buzz and hum again. You always get the worst of it when you kick at flies. Squash them, if you can, without more effort than a switching of a tail; if not, let them alone.—F. W. Robertson, M.A.

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It is the peculiar quality and character of an undisciplined man, and a man of the world, to expect no advantage and to apprehend no mischief from himself, but all from objects without him. Whereas, the philosopher, quire contrarily, looks only inward, and apprehends no good or evil can happen to him but from himself alone.—EPICTETUS.

THE INFLUENCE OF KIND WORDS.

Whenever you can conscientiously encourage anyone, do so. You would not leave those plants in your window boxes without water, or refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them, but you leave some human flower to suffer from want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle on stony soil, shrubs that can wait for the dew and the sunbeams, vines that will climb without kindly training—but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can; give the helping praise when you see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one knows and no one cares" blights many a bud of promise. Whether it be the young artist at his easel, the workman at his bench, the boy at his mathematical problems, or the little girl at her piano, give what praise you honestly can, for many a one has fallen by the way for the want of that word of encouragement which would have "stablished his feet."

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

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A CELEBRATED HISTORICAL PAINTER.

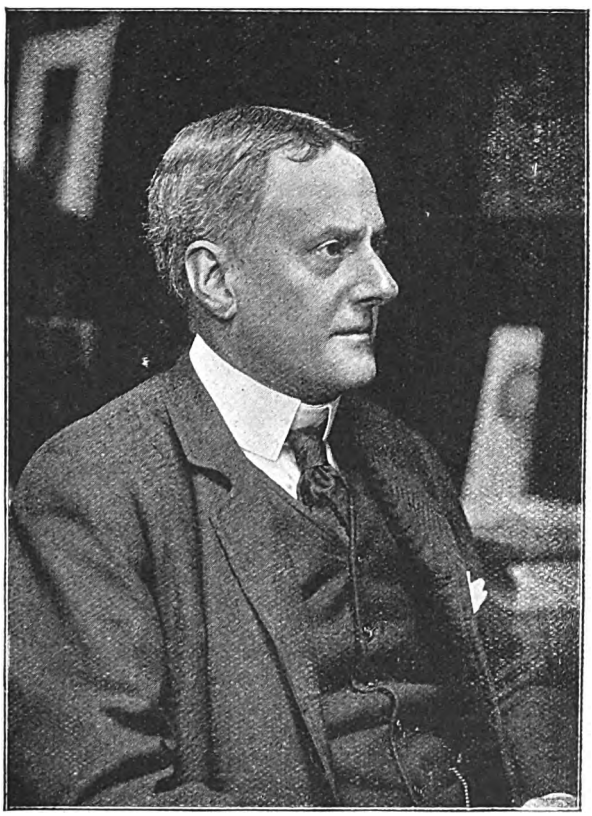
MR. J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

By A. FREDERIC WHITE.

MR. J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A., who has been commissioned by the King to commemorate on canvas the visit of the Moorish Embassy to the English Court, is a celebrated painter of historical subjects.

He has a keen eye for strong situations, and is noted for the picturesque detail of his work, and his selection is doubtless owing to these characteristics.

The subject will offer Mr. Lucas full scope for his powers; the scene is laid in the Throne Room with its gorgeous furnishings, and represents the King and his beautiful Consort receiving the emissaries of the Moorish Sultan, whose swarthy faces, flowing robes, and magnificent Eastern self-possession will form a striking contrast amidst the brilliant crowd of courtiers, the splendid uniforms of the officers, and the beautiful dresses of the Court ladies.



MR. J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.,
Whom the King has commissioned to paint a picture of the Reception of the Moorish Envoys.
Photograph by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Lucas has already commenced his task, the greatness of which only an artist can estimate. Before the actual picture can be painted innumerable sketches of every individual entering into the composition have to be made, and then elaborate studies in colour which the uninitiated might well mistake for the finished picture.

I saw on the easel in Mr. Lucas's studio a half-finished painting representing the King and Queen with

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shadowy outlines of the Moors. There is also another sketch in colour of the Throne Room, with its rich carving and gilding and costly upholsteries.

At the request of the King, the Envoys consented to give Mr. Lucas a sitting, but they carried out their undertaking in a somewhat literal fashion as after the first time they resolutely refused to submit to the ordeal again. It seems that good Mahommedans have religious scruples against sitting for their portraits and having fulfilled their promise thought they had made as much concession to Western notions as was lawful for followers of the Prophet.

Their dresses will require careful study, as the fleeting nature of the visit paid did not permit of this, and specimens will have to be procured from which the artist can work.

This, however, is a small difficulty to an historical painter who seeks by his art to make our ancestors live again on canvas habited in the fashions of centuries ago, and who in his search for ancient armour and dresses, or at least prints of them, encounters one of the most laborious of his tasks.

Mr. Lucas is especially at home in this kind of work, for, in addition to being an artist, he makes a hobby of antiquarian research, and what to others might seem the necessary but tiresome drudgery of their profession is to him a source of pleasure.

His studio walls are literally covered with beautiful and rare specimens of ancient armour, wonderfully complete ; and he has in a glass case a doublet of Shakespeare's time, a most rare possession, and several models of old ships of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, made at the time when those vessels proudly rode the water. He has also a very fine collection of old portraits, and his studio reveals in a remarkable degree the double bent of the antiquarian artist's mind.

Much historical research is necessary before any great picture of this nature is attempted, and in the wonderful Print Room and Library of the British Museum many a knotty problem presented by the dim past is solved. Mr. Lucas often spends a week in the former and three or four weeks in the latter before he attempts the actual work of painting, and the notes taken frequently fill an entire sketch book. Every one of them has some bearing on the future picture containing a suggestion of character, or details as to dress and appointments, to furniture and buildings.

It is while revelling in the delights of antiquity that the artist conjures up golden visions of what his latest picture will be when finished, that latest picture which is always going to be the best.

Alas, when the actual work of painting begins these dreams are sometimes dispelled, for the subject does not always lend itself so well to artistic treatment as at first it promised.

Another great difficulty which the painter of historical subjects has to face is to procure suitable models. This is a problem with every artist, but it is far easier when some scene of modern life is depicted than when the kings and heroes of the past form the subject of the painting. The average model is not of the heroic type, and the search for the possessor of a regal bearing and high heroic countenance among those who too obviously wear the livery of poverty, is necessarily arduous.

Mr. Lucas, who was born in London on December 21st, 1849, comes of an artistic family, and his uncle, Mr. John Lucas, was a portrait painter of some distinction, who executed many commissions for Royalty, and painted among other great personages Queen Adelaide, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Wellington.

He soon discovered his nephew's ability, and was anxious that the boy should follow his own profession, and offered to take him into his own studio. The future painter's career had already been chosen for him, he having been apprenticed to a wood carver, with whom, at the time, he had served for nine months. The work possessed just sufficient artistic possibilities to make him take pleasure in it, but he was not slow to avail himself of his uncle's offer.

His predilection for wood-carving has never disappeared however, and he still pursues it as a hobby, and this early training has been of considerable service to him in his pictures, for he is a connoisseur in the richly carved furniture of our ancestors, and very skilful in depicting it.

After leaving his uncle's studio, he studied under Mr. John Templeton, the painter of Irish genre subjects, and remained with him till he was twenty-one years of age, and gained a thorough knowledge of the technical details of

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his art. In the meantime he had passed into the Royal Academy Schools, but was unable to practise there much after he got into the painting school, for by that time he had begun to exhibit, his first picture, which found a place in the Academy, being "By Hook or by Crook," a historical genre painting. It is remarkable that Mr. Lucas has never changed his style, but adhered to this class of picture throughout his career, though, of course, his powers of execution have wonderfully developed. The judgment of youth in the selection of a style is by no means always to be relied upon, but Mr. Lucas has amply justified his early choice.

He occasionally paints portraits, and one very beautiful one of Mrs. Arthur Tooth he has kindly allowed us to reproduce.

His love for historical subjects was inspired by Sir Walter Scott's novels, and while still a boy he read through "Kenilworth" seven times. Thackeray's "Esmond" was also a great favourite, but it was the enchanter Scott who really formed his mind.

Being a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and a collector of antiques, he has dressed two or three plays for Sir Henry Irving, notably "Henry VIII.," "Ravenswood," and "Charles I.," and advised as to the archæology.

Perhaps Mr. Lucas's most celebrated picture, and the one by which his name became first widely known, is "The Armada in Sight."

MRS. ARTHUR TOOTH.
Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

Its subject is familiar to everyone, being founded on the well-known story that the approach of the Spanish Fleet found the English Admiral engaged in a game of bowls on the sea shore, and the dauntless Drake, probably wishing to inspire the others with confidence equal to his

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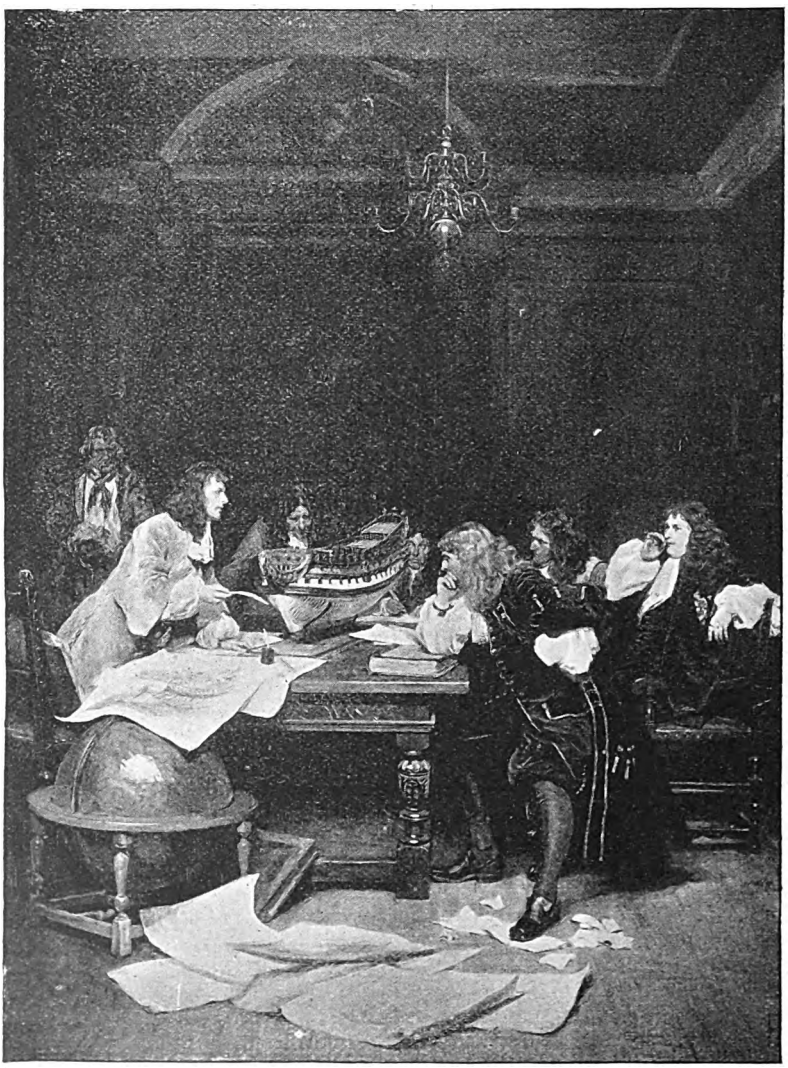
own, refused to be interrupted in his game even by that mighty navy which the proud Spaniard fondly hoped would make England a province of Spain.

Elizabethan subjects appeal especially to Mr. Lucas, and most of his pictures now belong to this period, though in former years the Stuart times, especially during the great rebellion which offers so many stirring incidents for the painter to seize, were his favourite.

The picture, "A Whip for Van Tromp," which is reproduced with this article, takes us back to the days when England's sea power was seriously threatened by the Dutch. A hostile fleet had sailed up the Thames and destroyed our shipping, spreading ruin and terror among the good merchants of London and, Van Tromp, after defeating us in the Channel, was parading the sea with a broom at his masthead as a sign that he had swept his rivals from the seas. The scene of the picture is laid in the Council Room of the Admiralty, and the Lords are seated round a table on which is a model of a new ship which will shortly hoist a streamer as a counterblast to the Dutchman's menace, for this is the "whip" which in the hands of Blake is to chastise the haughty Duchman till he flies for refuge to his native ports.



"A WHIP FOR VAN TROMP."
Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

A glance at one of these pictures enables us to grasp far better the significance of the great events which we read of in our history books, and their educational value is therefore high.

Hard facts, however accurately expressed, make little impression on us, but once let the hand of a master recall all the emotions which these momentous issues must have excited and let us see them for ourselves depicted on the countenances of human beings, then the dry bones of history live again and the great dramas of the world's past seem played before us afresh by living men and women.

A. FREDERIC WHITE.

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THE LOST LETTER.

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE.

I WAS going to be married to Katie, dear, bright little Katie, whom I had loved ever since I had met her three years ago on the seashore, walking with the two children to whom she was governess. She held one in each hand; the salt breeze ruffled her hair, and the light of the sea shone in her eyes, which turned upon me with a kind of puzzled anxiety. The little girl spoke first, "Ask him, Miss Porter," and she pointed at me with her little finger.

"Can I be of any assistance?" I said, lifting my hat.

"The ship, the ship," cried the child, stamping with impatience. Then I noticed a frail toy rocking on the waves. Quick as thought, I pulled off my boots, turned up my trousers, and strode into the water. When I restored the little vessel to its owner, Katie's sweet glance thanked me more warmly than all the broken, impetuous words of the delighted children.

Ever since then I have loved her with a love growing stronger every day. We were both poor, but we were both strong, and youth has a fund of hope and vitality. So, after a prolonged courtship, for Katie was cautious, with the prudence born of a hard struggle for life, and would do nothing in a hurry, we decided to marry. Katie went to London with her pupils, and gave notice to leave; I stayed at home in the village where I occupied the post of chief clerk in the bank. Katie wrote often, though not perhaps as often as my anxious affection desired, and every day the thought of a letter quickened my pulses, and set my heart beating.

The letters were directed to the post-office, and thither accordingly I frequently went, stopping a few minutes to chat with the little old postmaster, if by chance there was no letter. The old man was a strange character. Pallid, straight-featured, and sad-looking, his long white hair floated round his drooping shoulders; there was a wan weariness, a stern reticence, about him that made him appear far older than his age, which I judged to be about fifty-five. With difficulty I managed to break through his reserve, until we grew almost familiar. "No letter to-day," he would say before I had even asked him the question, and then his keen eyes looked kindly at me over his spectacles. At the beginning the letters came very regularly, and I used to walk in with a decided air and ask confidently for them. Then suddenly there was a pause and silence. I asked at first impatiently, then diffidently, then despairingly. The answer was always, "Nothing for you, sir."

At times a servant girl ran breathlessly in, wiping her hands on her apron, and snatched up the gray envelope that lay awaiting her; the stout farmer, who strode in with a roll, got his letters with methodical indifference; the old mother hobbled up, and there sure enough was the sailor boy's ill-spelt missive. A smile like sunshine broke over her wrinkled face, and filled the hollows round her cheeks, as with a "Thank you, sir," she thrust it in her pocket, to spell out leisurely by the light of her glasses and her flickering oil lamp. Every soul in creation seemed to have his heart's desire. I, only I, could get no tidings from my love. A holiday was impossible; I could neither spare the leisure nor the money. I had kept both with the carefulness of a miser for the time of our marriage, and now our marriage seemed further off than ever. I thought of telegraphing, but there was not much use in that. Poor folk don't often resort to these expensive methods. If Katie were ill it would frighten and flurry her, and if she were false she would not answer. No! She was not false, I felt that; then what—what could have happened? Men don't bear suspense as meekly as women, whose whole lives are passed in it; and, in spite of myself, my nights grew sleepless and my days a constant scene of misery. I went to the post-office mechanically, but I no longer asked any questions. The postmaster shook his head kindly but silently, and a

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sort of freemasonry seemed to spring up between us.

One day when I turned to go, with the dull, heavy tread of a hopeless man, he said to me, in his high-pitched, squeaky voice, "It's a bad business, Mr. Desmond, this silence."

"It is," I answered briefly, dreading lest in my misery I should stoop to maligning my darling.

"We see a great deal of human nature in the course of our business," he continued. He seemed inclined to talk, and I let him go on; my heart was so full that even the sympathy of a stranger was welcome. As he talked I watched a few brown leaves fluttering down from the big elm tree that stood at the corner, and falling softly on to the muddy road. It had been summer when I parted from Katie, in all the flush of hope; it was mid-winter now, and the wintry chill of disappointment had blasted all my hopes.

"A deal of human nature, and it's all the same. Year after year disappointment and trouble, and the trouble is hardest to bear when we're young. I went through it all once, and it bleached my hair as you see."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, it bleached my hair, and it was all for a woman. I've never talked about it since, but I don't mind telling you; for I feel, Mr. Desmond, as if I was living my life over again in yours. Of course, it's a woman; no man ever eats his heart out as you're doing except for a woman, and they're not worth it—at least, most of them."

I stood silent and numbed, leaning against the door-post. Where was the use of hoping and believing if women were all cheats?

"I was a fine straight young fellow in those days," the old man continued, "and my hair wasn't white, and the girls all liked me. But I only liked one, and she was a beauty.

"I met her when I went for a holiday, a fortnight's walking tour to the Lakes, in the company of her cousin. She was there with her aunt, a proud and rich old lady. They were above me in station, but I was full of ambition, and I meant to win her and be worthy of her. She was a maddening, tricksy sprite of a thing; you could never get hold of her rightly, nor know what she would be at. Sometimes she'd be that gentle and tender you would swear she loved you, and other times she'd stand off and hold her head high and walk mincingly, just like her aunt."

"The uncertainty makes one love them all the more, doesn't it?" I said, getting interested in spite of myself. The old man nodded. His face turned white, and a smouldering fire came into his eyes as he talked of the long ago time.

"Stop, I'll show you her picture." He pulled out from a drawer, which he carefully unlocked, a bundle of letters and a small water-colour picture, done in faint and amateurish fashion. "There," he said, holding it out with infinite care, "that's what she was like, the beauty!"

The picture represented a young girl dressed in the fashion of the day, with chestnut ringlets falling on each side of her face, large lustrous eyes, and the most roguish smile in the world. She wore a white muslin gown and a pink rosebud stuck in the front of the bodice. She was certainly pretty, but she did not look like a girl to stand firm in the face of opposition. I sighed. Katie, my Katie, was not like that. "She was very lovely," I said, giving back the picture reverently. The old man's eyes filled with tears as he looked again at the faded water-colour he held in his trembling hands.

"Bless her heart!" he said, "she was all in all to me, and the loss of her ruined my life. One doesn't forget a girl like that in a hurry."

"Did she deceive you?" I asked absently, staring at the raindrops that fell into the puddle by the door. The street was deserted; it was the village dinner-hour, and we were safe from interruption. The old man put the papers back in the drawer and locked it; then he said: "Would you like to hear the rest of my story?"

"Indeed I should." His voice fell harmlessly on my ear; the high-pitched treble had a faint sad note in it that mixed with my thoughts, till I felt as if it were all a dream.

"No, no, she didn't deceive me. I lingered on, talking and walking with her, and feasting my eyes on her beauty, till my holiday was nearly over and the last day came. We had planned a long walk, a climb up one of the mountains, and I meant to lose the two others and to contrive a talk with her all down the hill-side,

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where nobody could hear or spy upon us. She was always sweet when we were alone; only in her aunt's company she would tease and flout and mock me. Well, it turned out as I had planned. We left the others and strolled off by ourselves. Presently we sat down on a bed of fragrant thyme by the side of a little rippling brook. A lark sang loudly overhead, and the herbs filled the fresh August air with sweetness.

"'Dear,' I said, 'do you know why I brought you here?' She shook her head, and threw the little bits of thyme she had been crumbling in her fingers laughingly to the winds.

"'Because'—in spite of myself my voice trembled (there is something in the presence of the girl we love that makes us all humble)—'because—my Jeanie—my Jeanie, I love you.

"My arms were round her. I was kissing her again and again, and she was looking at me with those laughing eyes of hers, into which the love-light had crept. I can see it now—the bare hillside, the little field flowers, the blue sky above us, and my darling's heart beating against mine.

"I don't know how long we sat there. The sun went down and the clock flew round, and it was growing towards twilight. Then she roused herself, gave me the blue ribbon round her pretty neck, and promised, as solemnly as a girl could promise, to be mine.

"'But you must not try to see me, or write to me, till I give you permission. It will be hard work to get my aunt's consent; but I shall get it, and you must wait.'

"'I will wait till Doomsday for you,' I answered with the earnestness of conviction.

"'That's a bargain; but remember, if you venture to write to me, you will spoil everything and lose me for ever.' Her little face was quite serious as she said this, and put her lips up to mine to be kissed.

"I vowed that I would wait, and wait patiently, till she wrote, even were it for years."

"'You need not fear,' she said, 'I shall not forget you. It will be all right, only have patience.'"

"And you waited?"

"Of course. I waited day after day, month after month, year after year, till youth grew into age and my hair turned white."

"And she never wrote?"

"Never."

"Perhaps she is dead."

"Very likely."

"Still it is strange, very strange."

"Life is strange," said the postmaster, "and sad," he added, suddenly leaving me and going into his little back room. I took the hint and went away musing. Was this story only the precursor of mine? Was I to wait, too, for a woman's word and see my fair and beautiful life withering away before me till I grew old as he had done? To be a clerk in a bank isn't a very high or exciting position, yet I had been quite content to look forward to years of dull monotony if only I had my little wife beside me to cheer and comfort and love me. There is so much in a woman's love. It seems to wrap you round, and strengthen and support you just as if you were treading on air. I strolled home moodily. The landlady had let my fire out; the air was chill, and it was tea-time. How lonely the little room seemed, with its bits of new furniture and the tall clock ticking in the corner. I had been gradually gathering all I could afford together in view of our marriage. Katie was so dainty in all her ways and thoughts that it seemed impossible for her to live in any but a dainty house with pretty things about her, and I had been saving up to buy them.

I took a few sticks and lighted my fire absently. That old man's story haunted me. What if I, too, were to wait for years and then be doomed to disappointment. No! I would not do that. The bent shoulders, the white hair, the hopeless patience were not for me. To-morrow, if to-morrow brought me nothing, I would ask for a few days' leave, journey up to London and learn the worst. I was not bound by a foolish vow, like the old man, and no woman had a right to spoil a man's life in such an inconceivably capricious fashion. The kettle boiled over as I mused. I made the tea and sat sipping it reflectively, till a late hour.

Next day I returned to the post-office. The old man was not in his usual place behind the counter, sorting and arranging letters. A small child with a squeaky voice, a kind of miniature old man, propped itself on tiptoe against the counter and tried to give itself airs of importance.

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"Where is Mr. Channon?" I asked shortly.

"He ain't well! had a faint, and tumbled down yesterday. What do you please to want?" The young urchin spread himself out persuasively.

"I'm sorry he's ill. Is it serious?"

"Not particularly, the doctor said."

"Oh, well, are there any letters for Mr. Desmond?"

The boy took down the packet of letters turned them over slowly, spelt them out awkwardly, then said: "There are none, sir." He looked as if he expected me to go—there was nothing to wait for. Katie had evidently changed her mind, and I was to be alone in the world for ever. I shifted from one foot to the other; one cannot let hope die out so easily, and even when it is buried flowering grasses will spring up and blow sweetly over the grave. Just then I heard a low cry and the soft tapping of a stick.

"It's Mr. Channon," said the infant, clumping with heavy boots towards the inner room.

Presently he returned.

"Mr. Channon wants to see you, sir." The infant's tone was quite respectful now, as he held the door open for me to pass through. I had never before penetrated into the postmaster's sanctum. He was not lavish of invitations, and scarcely seemed to care for anyone's society. So I entered the small room curiously. It was scrupulously clean and comfortable, with a refinement I had not looked for. A mahogany bureau stood in the corner, a few good prints hung on the walls, books littered the table, a fire burnt brightly on the hearth, a pot of verbena was in the window, and on the small snowy bed lay the postmaster as white as his sheets. One thin sinewy hand fell outside the coverlet, and clasped a piece of faded yellow paper, while a strange mystical light shone in the old man's eyes.

"It's come," he said, faintly, "at last."

"What has come?" I feared his mind was wandering. Probably he had experienced some kind of stroke—a faint, the infant called it, but he was not likely to be learned in medical matters.

"The letter—the letter I've waited for for thirty years."

Evidently the brain, so strained and tried, had snapped at last. I tried to humour him.

"Ah, well, and what does she say?"

"She told me to come, she loved me, my darling, always. I knew it—there was truth in her eyes, she loved me, she didn't deceive me, she sent for me."

The old man's hands trembled; it was sad to see him so feeble, so eager, with the soul and heart as young as ever, cased in such a poor frail body.

"I must go to her, go to her at once;" he seemed to have forgetten his age, the time that had elapsed, everything, but that his love had written, and that her letter had reached him at last.

"But how—why did you not get this letter sooner?"

The paper was yellow with age, the tiny writing faded. For answer he held out a blue envelope marked: "On Her Majesty's Service." I looked. An official document informed him that on removing a country post-box, this letter, directed to him, that must have lain there for thirty years, had been found. Though so long a time had elapsed, the letter was now duly forwarded to his address.

"To think that this letter should have been lost, this one of all others—and that it has ruined my life, Mr. Desmond, ruined mine, and perhaps ruined hers—my dear little girl, waiting—waiting and believing, perhaps, that I had forgotten—such a chance, such a fatal chance——"

The old man buried his face in his pillows and sobbed helplessly. Presently he roused himself.

"Go, go at once, Mr. Desmond, send her a telegram, or stay—that might frighten her, write—say I'm coming—oh, to be so helpless, so old, with all my beautiful wasted young life gone!"

"Do you know where she lives?" I asked.

"Yes, yes, in London, at 3, New Street."

"But that was thirty years ago; she must have changed her residence; she may be married."

The old man struggled to realise the situation. His beautiful faith had never wavered—a long life spent in the cherishing of one idea had disabled him from realising any other—time had stood still for him; he forgot that it had progressed with others. He moaned feebly.

"What am I to do?" Help me, advise me, Mr. Desmond."

"The first thing to do is to get well.

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You can effect no good result while you lie on that bed."

"Oh, I'll get up at once. I only felt a bit faint—faint and weary."

"You look it. See here, I'll write to a friend in London, and get him to find out if Miss Alston is still living there—and then——"

"Then I'll go to her." A look of rapture broke over the stern old features, and illumined them like a flash of winter sunshine. "Just to see her again—you can't think what it will be, after all these years!" His eyes turned again to the piece of yellow paper and the faint handwriting upon it. He lifted it to his lips and pressed it against them devoutly.

"Now, don't you tire yourself. Lie quietly in bed and get well, and I'll come back again soon."

I sent the wire, and we waited for the answer. The early winter evening closed in, and the shadows began to fall. The old man said little. I thought he was dozing, and I sat by the fire meditating. By degrees my thoughts turned to myself and to my Katie. Had any such mishap occurred to me? Was my letter lost too? I determined that as soon as I had done what I could for poor Mr. Channon I would be up and away to London myself. I glanced towards the bed at that moment, and beheld Mr. Channon with wide-open, anxious eyes staring before him; a faint rose flush lay on the withered cheek, a mark of feverish anxiety.

"Are you awake, Mr. Channon?" I said, speaking as calmly as I could. "The quiet in this room makes one sleepy."

"Yes, it's a quiet back room—there's the little garden, and you don't hear the children halloaing and shouting when they come home from school. They do cry out so, those brats; that's what it is to be young." He sighed.

All through that day I stayed by him, tormented by a nervous anxiety as great as his, for his story seemed an omen of what was to befall me; and, superstitious wretch that I was, I felt that on the answer to that telegram depended the happy conclusion of my own love story. The old man lay generally motionless. Occasionally he closed his eyes with the rapt look in them, then he moaned a little and gently pinched the coverlet with his wan fingers. By degrees the prolonged suspense became almost unendurable. The clock ticked out slowly like a living pulse, a coal rattled down into the hearth, and the quiet was so intense I could almost hear my own breathing. Suddenly a low tap came at the door. It was the infant, bearing an orange envelope between his dirty finger and thumb. I glanced uneasily towards the bed. The old man looked up. His flickering spirits revived, his eyes glowed, his lips trembled; he clutched hardly at his breath.

"Open it," he said in a whisper. I tore the cover off and read: "Miss Alston married thirty years ago; she is now dead." I dared not speak. Such a shock, so brutal an ending to all his hopes, must surely kill him. I tried to hide the telegram, and to think of some kindly subterfuge, but no good inspiration came to me.

I stood there idly crumpling the paper in my hand, when, with one spring almost miraculous in its vitality, the old man left his bed, and coming suddenly behind me, seized the fatal telegram.

"It's not true," he cried. "It's a lie—a mistake, a mistake, I don't believe it."

Then he read the message more quietly, and tottered a little.

Just then there came a faint rustling at the door, as of a woman's skirts. The light was fading quickly, shadows filled the room, a cruel hush of suspense hung about me. Slowly, almost mysteriously, the door opened.

Katie stood on the threshold, dressed in her little grey gown.

"Katie!" We sprang into each other's arms. Her head fell on my shoulder. "I've come," she said. "I wanted to surprise you." I had forgotten all—the weariness, the waiting, the disappointment—all—except that her sweet presence was beside me. Her cheeks were wet with tears, her soft hair fluttered in my eyes. We were happy—happy. The bitter-sweet of sorrow and past pain was in the grip of my hand and the taste of her lips. Then we turned slowly, regretfully. Beside us the old man lay dead on the floor.

[THE END.]

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COMMON SENSE
FOR
MOTHERS AND NURSES.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES

By Dr. Julia Holmes Smith.

NUMBER EIGHT.

The Best Food for a New-Born Baby.

THE best food for any new-born baby is the food provided by nature, and the mother's milk will probably be most fitting for its need. Assuming that mother is in good health, the child should be early put to the breast, and during the first six weeks there should be an interval of at least two hours from the time when he leaves his mother until he is handed back to her again, for renewed nourishment, and he should be made to take the two breasts alternately. At night it is very important that the mother should sleep, and, therefore, the little one should be habituated to be fed at bedtime; and after it is three months old, by coaxing on the part of the nurse, should be induced to remain away from the breast until five o'clock the next morning. Until the child is three months old, it needs one meal during the night.

No one acquires habits more readily than a wee baby, and, in my experience, the nurses who are most successful are those who have the most patience with children committed to their care. Of course it is a great deal easier when a child cries to say: "Here, take the baby, and give him some milk;" but the result, uniformly, is to disturb the stomach, and set up a dyspepsia, from which the child rarely recovers until late in life. The wise nurse or observant mother will soon be able to tell when the child cries from hunger or only from ill-temper or uneasiness. Some one has said, "If the baby wakes up and seems pleased with the sight of its mother, clutches his little hands, and bends his limbs he is hungry; but if he remains passive he does not require the breast. If he cries peevishly, has a hot skin, moves his limbs about, and is troubled with indigestion, milk will only hurt him. It requires then the courage of the nurse's convictions and the wise love of the mother to enable her to resist the appeal of the baby." A little hot water, in which may be dissolved a little sugar of milk, will sometimes start the wind rolling from off the stomach, and the manipulation of the abdomen and toasting the toes at the fire may prevent an attack of the colic.

Next to the mother's milk, of course, a wet-nurse is most desirable; but if that is not attainable, then the little person has to be trusted to being fed on a bottle, and I would wish most earnestly to recommend a bottle with no corners; it should be round at the bottom, so that the sponge or brush used for cleaning may reach every part. The milk should be poured in from the top, and the ordinary black rubber nipple adjusted; the child should be held in the arms in the ordinary position for nursing, and encouraged to take its meal quietly and slowly.

The mother or nurse should give fully as much time to feeding the child from the bottle as she would if it were taken in her arms to be fed in nature's way. The bottles that are ordinarily used, and trusted to the care of inexperienced nursery-maids, are the source of a great deal of illness among children, and it makes my heart ache when I see in our streets daintily dressed babies in their carriage with a nipple of a nursing-bottle in their mouths, half the time the bottle containing cold food, or, what is worse, the vitiated air which comes from the débris of the last meal. No baby should

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be allowed to go to bed with his bottle, still less should he take his walks abroad while taking his food.

It seems to me that, after consideration of the points before suggested, I hardly need emphasise the necessity for regularity in feeding, and I would encourage every mother to give her child something to go to sleep with—a pet doll or a toy he likes, or even a rattle—so the little one may have the comfort of association, and not expect food every time he wakes up in the night. I know a physician who carries in his pocket a rubber nipple fastened firmly on a cork, and, while he is extremely earnest in his advice to mothers in regard to regularity in feeding, he is very apt to present one of these "cold comforts," as he calls them, thus encouraging and training the little child to persistent sucking to put him to sleep. In my judgment, such a habit, apart from being vulgar, is extremely unhealthy; it distorts the mouth, causes, as soon as the activity of the glands is established, an excessive flow of saliva, and creates indigestion. I believe very earnestly that, as soon as possible, a child should be taught to drink from a cup, and so obviate all necessity for the relation of mouth and nipple. There is a good deal of sentiment talked about the comfort a child takes with its bottle, but if comfort suggests disease, then a speedy separation is desirable.

Mother's milk and cow's milk are, according to their chemical constitution, very much alike, but it happens in cities that cows are often so fed as to make the milk undesirable as an article of food, and unless one can secure the very best quality of milk it seems to me wiser to have recourse to the artificially prepared foods, several of which are on the market, and with some my experience has been extremely satisfactory. Each child must be carefully studied, and a food chosen to suit the individual.

Every child needs a little bit of salt, and in almost every food it is well to put some, not only for the taste, but for its value in digesting the food. It is a notable fact that all animals welcome salt occasionally, and, like human beings, pine when there is a lack of it. In Holland, some generations ago, it is said to have been the custom to punish criminals by allowing no food but bread without salt. The consequence was the blood became depraved, they became infested with worms, and died miserably. Blood contains a large percentage of salt, and no one can be healthy without it. An experienced physician has stated that if a strong solution of salt and water be injected into the veins of a person dying with cholera, the patient will be roused from his stupor, and occasionally it has led to recovery. How worse than foolish then those persons who, a few years ago, added to the craze for water as a cure-all a condemnation of salt as a condiment.

I should like again to emphasise that nervous disturbances at the time of feeding a child have a marked effect upon digestion. Stories are on record of mothers, who, during a fit of severe ill-temper, or after a shock of sorrow or fright, have nursed a child, and the little one has fallen into convulsions, the food having been poisoned through the shock to the nervous system of the mother. These are extreme cases, but the lesson to be learned by everyone is that the mother when she is nursing her baby should, so far as possible, put away from her mind all thoughts which tend to anxiety of anything, and give herself up to the joys of maternity. She should make no plans for the future which involve any severe mental strain; she should yield to no regrets for the past which may cause pain in reminiscence. She should not take the time when feeding her baby to give orders to the servants or plan the day's campaign.

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A Saturday Market in Slum London.

By ERNEST T. RICHARDS.

ONE swelteringly hot Saturday afternoon, some few weeks ago, I paid a long-intended visit to Whitecross-street, a neighbourhood justly famous for the cheapness of its wares. Having regard to the look of poverty of the neighbourhood, it it is hard to realise that Whitecross-street is on the bounds of the wealthiest city in the world, yet so it is. Somewhat narrow, it is made narrower by the presence on either kerb of a long string of costermongers' barrows, stretching away down the street as far as the eye can reach, and what little room there is left of the roadway is entirely taken up by a jostling crowd of men, women, and children, carrying market baskets.

Whether a cart or wagon ever attempts to pass down Whitecross-street on a Saturday I cannot say; I saw none, and it hardly seemed within the bounds of possibility, so dense was the throng on pavements and roadway alike.

The heat was tremendous; and, truth to tell, the near proximity of huge quantities of such perishable commodities as fish, fruit, meat, and vegetables, congregated in a confined area, was a trifle overpowering. But all this in no wise affected the energy of the street merchants or of their customers. Buying and selling went merrily on, for the week's provender had to be bought, and stocks had to be cleared regardless of sacrifice.

"Well, what is it a'going to be? rather warm for beef? Well, I've a nice little shoulder at 4½d. that'll just suit. Shall I weigh it up? Orl right, 1s. 9d." And the loquacious salesman will probably inform you that he has laid aside the companion shoulder for his own eating on the morrow.

Also he will likely expatiate upon the prejudices some people entertain against meat which has gone a trifle dark. He never eats it until it is the colour of mahogany himself, it is so much more tender and mellow after it has been kept awhile.

But if you have a straightened income it is wise to avoid joints except on special occasions. By shopping late, and keeping a sharp eye open, it is often possible to snap up little bargains in the shape of odds and ends, wholesome and palatable, for a few pence.

Especially is this the case with fish; here, indeed, the humble copper is a mighty power. Twopenny lots are a grand feature in the open-air markets.

Why, for 2d. you can buy half-a-dozen and sometimes even eight or nine small Dutch plaice, certainly enough for a good, hearty meal for two grown people, with just a snack for a hungry youngster thrown in, to give a relish to plainer food.

But an even more highly esteemed delicacy is conger eel, which may be purchased at the reasonable figure of 2d. per pound, and a very appetising and wholesome dish it is.

There is, however, in the opinion of the oldest coster living a fish which for quality combined with cheapness excels all others. It is not a good-looking fish. In fact, it is a splendid instance of the folly of judging by appearances. Many people have a foolish prejudice against the catfish, but the oldest coster says—and surely he ought to know—that in quality it rivals turbot or sole.

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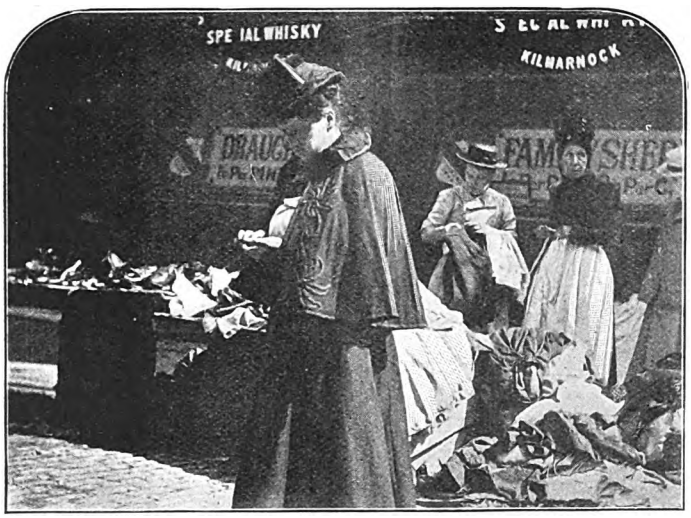

THE LADIES' "READY-MADE" DEPARTMENT.

To the Jews belongs the credit of discovering the potentialities of catfish. They used to be thrown on one side at market, and anyone who came along might drag them away with a piece of string.

But the catfish is beginning to live down its ill looks, which in sooth are a blessing in disguise, for they will always keep it cheap.

The sale of shellfish also is enormous in the poorer districts of London; it is no uncommon thing for the proprietor of one shop in Whitecross Street to keep himself and staff of assistants hard at work the whole of an afternoon measuring up his wholesale purchases of periwinkles and shrimps.

Leaving fish let us continue our journey and see what we can get for our money in the way of fruit and vegetables. Here is a field in which the costermonger is indeed in his element, for it is in perishable goods par excellence that he is most formidable to the shops. Most shopkeepers charge 4d. per lb. for cherries, 2d. for gooseberries, and three-halfpence to 2d. for cabbages, but the costermonger can afford to halve these prices and yet leave a decent margin of profit for himself.

How does he do it? It is just this way. He goes to the market, the same as the shopkeeper, but unlike the latter he is in no hurry to buy. The shopkeeper, in the very nature of things, is compelled to be regular in all his goings out and his comings in, and consequently has no time to waste at market. This means that he must take the market as he finds it, often at top prices.

Not so, however, with our ubiquitous friend; his time is his own, he owes allegiance to no man, and an hour or two, more or less, at market is of no moment to him providing he can get things at his own prices.

Then again, unlike the shopkeeper, he is not compelled to keep a representative stock; he is free to invest his capital in leading lines going desperately cheap—to specialise, as it were. For instance, the oldest costermonger told me that on several occasions he has more than doubled the capital laid out on a day's trading by putting all his money into one article.

He bought twenty dozen of mint at 4s. per dozen; and by the end of the day he had sold clean out at 9s. a dozen, thus

PURCHASING THE SUNDAY JOINT.

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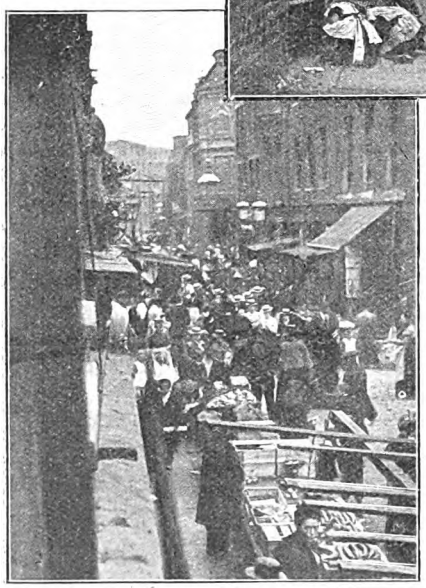
making a clear profit of £5, or a cool 125 per cent. for his outlay—not bad this. None but the very largest shops could bring off such a coup, for the simple reason that they are expected by their customers to keep every kind of greengrocery, and their capital must be therefore invested with the hope of a moderate all-round profit.

THE COSTER'S HOME.



THE CHEAPEST STREET IN THE WEALTHIEST CITY—WHITECROSS STREET, E.C.

REPLENISHING THE FAMILY CROCKERY AT THE RATE OF 2D. FOR SIX TEA-PLATES.

Strictly speaking, the idea of the costermonger is one who buys up the overplus of perishable commodities, such as fish, fruit, and vegetables; but the area of outdoor trading is by no means confined to this.

It would be difficult, indeed, to think of a branch of trade which is not represented by the coster barrow. You have old books, old iron, bicycle fittings, jet trimmings, secondhand clothing, boots and shoes, crockery, children's and women's underclothing and millinery, men's ready-made clothing, and furniture.

Stockings can be purchased at as low as 2d. or 3d. a pair, all cotton, of course, and not warranted to last more than two or three times wearing. There are one or two stalls in Whitecross Street from which wonderful bargains can be picked up in children's clothing. A child's hat that would cost two or three shillings in a shop can be here bought for one; dainty little overalls, pinafores, or even frocks, are desperately cheap, the pinafores in some cases as low as 11¾d.

How is it done? Well, not by the ordinary methods of trading, you may be sure. Like most other branches of the coster craft the main secret lies in knowing how and where to buy. The proprietor of what seemed to be a very thriving outside drapery store in Whitecross Street confided to me that it took him many months before he could lay his hands on the right sources of supply. All his dainty wares are travellers' samples, sold off cheap by

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the city houses after they have served the turn of the man of commerce, and naturally there is a lively competition for the stuff by street merchants.

If the lay person were asked to name the lowest possible price for which a man can obtain a new pair of boots of the worst quality he would probably say about 8s. 6d., but he would be wrong. In Whitecross Street or Hoxton you can be fitted up with a brand new pair for 2s. 6d. Fancy, half-a-crown for a pair of boots. Opinions vary as to their wearing value; some maintaining that they are nothing more than brown paper, while others that they are all right for a working man. They certainly appear all right. As for crockery, one might enter into matrimony on that score for about five shillings, providing one's artistic sensibilities are not outraged beyond endurance by cups a trifle malformed and plates a little out of the straight. Why, you can go as low as 2d. for half-a-dozen tea plates—not of the very best china, you may be sure, but just as good for all practical purposes. This class of goods is technically known as "spoils," and is composed of the cheapest quality of stone china.

Since the formation of the Costermongers' Association the lot of the fraternity has considerably improved. There is more opportunity now for a man to get a living. In former days when the coster got into trouble with the police, the barrow used to be put in the police station green yard; nowadays the man in blue is content to take the offender's name and address, thus giving him a chance to continue his business for the day.

Impounding of barrows has quite an old-world flavour remindful of Bumble in Dickens', and in fact the system must have been contemporaneous with the one time beadle of Whitecross Street. It is within the memories of some ancients yet living when control of the out-door vendors was in the hands of the beadle and a couple of his coadjutors. That was in the palmy days of the street when, as the oldest costermonger will tell you with a sigh, he could earn as much in a day as he can now in a week.

A gentleman who has taken a lifelong interest in costers is Mr. Orsman, the presiding genius of Costers' Hall, Hoxton. Formerly this institution had its location in the Whitecross Street neighbourhood, but owing to the site being required for warehouses it was found necessary to migrate. It was Mr. Orsman who wrote to the late Earl of Shaftesbury to help him in forming the much needed union. Lord Shaftesbury responded, and largely through his generous help and influence, coupled with the active help of Mr. Orsman, the Association was formed.

The object is the protection of the interests of costermongers, to insure their fair treatment in any legal proceedings in which from the nature of their calling they may be involved, and to further schemes for their social advancement.

In 1871 there one day appeared notices in Whitecross Street that after a certain date all barrows must be cleared from the thoroughfare. This high-handed action roused the costers to a sense of the necessity of union; the Association was shortly afterwards formed, and the barrows after thirty years remain.

In connection with it are various most useful offshoots, one of the most notable being a mutual loan Society, by means of which money can be obtained for purchase of stock. How invaluable this is anyone who knows anything of the inner workings of coster life realises perfectly well. When times are bad it is no uncommon thing for the outdoor merchant to have recourse to money-lenders, who exact a pretty formidable rate in return for the accommodation.

There are, in fact, individuals, some of whom, to look at them, are not worth a shilling, who make an extremely good thing by finding the sinews of war for the costermonger.

"Do you see that old bloke sittin' on the doorstep over there?" said a coster with whom I got into conversation; "'e don't look up to much, does 'e, but 'e can always let us have a few pahnds if 'e knows ees money is right. What does 'e charge? Oh, 2d. in the shilling for the week, that is the usual rite abart 'ere. Rather takes the gilt off, don't it? And when we 'as a bad day Saturday after borrowing the money, there ain't very much left over for the *corster*, I give you my word."

Assuredly not—money is tight down Whitecross Street when the coster must pay at the rate of hundreds per cent. per annum for a business loan. And in fairness to the class the testimony of Mr. Orsman, who has had more experience

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THE CORNER STALL.

different from the genuine article as—as—" and Mr. Orsman waved his hand in the air as if in despair of finding a sufficiently powerful simile. "He goes on all right perhaps for a day or two, but in most cases finds the game too slow for him. Why, I have had men say to me 'why should I work hard all day and earn two or three shillings when I can steal a gentleman's gold watch in a minute, and get twenty times as much for it?'

STOUT BOOTS FOR HALF-A-CROWN.

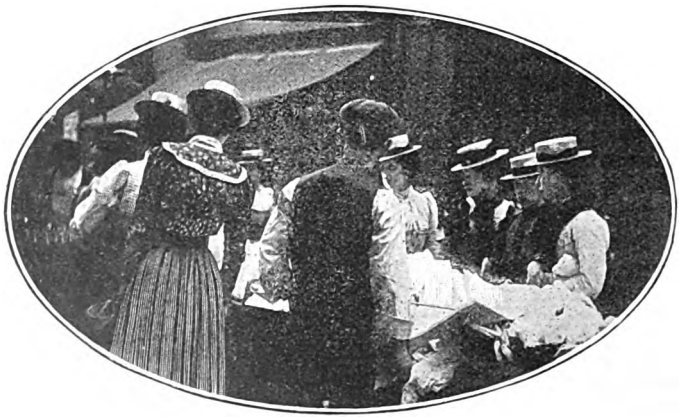
with them than any other man breathing, must be recorded. He remarked the other day :—

"I have never lost anything by a costermonger yet. I would always trust one. Mind you, I mean the genuine article." And it must not be forgotten that Mr. Orsman is a magistrate as well as a friend of the costermonger.

"It is a most unfortunate thing," he continued, "and it is a point on which I feel very strongly, that men charged at the police-courts are frequently described as costermongers who are really not costermongers at all.

"How it arises is this. When a man comes out of prison the Prisoners' Aid Societies help him if they can, and the easiest way to give him a start is to set him up with a box of herrings, and turn him into a costermonger, though he is as

"Yes, it is very hard on the genuine coster to be confused with men like that. No, honesty is the only possible policy for the costermonger, as it is for the ordinary tradesman. It is not a line that would pay rogues to take up with. Then again, some have a lurking suspicion about the weights and measures of out-door traders. They need not. The County Council look just as sharp after the coster in this respect, you may be sure, as they do after the shopkeeper."



AN OUTSIDE DRAPERY STORE, WHERE THE EAST END GIRL PICKS UP HER BARGAINS IN FINERY.

There has been a great deal said and written in disfavour of the costermonger in that he is an unfair competitor of the shopkeeper because he pays neither rates nor taxes, and yet is permitted to plant his barrow right in front of the shop window of a trade rival who is saddled with all the burdens of citizenship.

No doubt this in in some cases a hardship,

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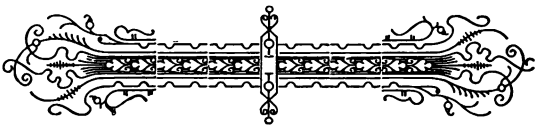
and, on the face of it, it seems only fair that a coster should refrain from dumping himself in front of a shopkeeping rival in the same business, though in the poorer districts—and, broadly speaking, these are the only parts affected—the shopkeepers are carrying the war into the enemies' country, and effect an extension of premises by a stall of their own at the kerbstone facing the shop.

But to attempt to drive out the coster by Act of Parliament—or, more properly, by the Vestry edict—has been proved to be fatal. Yielding to the importunities of the shopkeeper the experiment has been repeatedly tried, and with this result—trade has departed from the neighbourhood, and the very individuals who were most clamorous for the eviction of the free lances have since been the foremost in imploring their return.

ERNEST T. RICHARDS.



GOD'S CHILD.

"God's Child," we called her, knowing not if He
  Had shaped her frailly to require her soon
  (So delicate-sweet she seemed for life's bluff dune
Putting on grace like a pale, little tree);
And when she passed, through girlish May, to be
  Rarer, more womanly from noon to noon,
  "God's Child," we called her still. So her ripe June
Looked level love from her deep eyes to me.

God's Child! May she lie ever in His sight,
  Folded and guarded by His loving smile.
    Only—the while she loves this earth of Thine,
Give me to hold and comfort as I might.
  Let me look to her, God, this little while!
    Let me but dream Thy little child is mine!

P. Wheeler.

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Women as Workers at Home.

By MRS. FENWICK MILLER.

HERE is a point in the "Woman Question" hitherto overlooked: the little consideration and value given to woman's work at home.

It is a point of the first consequence. The immense majority of women are at work in the household; and, whatever changes may come about, it can never be otherwise than desirable that a great portion of the collective energy and activity of our sex shall be therein expended. The house needs its mistress, the children want their mother. Very good. Then it must be of the first consequence that the homework of wives and mothers shall be properly appreciated and duly rewarded, to encourage the acceptance of this work by capable women and its proper performance.

"Oh, but we do appreciate it!" I seem to hear a chorus of remonstrant male voices cry. "Do we not always tell you that the noblest sphere and the highest duties of your sex are these—that no great authoress, no woman of science, or thought, or political light and leading can be of more consequence to society than the good wife and mother—and have not our greatest poets honoured with their highest raptures the woman who illumines the domestic hearth for husband and children!"

This is very pretty sentiment, but it is precisely what I object to. "Fine words butter no parsnips"; and services which are considered paid for by a little casual adulation at intervals are valued at what the words are worth—nothing! I respectfully but firmly make bold to declare once again that for the work they do in the home women get neither due credit nor due reward.

As to the credit—do we not hear every day of our lives that in marriage the husband "keeps" or "maintains" the wife? "Keeps" her, if you please, not in the same sense that the capitalist "keeps" the worker; not "pays" her with her board and her bonnets, as a natural and necessary return for her services performed; but "keeps" her as one gratuitously supported out of the labour of her "bread-winner" without her own exertions. But surely the real truth is that a wife earns her own living, and that her husband no more "keeps" her than his masters or his customers "keep" him. Of course, I do not speak of great ladies, but of the immense majority of the people. Amongst the working and the middle classes, men's wives most emphatically earn their living if they do their duty—as, thank Heaven, most do! Whosoever denies this proposition proves only how true it is that the work that women do in the house is not properly valued.

For, in very truth, a woman almost always works harder in her domestic sphere than a man in his shop or his business. An "Eight Hours' Bill," forsooth! How many a poor mother would be only too thankful if she could be clear quit with twice that number of hours' work out of the 24! John or Tom goes to his factory or business for eight or ten hours, then for the next 14 or 16 he refreshes himself with food, fun and sleep. But what is Mrs. John doing? She must rise early in the morning to get breakfast for "the bread winner," who "keeps" her; then she must wash and despatch to school the four or five noisy youngsters, darting here and there like eels; and dress one or two babies, and look after them constantly, and make beds and sweep and scrub, and cook a dinner, and serve table when it is eaten, and then clear away; and prepare the evening meal and serve it, and clean after it; and mend piles of old clothing and make new—perhaps little frocks like a dressmaker,

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and trousers like a tailor, out of bigger ones; and do the laundry-work for the household, say six or eight persons; and nurse husband or family in sickness; and bear and give birth to children—that "labour" so severe that it stands in the parlance of every nation as the very type of the primal curse—and suckle and tend them in endless succession, lying awake at nights, not for one year, but year after year, with the ever-new baby who needs feeding and soothing.

It cannot all be done, perhaps; it can hardly all be done thoroughly and completely. But the very impossibility of one woman successfully accomplishing the work of housemaid, cook, nurse to babies, needlewoman, sick nurse, laundress, and mother, only worries her who is expected and tries to do it all; and she toils on from early morn till midnight, without rest or recreation, and sinks, worn out at last, to a sleep of a few hours, broken and fitful because of the baby at her side.

This lot of unrelieved labour is the lot of the poor man's wife who has a large family, but, thank God! there are compensations in it. If the husband now and then gives a word of love and appreciation, and little arms are fondly thrown round the wearied shoulders, life is not all bitter! But it is obviously nothing less than ludicrous to talk of women of this rank as maintained by and dependent on their husbands in any other sense than that in which all labourers are "kept" by those who take the fruit of their toil, and return them in exchange the bare means of living.

Amongst people a little better off the tale is not very different. Generally where the wife is allowed one servant the mistress herself does part of the housework, and her needle is hardly ever out of her active right hand except when the hand is filled instead with a duster, a rolling-pin, or a baby. The wife of many a poor curate, struggling professional man, semi-successful author, head-clerk, or shopkeeper, works nearly as hard and quite as long each day as a working-man's wife. The middle-class woman's labour may be expended in somewhat different ways from that of the working-man's wife, because the employer (her husband) needs different services—his children's clothing kept "genteel," his home refined, and his table varied and agreeable. But none the less the work is incessant, wearying to the muscles, and trying to the nerves.

Wives in even a somewhat richer class, too—say of those making several hundreds a year—earn their living as hardly as their husbands, generally. There is so much to arrange, and so much to do by the mistress, even when servants are kept. The mistress is always on duty, always pursued by her responsibilities. Complete absorption and complete repose are the true law of work. The housekeeper never has the pleasure of either. Her work is perhaps all trifling, all petty, yet all needful and incessant. It is only when sickness or even death takes her hand from the rudder, and the good ship of home staggers in breakers of discomfort in consequence, that her work in the household is at all understood by husband and sons. In short, matronage is a profession for women, a business, in which most of us are employed. I claim that the woman's work in the house is as important to the community as that of the man outside, and deserves as much credit and establishes an equal claim for fair wages.

As far as the work goes, hers is generally the more laborious, because the more incessant, and the less interesting. When I say this, I speak of that which I do know. I have a profession and I am a housewife—and I know well which is the most vexatious, the least agreeable, and the most unending class of duties. It is the "woman's work," which is never finished, is not pleasant to do, is done for no pay, and is regarded as nothing. The "man's work" is often a deep interest to do; it brings consideration and recognition; and by it I can earn in a few hours the value of my board and lodging for a week. In the home a woman works hard day after day without ever by law establishing her right to anything beyond a bare maintenance from her employer. If she receive more, it is by grace; and her husband thinks that he "keeps" her, and, consequently, that her dress, her amusements, and the like, are his generous gifts, that he may withhold at his good (or bad) pleasure.

Of course I most warmly acknowledge that the majority of husbands do repay their wives generously for their household services; but laws have to be made

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always, not for the upright majority, but for the scoundrelly minority. Now, there is no point in which the law about women more demands alteration than in regard to a wife's claim to an income from her husband. A woman may have worked like a slave in her husband's house for years, and he may at any time refuse to give her money for anything more than the bare necessaries of life. He may make a will leaving every farthing of the savings that she has helped to accumulate away from her.

A man may be earning good wages and spend them nearly all on drink, or on luxuries for himself; and his neglected wife cannot, by magistrate's order or otherwise, claim any portion. Drunkards, loafers, and selfish vagabonds are absolutely unchecked in this way. Not so many years ago a deserted wife could only claim bare subsistence for herself and her children by the awful—almost impossible—expedient of going with them into the workhouse. Even now, the highest allowance a deserted wife can get, however numerous the family and however rich the husband, is forty shillings per week, and a wife who is not technically deserted cannot claim anything.

A man whose wife has a private income, or can earn any money, though in theory he no longer owns it, in practice can compel her to give it all up by the simple expedient of refusing to supply any housekeeping money till he is sure he has compelled her to spend all her own on daily needs. In short, the most scrupulous and industrious performance of the work of women in the house gives no legal claim, that can be set out and enforced, to any wages, large or small. That many, nay, *most* men do, in fact, pay proportionately to their means for that work (though they call it "giving" their wives money for dress, etc.) does not alter the fact that the work does not bring its proper recognition by custom or secure its reward by law when this is denied by injustice.

Cruel hardship is constantly caused by the state of the law about a man's practical liability to be compelled to keep his family. The "power to pledge his credit" is in practice nought; tradespeople and landlords will not give credit far. If space permitted I could give many illustrations from harsh fact; the idler who compels his wife to do double work that he may live on her earnings; the drunkard who starves his family; the miser who grudges them food and fire and clothes; the evil-dispositioned old curmudgeon who wills away every sovereign and leaves the worn-out worker of his home to dependence or penury in her old age. These things that the law allows such men to do with impunity are not right, not just, and therefore they ought not to be permitted. The work of the matron differs from every other kind of labour in that she cannot change her employer or "better herself" by a strike. Therefore, a fair reward for her work, and a maintenance from the employer chosen in her youth, to be paid even when she is past or disabled from work, are justly her due.

MRS. FENWICK MILLER.

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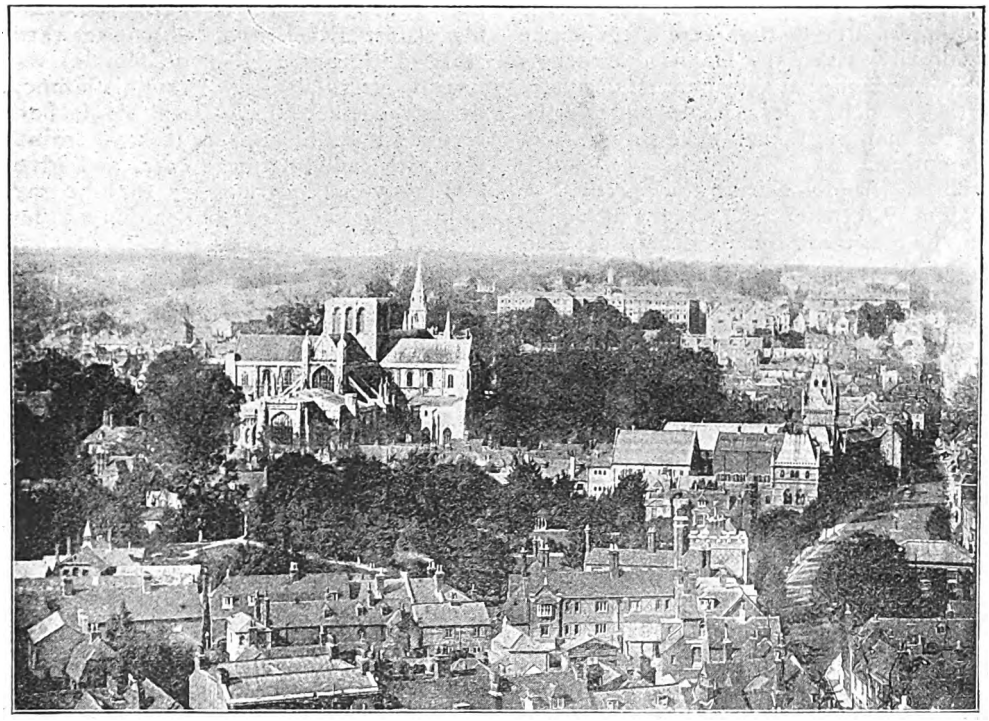

ROYAL WINCHESTER, THE CITY OF ALFRED.

England's Greatest King: Alfred the Great.

By F. A. G. DAVIDSON.

Photographs by Rider, Winchester, *and* The Author.

THERE can be no more impressive tribute to the greatness of King Alfred's character than the fact that, though so many centuries have passed since his death, he still holds the foremost place among our long line of English kings. And in holding his Millenary in Winchester this year we show that we have not forgotten that to him we owe the foundation of our present greatness as a nation. For it is due to his care for his people and his country that the thousand years that have passed since his death have always been progressive ones, and that we have never lost the place among the nations that he gained for us during his reign.

For Alfred was great not only as a ruler but as a man. And his wise, far-seeing policy as a king, combined with his strength of character and nobility of purpose, made him as remarkable in the age in which he lived as at the present day.

His chief thought throughout the whole of his reign was how to advance the well-being of his kingdom and of his people in every possible way. Putting all thought

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of self aside, he devoted his days to building up a new England out of the scattered materials that were left when he had finally driven the Danish barbarians out of the land that they had left desolate, a task which a less noble and single-hearted man might well have shrunk from attempting.

Alfred (Anglo-Saxon for "rede," or wisdom, "of the elves") was the fifth child and the youngest son of Ethelwulf, king of the West Saxons, and of Osburga, his queen, who was the daughter of Oslac, a Jute noble of the highest lineage, who held the honoured post of cup bearer to the king. He was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in the year 849. Wantage at this time was situated in the midst of dense forests, and was a royal residence. It became Alfred's own patrimony in later years, for in his will he leaves his property here to his queen, Elswitha.

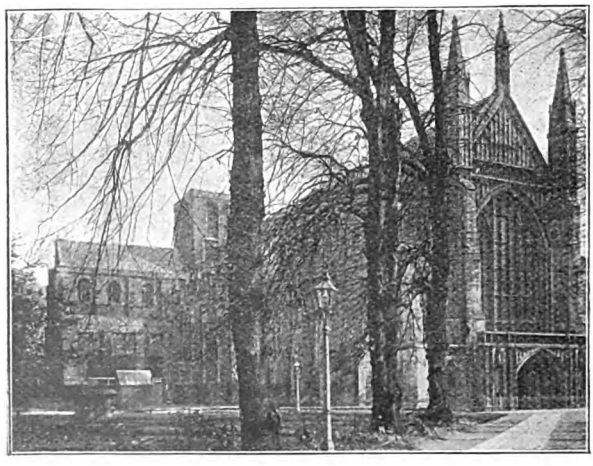
No trace remains to us of this royal residence, though the site is supposed to be in an enclosure called "The High Garden" on the south side of the brook (a branch of the river Ock) that runs through the town. But no doubt it was like all other houses of that period: of one story only, and built of wattle and daub, with a roof of thatched reeds; there would be no glass in the "eyeholes" or windows, and only freshly-strewn rushes on the hard earthen floor, while the walls would be covered with weapons, or hung with gaily embroidered linen hangings.

At the time of Alfred's birth, his eldest brother Ethelwald was nearly grown up, while his two other brothers, Ethelbert and Ethelred were in their teens, and his sister, Ethelwitha (who afterwards married Burhred, King of Mercia) was just ten years of age. From his infancy, Alfred seems to have been his father's favourite, and he appears to have trained him with infinitely more care, and given him many more advantages, than he gave to his other sons. Osburga, his mother, was a woman of great nobility of character, and though she died when he was very young, it is to her care, as well as to his father's wise and judicious training, that he grew up into such a fine man.

Like Alfred, Ethelwulf was himself a youngest son, and had so little expectation of ever coming to the throne that he was trained as a monk in one of the Winchester monasteries, and he had to get a dispensation from the Pope to absolve him from his vows, when death after death among his brothers brought him into close succession to the throne. It was very likely owing to this cause that he was so keenly alive to the need of an early education for his youngest son; and, anxious to obtain the Church's blessing for him, he sent him in 853, when he was only four years old, to Rome, where Pope Leo IV., made him his godson, and gave him his blessing, and seems to have taken a great fancy to him. Two years later, when Alfred was seven, he returned to Rome with his father, and remained here for a year.

It is to this residence in the Roman capital that Alfred owes so much. For he was brought in contact here with the foremost religious, intellectual, and artistic thought of the period, which left an impression on his mind and character that never was eradicated.

On his return to England with his father, and his stepmother Judith, the fifteen year old daughter of Charles the Bald of France, he seems to have devoted himself to all kinds of manly sports, for he became a skilful horseman and a mighty hunter, as well as being well versed in the use of the bow and the spear. And though he was twelve years old before he learned to read, his mind long before this was stored with the historical ballads of his country,



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL, FOUNDED BY THE GREAT KING.

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as well as with Psalms and hymns, and religious stories, which he had learnt by heart. And his historian, Asser, tells us how his character developed and how he grew up into a great and a good man. He was gentle and amiable, devoted to the Church, and to learning in all its branches. Frank in disposition, and gentle to rich and poor alike, he was merciful and forgiving to his enemies and staunch in his friendships; with a deep sense of his obligations towards the State and to his own family, and utterly untiring in all his plans for the welfare of his kingdom and of his people.

REMAINS OF HYDE ABBEY—WHERE ALFRED'S BONES WERE RE-INTERRED.

After his father's death in 858, Alfred's three brothers succeeded each other in rapid succession to the throne. And year by year the hordes of barbarian invaders from the Continent overran the country more and more, till war raged from one coast to the other. It was during the reign of Ethelred, the last of his three brothers, in 868, that Alfred, who was the King's chief adviser and general, married Elswitha, daughter of Athelred, Earl of the Gaini (inhabitants of Gainsborough), whose mother was of the royal line of Mercia. Tradition says that this marriage took place at Nottingham, but this fact is not mentioned either by Asser or by any of the local historians, and everything that is known of the event leaves us to suppose that it took place at Gainsborough, though one does not wish lightly to part with the old tradition about Nottingham. It was at his wedding feast that Alfred was seized with the sudden and mysterious illness from which he suffered at intervals all his life, and which baffled all the skill of the physicians of his day, though nowadays it is generally believed to have been a form of epilepsy that he was attacked with.

Be this as it may, nothing shows us more forcibly how great Alfred's character was than the fact that, though he suffered intensely during these attacks, he rose superior to them, and putting his weakness aside with an iron hand, he lived his life as though he was the strongest of men, never for one moment pleading delicate health as an excuse for neglecting anything which he had to do.

Ethelred was killed in fighting against the Danes in 871, and Alfred ascended the throne on April 23rd. But with the crown he inherited the mighty task of driving the Danish barbarians from the country which they had overrun and desolated for so many years. Alfred was naturally a peacemaker, but he had learnt, while acting as his brother's general, the grave and immediate danger that threatened England from these hordes of invaders that were pouring into the country in ever-increasing numbers, and laying it waste with fire and sword. He

RUINS OF WOLVESEY CASTLE—WHERE ALFRED HELD HIS COURT.

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felt that, unless they could be driven back to the Continent, his kingdom would be conquered and lapse back into heathendom under their rule. In the year that he came to the throne nine pitched battles were fought, and for nine years after this he was fighting with ever varying success.

It was during the time of fighting that he founded the English Navy, and caused battle ships to be built at Portsmouth, after his own designs, to try and conquer his enemies at sea, as he had hitherto been unsuccessful in conquering them on the land. And now came the darkest year of our history, the year 878, when Alfred was a fugitive, hiding in the Isle of Athel ney, or Isle of the Nobles, in the marshes of Somersetshire. His army was broken up, his followers and his friends scattered, his kingdom utterly at the mercy of the Danes, and ruin staring him in the face. Matthew of Westminster describes Athelney as only two acres in extent, covered by a thick wood of alder, in which were stags and goats and other wild animals. There was a cell here which had formerly belonged to a hermit, and the whole island was surrounded by inaccessible marshes, through which a small boat could with difficulty find its way.

Here Alfred stayed for three months, but he never lost heart, and finally in the face of obstacles which would have entirely disheartened a weaker man, he rallied his scattered and dispirited army from all parts of the country by the mere force of his influence and character, and led them there once more against the Danes. A fierce fight took place at Ethandune (now Edington) near Westbury, and the Danes were so completely routed that they were glad to sue for peace. Guthrum, their leader and king, with thirty of his followers, were baptised into Christianity, Alfred standing sponsor for Guthrum, while he gave to him and his followers the north-east portion of Mercia (Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire), as a place to settle in. By this far-seeing policy the King secured a valuable ally and colonist, and it is curious how we can still trace the Danish influence in these counties in a thousand different ways to this day.

The famous Westbury White Horse was cut to commemorate this victory, and though the present horse was re-cut in 1778, it only took the place of the smaller and ruder horse that had been there for centuries, a white horse being the Saxon emblem and woven on their war banners. Alfred must have acquired land close to the place of his famous victory, for in his will he leaves his Manor of Ethandune to his wife. The present church was built in 1361.

The King's first care after this peace was to build up and fortify his ruined cities against further attack from without. He re-built the ruined walls of London, and by strongly fortifying them prevented for the future the constant barbarian incursions that had formerly taken place up the Thames. Winchester he restored and made his capital, and beside building the Cathedral, he built the "Newen Minstre" with its famous school for the sons of the nobles, whose education he had so much at heart; for education of all kinds had been swept away by the long years of war, and the nobles had leisure for nothing but to teach their sons how to fight. It was at Winchester that Alfred held his Court, at the old Palace of Wolvesey, and where he brought up his children. It was here, too, that he wrote the Saxon Chronicle, and re-organised the laws. Most, if not all, of these laws have long been obsolete, but some of them that have reference to the laws of inheritance, and to those of domestic concerns, were far in advance of the period.

A woman's position at this time was a most honourable one, and the laws made for her benefit were full of wisdom and justice; and her place in the State was one that reflects the highest credit on the character of the King.

Any art or science that may have existed before this period (the Anglo-Saxons had always been skilful embroiderers and illuminators) had become practically non-existent. So the King sent to the Continent, at his own cost, for skilled workmen who would revive the old industries, and teach the people new ones. They attained quickly such skill in the arts and crafts that their work was eagerly sought for on the Continent, and the specimens that are left to us fill us with delight and admiration. Besides all this, Alfred established the first municipal governments in the towns and villages. He made new roads and canals, so as to open up the country in all directions; built, and encouraged the building and founding of monasteries and schools;

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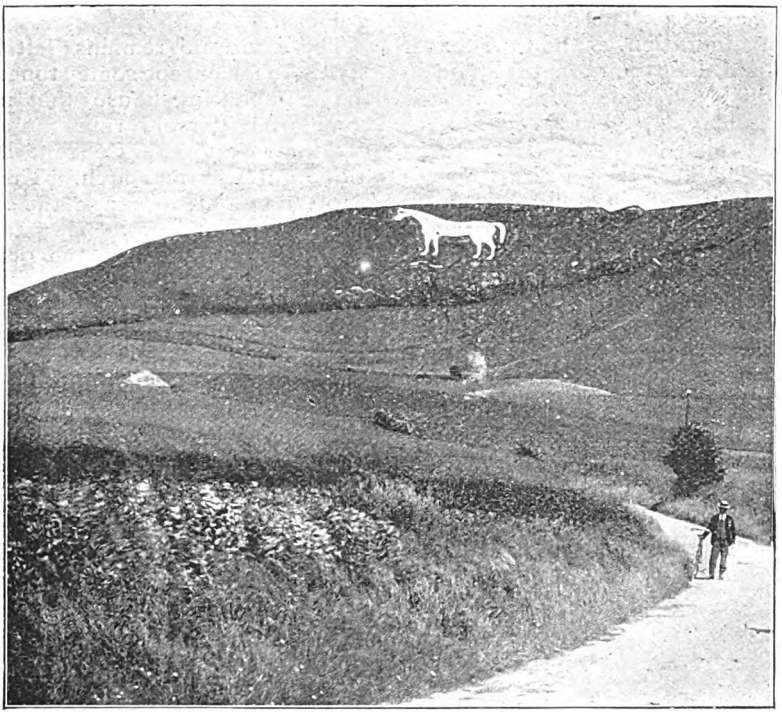
gave an impetus to agriculture in all its branches, and portioned out the land into townships and villages.

Finding that Latin had ceased to be the language of the people, he determined to teach them Anglo-Saxon, and so translated into the vulgar tongue certain books that he thought his people ought to read. These were the "Pastoral Care" of Gregory the Great, the "Consolations" of Boethius, Bede's "History of the Saxon Church," and the "Geography



THE WESTBURY WHITE HORSE, CUT TO COMMEMORATE THE VICTORY WHICH SAVED ENGLAND FROM THE DANES.

of Europe," by Orosius. In this work he was assisted by the group of learned Anglo-Saxon and foreign ecclesiastics whom he had gathered about him at his Court.

As a means of getting through as much work as possible, Alfred portioned out his time with the greatest care. He invented measured candles, so as to divide the day into equal portions, and lanterns by which he could see to work far into the night, as the unglazed windows of the houses let the wind in, and in consequence the rush candles flickered too much to see to work by. He gave a ready welcome to his Palace to all learned men and skilled workmen who found their way there from abroad, and he was always ready to enlist their aid in furthering the advancement of his people.

Alfred's reign was a short one, for he died on October 26th (or 28th), 901, and yet in these thirty years he had laid the firm foundation of the future greatness of our country. Cities and towns were springing up all over the land, forests were being cleared, and marshes reclaimed. The laws had been re-made, and education started on a firm basis; while the Danes had been driven out, and the people taught to till the fields and to work at all manner of trades. Besides this the King had given to his country an example of kingliness and Christian manliness that should be their inheritance through all time. His own words fitly describe what this zeal for his people's welfare had been: "I have tried to live worthily, and after my death to leave to my descendants my memory in good works."

His whole life was devoted to the good of his kingdom and he left his people as

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a legacy to his son and successor, Edward the Elder, begging him to care for them as he had done, throughout his whole life. His death filled his subjects with consternation and sorrow. They mourned as though they had lost, not only a loved King but a beloved Father. And they flocked in great numbers to his funeral to show their affection and respect.

He was buried with great pomp in the "Newen Minstre" that he had built in Winchester, which was so close to the north end of the old Cathedral that Mass said in the one church could be plainly heard in the other. This Monastery excited much admiration at the time that it was built, and the ground that it stood on was so valuable, even in those days, that a mark of gold was paid for every foot of ground on which it stood. His Queen Elswitha, and his son Edward, were afterwards buried beside him. But in 1110, when the New Minster was pulled down to make room for the present Cathedral, and re-built as Hyde Abbey, outside of the City walls, Alfred's body, with that of his wife and his son, were solemnly re-interred in the church of the new Abbey. Local tradition avers that this translation so displeased the King, that his ghost haunted the site of the old monastery for very many years after.

Pilgrims flocked from all parts to Hyde Abbey to pray before the tomb of the King, but at the time of the Reformation the abbey was dissolved, and Alfred's tomb was rifled and his bones scattered to the four winds, and the abbey itself fell into ruins. Some time afterwards the stones of these ruins were used to build a Bridewell or House of Correction, and when digging the foundations for this all kinds of carved stones were discovered, and three lead coffins were found buried before what had once been the High Altar. It is most probable that these once contained the bodies of Alfred, Elswitha, and their son, but no one seemed to take any interest in these relics and they were broken up and the lead sold for two guineas.

There are no remains left to-day of Hyde Abbey except some stones built into the neighbouring houses that must have come from the old ruins; and what is still known as The Convent Barn, with a fine gateway and arch. There is nothing now left to mark the spot where pilgrims flocked from all parts of the kingdom to pray before the grave of the greatest of our Kings.

But Alfred the Truth Teller still lives in the hearts of his English people, and his memory is as fresh now as it was centuries ago, for what he did for England has made him a name that will never be forgotten while the kingdom lasts. And it is most fitting that the celebration of his Millenary should be held in his own City of Winchester, with which his name will be for all time so closely associated.

F. A. G. DAVIDSON.

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A Sea-Nymph.

By JUSTIN McCARTHY.

LINDA WESTON was a girl of tremendous energy. So, at least, all her young woman-friends said, most of whom displayed an energy far more tremendous in going the round of the London season, and who could have run her off her feet in a mere fortnight of small and early dances. When there was no amusement going on, most of her women-friends had an unconquerable desire to be doing nothing in particular. But Linda could never be at rest. She was not, to use the American phrase, "built that way." She always wanted to be doing good, or trying to do good for somebody or other. She must have had what a great statesman ascribed to another great statesman, "a passion of philanthropy." She made sad mistakes sometimes; she helped the wrong people, she was imposed upon by shams and humbugs; she missed thereby many a chance of doing good; but her purpose all the same, fixed and unchangeable, was a resolve at least to try and do good.

She was an heiress, and a very self-willed heiress too, living with a stately old aunt in a West-end London square, and she had lately been left some considerable property in the South Coast village of Roxburgh-on-Sea. Linda was a young woman of twenty-two—tall, supple and handsome. In being tall she was emphatically a girl of to-day, when the audacious girls are growing to be on an average considerably taller than the men. Linda maintained that the mere fact in itself showed the deliberate intention of Nature that the women should gradually come to be much taller than the men, and, in fact, to guide from their superior height the movement of social life. Yet she never took any pains about the enforcement of women's rights, and always pleaded that she had enough to do in trying to help women to get through their duties.

She was fond of riding and hunting and swimming, and she took to the bicycle, but chiefly as a means of enabling her to get through her round of visits at the houses of the poor. It would be needless to say that when Linda Weston found herself the owner of property in Roxburgh-on-Sea she hurried to the spot without her aunt, and accompanied only by her faithful maid, and settled herself down in the principal hotel in the place. It was just at the opening of the season, and she fondly believed that this healthful seaside resort would afford her fresh and limitless means of doing good to her poorer brothers and sisters in humanity.

Linda, of course, knew all the fashionable watering-places by heart. She was familiar with Brighton and Folkestone and Eastbourne. She had talked with painters at Whitby, and explored ruins at Scarborough, and delighted in the Valley of Rocks at Lynton. But in all these places she was an outsider, a passing visitor, who had no claim on the locality and no proprietorial right to try to do any good there. But in Roxburgh-on-Sea she thought, as she sped along in the train towards that inviting spot, she would be a sort of landowner, a kind of little queen in her own right, with the privilege to make all her subjects happy in her own way. She had always thought of a watering-place as a conglomeration of rich visitors, and prosperous tradesmen who lived on the rich visitors, and bands and piers and nigger minstrels, and hard-working boatmen, and a considerable mass of neglected poor. She longed to be ministering to the comfort, the instruction, and the elevation of the poor at Roxburgh-on-Sea.

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Only a day was needed to show her how badly she had chosen her ground, or rather how badly fortune—good fortune most persons would have called it—had chosen her ground for her when making her an owner of property in Roxburgh-on-Sea. In that happy watering-place there were absolutely no poor. There were practically no poor-rates. There were very few boatmen, and those who were there were fishermen by profession as well, and made a very decent living for their families. There were no nigger minstrels —no, not one. There were two streets of shops in the place, and the shops were all doing a good business, owing to the fact that a large number of wealthy people lived within easy distance of the town, and that the season always brought with it a goodly crowd of well-to-do and fastidious visitors, who came there for just the reason which, if she had known it, would have kept Linda out of the place—that there was no pauperism to be encountered in their wanderings by the seashore. Linda, in fact, had come, if we may say so, to the wrong shop. It was as if some good Samaritan had by mistaken waste of energy made his way to a road where there never was a traveller and never was a robber.

The first visitor who called on Linda was Captain Gerald Craven. Captain Craven's might be strictly described as an official visit, for he was the agent of the great landowners whose property covered nearly the whole of Roxburgh-on-Sea, and as soon as he heard of the arrival of Miss Weston he felt bound to call upon her at once, although he promised himself little personal pleasure by the visit.

For some reason or other he had got it into his mind that Miss Weston must be an elderly person—not to say an old person—and he had also convinced himself in advance, and without any evidence whatever to go upon, that Miss Weston would burden him with suggestions and advice having for their object the screwing of more money out of the local tenants. Therefore, when on sending up his card at the hotel he was shown to Miss Weston's sitting-room and saw Miss Weston herself, he was greatly inclined to stammer out something about having expected to see her mother or her aunt. However, the mutual introductions were arranged satisfactorily, and Captain Craven soon made up his mind that on the whole he would rather discuss even the screwing up rent question with Miss Weston than with her aunt, her mother, or her grandmother.

Miss Weston plunged at once into her favourite subject for the present.

"Oh, Captain Craven!" she exclaimed, "I am so disappointed with your Roxburgh-on-Sea!"

"Why not say *your* Roxburgh-on-Sea, Miss Weston?" he answered with a smile. "You own some part of it, at all events, and I don't own any of it."

"I don't care who owns it," she said imperiously. "I don't like the way in which it is managed. Where are your poor, I want to know?"

"Well, Miss Weston, the fact is we haven't any poor."

"Then what have you done with them? Where have you driven them to?"

"Well," he explained, "I have just been saying that there are no poor in Roxburgh."

"And I have just been asking what has become of them. You don't mean to tell me that there never were any poor in a place like this? Look at the great overcrowded towns a few miles off on either side. Why don't you encourage some of the poor from those horrid places to come and settle down by this lovely, lonely seashore, and help them to build nice, comfortable houses and to make themselves happy? I should call that the duty of landowners in a place like this."

"Well," he argued, "the principal landowners don't see their duty in that light. They have thought over the matter long and deeply, and, I am sure, in a most benevolent spirit."

"Benevolent!" she interrupted scornfully. "Does benevolence mean the screwing up of rent?"

"I was clearly quite out of my judgment of this young woman," said Craven to himself. "Her sole object in coming here is not the screwing up of rent," and he did not like her any the less for it. "Some of them," he said aloud, "are known everywhere as the most genuine philanthropists, but they are convinced that to flood their place with the offscourings of Mackerelville or Shrimptown would only destroy this dear little place for the purposes to which it is destined, without giving a particle of real relief to the pauperism of any other community.

"And what are your benevolent pur-

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poses?" she asked, still with a scornful tone in her voice.

"We want it," he replied, "to be a haven of refuge for quiet, orderly, educated folk, no matter how poor they may be. We allure them by no vulgar attractions; we don't want the place swarming in the fine weather with the riff-raff of London. Look what we give the people here! We give them splendid public gardens to walk in and where their children may play, and we have a home by the sea where any poor mechanic from London may come on the recommendation of one of the governing subscribers, and be housed and fed and cared for until he is well, at five shillings a week. Come, Miss Weston, I think you will say, when you have looked into Roxburgh affairs a little more, that we haven't done half badly with our trust."

"I'll think it over," replied Miss Weston gravely—as gravely as if the fate of half Europe depended on her sanction.

"I shall be happy," he said, rising to take his leave, "to show you all over the whole place and explain to you the workings of all our institutions, and I am sure you would be led to work cordially with us."

"I shall be delighted, Captain Craven, to learn all that I can, and I am sure that I could not have a better instructor. But you must find something for me to do."

"Oh, we can easily find plenty for you to do. We have Sunday-schools, evening-schools, sewing-schools; we have lectures, we have charitable bazaars, we have jumble sales——"

"I am afraid I don't quite see myself in any of those enterprises just at present," replied Miss Weston. "I never gave a lecture, and I should not know how to conduct myself at a jumble sale; I couldn't teach in a school, I don't know anything to teach to anybody—oh, yes, by the way, I do. I see my way clearly. I'll teach the girls how to swim."

Craven smiled a bright smile. "I am sure you will do it well, and our girls along this shore are but poor hands at swimming. Walking into two feet of water about stumps them," he said, with a pardonable confusion of metaphor.

Then they shook hands, and he left with the understanding that he was to begin his object-lessons in the institutions of Roxburgh on the very next day.

Next day, Captain Craven came and made clear to Linda the whole social structure of Roxburgh-on-Sea. Everything, so far as it went, seemed smooth and satisfactory, and of course there were no paupers to be looked after. But Miss Weston was impressed more than she had ever been before with the difference between ordinary poverty and actual pauperism, and in Roxburgh it seemed to her that of the ordinary poor, the decent poor—what would have been called in Germany "the shame-faced," or modest, "poor"—no account whatever was taken.

"Look here, Captain Craven," she said in her energetic way; "it seems to me that you are all flying in the face of Providence here. You are only concerned that the prosperous shall be kept in their prosperity, and that no paupers shall come to worry you with their complaints. Something ought to be done, if only to show that we are all brothers and sisters. I couldn't stand the present condition of things if I were living here, and I mean to live here, and I *won't* stand it!"

Captain Craven smiled at her kindling earnestness, but thoroughly admired her enthusiasm.

"Do what you think is best," was all he said.

So Linda went to work at the first practical scheme that had come into her mind—the one for which she felt sure she was best qualified.

The more the work went on the better Linda Weston liked it. She found that the girls of Roxburgh-on-Sea knew little of the art of swimming and still less of the rather more important art of floating. "Now look here, girls," she would say to her pupils, when they gathered round her of a morning preparatory to their plunge into the sea; "don't be silly enough to suppose that any of you could save her life by swimming in the open sea. Learn to keep yourselves afloat—that is the best thing you can do—and wait until some help can come to you; and if help doesn't come you would have little chance by swimming; for even Jenny Derrick there"—a very tall, strong girl—"wouldn't have much chance of saving herself by swimming half across the Atlantic, or even half across the English Channel." So Miss Weston devoted herself mainly to teaching the art of floating, but she certainly did not neglect the preliminary craft of swimming.

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It has been said that hardly any of the girls whom Linda took in charge were really able to swim. These were, of course, the girls belonging to the place—the native girls, if one may use that phrase to describe them. Linda did not propose to have anything to do with the young ladies who visited Roxburgh in the season, and who came chiefly from London. These fair beings were not in her line. They could have the best teachers they wanted, and most of them could swim very well, after the conventional fashion of the seaside resort. But Linda's poor girls when she took them in hand had very little idea of bathing beyond that of running into the water up to their knees, and giving little screams, and occasionally plumping down into a sitting posture and getting up again and making for the bathing machine.

Linda offered many attractions to them to come in and be taught. Of course, she made no charge for her instruction, and the bathing-boxes were at her own expense. But more than that, she provided every girl with a pretty bathing costume—not expensive, indeed, but very picturesque and admirably adapted for the purpose of swimming and floating—and each girl was expected to keep the costume neatly mended and in good order. Linda enrolled in her list the daughters of any of the small tradespeople or workpeople who applied for a place on it, and, indeed, she accepted any girl who was recommended by the local ladies. Miss Weston was to be seen every day at the head of her school of sea-nymphs.

She went out very early in the morning to avoid the eyes of idle gazers, and also to enable the girls to get to their household or other work in time. Most of them soon learnt to take to the water as if they had been amphibious. Linda became very proud of the little army of Nereids who followed her movements this way, that way, and the other about the bay, and who now swam, now floated, now dived, now engaged in attempts to rescue each other, now purposely upset boats for the sake of practising how to put them right again, and to climb into them easily when they *were* put right; and all this at Miss Weston's word of command. These girls had never had so happy a time before, and Linda was as happy as the happiest among them.

Naturally, all this, however quietly conducted and however prudently reserved for the early morning, began to make considerable talk in Roxburgh-on-Sea, and the language of comment was not always that of approval.

"Look here, Captain Craven," said the Hon. Mrs. Lightwood at a very select little dinner-party in the house of one of the local smart people; "I so wanted to ask you about all this rubbish they tell me of."

"What rubbish, Mrs. Lightwood?" asked Craven with a benignant smile. "And who has shot the rubbish here?"

"Well, your great friend Miss Weston, they tell me—this latest addition to our community."

"What is she doing?" He had not the slightest doubt as to Mrs. Lightwood's meaning, but he would not give her the satisfaction of admitting that he knew.

"But don't you know really? Oh, surely you must know that she goes out every morning in the bay with a gang of dirty, draggle-tailed girls behind her, whom she is teaching to swim and to dive and to make absurd, indecent exhibitions of themselves—a lot of servants-of-all-work, and the daughters of journeyman bakers and tinkers and the like, and that she swims about herself at the head of her ragged little rabble."

Captain Craven laughed. He was thinking in his own mind what a very vulgar, narrow-minded old person Mrs. Lightwood was, although the daughter of a peer.

"Really, Mrs. Lightwood, you are running away with the story!"

"Am I? Very well, then, tell me the story yourself; tell it to us all. We shall all be glad to listen and to have our wrong impressions corrected," she added, in the tone of a woman who feels sure that her own impressions never could be corrected by any authority.

"Well, it's a very simple story," Captain Craven replied. "Miss Weston is an enthusiast about many things——"

"Enthusiasts bore me!" said Mrs. Lightwood.

"No doubt they do," Captain Craven blandly assented. "Won't the whole story bore you! Hadn't we better leave it untold?"

"Oh, no!" the hostess called out. "We are dying to hear all about it."

Thus encouraged, Craven very willingly went on.

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"You see, Miss Weston has a good deal of property here, and she has got into her head some sort of idea about property having its duties as well as its rights——"

"I've heard that sort of thing before," interrupted Mrs. Lightfoot, scornfully.

"And so she has been thinking what she could do to benefit some of our poorer friends; and as she is a magnificent swimmer, she thought she could do nothing better than teach a lot of the poorer girls of Roxburgh how to swim. I don't see any particular harm in that—do you?"

"Not I, certainly," said the hostess. "I think it is a capital idea."

"But think," Mrs. Lightwood grumbled, "how it must foster the vanity of those poor creatures! Fancy her giving them showy and expensive bathing-dresses all for nothing!"

"The bathing-dresses," said Captain Craven, "are not showy, nor expensive, and the girls have to mend them and keep them in order themselves.

"All stuff, I call it!" said Mrs. Lightwood, nothing changed in her opinion. "But of course Captain Craven would approve of any idea that a pretty young woman gets into her head!"

Captain Craven disdained any further argument, but was more heartily than ever in favour of Linda's work.

One advantage there certainly appeared to be thus far in that work: it promoted early rising among the laziest—that is to say, the smartest—class of the Roxburgh residents. There was always a little crowd at the bathing time of the more fashionable women of the region, which, when the tide allowed, was about ten o'clock. But now numbers of people got up ever so much earlier in the hope of seeing Miss Weston and her sea-nymphs, who took to the water at the earliest moment when the tide permitted them. All the same, the general influence of public opinion among the richer residents, the more pretentious shop-keepers, and the visitors from London was decidedly unfavourable to poor Linda's experiment.

Some of the ladies declared that it was unwomanly conduct on the part of Miss Weston, though why it should be unwomanly for a rich girl to bathe with poor girls, and not with other rich girls, they did not even think of troubling themselves to explain. Some of the elder ladies openly expressed their determination to make it hot, not only for Miss Weston, but also for Captain Craven, the new agent, who was so ostentatiously backing her up. They would not even wait for the end of the season, which would naturally impose a truce on hostilities and would give time for calm consideration before the coming of another summer. Craven found, to his great regret, that the principal proprietors of the place were among those whom Miss Weston's harmless beneficence especially scandalised.

"The fact of it is, Craven," said an elderly peer, whose wife was among the scandalised, "you must see Miss Weston at once and remonstrate with her sharply—mind, sharply!"

Craven was about to return an angry and defiant answer, but he restrained himself, and before the terrible climax came a prudent thought arose in his mind, and he only said: "All right; I'll go and see her to-day."

He did go to see her, and he luckily found her at home. The opening of his explanation did not sound quite in keeping with the tone of the message he was expected to deliver.

"Look here, Miss Weston," he said abruptly, "there are a set of old fools of both sexes here who are going to make a row about you and your swimming club. I suppose you have heard something about it before this?"

"Yes," she replied with a smile, "I've received a great many remonstrances from good-natured friends. They tell me I am a disgrace to my sex—and I don't know what else!"

"I have been sent to advise you and to remonstrate with you," Craven said.

"Officially, do you mean?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed; quite officially."

She looked at him gravely, inquiringly; she had not quite expected this. Was he too going to turn against her?

"Well, what is your advice?" she asked.

"This is my advice," he said hotly—"snap your fingers in their face, and tell them they are a set of silly old idiots."

"Can they compel me to give up my swimming exercises, Captain Craven? Is there any law to prevent me from teaching my poor girls how to swim?"

"There is no law," he replied; and if there were, I should advise you to snap your fingers in its face all the same. Well, now I have fulfilled my mission. I was sent

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to remonstrate with you, and I have remonstrated with you, haven't I?"

"You have, indeed!" she said, "after a highly encouraging fashion."

"Go on with your good work, Miss Weston. Every right-minded man and woman in the place will be on your side before long. Now I am going back to my principals, and shall tell them what advice I gave you, and then I'll snap *my* fingers in *their* faces."

A sudden and painful thought crossed Linda's mind. Would not such snapping of the fingers involve a serious money loss to him?

"Captain Craven," she said, or rather stammered, so hurried and emotional was her tone, "I don't want you to make any sacrifice for me."

"I cannot make any sacrifice for you," he answered, "if I tried."

"I don't understand; but listen. I don't want you to give up anything for the mere sake of backing me up in this trifling dispute with your principals. I couldn't allow it."

"Oh, but you can't prevent it!" he replied. "This is a free country, we are told; and anyway, I am not the bond-slave of my principals."

"But will it not mean a serious loss to you, to give up your place here? Have you any right to do that?"

"My life is my own," he said quietly.

"But you are not a rich man?"

"No, I am not a rich man, Miss Weston. I often wish I were, for then——" And here he suddenly stopped.

"For then—well?"

"For then—well, I should be free to give vent to my feelings in other ways, as well as by snapping my fingers in the faces of my principals here."

"And you are doing all this for me—because you think I am in the right, and because you want to help me?"

"Yes, because I think you are in the right, and because I want to help you, and because—— I have said all that I want to say, except good-bye."

He rose to take his leave. "If he goes now," Linda thought, "how shall I have a chance again?" For the truth was that she had fallen in love with Craven, and she knew now for the first time that he was in love with her. "He will not speak out," she said to herself. "I know he will not speak out, just because I am rich and he is poor. Oh, how can a man make so much about a little money? I can't let him go." She turned and looked straight into his eyes, and she felt a sort of throb of womanly pride in seeing that they sank before hers.

"Captain Craven," she said, "I must be impulsive or I am nothing. You know how impulsive I am, and how outspoken. You must not think me any the worse for it. I am going to be very audacious now. You want to help me, I know, in my plans of reform here. Oh, I have formed much wider and better plans now than that of teaching some poor girls to swim. I think you and I together could carry out these plans and do no end of good, even in this limited little field. Can't you stay and help me?"

"I would do anything in the world for you," he said passionately; "but how can I stay and help you?"

"Give me your hand," she whispered. She put her hand in his. "Now you know how you can stay and help me, if you will."

He knew, and he stayed, and he did help her.

Next day the whole place had the news—first, that Captain Craven had resigned his appointment, and next, that he was going to marry the rich heiress and land-owner, Miss Weston. It cannot be said that the place rang with the news, for the Roxburgh community was too quiet, not to say dull, to be startled into ringing by any piece of information, however suddenly made known. But Roxburgh accepted the tidings, and everybody said that he or she always knew what was going to happen.

[THE END.]

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A POLICEMAN-PAINTER.

By LEONARD GRAHAM.

THE City of Leeds has as a member of its Police force an artist of proved ability, whose works are constantly hung at public exhibitions, who has carried off many prizes, and was last year nearly successful in having a picture exhibited at the Royal Academy. The name of this policeman-painter is Mr. E. T. Jones, a young man of thirty-three, who has obtained his present recognition in the art world entirely through his own efforts.

He was born at Shrewsbury and educated at the Trinity School, and after finishing his education he sought employment in the mechanic's shop at the Coleham Foundry. He worked there for about three years, and then left his native Shropshire and came to Leeds. In 1889 he joined the City Police Force, and was on duty during the great gas riot of 1890.

Three years later he was sent with a detachment of one hundred constables to Hull, then in a state of great excitement on account of the dock strike. Scenes of violence were of constant occurrence, and during this troublous time Mr. Jones added one more to the long list of brave deeds performed by our heroes of the police force. While protecting a woman against a ruffian who had violently assaulted her, he received a blow which unhappily resulted in a permanent injury, a misfortune, however, which was indirectly the cause of Mr. Jones discovering his artistic powers.

The authorities immediately sent him back to Leeds, and he was for a long time unable to resume his duties. When at length well enough to get about again he was stationed at the City Art Gallery, and but for this fortunate circumstance he might never have received a hint of his latent talent. He no sooner found himself surrounded by the works of eminent painters than his love for art manifested itself; he took to studying all the different pictures, but the subjects which appealed to him most were those dealing with things marine—subjects which he has since treated very successfully.

What at first he had merely thought of as a passing fancy began to take a strong possession of him, and he could not rest until he had made an attempt to produce something on his own account. There was not such a thing as a brush or a box of paints in the house, but he pur-

MR. E. T. JONES, THE LEEDS CONSTABLE WHO IS MAKING A NAME FOR HIMSELF AS AN ARTIST.

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represented in most of the leading exhibitions, including those held at Hull, Derby, Manchester and York. He sent a picture for the first time to the Royal Academy in 1899, and another in the following year; but though both were retained, he has not succeeded in getting a picture hung. "I shall never give in," says this sturdy Briton, "and I will try and try until I do succeed. I have set myself this task to do, and, if possible, and providing I have good health, I will do it." There is the true ring about a man who speaks like that, and the marked success which has attended his career from its commencement leaves little doubt that he will not fail to reach the goal after which every artist strives.

AT WORK IN HIS ATTIC STUDIO.

He has many other achievements to record besides those already mentioned. Two years ago he sent four pictures to an open competition held at Newark, and entered them in the class open to the United Kingdom. He was successful in gaining the first prize (a money prize) and a certificate. The winning picture was entitled "A Breaking Wave;" being a study of a wave bursting over a rock. The size of the canvas was 4 feet long. In the beginning of 1900 he sent four works to Grantham and entered them in a similar competition, and won the second and third prizes, a bronze medal and certificate. In June last year he sent a number of works to the Eisteddfod at West Kirby, and won the first prize in the open class, a splendid gold medal, the winning picture being the one which was retained in the Academy last year, and entitled "Early Spring." This year he has been equally successful, having had two works hung in the Royal Cambrian Academy, two in Leeds, and four in York. In the fore part of the present year, also, Mr. Charles Warner, the well-known actor, was touring with his company in Leeds, and, having read an account of Mr. Jones's career and work, paid him a visit, and had a look round his attic studio. He took a great interest in the clever and undaunted painter who had struggled up through so many difficulties, and purchased two pictures from him, and commissioned him to paint another entitled "The Fringe of the Wood" which is reproduced with this article Mr. Arthur Willey, a well-known solicitor in Leeds, has purchased his latest

THE FRINGE OF THE WOOD.

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marine picture, and he has frequently sold his works in exhibitions.

Mr. Jones is married, and has four children, and it is an interesting fact that his only son, a boy of eight, has already developed a strong liking for painting, which his father is doing his best to encourage.

The plucky way in which Mr. Jones has overcome what to many would have been insuperable obstacles is worthy of all praise, and great must be the natural talent which has enabled him to achieve so many remarkable successes, with no assistance but the kindly oversight of Mr. Birkett.

What strikes one, perhaps, as most wonderful is that after only three months' practice and study, previous to which he had never had a brush in his hand, and in spite of the constant distractions of his ordinary duties, he should have painted two pictures worthy of a place in the Leeds Exhibition. It would never have been done without a tireless determination to succeed, without which great talents, and even genius itself, may never rise above mediocrity.

Gray speaks of the "mute inglorious Miltons" and the embryo Cromwells, who might have swayed the destinies of a land, but although their silence may be attributed to lack of opportunity it must not be overlooked that a man may make his own opportunities. The life histories of the possessors of the greatest names in literature teach us this lesson, for, splendid as were the successes that they achieved, men like Milton, who sold "Paradise Lost" for a paltry £5; Dryden, who wrote matchless verse at 6d. a line; and Johnson, who lived on 4d. a day, might well have bewailed their lack of opportunities and given up the task in despair.

LEONARD GRAHAM.

LOVE AND LIFE.

The sweetness of the sunlight
  Makes the sweetness of the day;
It needs but just a golden gleam
  To drive the gloom away,
And all is bright and beautiful
  That was so cold and grey.

The love that comes with living
  Counts for all of living's best;
It needs but just a tender touch,
  A heart-throb in the breast,
And all the world's in glory clad
  That was so poorly dress'd.

The life that's rich with loving,
  And the day that's rich with sun,
Each hour is filled with happiness
  Till their glad race is run,
For one hath all of earth that's fair,
  And all of heaven, one.

R. D. Saunders.

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IN DEEP WATERS

By MRS. BAGOT HARTE.

Illustrated by Sydney Cowell.

CHAPTER XXX.

FOILED AGAIN.

MARIE crouched on the ground in an attitude of despair. Her hands were clasped together, and her face was pressed against the door of the secret staircase.

The feeble cries and sobs of the imprisoned girl could be distinctly heard; sometimes they were very faint, sometimes louder, as if the victim were redoubling her efforts to attract attention..

"I must save her! She shall not die! I will escape at once from this house and fetch assistance. From the first person I meet, I shall obtain protection; and then I shall go straight to the police and beseech them to come at once to rescue poor Laura."

As she thought thus, she hurriedly put on her hat and coat. "I will take all my money, too," she added, unlocking her desk; it may be useful to have it by me. Oh, poor Laura, poor Laura; I do not believe that she hears my voice. I must hurry. There is not a moment to lose."

Now she was ready, now she was taking the wedge from under the door. In five minutes she would have escaped. It was hard to control her agitation, hard to coin an expression that did not reveal her agonised state of mind. Miss Stanley was standing on the landing, looking supremely calm and self-composed. She —Marie—must appear in an equally cool condition of mind.

She slackened her pace, and adopted almost a sauntering walk, as if in the act of going for a mere constitutional. But with each step she trembled so greatly that it was hard to retain a composed demeanour.

Now she was opposite Miss Stanley. Two steps more and she would have passed her.

"And where are you going, dear?"

Miss Stanley placed her hand on Marie's arm detainingly as she asked the question.

"Only—er—just for a walk," was the hesitating answer.

"But I am so sorry that none of us can accompany you. It's most annoying! Unfortunately, to-day is an old servant's wedding day, and it was only kind, so Lady Rylmer thought, to give all the servants a general holiday after lunch, save, of course, one or two who are too trustworthy for us to do without their services. So, you see, dear, we are not free to accompany you; and—please don't think me a nasty, domineering woman—you are too precious to be trusted in these country roads alone."

"Yes, indeed you are," echoed Derrick, appearing on the scene.

"But I can go for a constitutional alone. I feel that I ought to go for one. It is several days since I went out. At

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Capri I always went out for a daily climb."

"Ah, but everything is so different in England. Besides, you have not a lovely park attached to your house at Capri as you have here."

"I must go out," said Marie, with flashing eyes, trying to escape from the detaining hand.

"*You cannot go out.*"

It was Derrick who spoke now, and as he did so he telegraphed a look to his aunt which said: "Leave the matter to me. I'll manage all alone."

As Miss Stanley removed her hand Marie gave a little dart forward. Escape might be within her power now, she thought with sudden joy.

But no! The next moment Derrick's strong hand had grasped her firmly, and was drawing her back towards her room, back to listening to poor Laura's feeble cries for help.

"You can't go out!" he said, with great firmness.

His strength, and the marked decision reflected on his face, swept away Marie's tottering self-control.

"Oh, let me go, please!" she said, pleadingly.

"Impossible!" was the reply. "Unless I know the reason. Tell me it, and I will do my level best for you. Remember"—here he gazed down into her face—"that I am your slave in nearly all things; but you are too precious for me to let you wander about the unfrequented lanes alone. I am entirely at your command. Whatever you ask me to do, I will do."

"Then I will ask you to do the greatest kindness to a fellow-creature that a man could do."

"Yes," he said, speaking gravely, "what is it, Marie?"

He placed his hand on her shoulder, and his voice was low and persuasive. How she hated the touch of his hand! But it was wiser to submit, wiser to do naught to raise his ire.

"Laura——" she began, falteringly.

"Yes; what of Laura?" he continued.

"She is dying, I am afraid—or very much hurt."

"Where is she?"

"On the secret staircase leading from my room."

"But how can she have got there? It is inexplicable."

"I—I—opened the door for her, and—O Derrick, do be kind, be noble, be generous, and befriend poor Laura and me. You are the only man to whom I can appeal for help. One so strong as you can afford to treat frail women gently and kindly."

"Tell me quietly and concisely, dear Marie, what you want me to do."

"I want you to let her out. The spring of the door has been removed, and I cannot open it. She is groaning and crying in there. Perhaps she has fallen down, and is lying injured on the twisting, hard stairs. Come with me, Derrick, there is not a moment to lose."

It was her hand now that clasped his arm, and it was she who strove to draw him towards her room—but he did not stir.

"Marie, I vow I will release Laura. I vow that she shall be rescued and live in comfort and luxury, if"—here he lowered his voice, and his hand raised Marie's face to his—"if you will be my wife, darling."

"Your wife! Oh Derrick, how cruel and mean to ask me such a question with a threat behind it—a threat to side with murderers! No, I cannot, I will not, marry you!"

"Then Laura must remain where she is—and die of slow starvation."

"No, it shall not be—it cannot be!"

"It is in your power to save her. Once you are my wife we will drive back from the church, direct here, and unfasten the door and Laura shall be free; Saved!"

"Saved! She must be saved, but not at the price you name."

As she spoke, Marie sprang aside and darted past Derrick. She was half-way down the stairs towards the hall before he could reach her, and throw his arms round her to detain her.

"Darling, be my loving wife, and save Laura's life!" he exclaimed, holding Marie to him and showering kisses on her. "Sweetest, dearest girl, say 'Yes' and come with me to church now, at once. The carriage is ready, the clergyman is prepared to do his part and the special licence is in my possession. All is prepared. Say yes, Marie, and before the sun sets you shall be miles away from here, and Laura shall be safe and happy."

"No, no, it cannot be. My love is another's."

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"But I will steal it from the other man. Darling," he whispered, pressing her closer to him, "I will make you love me. You will soon forget——"

"Oh, let me go! Take away your hands. I will not be your wife. I would rather die than marry you!" she cried, striving to release herself from his grasp.

"*You* will not die; it is Laura who will die. And"—here a change stole over his face, the passing look of gentleness gave place to one of violent anger—"you shall go back to your room and listen to her dying groans."

"O, spare me—let me go! Forgive me for not loving you. Do not visit cruel, cutting punishment on your helpless sister. Kill me, but save poor Laura."

There was no answer. Derrick's naturally cruel face became suddenly many degrees more cruel as he drew Marie back towards her room, holding her with a vice-like grip, from which there was no escape.

She saw the hideous look of wicked determination on his face, and knew that she was powerless to turn him from his demoniacal purpose.

Like one in a dream, she submitted to his rough handling for a few minutes, then suddenly her spirit returned with full force.

"Derrick, if you will assist me, and not treat Laura cruelly, great reward shall be yours."

"Will you marry me?"

"I cannot. My love is another's; and I will be true to him."

"Then you can think of him as Laura is dying. Remember, in an hour it will be too late to alter your mind. I shall have left this house. I give you a whole hour to change your mind."

THE NEXT MOMENT DERRICK'S STRONG HAND HAD GRASPED HER FIRMLY.

He threw open the door, and drew her towards it. Then, as if seized by a sudden impulse, he gathered her into his arms and whispered:

"Marie, I do not wish to be unkind. But I will not give you up. I adore and worship you. Be my wife."

"No," she cried, springing from him, and, hastily entering her room, she shut the door and fastened it with the wedge.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A BRAVE GIRL.

A volley of oaths, then all was silent on the landing. Marie listened for Derrick's retreating footsteps, but the silence

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continued, and she knew that he was waiting outside—waiting to hear her open the door and tell him that she would be his wife. The knowledge goaded her into strengthening her determination to battle against the cruel fate which was being forced on her. Maurice's face rose before her feverish mind—so tender, loving, and true. The face of a man to live for, and, if God willed it, die for. Aye, the wickedness of tempting her! Tempting! No, there was no element of temptation in Derrick's treatment. It was brute force reduced to a fine art.

Yet she could not stand by whilst a helpless girl died in agony for her sake.

"There is a refinement of cruelty in our tormentors' treatment of us. They understand the depth of my love for Maurice, and know that nothing that could happen to me could be strong enough to make me relinquish his love. But Laura! I cannot buy my own happiness at the fearful price of her blood.

"But how cleverly they have worked out the terrors of my position! How cleverly they have fastened together the links of the chain that may draw me down to being the slave of a man I hate! But no, no! I will defeat them." She sprang to her feet and pressed her hands before her face with frantic strength. "I must think, I must devise some means of frustrating their wicked, deeply-laid plots. If only I could speak to Laura and consult with her! But that man is outside listening; every word that we say he will overhear—even if I did succeed in making the poor girl hear me. But I will try to make her hear me." This was said in a happier voice. "I will try to do something which will open a means of escape to us. To give way to frantic despair is madness. To try to circumnavigate the terrors of our position is my wisest course."

At this moment there was a gentle knock at the door.

"Who is there?" asked Marie. She spoke almost calmly.

"Only I, dear," answered Lady Rylmer.

"Do you want to see me?" The question was asked ungraciously.

"Yes, dear; but only for a minute. I shall not detain you longer."

A look of hesitation came into Marie's face. Perhaps there was danger in granting this few minutes' interview; but perhaps there was greater in refusing it. She must act quickly, and on the spur of the moment.

Withdrawing the wedge, she opened the door, and stood face to face with Lady Rylmer.

"I will not come in, if you prefer my not doing so; but what I have to say would be better said privately."

It was wisest to accede to the request, Marie thought, as vague, indefinable hope stole into her mind.

Lady Rylmer selected a chair in which she would be able to adopt a graceful pose, and, having given the finishing touch to the arrangement of her dress, she leant forward and put her hand persuasively on Marie's arm.

"My dear girl," she began, in a soft voice, "my son, to whom you know I am truly devoted, has just been speaking to me about you. He is in great trouble, for he loves you with all the depth of a deep loving nature, and he tells me you have hastily refused him."

"That is quite true," interposed Marie.

"And I have come to plead for him, and to tell you that you must not misjudge his impetuosity. Men in love are not cool-headed, calculating mortals, but beings whose actions are erratic and sometimes incautious. Now, having said these few words of introduction, I want to impress upon you, dear, the grave responsibility with regard to your own happiness that your conduct entails."

"Excuse me, Lady Rylmer," put in Marie, quickly, "but my decision is final. I can never marry your son. I hoped that you were going to tell me that—that—you were going to release Laura, and——"

"Do not mention my daughter's name to me. I decline to allow the slightest reference to her in my presence. Against my commands, she has taken the part of one whose conduct has cast a dark slur on the family name. Speak to me of anyone you choose, save Laura and Maurice."

"Lady Rylmer, you must, you shall hear me!" ejaculated Marie. "Poor Laura is shut up in the secret staircase, and——"

"I will not hear, I will not listen," Lady Rylmer waved her hands to accentuate her demand for silence. "But I see the necessity to be brief. Marie,"—here she adopted an impressive tone—"as my son's wife, you could hope to be

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respected and beloved. Only a few know of your—your—injudicious conduct on the night that my husband's son left England; and those few would remain for ever silent on that unhappy incident in your life, were you married to a man of acknowledged honour and respectability. At the present moment he is acutely hurt and annoyed at your refusal; but he loves you too much to allow it to interfere with your life's happiness. His father, who knows all about your indiscretion, and is terribly opposed to the match, is away from home, happily. Once he returns——"

"Once he returns," burst in Marie, "I shall denounce you and Miss Stanley and Derrick as three wicked conspirators. Do you think I am a weak fool to be twisted round your little finger, to be talked into marrying a man whom I cordially detest? It is only for——" She checked herself. It was folly to tell this cruel, callous mother that only to save Laura from death would she—Marie—renounce all that makes life worth living.

"Only for what?" asked Lady Rylmer, blandly.

"I will not carry on the discussion," was the decisive answer. "It is painful for me, and utterly useless, so far as regards furthering your son's cause. Nothing can do that. He has received my final reply, and whatever happens to poor Laura will be laid to the charge of both of you. Your day of punishment will come. If on earth you manage to escape punishment, God will avenge the cruelty——"

"Really, Marie, I am surprised at your wild manner of talking. You seem to be scarcely aware of the nonsense you are saying. However, as you seem so foolishly argumentative, I will leave you to your own thoughts." Then, as if noticing for the first time that Lady Sybil's portrait had been destroyed, she added: "I see you have had an accident."

There was no reply. Marie watched the woman she hated and feared glide gracefully out of the room; then, swift as lightning, she hastened to close the door and fix the wedge under it.

"Alone once more!" she murmured, hurrying towards the injured picture.

Then she knelt down and pressed her face against the oak panelling and listened, and as she listened she grew limp and sick for fear of the sounds that might reach her ears. But there were no sounds—nothing that spoke of the presence of humanity. Silence reigned; and the fact of that silence unnerved Marie even more than the groans had done previously.

She knocked sharply and several times in succession, then waited, hoping to hear an answer. But the only sound that met her ears were footsteps creeping up the secret staircase. Were they Laura's?"

Again she knocked, this time louder.

"Marie, is that you?" asked a voice from inside.

"Yes, Laura darling, are you quite safe? Answer me quickly."

"Yes; I managed to get my hands loose. They tied them together with rope—Derrick and Aunt Stanley did it!—and I have taken the gag from my mouth. So I am in no pain now."

"I am so intensely relieved to hear it. I wish I could open this door and let you come into this room; but those wicked relations of ours have taken away part of the spring, and I cannot make it answer."

"O Marie, how cruel of them! I am a prisoner then, with all means of escape cut off."

"But you can escape by the lower door after it is dark, and make your way to Susan's cottage. She will befriend you."

"No, I cannot escape, for the bolts and chains have all been taken away. I tried to undo them a few minutes ago to let some air on to the stairs, and found that they were gone."

"But could you not open the door by some other means?"

"No, I tried my utmost to push it open. It has been boarded up on the outside, I'm afraid."

"Oh, Laura, what can we do?"

"You must give information to the police that I am here. It is the only thing to do—although it seems a terrible thing to make our family secrets public. But I can't be left here to starve. I wish you could bore a hole, so that I could talk in a lower voice. I am so afraid of being overheard."

"Very well, I will try."

Saying this, Marie took her penknife and began boring a diminutive hole.

After twenty minutes or so, her efforts were rewarded by success.

"This is famous!" cried an appreciative voice from inside. "Now we can talk more easily. Of course, you must

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not attempt to leave the Hall until after dark, so we have plenty of time to talk in. I heard mother's voice a few minutes ago. What was she talking to you about? Do tell me, dear?"

"She was trying to persuade me to marry Derrick."

"Of course you said 'No'?"

"Yes."

"Now I understand why I am a prisoner here. Did she mention me?"

"No; and she refused to listen to any reference to you. But Derrick spoke of you to me."

"What did he say?"

"He said that if I married him this afternoon, you would be at once liberated."

"If he tells you that again, tell him that I prefer death a thousand times to life at the price of such a cruel sacrifice from you and Maurice! Marie, promise me solemnly that you will not listen to what he says—that his threats shall fall unheeded, and that no threats or entreaties, or pleadings will induce you to marry him and break poor Maurice's heart!"

"Laura, you must not fetter me with promises. You must leave me to act as I am forced to act. Cannot you trust me?"

"Yes. But if you had anyone to counsel you or comfort you it would be so different. You are helpless in the hands of three people who will not hesitate at anything. To save me from death I know that you would give in; indeed, you would not be your good, noble, generous self if you were not willing to sacrifice all to save me from death. So I want you to understand—mind, I am not talking hysterically and excitedly, but soberly and calmly—that I am not afraid of death and that life would have no pleasures for me, if I knew that it had been purchased at the cruel price of life-long misery for you and Maurice. Think, dear, if you were in my place would you not speak as I am speaking?"

It was impossible to say "No." In each girl's character there ran the same vein of heroism, the same grand devotion to duty.

"Would you not?" repeated Laura.

"Yes," came slowly in reply.

"Then do not ask me to act less bravely. We all have our lives to make or mar, our futures to gild or rob of brightness. If I die for you and Maurice mine will be a happy death. Oh, don't cry, Marie. I can hear you sob in here."

"Oh, Laura, I could not let you die, darling. You are Maurice's favourite. Next to him I love you more than anyone else."

"That is exactly my case. Next to Maurice I love you, Marie, more than anyone else. If by continuing to live I shall have the misery of seeing you both wretched no happiness could be mine. However, I shall not die for a day or two even if I have to stay in here. People can live without food for quite a long time I believe. So don't think of me as dead or half-dead yet. Now that you and I can have nice chats through this diminutive hole I don't feel so unhappy. Something may turn up, you see."

"I wish it were possible for Maurice to turn up."

"He would only be arrested. Better fight our own battles."

"Yes; after all there is often strength in weakness."

"Just what I was going to say. What time is it now?"

"Nearly five o'clock."

"Time goes rather slowly. Couldn't you make this hole bigger. It lets in a pin's head of light, and about the same proportion of fresh air. Now, with two pins' heads I should begin to feel quite rich."

"I will try to let you have twenty pins' heads instead of one; and as I work you can sit and think of some means of escape."

"Could you not get out when everyone is asleep?" queried Laura.

"No, I am sure not. Someone will be always on guard outside this room."

"But you can speak to one of the servants. Promise to reward her handsomely. Lizzie is a safe woman."

"No servant remains in the Hall today. All have had a holiday, save one or two who are no good."

"However, we can wait. Father might return. And if you keep on boring holes you may touch the spring."

"Yes, that is a happy thought. It gives me hope. If once this door were open you and I could escape together."

"And we'll go straight to Susan, and then to her sister who lives at Cromer. But we mustn't talk so much ahead. The thought of Cromer air makes the air in

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here seem quite unbearably close, but hope is a good thing."

It was false, delusive hope. Happy, indeed, was it that the fact was screened from the knowledge of the two young beings now striving to battle bravely against the horrors of a ghastly position.

Evening crept on, night came. Laura's voice was thinner, but it lacked none of its usual vivacity, for she thought to herself: "If I once give in it will be for ever."

"We'll go to sleep as usual," she said, bravely, as half-past ten struck. "Good-night, Marie."

"To sleep as usual!" Marie echoed the words with a sad smile. Sleep! With the fearful responsibility of knowing that Laura's life lay in her hands! If tired nature claimed its power to throw a veil of unconsciousness over her mind it would not be sleep, but a prolonged nightmare—worse than wakefulness.

For a weary half-hour she paced her room, despondent and hopeless, then there crept back into her mind a determination to continue the awful wrestle against fate and conspiracies.

Pressing her hands inch by inch over the whole of the surface of the door leading to the secret staircase, she sought anew for the spot where the spring must exist. But it was a fruitless search.

After an hour's steady work the door was as firmly closed as before.

"I will try again to make my escape from the house and summon assistance," she murmured, with a ring of hope in her anxious voice.

She stole barefooted to the door, and, removing the wedge, opened it with the utmost caution. Throughout the hall and landings darkness reigned. With breathless eagerness she listened for any signs of life, but all was still, intensely still.

A cry of joyous relief almost escaped her white lips. There was a chance of eluding the vigilance of the conspirators! A chance of saving Laura's life without relinquishing Maurice!

No moments to lose in thinking of outdoor attire, no moments to waste in telling Laura of the happy turn in events. Keeping well in the centre of the landing, walking—oh, so lightly—she stole towards the stairs.

Nearer and nearer her trembling feet carried her towards freedom. In three minutes that freedom would be gained. In a quarter of an hour, perhaps less, she would be amongst men and women of the outside world who would befriend her and Laura.

The blessedness of such knowledge!

Now her hand was on the bannisters. Now——

"Is it you, dear?" asked a voice from the darkness, and a detaining hand was placed on Marie's shoulder.

It was Lady Rylmer who spoke, and it was her strong thin hand that was laid heavily on Marie.

A piteous cry, in which was centred acute misery and disappointment, was the only answer.

"Is there anything you need, Marie?" continued her aunt. "Derrick and my sister are at hand ready to do any little service you may require. You know how sadly we are off for servants. None have returned from their holiday."

"I require nothing," answered Marie, in a hopeless voice, shrinking from the touch of the hand on her shoulder.

"In that case it is unwise to be walking about barefooted in the dark."

"Yes, I will return to my room." Marie said it in a voice of complete submission.

She re-entered her room with quivering lips and glistening eyes. She did not even trouble to secure privacy by putting the wedge under the door. Nothing mattered now, for she must either marry Derrick or Laura must die of starvation. She felt numb, physically and mentally, with the weight of grief.

Sinking down wearily on the window-sill she threw open the window and looked longingly out on the world of freedom. A nightingale was singing joyously in some branches near, filling the still night with sounds that spoke of untrammelled happiness.

Marie looked down on the terrace below and shuddered. If her courage did not fail she could face the perils of a descent from the window. It might cost her her life, but if she could only retain consciousness until Dr. Trent arrived she could tell him of Laura's imprisonment. Yet it was hard to think of possible death and never seeing Maurice again. And she was so young to die, so young to cease to be counted with the living. Then a fierce warring against fate took possession of her mind. Was there nothing that she could do to withstand a terrible culmina-

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tion to her troubles? She asked herself the question with a feeling of growing desperation. But the next moment that utter despondency which negatives the power to rise against troubles stole over her. How could she, young, inexperienced, and friendless, hope to defeat three clever conspirators? It was madness to try.

Hours passed, so it seemed to Marie, as she sat motionless gazing on the sleeping world, noticing nothing, caring for nothing, just waiting for the night to end.

Suddenly a whistle, very low and very near, attracted her attention. In an instant she roused herself and looked out. Standing below, half-hidden by some shrubs, was a man, the very man who had entered the grounds the night that she and Laura had stolen out to post the letter to Maurice, and from whose cottage poor Laura had escaped the day before!

CHAPTER XXXII.

A NOCTURNAL VISITOR.

"I say, miss," the man called in a mysterious whisper, seeing that he had succeeded in attracting Marie's attention. "Don't be afeard of me, but just put your head out and listen to what I've got to say. I'm wanting to help you if I can, but I don't like a-speaking too loud. What's they done with the young missy?"

"Imprisoned her on the secret staircase," was the answer.

Perhaps it was foolish to risk the danger of telling a stranger, but help from anyone would be welcome at the present moment.

"Lor! Now I see why they've boarded up the door down here. My! They are a 'cute set. It makes me feel a bit anxious about myself when I see that they stands at nothing. If she'd stayed with me and my wife she'd have come to no harm, except what goes along with discomforts and the like."

"Why do you offer to help us? Are you——"

"It's this, miss," interrupted the man. "The other side's mad with me and my wife for letting the other missy get away yesterday, and they say that they'll make it hot for us, and not a penny are they going to give us for all the trouble we've had. So, says I to my wife, says I: 'We'll not do their work no longer, but see if the two young misses want a helping hand and'll pay us better.'"

"Then you are really and truly on our side?"

"I'm on the side that's likely to bring in what'll buy us vittles with—that's about it. I'm in poor health myself and not fit to do regular work, you see."

"Yes, answered Marie, failing to "see" any proof in the man's appearance of his statements. "But tell me quickly how you can help us. We want to escape from this house."

"Well, now, I'll tell you what I'll do for a matter of five pounds to begin with. I'll pull down the boarding here and let the missy escape. That'll be something in the way of a beginning. Mind you, if all gets right, and you marry Mr. Maurice and comes into all what's yours, I'll expect you to be generous-like then."

"And I will be generous."

"That's firmly said, same as I expected."

"But could you not burst open the door of the secret staircase which leads into this room and also liberate me?"

"I'm thinking that it will be too strong. Leastways I'll have a try. I've brought a lantern with me, not knowing as where I'd be called upon to go. Now, about that five pounds? You'll have to chuck it down 'fore I gives a hand to the board outside this 'ere door."

"Wait where you are for a few minutes," was the answer.

It was necessary to consult Laura before proceeding with the matter. But the voice that roused the prisoner from a restless sleep spoke of hope.

"Yes, dear, what has happened? Something good; I can hear it in your voice," said Laura.

"That big man to whose cottage you were taken yesterday is waiting below my window. He has quarrelled with his employers, and now wants to help us. Shall I accept his help? He says he will pull down the boards that fasten up the door of the staircase leading to the terrace for five pounds."

"Then, dear, accept the offer. After all, a man who has quarrelled with one side is generally a most useful friend to the other. We're not in a position to refuse *any* assistance. We're like drowning people, and we can't afford to choose who'll save us."

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"Very well, then, I'll throw down the five pounds and trust to his carrying out his promise."

"And I shall get him to burst open this door and then you too will be free."

A five-pound note safely packed away in a weighted envelope fell at the man's feet, and a cordial, "Thank you, miss," was heard in acknowledgment.

Then the sound of a man's strength being brought into full play to wrench away the boards was distinctly heard.

"O Laura, he is doing it! You will soon be released," whispered Marie, in a voice of happy excitement.

A final effort, then ——

Yes, he was opening the door. The cool refreshing night air was rushing up the hot, close, narrow stairs, carrying strength and welcome power of revivement to brave Laura.

"Now, Marie, you must be liberated," she cried. "I will not leave you behind me."

"But how can it be done?"

"It must be done! *It shall be!* I should not know a happy moment if you remained here at the mercy of our cruel relations. Harewood," she added, speaking to the man, who, lantern in hand, was now clambering up the stairs. "You must save the other young lady, too, if you expect to receive a large reward in the future. She will be very, very rich. I am penniless."

"Lor! who'd have thought it! Why, you're poorer than we be. Here, then, give a hand and hold this lantern for me."

It was evident that Laura had fallen to zero in the man's estimation.

She did as asked, glad indeed to help in the rescue of Marie.

Then Harewood threw his giant form

THERE WAS RISK IN IT, DANGER AND EXCITEMENT.

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against the door with a sudden lurch. There was a slight tremor of the woodwork. Sufficient to say that his strength was felt—and defied! Again he tried. His thick lips were pressed together, his heavy fists clenched, and his square shoulders forced with all the strength at his command against the door. Still it defied him. It just creaked, that was all.

"I'd like to come across the man who'd be able to burst that ere door open," was his angry remark as he took the lantern from Laura and began to stumble downstairs.

"Oh, try once more to do it," she pleaded.

"Can't. Haven't the time. Do you think I'm fool enough to stay here after dawn?"

"But can you not suggest some way of escape?"

"There's only one, and that's by the window."

"But the young lady cannot jump out."

"If you'll tell her to tie her sheets together and just lower herself out, I'll catch her if she falls."

"Oh, Marie, do you hear what Harewood suggests?"

"Yes, and I will do it," was the reply.

"Oh, hurry down to the terrace," said Laura, speaking peremptorily to him.

"No need to tell me that. Unless she looks sharp I'll not wait. There now, you just stand back. Don't you be getting in my way when I want to catch her."

Laura darted away and stood with her back to the house, to watch in agonised suspense.

"Look out!" shouted Harewood, forgetful of the danger of talking loud, as Marie, having tied the sheets together, was endeavouring to descend. "There now, cling on a bit and then come down hand over hand," he continued. "Yes, that's better. Look sharper! That's coming on fine. You'll be down soon at that rate."

It was evident he enjoyed the sight. There was risk in it, danger and excitement.

Laura could not summon courage to say one word. She stood there suffering pangs of fear, longing, yet dreading to see Marie on *terra firma*.

"Another half-moment and you'll be down safe," continued Harewood, in the same vein of encouragement. Then, as Marie came within his reach, he stretched his arms upward and said: "Let go! You're safe, and, what's more, you deserve to be, for you're the pluckiest female I've ever met with."

It was well for Marie that Mrs. Harewood did not overhear that last remark.

"Without your help I should not have had the courage to climb down," said Marie, offering him two sovereigns.

"Well, I'm glad to see you both safe out of that house, and as I can't wait to do nothing more for you I'll be off. You'll be doing what's sensible to make tracks yourself." As he uttered the last word he began to walk quickly away.

The girls moved towards each other and stood side by side with their hands clasped in each other's.

"What shall we do?" said Marie, in a quivering voice. "We must put many miles between this house and ourselves before the hue and cry after us is raised."

"We'll go to the Draycotts'," quickly replied Laura. "Let us start at once. It is a five-mile walk, and we must get there before people are about, as we look eccentric, to put it mildly, without hats or jackets and in thin indoor shoes. To attract notice is dangerous."

"That's a good idea. Of course we can go there, and are sure of being safely housed and warmly welcomed, especially if Ted happens to be at home."

"Yes. And oh, isn't it heavenly to be at liberty again? But let us hurry on and not talk, although there is so much to say."

"But we won't attempt to say it. We'll think of making good our escape and nothing else for the next two hours. See that man, Harewood, is getting out of sight. We must hurry after him. I wonder if that cart with the pony that runs away is waiting near."

"But we mustn't let that other man see us. It would be tempting Providence to put ourselves into the hands of *two* scoundrels. One may act well by chance, two would certainly not. I was so glad when he did not ask us to go to his cottage."

"I expect he knew that Derrick will go there to look for us." As she said this Marie glanced round at the Hall. "Oh, look!" she continued, in a terrified voice. "There is a light in one of the windows! We must not waste a moment."

"And someone has just opened the front door!" gasped Laura, beginning to

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run fast. "We must leave the drive and take a side path. Follow me, I know the way better than you do. We must go through the wood, and make across a stream, and reach the road by that means."

No moments to waste in glancing back! Onward the girls raced in breathless haste, stumbling sometimes, falling sometimes, but always keeping steadily on, heedless of obstacles and fearing nothing save being recaptured.

Once they missed their way, and it was shorter work to fight through the bushes than retrace their steps. So they fought through, coming out with clothes torn and hands bleeding. But nothing mattered if only they could elude their pursuers!

Suddenly the noise of dogs barking furiously rent the still night air.

"O Marie, they have let the dogs loose!" exclaimed Laura, in horror.

"Yes! But we won't lose heart! Could you run faster? I can."

"I'll try to. In five minutes we shall have gained the road. Once there, we may meet someone who will befriend us," gasped Laura, striving to speak with renewed courage.

They had emerged now from the wood and were nearing the stream.

"The dogs are going in the opposite direction, after Harewood," exclaimed Marie. "I wonder if they will catch him. I hope not. Hark! I can hear the cart driving off at a gallop, so he must be safe."

"And we are safe, too; for now that the dogs have gone after him, they are not likely to follow us. So let us take breath for a few minutes, just before entering the road."

"After all don't you think that it would be wiser to go to Susan's cottage?" Marie raised her dress and began to wade through the stream as she asked the question.

"No, it would be very unwise to go anywhere but to the Draycotts'. They are strong enough to defy the three conspirators. Everyone is not."

There was a thick undergrowth of trees just near the road, and here the two girls sank down for a few minutes' most welcome rest.

"How thankful I am that it is such a lovely moonlight night," murmured Laura, "Our difficulties and dangers would have been many degrees greater had it been dark and rainy."

"Yes, indeed. Now shall we go on?"

For reply Laura rose to her feet and stepped into the road. Marie followed her wearily. The long, sleepless night of anxiety was beginning to tell on her.

"I shall be glad when we get to the Draycotts'," she said. "And one of the first things I shall do will be to telegraph to Susan and tell her our address."

"Yes; Maurice might write from Madeira, and she would not otherwise know where to send it."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"Who's that?"

The wife of the caretaker of Draycott Towers put her head out of the window and asked the question in a sharp, aggrieved voice, for it was only five o'clock, and she resented being roused before six.

"Is Colonel Draycott at home?" queried Laura.

She and Marie were seated on the steps leading up to the hall door. Very thankful were they both to feel that the haven of refuge was at last reached.

"Lor no! He's gone to France and took all the family along with him. What's your business?"

"But are none of the family at home?" Laura could not credit the woman's bad news.

"None—not a single one. And if they were, this isn't the hour to come asking for them. I'd like to hear what the master'd say at being roused at this time, if he were at home. And, lor! you did give me a fright just now. I thought you'd come to say there'd been robbers about, or the place were a-fire. Now go along with you both." Saying this the woman shut the window with a bang.

"Oh, how cruel!" exclaimed Laura, with a broken-hearted sob.

"But we won't submit to her turning us away like that," said Marie. She spoke in a tired, weak voice. "I can't walk any further. I will ring the bell again and offer to bribe her to let us come in."

"Yes, do, we must have rest and food," sobbed Laura.

Startlingly loud the bell rang out a moment later, and the girls waited

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anxiously with their eyes on the window, hoping to see it open again.

They had not long to wait. This time it was raised slowly and a man's head appeared.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"Please come down and let us in," implored Laura. "We are friends of Colonel and Mrs. Draycott."

"No one 'ud think it!" he answered, scoffingly; "and, what's more, me and my wife are the last to be took in by them sort of tales."

"Oh, but you must let us in. I will pay you well to do so," put in Marie.

The man drew in his head and the girls heard him say with a laugh: "Here's a joke! Two gals want us to let 'em in. To look at 'em you'd say they'd just come out of a lunatic asylum, I'm thinking."

"Tell them to go away," replied a voice—the woman's, "and if they won't, just go and fetch the p'lice and have 'em took away."

But the man restricted his unfriendliness to merely closing the window and pulling down the blind.

"It's no use waiting here, I'm afraid," said Marie, in a sad voice. But she made no effort to move.

"But I can't go. I'm too tired to walk any further," sobbed Laura. "Oh, the world is a cruel place," she added, bitterly.

"Oh, don't give way or lose hope," entreated Marie, nestling up to the sobbing girl. "You have been so brave throughout, and we're not so badly off as we were three hours ago. We are free! Let us think of what we can do next. Shall we go to Susan?"

"No, the three conspirators will go there the moment we are missed. It is the most unsafe place for us in England."

"Shall we send for her?"

"We could do everything that is sensible and safe if these people would give us a temporary haven. Don't let us stay here; but let us go round to the back of the house. Someone may be at the stables. Get some money out. The sight of a sovereign in your hand may turn a callous stranger into a warm supporter."

No need to make the suggestion again. Already Marie was opening her purse and withdrawing the required coin.

Tired and lagging were the girls' steps as they stole round to the stables.

But they were empty! There were no signs of horses having been there for some time.

"How desolate it all looks. But there is the summer-house, and it is open. We can go in there and rest," said Laura. "You, Marie, shall have the first sleep, and I'll keep the first watch."

"But——"

"No opposition, dear. Now that we're here, and our limbs decline to carry us any further, we must make the best of circumstances. After an hour or two's sleep we shall feel better equal to coping with circumstances."

"To say no is impossible," said Marie, sinking down on the seat. "If I don't have some rest at once, I shall have brain fever."

"Rest your head on my knees. That's it. Now you're tolerably comfortable." Laura spoke more hopefully.

Silence followed, and soon steady breathing told that one of the sorely-tried girls was temporarily oblivious of her troubles.

And Laura leant back, on the alert, yet half dozing.

One hour passed, then another. Hungry and tired, Laura remained bravely at her post.

"Hello!" exclaimed a male voice close at hand. She looked up startled to see the man who had ordered them away standing in the doorway of the summer-house.

"Hush!" she whispered, holding out the sovereign.

He raised his eyebrows, looked at the golden coin, then at Marie, paused, and finally stretched out his hand and took the money.

"You will befriend us now?" queried Laura, gently. "We are really friends of Colonel Draycott, you must believe that now. I am Miss Rylmer."

"Miss Rylmer! Which one? There's two—one's come from forrin' parts and is rich."

"This is the rich one," said Laura, glancing down at sleeping Marie.

"Poor young crettur! I don't envy her! Money and Lady Rylmer's company don't bring no happiness when they're together. Well, if I do you a kindness, mind you're to stay here and not say a word to my wife. She'll not come nigh you, as it's washing-day. Even me she'll not have inside the house.

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So, as she'll give me my dinner outside, you're welcome to it, and to stay here till you're rested."

"Oh, thank you," cried Laura, gratefully. "And do you think you could do some shopping for us later on, or, better still, could you get a cart and drive us to a village where we could buy ourselves some hats. We have had to run away from——"

"Don't tell me nothing," interrupted the man. "If I don't know I can't tell, and that's best. There's only one thing I can do, and that's drive you to that old nurse of yours, Susan Green. I'll get a cart lent me to-night, and I'll get you over there when it's dark. Lor! I can't have nothing to do with buying your hats and things. What 'ud the missis say if she heard of it? My! There'd be a row and no mistake. Just stay here quiet all day and I'll get you away to-night, as I said just now."

With the last word the man walked away.

Laura's tired eyes lit up with gladness. At last they had secured the services of a friend.

For two hours more Marie slept almost peacefully. Weary nature was demanding a respite from harassing griefs. Brave Laura scarcely stirred during the whole time. With her arms around the sleeping girl she conjured up happy scenes in the future, and the centre figures of those scenes were Maurice and Ted Draycott.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN ANXIOUS DRIVE.

"Come along now, the cart's a-waiting for you. I'm ready to drive you," whispered the caretaker of Draycott Towers, touching Marie on the shoulder. "Mind and don't speak as you pass the house, and step as lightly as you can. My wife's a bit more trying than usual to-day; as the rain's come, and it'll interfere with the drying o' the clothes. You see——"

Further reference to the sorrows of washing-day was cut short by a female voice calling out:

"John! John! Where's you off to this wet night? You can't be thinking o' driving to farmer Wilks."

"Yes, I must. You see, he's got 'em couple of pigs to sell cheap, and I can't afford to lose 'em just 'cause it rains."

"You'll lose more than you'll gain, if you catches a bad cold, and——"

"No, I shan't. And I know my own business best." With these words he signalled Marie and Laura to be ready to slip past the house. "Anyhow," he called out, raising his voice, "I'll step in a' get my thick coat. There's no need to catch cold if it can be helped."

It was a clever piece of diversion on his part, for the aforesaid coat was kept in a cupboard at the back of the kitchen, and when his wife went to fetch it the girls hurried out of the summer-house and ran past the door towards the cart.

"What a terribly wet night," exclaimed Laura, as they took their places in the rough vehicle. "We shall be drenched before we get to Susan's. I hope we shall find her at home."

"Now, then, missies," exclaimed the man, hurrying up and speaking cheerily. "Make yourselves comfortable and just throw them sacks about yer to keep the wet out. I'm thinking that it's the first time you've had a ride in the likes of this cart, and I reckon you'll find it a bit joggy. No springs, you bet. It's what's used to take the bricks up to them new cottages they're building. Lor! I'm sorry you've got such a wet night; but it's dark, and, considering all, darkness ain't so bad as being seen by some as you don't want to see. Now we're off. Hold on to the sides."

With that necessary piece of advice the man turned his back on the girls, and giving the horse a good cut with the whip set off at a brisk trot.

"I wonder if better fortune awaits us to-morrow," said Marie, drawing a sack over her in a futile attempt to keep off the torrents of rain.

"Let us hope so," fervently concurred Laura. "I'm longing to lie down between clean sheets and to have a cup of tea. Dinners on washing days are not successes," she added, with a short laugh.

"But he is a thoughtful man," observed Marie, glancing at their preserver.

Half-an-hour passed without more words being exchanged. The girls lay huddled together in the bottom of the cart, covered by the now soaking sacks, but glad indeed to know that they were on their way to seek protection from one who was true and loyal to them.

"The three conspirators are certain to have paid their visit to Susan to-day,"

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said Laura, "and they will be quite sure that she is ignorant of our whereabouts, for she has a very tell-tale face."

"Only——"

"Hush!" whispered the man, who had just given the horse several cuts with the whip. "There's something comin'—a dog-cart, I think it is. Just keep quiet until it has passed, and cover your faces up a bit more. I've no wish to be stopped."

Neither had the two girls. Instantly their faces disappeared under the sacks, and they lay as still as the jolting cart would allow them.

By this time the wheels of the approaching dog-cart could be distinctly heard. Nearer and nearer they came, and the girls, fearful of the approach of new dangers, clasped each other's hands.

Slash, slash went the whip on the back of the cart-horse, who, unused to this severe treatment, broke into an ungainly canter.

"Stop!"

A voice from the dog-cart uttered the word authoritatively, and the girls' cold hands tightened their clasp, for that voice was Derrick's, who demanded whether this was the road to Draycott Manor?

But little information could he glean from the man's reply, and cutting him short in the midst of a rigmarole of contradictions, he laid his whip savagely across his horse and was soon out of sight.

"That's well got over," whispered the man in a triumphant voice, "ain't it, missy?"

"Yes, we feel so grateful to you," answered Marie. "Please tell us your name. One day I hope to be able to show my gratitude in a generous form."

"It's best that you should not know it," answered the man, in a decided voice. "I was once in Lady Rylmer's service and I knows her ways—thanking you kindly all the same for wanting to treat me generous-like."

"What will your wife say if Mr. Derrick Rylmer calls there?"

"That I've gone out. She knows better than to say too much. She's a careful body, and I've took good care not to let her know anything."

"How far are we away from Susan Green's house now?" asked Laura. "I don't know this road."

"A matter of about half-an-hour's drive," was the reply. "I've chose a road that's not much used on purpose."

"Only half-an-hour!" echoed Marie. "It seems too good to be true. I'm longing to be there."

The half-an-hour was a long one to the exhausted girls, now drenched to the skin. At last, with a sudden jerk, the cart came to a standstill.

"We're there!" exclaimed Laura, instantly making an effort to get out.

But the man had already climbed down from his seat and was knocking loudly at the door.

A few moments of agonised suspense followed, as the girls awaited the result of those knocks. Then a window was thrown open and Susan's well-known voice called out:

"Who's there?"

"Oh Susan, come down and open the door!" entreated Laura.

No need to tell the old nurse whose voice that was. No need to repeat the entreaty for her to open the door. In the shortest possible time it was thrown open.

"Come in, my darling, come in," she said, in a voice choking with emotion, leading poor, drenched Laura into the kitchen, where the remains of a fire still glowed in the hearth. "I'm glad indeed to hear your sweet voice again and see you've got here unharmed. Aye, but you're wet through and——"

"Oh, I'm so glad to have got here safely and to find you're at home," interrupted Laura, as she sank into a chair. "We, Miss Marie and I, have been wondering and wondering if we should find you here."

"But you don't mean to say as how Miss Marie has come along with you in that cart?"

"Yes, and she's as wet as I am."

"My! It'll be a mercy if I can keep you both from getting your deaths of cold. But I thank Heaven you've both got safe away from Rylmer Hall. Where I'm to hide you both away is the question. Aye, poor dears! Poor lambs! What wouldn't I give to have Mr. Maurice back again with his common sense, just to keep us doing what's best.

"But you can take us in?" queried Laura. "And you'll give us something to eat and drink as quickly as you can, won't you?"

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"That I will, and nobody could get you a hot cup of coffee sooner than I shall. I'd not let you go away drenched as you are for all the threats in the world. Aye, I'm willing to die for you both. But none of us are safe here. Anyhow, you shall have a good night's rest and dry clothes before you stir from here."

"Have they been here to find us?" asked Marie.

"Yes, miss, I should just think they have; and what's more, they brought a legal gentleman who said it's penal servitude for five years to those as helps you both to get away—not as I believe a word he says. But there, I'll get you a cup of warm coffee before you hear all."

CHAPTER XXXV.

DISCUSSING THE FUTURE.

"Go, please, and ask the driver of the cart for Colonel Draycott's address," said Laura, hurriedly, to Susan, who was removing Marie's drenched dress.

"Yes; oh, do go quickly," put in the latter.

No need to press the request. Susan understood the importance of it only too well.

"He's gone! Driven off as fast as he could," she cried, running back into the kitchen. "Aye, but I'm sorry for it; for, says I, as soon as I see him, these young ladies haven't got much to fear if Colonel Draycott is at the back of them, or is likely to be told all. Did the man say he'd write to his master?"

"No. From what he said, I think he is too afraid of Lady Rylmer to do anything in the matter," replied Marie. "Yet I am sure that he is anxious to befriend us."

"I'm not surprised at that. A man would have a heart of stone who wouldn't do that after one look at you," said Susan; "but wanting to do it, and doing it with the risk of getting on Lady Rylmer's black books, is very different things. It's a mighty pity he drove off so quickly, I was going to ask him to have a cup of coffee; and if I'd only had a chance of doing it, he'd have left us more inclined to do a kind job."

Here Susan began to bring out cups and saucers, and to make preparations for a meal. It was evident that the discussion was to be carried on to an accompaniment of a late supper.

"Susan, tell us what you suggest," asked Laura.

"It's this, miss: you and Miss Marie must get a good sleep after you've had a good meal, and I'll dry your clothes and mend 'em up a bit; and then to-morrow morning, as you're having your breakfast, I'll step out and buy you a couple of tidy hats down in the village. Then feeling rested and satisfied like, you'd best walk to the railway station at Thames Ditton, and take your tickets to London."

"But where can we go there?" asked Laura.

"To my brother's, miss. He's got a milk shop in West Kensington, and his wife is a nice body. She'll look well after you. I shall go to London, too; but I'll take the train from Surbiton straight to my sister's. She lives at Kennington, and has married a man who keeps a tobacconist's shop. You see, I'd like to feel that I was near you both. I couldn't stay down here with the fear of what Lady Rylmer'd do if she got to know you'd been here. My! when she came to-day, she did look bad—as white as death, and as wicked as—but, there now, I won't say what I was a-going to. It won't make matters better. What do you think of my plan of getting away?"

"I think it capital!" said Laura. "No one will imagine that we are hiding in London; and for a week or two the best thing we can do will be to stay quiet indoors. So good of you to think it out so quickly, Susan. My head is past thinking."

"So is mine," concurred Marie. "But how can you secure your letters being sent on, Susan?"

"I'll arrange that, missy, Mr. Maurice's letters shan't be lost—no, no! I'll give in notice at the post-office when I get to London that I've changed my address. There now, as it's all settled what's to be done to-morrow, and as you both look badly tired out, I'm thinking you'd best just lie down and sleep till breakfast time."

"Yes, I shall be thankful to do so," said Laura.

And as the girls slept, restlessly at first, then more peacefully, old Susan dried their clothes and mended and patched—always on the *qui vive* for approaching footsteps. Fearful that lights in the windows might attract notice, she fixed

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up a thick shawl over one, and over another an old piece of carpet.

When morning dawned she began to prepare for the coming day. There was much to do before she would be ready for her hasty flight from home.

"I'm glad the poor lambs are having a good rest," she said to herself.

It was seven o'clock when Marie woke with a start. "Oh, Laura, we have slept later than we ought," she cried, getting up. "Make haste and dress."

They were very quickly downstairs and partaking of the breakfast that Susan had prepared. It was a short meal, and all felt the burden of care too much to wish to talk.

"This is the last of your trouble, I'm hoping, missy," said Susan, pouring out Laura's coffee. "Next time we meet, let's believe things will look a bit more cheerful. You just tell my brother all. He's a rare one for knowing what to do—and just speaking of troubles is comforting."

"Yes," agreed Marie, mechanically. To speak of the greatest of her troubles would be impossible.

She and Laura rose from the table, and sighed as they did so. The old servant's care and sympathy had been exquisitely welcome; and they shrank from going forth unattended into the cold world dominated by Lady Rylmer's presence.

But there was no time to waste in regrets.

"Good-bye, good Susan," said Laura, extending her hand. "You have been my guardian angel all my life. I shall be anxious about you, so let me know that you arrive safely in London."

"Aye, that I will; and you'll do the same to me."

Poor Susan! She was glad when they were gone. She watched them take the unfrequented path across the fields to Thames Ditton with a silent prayer for their safety.

"My!" she exclaimed to herself. "But Lady Rylmer'll have a lot to answer for—a-turning those poor young girls adrift on the world by her cruelties. And Miss Marie is a deal too pretty to do it. I'm thankful there's no mistake that brother John's got a wife who'll see after them. But I must hurry and get this place to rights."

With these words she shut the door, and continued her arrangements for going away. She was tidiness personified, and there was so much that "needed seeing to," to use her own words.

And as she hurried from room to room, Marie and Laura reached the station without any exciting incident, and took their places in the train.

"At last our escape from Rylmer Hall is an assured fact!" exclaimed Marie, as the train began to leave the station. "It seems too good to be true!"

"And at the same moment we are cast almost penniless on the world," said Laura. "Remember dear, that you and I must maintain ourselves, and I haven't a ghost of an idea how to do it. To apply to father for money would be equal to sending our address to the three conspirators, and asking them to call."

"But to have escaped is such a glorious fact. Don't let us trouble ourselves about anything for a few days. Our lives are safe, thank Heaven!"

They drove from Waterloo to West Kensington, where John Green and his wife were ready to welcome them, having received a telegram on the subject.

"You'll have the best we've got to give, young ladies," were almost the first words the latter said "My husband and me are humble folk; but we know what's what."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SAD NEWS.

Marie and Laura had been a week at the Greens'—an uneventful week. The girls spent their days merely resting and reading, glad that a wave of peace was passing over their lives. At first they talked very little; but now that their spirits had returned, plans for the future were beginning to occupy their thoughts, and Maurice and Ted Draycott played unseen but important *rôles* in connection with those plans.

"Why do you not write to Mrs. Draycott?" queried Marie. "A letter would be forwarded to her."

"Yes, but I question the wisdom of doing so. You see, she is afraid of mother. No, let us be independent, and go this very afternoon to a governesses' agency. I am capable of teaching children to read and write, and I will do that for the present, if nothing else turns up."

"Very well, we'll go to the registry in High-street, Kensington, at once. I'm yearning for action in the matter."

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It was a pleasant day, the sun's rays were tempered by a cool breeze, and a recent shower had laid the dust.

The girls walked briskly along the streets, glad to be out of doors again and mixing with their fellow-creatures.

"After our visit to the registry is over, we'll go and delight our eyes with a sight of the fashions," said Laura, "and gaze through the shop windows like two country cousins, and——"

"Oh, look — Maurice's boat is wrecked!" Marie grasped Laura's hand as she spoke, and pointed to the placard of an evening newspaper, on which appeared the heading, "Loss of the liner Italia with all hands."

Laura read the words, then all around her became dim and indistinct. With a cry of grief, she sank to the ground.

Instantly many rushed forward to raise the prostrate girl, and kind hands were busy doing their utmost to revive her. Meanwhile Marie stood like one in a dream, seeing all, yet incapable of helping or giving advice. The mute grief written on her face touched the hearts of those near.

"Don't take it too much to heart. I'll bring this young lady round quickly," said a doctor, who had been attracted by the crowd, as he touched Marie gently on the shoulder.

"Yes," she answered, speaking like one who neither knows nor cares what is being said.

He saw it, and realised that he must not leave much in the hands of this beautiful girl.

"I'll drive you both home," he said, kindly.

"Thank you," she said, speaking in the same dull voice as before. "It was caused by a shock. Her brother was," she added, looking from him to Laura's white, unconscious face, "on board the Italia."

Dr. Venmouth knew that the speaker had felt the shock as much as his patient; and he glanced sympathetically at the sad, lovely face turned towards him. Then he raised Laura from the ground and placed her in the carriage by the side of Marie.

"There's nothing to fear," he observed. "This is only an ordinary fainting fit."

"Oh, what has happened?" asked Mrs. Green, anxiously hurrying out, seeing the carriage draw up at the door.

But no answer came from Marie's white lips. She could not speak of her grief—now that the tension of being under the eyes of strangers was removed. She hurried past the astonished Greens up to her own room. Others were better capable of succouring poor Laura.

"O Maurice, Maurice!" cried the girl who loved him, as she sank down in an agony of sorrow. "To think that I shall see your face no more! Oh, the cruelty of it! The misery and unhappiness of it! And your leaving England was my doing; my lips implored you to leave by that unlucky boat—there lies the cruel cut! Oh, that I could undo it all, and that strength could be given me to boldly face those who sought to ruin your life, now their wishes are accomplished, for they have killed you! O Maurice, would that I could die! My love for you has carried me through all my troubles—now, I do not care to live."

Her hands were pressed against her face, her head sank heavily on her pillow. The whole agony of a lifetime seemed concentrated into the present moment.

Maurice drowned! What was life worth to her?

A vigorous knocking at the door startled her. She sprang to her feet, nervously on the alert for further news.

"Oh, my poor lamb!" ejaculated Susan, entering hurriedly. "I've only just heard the news, and my heart's a-breaking for you, and Miss Laura, and myself. Aye, but it's too sad for words. He was just the nicest young gentleman on earth! There, there; you needn't try to keep back those tears so hard—it's safest to let them have their own way, and come. Aye, but it's a sad world. I've been trying to do my duty; but, there, it don't seem possible to make matters go smooth and happy. I'd 'ave laid down my life to see Mr. Maurice for just one moment again. But my sorrow is as nothing by the side of yours, missy."

Mute thanks shone in Marie's eyes, as she raised them to Susan's homely face. They were sad eyes, sad and hopeless; with the hopelessness so piteous to see in the young and strong. Then she turned her head away again.

"I am best alone," she murmured. "Thank you so much for your sympathy, Susan."

"Ah, well, perhaps you're right, missy. Just for a bit, it'll be comforting to lie and

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think of him—and—and—may God give you strength to know that it's for the best."

Susan gently stroked the poor girl's bent head, then left her alone with her sorrow.

John Green was waiting impatiently for his sister's return.

"Susan," he said, excitedly, "we're in a rare fix, you and me. Don't you see, as plain as daylight, that Lady Rylmer will be trying to get hold of them two young ladies in double quick time, for now there's only one life between Sir James and all the money, and that life is Miss Marie Rylmer's."

"What do you mean, John?"

"Mean? Why, this is what I mean. If Miss Marie dies before she comes of age and can make a will, the money goes to her next-of-kin, and he's Sir James."

"You're right, John, and not a day shall she be in that woman's power if I can help it. I'll go home to Kennington and pack up my things and just come here to watch—do you see? It's necessary that one as knows Lady Rylmer's ways has the looking after Miss Marie. You've no idea"—here Susan's voice fell to a whisper—"what she'll not be up to—*no idea.*"

Her brother looked perplexed. "Yes," he answered, quickly, "you'd better come as soon as you can. I don't like the responsibility. Things might look ugly for me."

"That's just what I'm thinking, and I've no mind to bring trouble on you, John."

"I know you haven't, Susan. So you'd best do as you say."

They shook hands and parted.

Ten minutes later Susan came hurrying back.

"Mind," said she, "who you leave in the shop to look after the milk and such-like; do you understand?"

John nodded; and she hastened away again.

Half-an-hour passed, then a small, sharp-featured woman entered the shop and asked for a glass of milk. When she had taken a few sips, she observed in a casual manner:

"I am looking out for furnished apartments for a friend. Could you recommend any? Or perhaps you let them yourself?"

"No, mum; I don't."

"Really! A neighbour of yours said that you had two young ladies lodging here. One taken ill to-day—she fainted, I believe."

"That neighbour made a mistake when she said we took in lodgers; and if you tell me who the person was, I'll step round and say so."

"But the young lady is better?"

"Oh, yes; it wasn't nothing much, just a fainting — least, I don't know nothing about it myself." Green was speaking flurriedly. Something in the interrogator's eyes struck him as strangely aggressive."

"Yes?" she observed, blandly.

But Green shut his mouth firmly. Not another word would he be induced to utter, and he anathematised himself for having said already too much. For the next few minutes he gave all his attention to making a mental portrait of the customer, to be described for Susan's benefit on her return.

Seeing that further information was not obtainable, Miss Stanley left the shop, satisfied that her detective work had been crowned with success. For days and days she had endeavoured to trace Marie and Laura. She smiled now. She knew she had succeeded.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A WELCOME TELEGRAM.

"Laura, I shall write to an old aunt of mine, who lives at Capri, and ask her to send me our travelling expenses there—yours and mine—and we will go there and live with her until I am of age," said Marie. "She is a very homely person, but so kind and loving! I shall not feel safe in England until I am of age and can make a will. We must escape quickly. Your father could stop me, I think, as he is my guardian. In Capri we should be safe. Everyone knows everyone; and all strangers would be watched who came near my aunt's house; and everyone is staunch to me."

"That is a happy idea, Marie. Do act on it at once. I shall not know a moment's peace until you are far away from the three conspirators. Once at Capri you could open up communications with my father. Perhaps he would send you part of your income out there."

"I don't want it! I care for nothing now."

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"Susan is coming back to-night, and I am glad of it. Her sympathy does one good. Oh, here she comes!"

As Laura said the last words Susan entered the room. She was hot and flushed, and in a great state of excitement.

"Excuse my sitting down, young ladies," she exclaimed, sinking into a chair and producing her handkerchief to use as a fan. "I've hurried back too quick — but I couldn't come slowly, because, you see, I was in a bit of a state about ——"

She stopped to take breath, and as she did so both Marie and Laura gazed at her in astonishment. Instead of looking sad, as both considered she ought to do, she was smiling against her will, and her good-natured face was full of contentment.

"Has anything—good—happened?" Marie could scarcely command herself sufficiently to ask the question.

"Yes, miss; there's been a telegram come."

"Who from?" Laura jerked out the words.

"From the last person you and Miss Marie ever expected to have one from—so I won't ask you to guess."

"Oh, tell us!" implored Marie. She had sprung to her feet, and her lovely face glowed with happy expectation.

"Why, Mr. Maurice, to be sure. Who else would have brought me across London all of a bluster like this?"

"But where is he? Tell us quickly!" said the girls in one voice.

"At Southampton, sure enough. It turns out that some of the passengers took to a small boat and that they got picked up by a passing ship which brought them to Southampton, and among them is Mr. Maurice."

"Is he hurt or ill?" asked Marie.

"He must be a bit ill," was the reply, "as the telegram comes from the hospital there."

"We must start at once to him," exclaimed Marie.

"Yes, that's just what I was about to advise," concurred Susan. "And I've sent off a telegram to him saying as how we were all going down to see him to-night."

"Yes, that was right," cried Laura, in a bright voice. "Oh, I wonder where all my faintness has flown to? I feel absolutely well."

"MAURICE!" SHE UTTERED HIS DEAR NAME JOYFULLY, BUT IN A QUIET, COMPOSED VOICE.

"And you look it," laughed Marie.

"What will he say when he hears all we have gone through?" observed Laura, beginning to put on her hat and gloves. "I'm off in a few minutes by myself, if no one else is ready."

"I shall be ready before you," Marie said, as she hurried out of the room.

"There, there, young ladies, don't be too gay," remarked Susan.

"No, we must not be," was Marie's reply from the adjoining room. "We may find him very ill."

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"So we may," concurred Susan, "but not too ill to recover and marry you, Miss Marie. The sight of your face will almost make him quite well again. Now, I'll be calling a hansom. It's almost impossible to keep quiet with you young ladies racing about so joyful."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"MAURICE!"

The hospital attendant walked noiselessly down the long passage towards Maurice's room. Marie and Laura followed as noiselessly.

"Is Mr. Rylmer very ill?" asked Marie in a whisper.

"Not now; he's coming round nicely," was the reply. "He was two days and a night with only a biscuit to eat, and was very weak when taken on board the ship that brought him to Southampton. He has a room to himself."

At the end of the passage there was a door. Marie knew that it must be the door of his room, and that in a moment she would see Maurice's face again. Her heart began to beat furiously fast. Would he be greatly changed? Would he be only the shadow of his former splendid self? How she hoped that a look of suffering would not be stamped on his much-loved face! It would be hard to look and speak naturally if it were so, and she had promised to be calm—not to allow her feelings to portray themselves in any way.

The door opened. Calm! Could she be calm when her trembling limbs could scarcely support her and her heart beat so furiously?

There opposite lay a thin, gaunt man.

"Maurice!" She uttered his dear name joyfully, but in a quiet, composed voice. The man lying so still, with his thin white hands motionless at his side, did not look equal to facing excitement.

Instantly the man's pale face was turned towards her, and radiant happiness gleamed from his sunken eyes.

"Marie!" he murmured, in a weak voice, but a joyous one. "So good of you to come so quickly."

"I could not have come quicker." She smiled as she said it, and her hand rested on his with a gentle firmness, so comforting, so reassuring to the sick and weak.

His lips trembled. He said nothing. In silent delight his eyes feasted on the sight of the girl he loved, looking at him with eyes of pity and devotion. A sigh escaped him—a sigh that spoke of limitless contentment and peace. It was all so welcome to the man who had spent weary hours tossing on the sea, famished, hopeless.

Her face stole down to his, and his head crept along the pillow closer to her. Then——

Yes, just a brief kiss to seal the gladness of the re-meeting. What mattered it that others were present? Just Laura and the nurse.

But no! Someone else was present. A man! He had moved away from Maurice's bedside, and his manner of doing so was awkward and nervous, as if uncertain of his reception by the new arrivals. Laura hastened to his side, and Marie turned quickly towards him.

"Uncle James!" she gasped, forgetting to speak in a composed voice.

"Yes," he said, quietly coming forward. "You are surprised to see me here. I arrived an hour ago, for when I heard that my son was saved I hastened"—here his voice fell to a whisper—"to tell him that I know he is innocent of forging my name to the five hundred pound cheque. I have discovered who did it."

"Who, father?" put in Laura, in a low tone.

"Derrick!" came shortly in reply.

A look of indignation darted across the girl's face, but she did not utter a word.

"I am glad it is traced," said Marie.

"And I wish to tell you, Marie"—here Sir James turned towards her—"that I bitterly regret the way in which I have neglected my duty towards you. It shall be neglected no longer. Unhappily for me, there is someone whose will power I cannot withstand; that person is my wife. I have tried and failed. Please notice, I am not going to excuse myself for my shortcomings. I feel I am worthy of contempt, for I have allowed evil influences to hold far greater sway over my actions than I should have done. A clear course lies before me now, and a solemn duty, which is to give tardy compensation for all you have suffered."

He stopped speaking, and, with a glance at Maurice, moved aside.

"Marie," murmured the latter, motioning her to come closer. "I have told father all. He knows that we love each other and he has sanctioned our early marriage.

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Darling, will you marry me soon, very soon, for I feel that I cannot trust you in other hands? And you are"—his voice trembled ominously—"so exquisitely precious to me."

"Yes," she said, gently.

And love spoke in her voice and eyes, echoing the word.

Laura heard nothing, but she guessed all.

A light tap at the door and an attendant entered with a card, which was handed to Sir James.

He looked at it and turned ashy white as he muttered "Ethel!" beneath his breath.

But Marie heard the name and quickly stepped up to his side.

"I will see her," she said, in a firm voice, "and I'll tell her that you are remaining with Maurice."

Sir James looked with hesitation at the eager face turned towards him, then nodded acquiescence.

It never transpired what took place at the interview which followed, but all who saw Lady Rylmer leave the hospital noticed that she was flushed and excited. They attributed it to grief at her stepson's illness, and were not surprised to hear that she was taken seriously ill on her return to Rylmer Hall, and became quickly worse. Her death followed in three weeks. Miss Stanley nursed her to the end, then disappeared with Derrick, taking all her sister's valuable jewellery with her.

The clock was striking ten when Sir James left the hospital with Laura and Marie, and walked towards the hotel at Southsea where he was staying.

"Isn't it lovely to know, Marie, that ——"

Laura stopped speaking suddenly. A man whom she recognised was striding past her. No, he had stopped, for he had seen her.

"Laura!"

"Ted!"

The two names were uttered simultaneously, and with a ring of equally happy surprise.

"I was told I had missed you," he exclaimed; that you had returned to London."

"Which is now proved to be untrue, for I am not a ghost," was the laughing rejoinder.

"And I'm heartily glad you are not. But no joking, Laura, for I have just gone through such an awful four days of anxiety."

"About what?" she queried, anxiously.

"About you, darling." The last word escaped him unawares.

A serious look stole over Laura's face, and her large brown eyes raised themselves slowly towards Ted's. He was looking down at her from his superior six feet of height, tenderly, lovingly.

"Laura," he said, "when I heard that the girl I love had been refused shelter at my father's house—Jones, the man we left in charge told me all about it—I swore that I would not rest until I had traced you. But the moment I saw the telegram in the evening papers saying that Maurice was on board the ill-fated liner, and had been saved, I knew that you would be down here with him. And—and—have I not gained a reward for—oh, hang it! Laura, you know what kind of reward I mean."

She smiled. His face was so near to hers and—— Neither could ever quite decide who gave that first kiss. They had fallen behind the others and were alone on the Common, and it all happened so naturally.

"Laura! Laura!"

Is was Sir James's voice that called.

"I am here, father, and so is Ted. He and I have been quietly sauntering after you and Marie. We saw you were talking earnestly together, and we thought—we thought——" Laura was beginning to grow confused.

"We thought, Sir James, that we, too, would have an earnest conversation," put in Ted. "I need not say to what that earnest conversation referred. You know. Have I your consent, Sir James?"

"You have, Ted," said the old baronet, slowly and deliberately. "I have known you all your life. You are a man with a high sense of what is right, and I could not hope to give Laura into the hands of a better man, for I don't think one exists."

Then the love for his child that had been stifled for years rose to the surface, and Sir James drew Laura gently towards him.

"Forgive me, child, for all that I have left undone," he murmured, kissing her.

"Yes," she answered, throwing her arms round his neck; "and I'm so glad you really love me, father."

THE END.

Splendid new Serial Story next month, entitled "THE TENANT OF GROVE COTTAGE," *by* ADAM LILBURN. *See notice on page* 1128.

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The British Museum Reading Room and its Frequenters.

By DAVINA WATERSON.

EVERY morning from all parts of London come the regular readers to the British Museum Reading Room. The porters know them by sight; the very pigeons, fluttering round for possible crumbs, know them. They carry shabby portfolios, and some, by their old-world appearance, might be the ghosts of readers long since dead and gone. For many the Reading Room is their only sitting room. They are one room folk where everything is a deception. The sofa is a bed, the side-table a wash-hand stand, the bookshelves with curtains hung before them contain coats or frocks, the remains of a ham, a loaf and piles of paper. The ottoman is a coal store, the footstool a wood box.

But the owners don't mind. At nine o'clock their library, well-heated, comfortably seated, will be ready. All the knowledge and wisdom of the world at their command. Great men may be interviewed without uttering a protest. They can, to gain a guinea, load truth with fiction or extract a little truth from loads of literary rubble. No ring of tradesmen, debtor or tiresome visitor is heard at the door, and, by the latest rule no outside communication save a telegram is delivered. Even the distant hum of traffic is unheard. Food can be had in the dining room, or the modest bun can be eaten stealthily as one works.

There are many old readers who would like to sling a hammock and stay all night. They do stay till the very last moment, and when the bi-annual cleaning takes place wander about forlornly or migrate to the Guildhall Library. Some, a very few, take the opportunity of executing a few necessary personal repairs. When the room opens again they appear in a really clean shirt, their hair cut, the frayed trousers mended, the missing coat-buttons replaced, the shoes re-soled.

One can often tell the married men at these times. The unmarried have bought a fresh set of secondhand clothes, displaying, perhaps, a bowler hat with a staid frock coat, or a sporting jacket with broadcloth trousers. But the others have had their coats turned—no mistake about it—because the top pocket is on the right hand side, or the cuffs have been bound with braid, and the trouser legs lined with black linen. The shirt fronts have been reversed, the frayed side turned in. The necktie, too, has put on quite a jaunty stiff air, but droops back wearily before a week is over.

Of course there are also plenty of well-dressed readers. Sometimes even a tip-top swell comes along, with a button-hole, or a lady in a "costume" or softly rustling silk, but these are exotic. They take the seats that the regulars fancy most, and cannot understand why that horrid old man hovers round discontentedly—not knowing what a particular chair or a certain light means to a studious man, and they don't see the early comers securing soft seats and hassocks with greedy haste.

The man who carries on a small hair-dressing business to hide a large gambling concern, or he who sells tea and sugar in order to get a license to sell spirits, is not thought much of. What, then, of a Government who stick up over the door of the largest library in Europe, "For Readers Only," when not one in ten of those who enter ever read a book through. Those who come borrow, adapt, steal,

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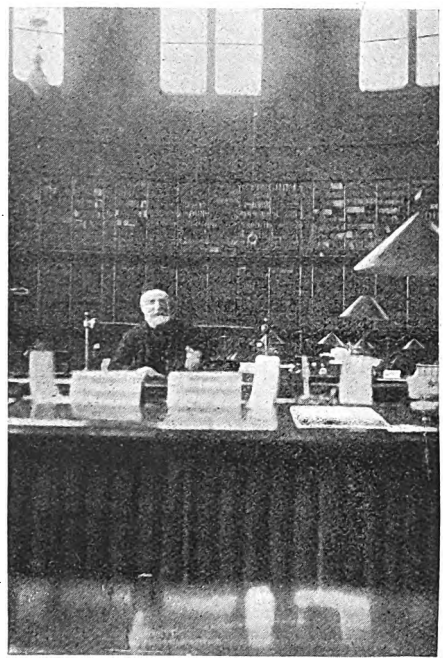
boil down, and dress up other men's ideas. From writers long since dead they crib without hesitation; from modern authors they take a sentence, an idea, and so turn it about that even its parent couldn't say, "This is mine!"

But this need not arouse your indignation. These diggers into other men's plots only serve up in a form palatable to modern taste all the treasures of science, art, and literature. Maybe, a remarkable paper written some fifty years ago in a review is quite forgotten, until some one lights on and re-dresses it for the general public. The author of the second book of the Maccabees said the "painful labour of abridging" the five large volumes of Jason of Cyrene into one "was not easy, but a matter of sweat and watching," but he did it, knowing "the difficulty which they find that desire to look into the narrations of the story for the variety of the matter."



THE SUPERINTENDENT'S DESK.

There are certain sets of workers at the Museum. Some who all their lives labour at a *magnum opus* of science or philosophy, who clear up one point only to find that this involves another. They sit all day, lost to the world around them, watching their pile of MS. growing thicker, touching up or re-writing after a confab with some old crony. One man collected shoes of all nations for over twenty years, and some day meant to finish his great "History of Shoes," but a new shoe was always treading on the heels of the last, and the book isn't finished yet.

Some edit works or new editions for publishers. Once there sat in my division a little old gentleman, who is dead now, but worked for the same publishing firm for forty years. I came at last to know his footstep. He would take two or three steps, pause meditatively, rub his chin, and giving a thoughtful glance at a reader as if about to speak to him, pass on. He wore a high stock and full-bottomed frock coat, and had lodged in the same little hotel for twenty years. I was sorry when the end was written of his life's history; he seemed part of the room.

The majority work for others. They write outlines of pamphlets, articles, sermons, speeches, gather statistics, copy at so much per folio, or index books. If the public gave the matter a thought, which they don't, it would be obvious that our foremost men couldn't possibly give the time that their books, speeches, and essays demand for production. There are men here who will give you, at so much a thousand, information on any subject, from Moses to motor cars. The volumes of *Notes and Queries* are so thumbed by these searchers that the books are under constant repair.

Another branch of research is looking up pedigrees. This flourishes best in spring when the Americans come over. They despise dukes, but are awfully anxious to be connected with one. The obliging searcher can generally take them back three hundred years, or further, and conclude with that very safe explanation that they "came over with the Conqueror."

Plots for novels and plays, even the hunting up of celebrated murders for blood-and-thunder literature is not despised. Some elderly spinsters, who find that editors no longer care for "*Verses, by a Lady*," compile birthday books and little volumes of "selections."

The Press men and magazine writers often carry on a melancholy traffic in obituary notices. Their inky finger is on the pulse of great men. Let a celebrity but sneeze, or even before he shows in anything but the best of health, his precocious babyhood, his youth, and career is written down and put away safely in the editorial office, waiting only death

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for the last paragraph to say in what manner he went away.

Silence is the first rule to be observed here, but great sensational waves from the outside world are felt in the vast room. Many a poor scribbler has been lifted from the stony beach of adversity to temporary prosperity by the death of a sovereign, some national sorrow or national joy. Every writer has the chance, if his matter be bright and anecdotal, of then getting two or three thousand words into a paper. There is a regular run at such times on all works appertaining to the subject, and some of the wily ones arrive early and carry off some dozen volumes which all the others want. Anecdotes are the journalist's plums. He is wading through columns of dry matter when an anecdote comes along. At last he has hit on the "human" side, and, altered a little in phraseology, down goes the incident into his notes. Those who can't get enough matter for a whole biography write comparative articles, such as "How Dukes have Died," "Anecdotes of British Queens," etc.

A great many travellers come to write out notes of their journeyings. But they seldom have enough matter, so seek for facts and padding in the works of men who have been over the same ground. Of course, there are many works of the "Clapham Junction to China" type written entirely while the writer sat calmly, untossed by ocean waves, unmolested by savage tribes, unbullied by foreign Government officials, in a comfortable chair in the Reading Room. But although it is here that so many travellers make their voyages, sometimes the genuine article turns up in knickerbockers, with bronzed face, and honestly uses the room merely for reference purposes.

The South African war in its earlier days sent an influx of officers and hospital nurses. The latter, in their white collars and flowing veils, were very conspicuous among the dingy males—conspicuous, too, by their little important ways. Strangers are always so fussy, particularly the women. There are men here who grumble a bit at these coming in such numbers. But women observe the "Silence" rule tolerably well, letting off steam in an occasional walk with a friend through the groves of antiquities outside.

The uninitiated think everyone is clever who comes. "Tell me, do, who is that man over there with the lovely eyes? He *is* handsome." "Oh, yes; he writes guide books for tourist companies and stories to advertise Dr. ——'s pills," is the answer. That insignificant goat-bearded little man is he whose books all Europe reads. Genius is freaky and chooses strange abodes. She will glance slyly from under the pent-house eyebrows of a withered-up, cross-grained old man, and you will discover him afterwards to be the author of those charming love stories. She will dwell in a head whose bumps seem built to confound all phrenological laws of genius. Now knowledge is mighty particular about her lodgings. She likes a tidy coat, neat hair, well polished shoes, but genius doesn't care one bit. She scorns hair brushes and soap, and wears a coat that changes into shades of greenness with the season. There are men to whom you might, moved by their appearance, offer the price of a meal who could give you enough ideas to stock twenty ordinary heads — shy and shabby young men and women whose society the world will one day court; gaunt, half-fed seekers after truths!—truths that the world is not ready for yet.

The place is full of memories. Here came Dickens, here Browning wrote, Lewes the philosopher and George Eliot. Carlyle growlingly waded through his necessary "dry-as-dust" records, evoking many a new-coined adjective. Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins, Gladstone and Disraeli were frequent visitors. Irving, Zangwill, Swinburne, and Froude have all made use of the twenty-five miles of bookshelves, and added a few more volumes as a legacy.

Once, however, a well-known author was supposed to be here who certainly never came. There was a reader who, writing on Exodus, went to the central desk to ask where to get his information. "Consult Josephus," answered the Superintendent, waving his hand towards the reference shelves. "Oh, yes, thank you," said the enquirer. "Is that Josephus, the little man with the white hair?" The Superintendent often has odd questions asked. To him go all the perplexed readers bewildered by a whole library of catalogues. "I want handkerchiefs, please," said one lady. "Sorry, madam, we don't keep them," was the answer. Whereupon she explained that this was the subject she was writing on.

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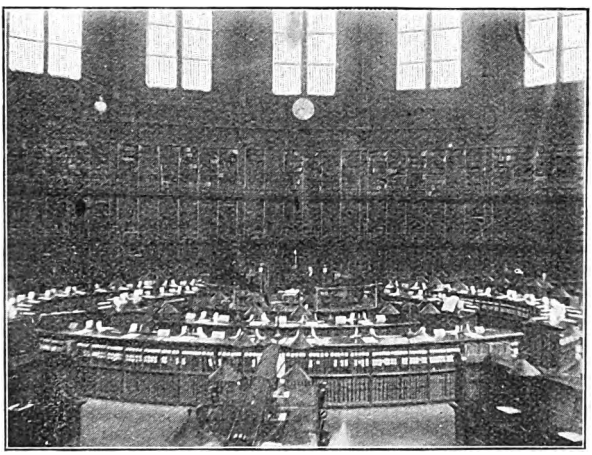
The women writers, if given to eccentricity, are more remarkable than the men, because on them oddities of dress are more apparent. There are plenty of tastefully-dressed women whose good looks are enhanced by their bookish surroundings. But, again, there is no reason why a woman should write better in a sort of cloth nightdress, or in a hat resembling a delapidated tea cosy trimmed with a buckle and a draggled feather. Short hair seems productive of short manners, and a woman in semi-masculine attire fluttering proof pages as she walks makes men say unpleasant things.

During the day the room becomes rather stuffy, but even lovers can flourish in it. They work together, and exchange glances as they bend over folios.



THE DESKS AND SEATS ARE ARRANGED IN CIRCLES. THE BOOKS RANGED ROUND THE OUTER CIRCLE FORM THE LIBRARY CATALOGUE.

When people hear that the readers have nearly a million books to consult, they think it easy enough to look up any subject. But the catalogues alone form a library. The different editions of Shakespeare fill two large folio volumes, and under the name "Bunyan" one sees seventy-five editions of "The Pilgrim's Progress" in English and twenty-nine in other languages. There is a catalogue of all the best books written on every subject, and yet another giving that of magazine articles, so that the person coming with "a new idea" generally finds that twenty or thirty have written on the same topic. This is convenient sometimes. One can get these articles, pick out the best from all of them, and compile an "original" paper for the public.

Perhaps the hardest work is looking out details of travel for a paper on some particular part of the world. You want some information about a little known town in far off lands. Books, oh yes, plenty, and you set to work with a light heart. The first author goes within an hour of the place and then decides to make a detour. Another arrives at dusk and departs before sunrise. One really does settle down to a picnic, but talks more of the poor provisions to be had than the place itself. Ah! here are four whole pages! But, as you go on the feeling comes of having read it all before. Then you recognise that the matter is taken from the authors already searched. The man who has found what he wants writes eagerly, flings his filled pages aside; the drops of ink on the desk and floor giving evidence of his zeal. Those who don't find, stare up at the ceiling, job their pens through the blotting pad and glower at their neighbours.

From two to three is rather a sleepy time. Heads droop over chests, even a subdued snore is sometimes heard. Elderly readers slumber unblushingly, even putting a handkerchief over their heads, but the younger ones make a pretence of being absorbed in their work.

The place is cosmopolitan. Turbaned Persians; Chinese in native dress; priests from Italy; demure French nuns hunting in couples; negroes, always fashionably dressed; continental socialists blowing up English institutions with wordy bomb shells; they all come here. As long as the rules are kept no one interferes with the latter, whereas in Russia the police would find work enough in arresting the firebrands.

The month of May sees the room crowded with clerics, mostly from the country. They have fresh complexions and wear broadcloth. Accustomed to striding along country lanes they go tearing round the central desks and if they want catalogues H are at M before they can stop. There is the rosy-cheeked, white-haired vicar who wants to confirm

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what he has written about his font and church porch, in his great archæological work on Drearymere-in-the-fens. Eager young curates from quiet villages, at whose hearts mighty London is tugging, who would leave green pastures and country life for the keener world-struggle in a city. These clerics reinforce the regular clerical brethren who are always here, some from love of it, some to do odd work for editors and publishers in order to eke out a very scanty income. These regulars all have the same expression of tired hopefulness. They give quick observant glances at readers, their professional eye seeing more of these living volumes than the ordinary looker on.

One curious volume in the room is the *Liber Desiderata*, or list of books wanted, and the wants indicate the variety of people who come here. Perhaps the most requests are in German. They would "very much like to have" a copy of some volume with a terribly long-winded title. The Italians seem chiefly to ask for works on art and music. Some people demand a work on "Modern Boxing," the next volume wanted is "Reactions of Organic Substances," followed by "Memoirs of Miss Hawkins," "Manual of Dental Jurisprudence," "Royal Ascot," "The Intermediate State" and "The Slang Dictionary."

At one time there was another volume for "Suggestions"; that is, for the general benefit. But it became a mere record of personal grievances or wants. Draughts were liberally anathematised and fellow readers complained of.

Study has a curious effect on the muscles. Some men by the end of the day are tied up in knots that would make an acrobat envious. Others stretch out at full length with their feet on a hassock, while many look as if seized with cramp in the stomach, lying with their face on the book and a terrible frown drawing down their eyebrows. One little man—poet by profession—draws up his legs as if anxious they should not touch the floor; his neighbour waves an arm, clutching the air with his hand, muttering "Hum-hum-hum" rather fiercely.

The very paper they use is characteristic. Amateurs and tidy folk have neat quarto pages, some scrawl for hours over blank foolscap, many use any pieces of paper they find handy, and one man used bits of two-inch square, which when written on he carefully folded and put in his pocket. At some of the typing offices where these MSS. are sent they are handed round for the words to be guessed at, and the MS. of an eminent bishop nearly brought five of one staff to a state of nervous prostration.

I have often looked round this vast room, where nearly four hundred men and women work day after day, and thought a bit about the oddities of reward and what makes for success. All have access to the books, all use the same tools; a pen and ink. One man writes to tickle the palate of a satiated, doesn't-know-what-it-wants general public and lives in comfort. Another writes carefully-thought-out matter, daintily-worded volumes, and just scrapes along. Editors and publishers hold the strings of imagination and ambition, to stay too daring flights. Dreams fade and hopes grow dim to workers here, yet those who have succeeded often wonder why they can't produce as good stuff as when they first came here poor and ignored.

One feeling I always have—that there are folk here one never meets anywhere but in the Museum. They are part of the place. Their very clothing could not now be purchased. They must be the ghosts of dead readers — tired truth-seekers who wrote at poverty's dictation, but, because they wrote truthfully, they can now hover round their old seats, and hear men asking for their books, and consulting them eagerly as standard authorities. So the ghosts are satisfied at last, and flitter away at night to their narrow green graves to rest in peace.

DAVINA WATERSON.

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THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

By the LORD BISHOP OF NORWICH.

OF the spirit of Christianity it may be said that it touches nothing but what it transforms. The Christian man is not like any other man; nor the Christian woman only the same as any other woman. A marriage "in the Lord" is quite different from one that is not; and a Christian's death is indeed very different from the death of one who is not a Christian.

And so, too, of that all-important and God-ordained institution, the Home. A Christian home is essentially different from any other home. The home may be the habitation of those who profess and call themselves Christians; but if there be no clearly discerned difference between it and the home of those who have never heard of Christ, or have practically rejected Him, then it is not in any real sense of the words a Christian home. For there is a character about every household, and a subtle spirit pervading it which affects every member thereof and even has a certain effect upon everyone who sojourns for awhile therein.

As the mind has a certain definite impression concerning every human being with whom we are well acquainted, so that when his name is mentioned a certain moral picture of his character arises before the eye of the mind—for every human being has around him the moral atmosphere which he himself has created—so it is with every household of which we have been an inmate. One is worldly, and seems to reck only of money. Another is disunited and contentious. Of a third the atmosphere is that of peace and love. We are subjected, therefore, to an influence, which may, indeed, be either yielded to or resisted, in every household which we enter. Just as all the food we eat has some effect upon the body, and every book we read some effect upon the mind, so the character of the household in which we sojourn even for a few weeks or days makes some impression upon us, according to our receptivity, and the degree in which we are liable to be influenced by those with whom we live. Naturally this is the most observable in the case of the young. We say of our boy, after his first term at a new school: "The 'tone' of the school is evidently good; the lad is improved in every way." Of our young daughter: "I am afraid she is disimproved by her visit; she has been subjected to not good influence." They, therefore, who take a serious, *i.e.*, a true, view of life will find their responsibility, even towards their guest, for the character of their house. The truly Christian home is ever shedding a salutary influence upon all who enter within its walls. And if the "tone" of every household were virtuous and elevating we might surely look for the renovation of society.

Obviously, far deeper and more lasting is the influence which the home has upon its permanent members. The moral character of every man and woman must largely depend, under God, upon the nature of the atmosphere which they inhabited during the time of childhood and youth, when all their faculties were being developed. Probably most of us feel that we owe much of whatever little good there may be in us to the nature of the influence to which we were subjected during our early years.

We cannot but feel heartfelt compassion for those who, while their characters were being formed, were perpetually breathing the foul atmosphere of falsehood, dishonesty, and profanity; and hope and believe that the Great Judge will make merciful allowance for them because of their fearful disadvantages. We humbly thank God for our happier lot, and resolve that, God helping us, our dear little ones shall be fortified by their home training, and by the nature of the home life, for the temptations to which by-and-bye they will be subjected. We feel all that is involved when we admit that home is the sphere in which, mainly, the character is to be

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formed. As the different members of the household come under the influence of the spirit of the home, so it is also true that they all contribute to its pervading character. Yet, neither in the one case nor the other, in at all equal degrees. The most important member of the household —I do not mean the most influential upon its character and its life, but the one who is chiefly to be considered in all plans and arrangements, and whose will in the ultimate resort is law—is, of course, the master, the husband, the father of the children. As he is the bread-winner, all domestic arrangements must be made with a view to his convenience in the carrying on of his business. This will help to indicate the line both of his duty and of his special temptations. Charged as he is with the work of providing for the family wants, having to go forth into the battle of life, to plan, to struggle, to push his way and promote his interest, he is liable to be wrapped up in self, and to carry his selfishness into the family life, and thus become inconsiderate of the wishes and interests, aye, and of the just rights of others. And thus he may become the domineering head of the household, the overbearing husband, the imperious father "provoking his children to wrath."

Beyond doubt, therefore, he should aim especially at the grace of unselfishness. Yet, on the other hand, as being the head of the household, he must bear in mind his responsibility for what goes on therein, and not, through easiness or indolence, shrinking from provoking opposition, abdicate the position which by God's Providence he holds. He must, when occasion requires, interpose with authority to prevent what is unseemly, or what in his conscience he believes to be unworthy of a Christian household, and to indicate the lines on which the family life should proceed. Beyond all doubt, though men vary greatly in force of character and in their power of impressing others, the Christian character and consistent life of the master will always be powerful as an example, and will exercise an influence that will be felt by every member of the family, in the kitchen and the nursery as well as in the drawing-room.

Yet it is rather by the personal character of the woman, the wife, the mother, the mistress of the household, that the character of the home will be determined. Home is essentially the woman's kingdom. It is her happy and glorious privilege to impart its predominating influences, and to mould the characters of the children, the precious immortal beings that God's Providence has entrusted to her charge. It must from the circumstances of the case, as a rule, be so.

The man, the breadwinner, is abroad, fighting the battle of life. The house sees not much of him. While the woman, remaining at home, engaged in her domestic duties, has every opportunity in her constant intercourse with her children, during their infancy, childhood and youth, of impressing her own character upon them; nay, by the subtle influence which constant association involves, her character, her mind, her actions, must be having an effect upon them either for good or evil. Indeed, this influence, though possibly not recognised, will have its effect upon every member of the household. And what, indeed, can be a nobler sphere of duty than this, to train the saints and heroes of earth, to form the minds and mould the moral constitutions of those who do God's work upon earth, and thus to help to people Heaven.

The ruling principle of the life of the Christian matron will be love; yet not love feeble or inoperative, but a love which is the spring of duty, and inspires thoughtfulness for the happiness and real well-being of every member of the family. She has learnt this thoughtful love from Him Who is the source of all true unselfish love. And, taught by His Spirit, she will exhibit it in that sweet gentleness of manner which, after not a few struggles, and many failures and constant prayer, she has learnt from Him. Love, thoughtfulness for others, sweet gentleness, these make up that "law of kindness" which the Wise Man, never more wise than in this, makes a leading characteristic of the "virtuous woman" (Prov. xxxi., 26).

Happy indeed is the household where the mistress is such a one as this! There may, indeed, be incongruous, and even jarring, elements contributed by other subordinate members of the family, but it is she who stamps the character upon the home. Her hand, firm but gentle, is felt by all. It establishes order, and maintains a rule of method. Her word

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gives confidence, and decides questionings. Bickerings are silent when she approaches, for her presence brings peace. She will have her faults, but all are aware that she contends against them. Her example is an inspiration. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, and her children rise up and call her blessed."

I cannot now touch upon the by no means unimportant part played by the sons and daughters of her family; but must conclude by pointing out that the "law of kindness," which should indeed be the predominating law of every Christian household, that law so fruitful of dutiful actions and domestic peace, can neither be created nor maintained but by the power of religion. In the Christian household there should be a unity of faith and worship. If there be aught that in any way hinders the "communion of Saints," if the servants profess a different form of religion, and must be excused from the common worship, or if the young men of the family absent themselves from the daily gatherings for prayer, the unity is broken, and the religious life of the household sadly marred. But when, under the influence of the same belief, and inspired by the same hope, the united stream of prayer and praise ascends from the family altar, and sins are confessed, and graces implored for the fulfilment of the various duties, and the needs and troubles of all are mentioned, and absent ones duly remembered, and heartfelt thanks returned for common mercies, the Christian family, the sacred institution of God, becomes like a church in miniature, the habitation of God through the Spirit. Yes! The true life of the family, in the performance of its various duties, its peace, its hopes, its aspirations, can be maintained, and only maintained, in its full efficiency and blessedness when the spirit of the home is the indwelling Spirit of Christ.

JOH. NORVIC.

JUST A WORD.

Just a word and a nod for the plodders;
It's as little as you can give;
Just a smile from you
And a hand-shake, too—
It will sweeten the life they live.

Ere you leave them behind on the journey,
Won't you stop for a kindly chat?
It will light their load,
As they trudge the road.
Have you ever once thought of that?

Give a lift to the toilworn and weary,
Who are scaling the uphill grade;
They will bless your name
By a priceless fame,
Which eternity cannot fade.

Let the milk of your great human kindness
Soothe and sweeten the cares they bear;
And the God above
Will reward your love,
When you go to meet Him there.

Newton Newkirk.

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A METHODIST CRUSADE IN THE NEAR EAST.

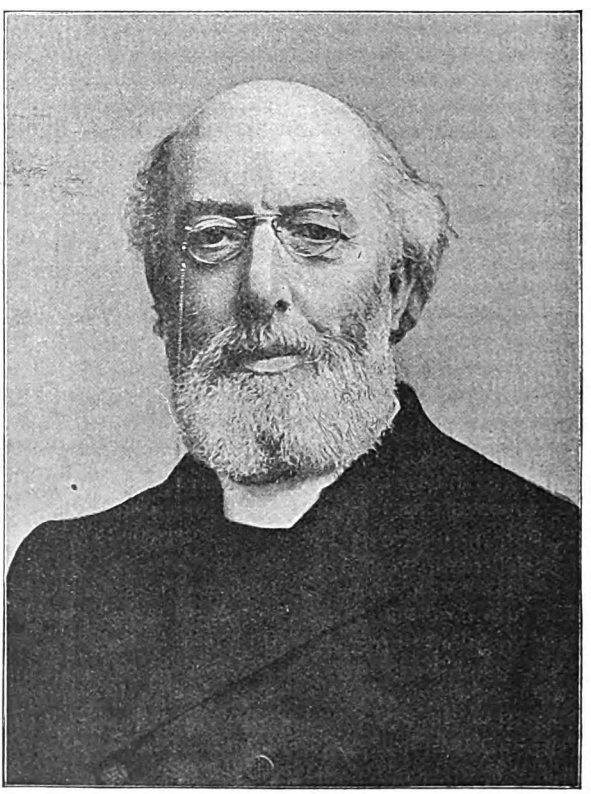
By ROBERT VINCENT.

THIRTY years ago the Wesleyan Church was almost devoid of organised charities, although other Dissenting bodies had already entered into this grand field of Christian activity, and laboured with the most fruitful results.

The reasons are not far to seek, for the energies of the Church were at the time taxed to their utmost by the far-reaching character of its religious work at home, which had made Methodism one of the most potent spiritual forces in the country, and by its wonderful foreign missions, through which thousands in heathen lands had been brought to a knowledge of the Gospel.

While George Müller was engaged in his wonderful work of faith and love among the children of Bristol, and Dr. Andrew Reed, by a lifetime's devotion to the same cause, had raised up great institutions for their succour, Methodists had no similar work of their own, and were practically unrepresented in either of these beautiful enterprises.

But the time was ripe for a change, and the chosen instrument who was to lay the foundation of those philanthropic works with which the Wesleyan name has long been associated was a young minister, whose pastoral charge lay in one of the worst quarters of the Metropolis, where the needs of the people cried aloud for the helping hand of charity.



REV. DR. THOMAS B. STEPHENSON.
Who started the work among the London Arabs.

When Thomas Bowman Stephenson came to Lambeth in 1869 and began his ministry in the neighbourhood of the notorious "New Cut"—he had not as yet learned what his life's work was to be. Gradually it became clear to him, for through all the scenes of wickedness and misery that were daily familiar to his eyes it was the forlorn and hopeless condition of the children that appealed to him

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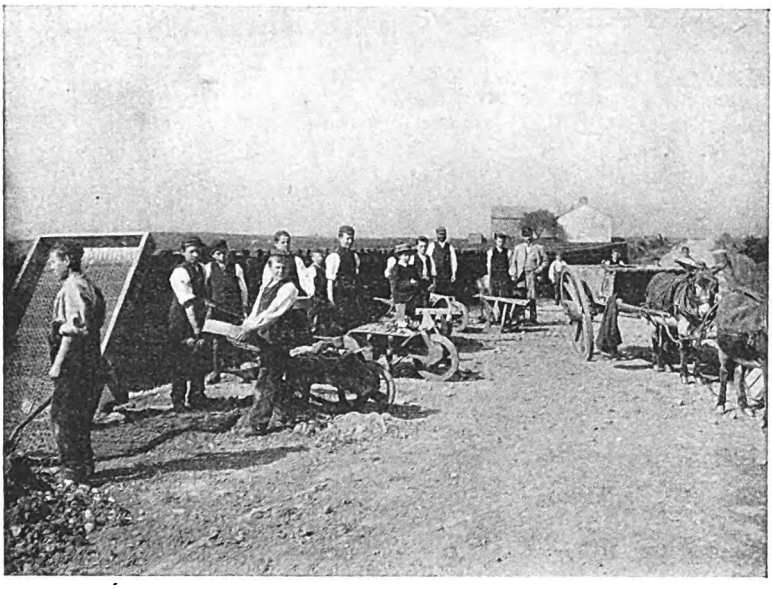

ROAD-MAKING.

most. He would often pause to chat with his ragged little parishioners, the match-sellers and crossing-sweepers, who, pale with hunger and neglect, limped barefoot through the streets, and who, during the whole course of their uncared-for lives, had perhaps never heard a word of human sympathy.

His resolution was soon taken, the children's cause must be the work of his life, and the conviction had no sooner come to him than he began to cast about for ways and means to carry out his purpose. Aided by two staunch friends, Mr. A.W. Mager and Mr. Francis Horner, he began the work, and what a humble work it was to that which it has since become!

In a poor little dwelling in Exton Street, Waterloo Road, a few destitute lads were housed and cared for. The accommodation was wretched enough, and is thus described by one of the earliest workers in the Home:—

> A stable at the back was made the dining-room. The loft above became a dormitory, and the only playground was a patch some few yards square, with a gateway meant for the passage of a single cart. And this was workshop too! How we managed to live there I can scarcely think now, but there we continued to receive and shelter twenty poor lads.

After a while the work began to attract attention and received a certain amount of support from individual Methodists, and two years from its start the home was moved to its present headquarters in Bonner Road. All this time, however, it

A CORNER OF THE PLAYGROUND—BIRMINGHAM BRANCH.

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continued to be conducted by Mr. Stephenson as his personal venture, but when his ministry at Lambeth drew to a close, it became necessary to arrange for the future of the Home. Its growth had been so rapid that the idea of transferring it with its founder from circuit to circuit was out of the question, and the point which the Methodist Church was called upon to decide was whether or not it would make the work its own.

Conference was not long in coming to a decision, a decision which has not only been fraught with much blessing to the waifs and strays of our great City, but to Methodism itself. Organised philanthropy had been just what was needed in the Wesleyan system; and the expansive influence of charity, with its irresistible claims, soon began to make itself felt, by infusing increased vigour into the life of the Church.

As time went on, The Children's Home began to develop in a remarkable way, for the heart of Methodism had been touched and generous support to the work was not lacking. Branch after branch was added in different parts of the country, and the name and fame of Dr. Stephenson began to be known far outside the immediate circle of his own Church. The first country branch had been established in 1871 on a farm near Bolton, the generous gift of the late Mr. James Barlow, one of the earliest and best friends the Home knew, for this timely gift was made in the days when the work was still struggling to make itself known, before it had received the stamp of official recognition and support.

To-day, after thirty-two years of work, the Home has eight branches and supports 1,200 children. Its primary purpose is to save all children of any class who have fallen on evil days, and no hard and fast rule has ever been laid down, "Need, not creed" being the watchword of the devoted Christian men and women who have given their lives to the cause.

At the beginning of the present year Mr. Stephenson retired from the active management of the Home, and his place was taken by his able second, the Rev. Arthur Gregory, D.D., who has been for many years connected with the work.

Dr. Gregory gives a startling picture of the crying need for the vigorous prosecution of the work among the children of our slums. It is quite a mistake, he says, to suppose, as many people do, that the School Boards have completed the deliverance of the street children, and the Home constantly takes in cases quite as bad as those received twenty-five years ago. The worst cases are found among the children of criminals and drunkards; these poor little mites when rescued from their inhuman parents being often physically injured by the effects of drink. From their babyhood they are kept in a state of intoxication, and the results are pitiable to see. One little fellow of six on admittance to the Home possessed the physical and mental development of a child of two. He could not speak intelli-

THE CRIPPLES' HOME, ALVERSTOKE.

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gibly, but made his wants known pretty clearly in his inarticulate way—*his craving for rum*. The doctors despaired of his life, but the care bestowed on him has not been in vain, and if not quite as bright as ordinary children his development has been wonderful.

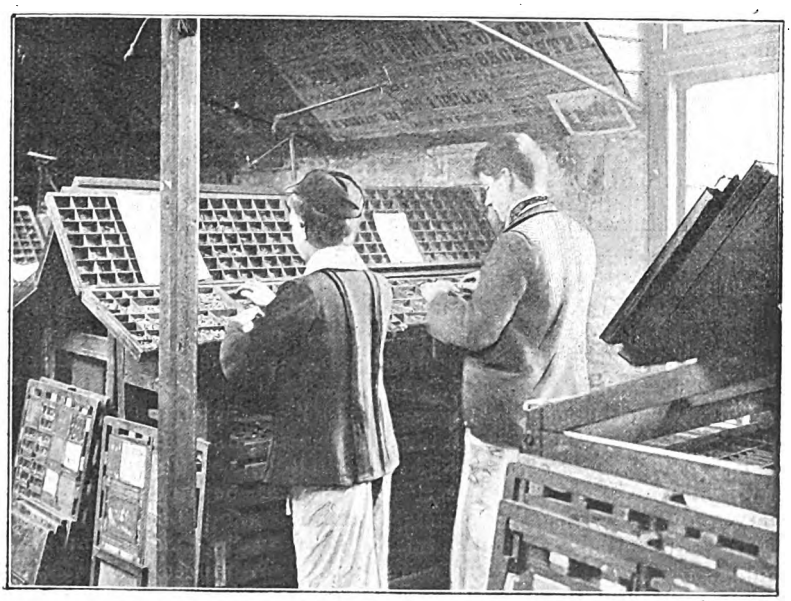
The extent of child-drunkenness is, perhaps, the most appalling feature of life in great cities. A lady, the other day, brought a girl of thirteen to the Home; she was a confirmed drunkard and nothing could be done to keep her outside the public-house. Cruelly treated at home, she had sought refuge in a drink shop where the people had shown her some kindness, and while there contracted such a taste for drink that she was the despair of the lady visitor who had interested herself in this sad case. She brought her up all the way from Birmingham to London, and begged Dr. Gregory to take her in as a last resource.

Alas, the demands on the accommodation of the Home are too numerous for all to be attended to, but the lady would take no refusal; the case was too urgent, and Dr. Gregory who admires pertinacity in such a good cause, though he cannot always afford to acknowledge it, stretched a point and admitted the little stranger, who, under the unremitting care of the sister and teachers, is steadily *improving*.

REV. DR. GREGORY.
Principal of the Children's Home.

Dr. Gregory has had a wide experience of life in the East End, and he considers one of the gravest factors in our present social system the uncertainty of regular employment, whereby even industrious men are constantly reduced to the depths of indigence.

Poverty often leads to drink and crime, and one very sad case came under the notice of the Committee, when a married couple, who up to a year ago had been staunch Primitive Methodists, never missing chapel morning or evening, had been dragged down into the slough by the persistent drunkenness of the mother. The children were promptly rescued by the Home and the mother persuaded to enter a home for inebriates.



AN "OLD BOY" AND HIS APPRENTICE.

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OFF TO THE HAY-FIELD AT EDGWORTH.

This work among parents, in fact, constitutes a new and most necessary branch, for here lies the root of the evil. Officers of the Home regularly visit in the slums and try to prevent the utter ruin of home life, by keeping the husband and wife outside the drink-shop. Our police-courts tell a pitiable tale of child neglect, and all the remedy at the disposal of the law is to send the unhappy little ones whose parents find their way into gaol to a reformatory or workhouse school, to which they are committed on some technical charge such as being the associates of thieves—innocent babies the associates of thieves!

Such is the picture of the life from which the children are taken to share for the first time the comforts of a home, for Dr. Stephenson's foundation has this claim—that it is a real home, with nothing of the barrack-like discomfort of some institutions.

The children look as happy and contented as children should look, and nothing struck the late Bishop Creighton, who took a lively interest in the work, so much as the evident affection and gratitude which the children exhibited towards those who had done so much for them. He said, "I have not seen in many places the children run from their play and put their hands in the hands of the officers as I saw them do this afternoon."

Dr. Gregory told the writer that he could not very well form an idea of the Homes from a picturesque standpoint by merely seeing the London branch. No doubt the country branches are prettier, but there is something very attractive about the London Home as well. Lying back from the road, the buildings look upon an ample square, which forms the playground. At one corner is a delightful little chapel, made beautiful by the rich stained glass windows, the gifts of various friends.

The Homes themselves are prettily designed, with pointed gables, and inside everything is the picture of cleanliness and comfort. I arrived just at the dinner hour, and in the various rooms little parties of youngsters were sitting down to a substantial meal. They all seemed pleased at the surprise visit from Dr. Gregory, who touched a very responsive chord when he began to chat about their coming trip into the country.

I next went over the workshops, where the boys are trained in many different trades, printing being, perhaps, the chief industry. The foremen are for the most part Old Boys, who have devoted their lives to the training of the succeeding generations.

As the boys grow up they are very loath to leave the employment of the Home, but there is no difficulty in obtaining situations for them at home

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or in the colonies, and many "Old Boys" hold good positions in business houses; one is a journalist, another a sanitary inspector, and so on. Others have gone into business for themselves and become well to do, and it is rare for any to forget the Home in their prosperity. Gifts of £10 and more are often received from those who might well excuse themselves on the score of straightened means.

No part of the work of the Home possesses such irresistible claims as that among the crippled children. This is a comparatively recent development, but one which has grown with a rapidity to tax severely the resources of the Home, the field being unhappily so wide. In very many cases there is no hope of these little unfortunates ever growing up, either from the fatal nature of their complaint, or quite as frequently from the cruel neglect that has been their lot. Last May a home for cripples was opened at Alverstoke, Hants, in a comfortable house situated in the midst of the beautiful country, and only a few minutes from the sea. The house was the generous gift of Mr. Samuel Chadwick, of Rochdale.

Though from time to time the Home has received large grants from the Church funds, this has not tended to relieve the strain of financial responsibility. The money has not been devoted to meeting annual expenditure, but to ever fresh extensions of the work. £50,000 will be received from the Twentieth Century Fund, but on the strict condition that it is devoted to building purposes only. New buildings and new branches demand thousands of pounds annually in increased income, but whatever the difficulties and responsibilities the management of the Home will cheerfully accept the task, for they have before them the grand ideal of rescuing all children of Nonconformist parents from the workhouse schools.

ROBERT VINCENT.

THE HAPPIEST HEART.

The happiest heart is simple,
  None dares to call it wise;
It sees the beauty of its life
  With frank and truthful eyes;
It has a knack of loving,
  It has a trustful way—
Oh, what a foolish heart is this
  The worldlier people say!

The happiest heart is childlike,
  It never grows quite old;
It sees the sunset's splendour
  As it saw the dawning's gold;
It has a gift for gladness,
  Its dreams die not away—
Oh, what a foolish, happy heart
  The worldlier people say!

R. D. Saunders.

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THE HAND OF FATE.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.
Author of "Caspar Brook's Wooing," etc.

"I CALLS it the dead man's hand," said the sexton.

"Why a dead man's hand?" Michael Grimond asked. "Dead men's fingers don't point, as this hand on the stone is pointing."

"Ah, there lays the point of the story," said the sexton wisely.

He was sexton and clerk of a lonely little church in the fens. It stood on a slight eminence, with a green churchyard sloping away from it on three sides, and a high wall backed by a meadow on the fourth—which happened to be the north side, and where only a narrow footpath divided the vestry from the wall. It was here, close to the vestry door, that the two men were standing; and they were looking at a stone, at the corner of the building, on which was rudely carved the figure of a pointing hand. It seemed to point towards an iron grating in the church wall, and Michael Grimond, who was a comparative stranger to the sexton, inspected stone and grating with considerable interest.

"What's the story?" he said at last.

"It be all about bygone days," said Enoch, the sexton. "Tha knaws, mebbe, that there was a toime when country-side was ravaged by the Daanes, and such loike?"

"I've heard of it," said Michael, briskly. He was a tall, dark man, with piercing dark eyes, a reckless air, and a look of keen intelligence, not unmingled with cunning.

"This here church was standing then, as it stands now," said the sexton, "and it had a rare store o' goold plate an' cups an' moogs, rings set wi' precious stoans, goold coins, too, an' jools for the Vargin's neck——"

"What became of them all?" asked Michael. There was a greedy light in his dark eyes.

"I'm coomin' to that, savin' yer pleasure," said the old man, a trifle sourly. "In one o' the raaids, as they called 'em, of these 'ere Daanes, they sacked th' church and robbed it of as many things as they could foind; but th' owd priest of th' place, he'd buried th' best of 'em in a girt stoan coffin as stood down theer i' th' vault."

He pointed to the iron grating, inserted in a low stone arch in the side of the church, and Grimond observed that it had a padlock and formed a door giving upon a flight of stairs, leading, as Enoch had indicated, to the vaults below the church. He nodded, and stood listening, with his hands in his pockets, to the rest of the sexton's story.

"The enemy found it ne'ertheless," said Enoch. "And when th' owd priest fowt for it, they killed him, and then fell to fighting with each other, and their men found 'em both dead beside the coffin arter all. But the English foalk was upon 'em, and they'd nobbut time to drag the bodies away, leavin' th' maain part o' th' gowd behind 'em. An' then they found that their chief's right hand was a-missing, and they said he'd left it down theer, clutching at th' gowd which he couldn't heft away."

"Was it ever found?"

"The hand? Noa—nor th' gowd neither. People searched for it auver an' auver, and they still say as it's hid in one o' them stoan coffins down the steps there, with the skelington hand a-clutching it."

"Have you never been down to see?" said the younger man, laughing a little boisterously.

"Not I, Mr. Grimond. You see that hand cut on the stoan? Some foalks say it's to point the way, and some foalks say it's of the devil's cutting. For it's towld as how more than one has tried to find that gowd, and *has* found it; but no

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sooner found than lost: for the dead man's hand has flown at his throat and throttled the thief afore he could get off wi' th' spoil."

"The devil guards his own even in the tomb, I see. Come, Enoch, on your honour, haven't you turned over the coffins down in the vault, just to see if the treasure wasn't there?"

He expected a denial, but, to his surprise, the old man seemed both confused and angry, and jingled his keys noisily as he replied:

"What business is that o' thine, I'd loike to knaw! If I had found owt, 'twould be for passon to taake it—not me. It's church property, and the dead man's hand'll throttle him as taakes what doan't belong to him."

Then he shuffled away, and left Michael Grimond thoughtfully contemplating the grated opening into the vault, and the rudely sculptured hand upon the wall.

"This is an odd coincidence," he muttered to himself. "I'm not superstitious, but I come of a race of credulous folk. My old granny had a fancy for reading the stars and the lines of one's hand, and she always said that I was fated to find a hidden treasure. Who knows but what she may have been right, and that my opportunity has come?"

He laughed over his reflections as though anxious to persuade himself that he knew their foolishness and futility; but there was still a speculative gleam in his eye as he glanced again at the grated door. Then he turned once more to the carven hand.

"Old Enoch calls you a dead man's hand," he said, apostrophising the figured stone as if it could hear. "You are too much alive for that, I think. So you have gone on pointing to the vault for all these centuries of years? If I were to penetrate the mystery of the coffin, and find the buried treasure after all, what should I call you? The Hand of Fate, I think, and not, as the stupid villagers name you, the Hand of Death."

He hesitated a minute, then approached the grating, and after casting a glance around in order to make sure that Enoch was not in sight, he stooped and grasped the ironwork in his strong, supple fingers, with the result that, as he shook it, the corroded bars almost gave way, and the gate trembled on its rusty hinges. It was very plain that small force would be needed to detach it altogether. Michael smiled to himself as he rose to his feet again.

"Some time when Enoch is out of the way I'll explore a little further," he said, "I should not wonder if there were some pickings among these old stone coffins and oak chests. Now I think of it, the old man once showed me a gold coin—a rare one, too—which he said he had found in the churchyard. Churchyard, quotha! Grave-clothes and dry bones, rather! I wonder no antiquity-hunter has found out the place."

He walked slowly away, lingering a little in the hope of catching Enoch once again; but the old man had retired in some dudgeon to his house, and Michael Grimond therefore turned his attention to other things.

He was a comparative stranger in the village of Crosby, and had given himself out as a travelling artist, but did not seem industriously inclined, for he spent most of his time at the alehouse, or wandering about the lanes, making love, at intervals, to the village innkeeper's pretty daughter, Dulcie Bennett. The girls of the place were captivated by his dark eyes, his swaggering manner, his clothes, and his jewellery, both of which were of the cheap and flashy order; but their fathers, and brothers, and sweethearts looked sourly on the stranger, and murmured to each other stories bearing on his vicious habits, and his profane and licentious tongue. Nevertheless, it was plain that he was a man of some reading and education, and of varied experience; but money—save what he won at play in a neighbouring town—was not plentiful with him; and rustics have no opinion of a man who has little money and yet "sets up" to be a gentleman.

It was nothing to Michael Grimond that Dulcie was promised to another suitor; he had no duties towards Will Fielding, as he said insolently enough when someone questioned him on the subject; if Fielding could not hold his own, and Dulcie preferred Michael to Will, he did not deem himself responsible. But of late an unlooked-for obstacle had raised itself in his way, and his brow was dark with the remembrance of it as he came through the churchyard gate.

Presently his face cleared. He had caught sight of a slim girlish figure, crowned with a broad straw hat, from

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which a cloud of short curling golden hair escaped, forming an aureole (as he well knew) around a dainty girlish face. Dulcie was the prettiest girl in the district, and Michael showed his good taste, as well as his determination, in choosing her. A few brisk strides brought him up to her side, and she returned his salutations with a laughing face.

"Where are you going, if I may be so bold as to ask?" he inquired.

"You never want for boldness," she answered saucily. "I'm going to see my aunt, who lives at the other end of the village."

"May I come with you?"

"I can't prevent you," said Dulcie, darting a coquettish glance at him out of her pretty eyes. She was a bewitching little thing, and a sad flirt—as Michael knew; but he believed that behind her flirting ways there was a real preference for himself. He walked with her to her aunt's door, waited for her till she came out again, and then accompanied her back to her father's house. A zest was added to his enjoyment by the fact that they passed Will Fielding on the road, and that while he frowned and started, Dulcie blushed and tossed her pretty head.

"How black that fellow looks!" Grimond said. "He must have a fine temper."

"He has a very bad temper, certainly," said Miss Dulcie. "But I think most men have."

"I haven't," said Michael, audaciously. "You've cured it. If you would be my wife you should lead me in a leash of silk."

"Ah, but that's out of the question, you know. Father says 'No,'" remarked Dulcie, with the sweetest of roguish smiles.

Suddenly, and with a change of countenance which did not speak well for his boasted temper, Michael seized her by the arm.

"But *you* don't say so—if your father consented, *you* have said that you would be mine!"

"I don't think I ever said so."

"Don't trifle with me, child. You know how I love you. You have let me think that you—that you loved me in return."

"I like you very well," said Dulcie, dropping her eyes, "but ——"

"You like me—that's enough. And if I could get your father to say yes ——"

"But he never will," said the girl pettishly. "What's the good of talking about it? You know he says that you have no settled means of living, and that he would sooner see me in my grave than tramping about the world and drudging for any man. Not that I should mind," she added with a suspicion of tears in her voice—"if I liked the man."

"You darling!" said Michael, appropriating the reference to the man whom she "liked" in a way that she had never intended. "Well, I'll make your father consent—see if I don't. And you shan't be a drudge, either. There are a good many ways of making money besides painting twopenny pictures. You leave it to me."

Dulcie looked at him with a half-frightened air. "I don't want to be married at all," she said. "And father'll never give way." There was a little touch of triumph in her tone—perhaps she did not actually want her father to give way. But Michael would not understand that. He took her round the waist and kissed her, almost in the middle of the road, and made a great vow that she should be his and no other man's, by fair means or by foul.

Dulcie escaped from him, panting and blushing, but more ashamed than gratified; for, as a matter of fact, she was very fond of Will Fielding, and but for a passing quarrel with him would never have condescended even to flirt with another man.

As Michael lingered in the road, half-hoping, perhaps, that she would return, the burly innkeeper came to the door and stood there, with arms akimbo, his big white apron shining in the semi-darkness of the summer evening. Michael accosted him, with his usual assurance.

"Ah, you're there, are you?" said the innkeeper, in no well-pleased voice. "Well, sir, I'd advise you to keep out of the way; there are one or two people not very friendly to you in this part of the world."

"For Dulcie's sake, I suppose."

"You're very free with my daughter's name, young man."

"Look here, Mr. Bennett," said Michael, lowering his voice, and speaking with sudden earnestness; "is it because I'm poor that you don't want me to marry your daughter?"

"That reason'll do as well as another."

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"If I had a few hundreds in hand and more coming in, that would make a difference, I suppose?"

"I'm not saying but what it would. I don't want my girl to throw herself away on a beggar. That's what you are at present, by all accounts, and so you'd better clear out and make way for a better man."

"Is Fielding your better man? He shan't have her, if I can prevent it," cried Michael angrily. And his loud tones penetrated to the little room upstairs where Dulcie was watching behind her white curtains, and made her tremble like a leaf.

"He's got substance," said Bennett slowly. "When you can show me as good a banking account as he's got, my lad, you may talk to me about Dulcie; but not before." And he went back into the house, while Michael flung away in a rage.

He lodged at old Enoch's house; and in the course of the evening he tried to get the sexton to talk to him again about buried treasure and the stone coffins in the vault. But Enoch was in a bad temper, and refused to be sociable.

"Ah tell'ee what 'tis, young man," he burst forth at last with a growl of wrath; "if there be treasure down there, you'd best let it lay. That theer dead hand houlds it and knows how to keep its own. Why, ah've felt it at my throat as plaain as could be—but that's neither here nor theer. It's got a curse on it, that goold has--if it be theer."

"The old sinner knows it is there and wants to keep me off it," was Michael's not unnatural reflection. "What a set of dunder-headed fools the villagers must be. I daresay he scratched that hand on the stone himself in order to scare other folks away. There are more gold pieces where the one on his mantelpiece came from, and if they are to be found, I'll have them—dead hand or not. Gad! what a hand of fate it might prove for me!"

He relapsed into silence over his pipe, and spoke not another word; but his bright, keen eyes were busy wandering over the implements of Enoch's trade—over the pickaxe, spade, and lantern, and his mind was equally occupied with a consideration of certain smaller and sharper tools which might be required in a midnight expedition to the old church vault. Perhaps there was something in his silence which seemed significant to Enoch, for when it was time to go to bed he said with portentous solemnity:—

"What was hid in the church belongs to the church. It's what passon calls sacrilege to take church things for private use."

"There's a good deal of sacrilege in the world, then, old Enoch," said Michael pleasantly. "But I don't much believe in your buried treasures. It's a nice little story for the village folk to hear; but it doesn't make much impression upon *me*."

Enoch shook his head warningly, and said no more.

At midnight something roused him.

He did not know what it was. Afterwards he declared that he had heard a voice calling to him to rise; but the parson always maintained that this was a figment of old Enoch's imagination. He tottered to his feet, made his way downstairs without quite knowing why, and then, to his immense astonishment, discovered that the cottage door was open, and the night air blowing in. He struck a light and investigated the room with care. Had thieves been there! But what was there for thieves to take? And yet they had taken something—for the sexton suddenly recognised the fact that his pickaxe and his lantern, and, moreover, the church keys, were gone.

To run upstairs to his lodger's room was the work of a moment. There was no one else in the house, for the woman who "did" for him went away at night. As Enoch had instinctively divined, the lodger's room was empty. Grimond had gone out.

"To the church, as ah'm a livin' soul," said the old man, seizing his clothes and hastily donning them. "Ah'll catch him at it, by the Lord ah will!"

So saying, he snatched up a stick, and with determined mien, although his limbs still trembled, he bent his steps towards the church.

It was a dark, still night. But in the vault below the sacred building there was a faint reddish light; and now and then the dull stroke of a pick fell upon Enoch's ear. His heart faltered more than once; but he constrained himself to creep nearer, until he was close to the loosened grating of the vault, when he bent down and saw——

What did he see? Michael Grimond, indeed, as he had expected; but Michael

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changed by greed and avarice into the likeness of something evil. He held a lantern high in his hand when Enoch first saw him, and the rays of light fell on his face, with its distorted features and staring eyes, and upon the contents of a great stone chest or coffin at his feet.

It was with difficulty that Enoch restrained himself from crying out aloud. Michael had found the long-buried treasure —so much was evident—and it shone with dazzling reflected light even in the feeble rays of the lamp. Broad gold pieces there were, barbaric ornaments in gold and emerald; platters and cups of precious metal; jewelled crucifixes and altar-vessels —all that the priests of old could find in their haste to save the treasures of their church from the marauding hands of northern pirates. The precious hoard had remained undisturbed from that day to this, although its tradition lingered still—and perhaps had saved it from thieving hands. Even Enoch, although he believed in its existence, and had prowled about the vaults in the hope of coming across it, had never penetrated the secret of that closed stone coffin of which Michael Grimond had raised the lid.

Enoch watched the finder as if fascinated. A strange and ominous smile was fixed upon Michael's lips; a curious glitter showed itself between his half-closed eyelids. After a little pause he stooped and drew out one of the gold ornaments; it was a necklace with roughly-set red stones that drooped from the pendants like drops of blood. And then Grimond laughed aloud. "This will suit Dulcie's white neck," he said, and crammed it into his pocket with satisfied haste. "Old Bennett won't object to me now, I fancy —What's that?"

It seemed as if he had heard a sound, and he glared around so fiercely that Enoch drew back into the shadow, afraid to encounter those hungrily burning eyes. Hearing nothing, however, Michael again bent him to his task. Coins and ornaments he handled with jealous care. With the least bulky he stuffed his pockets full, and disposed others about his garments. Enoch was astonished to see how many treasures could be secreted about one man's person —it looked as if Michael had had previous experience in hiding things away. But still, petrified with fear and amazement, the old man did not dare to move.

At last Grimond appeared startled. He set down his lantern beside him, and fell to pulling at something which seemed wedged between the coins. He got it out at last, held it up, and flung it from him fiercely, as if the thing repelled and horrified him in spite of himself. It was a blackened bony thing, on which the dried skin hung in strips which mouldered as they fell—the last remains of a ghastly spectacle once buried with the treasure—a dead man's hand!

Then Enoch found voice. The memory of the legend gave him strength. He rose to his full height and uttered a hoarse, gasping cry. "The hand! The hand!" he said. "The hand that protects its own! Michael Grimond, the dead hand is upon ye—have a care!"

Grimond started up: he was deadly pale, and the cold sweat stood in drops upon his brow. From the look of terror on his face it was plain that for the moment he regarded the sexton as no earthly visitant, and believed that the dead pirate of old had returned to guard his ill-gotten gains.

He stumbled, and stumbling fell over his lantern and extinguished the light. He must have grasped at something for support or defence; for the next moment there was a tremendous crash, as of a heavy mass of stone falling to the ground and a great cloud of dust and broken masonry almost smothered Enoch as he groped his way in terror to the door. He fled to the belfry, which was luckily open, and grasping the rope of the great bell between his hands, he sent a heavy tolling sound upon the silence of the summer night.

In five minutes half the village folk were at the church. And there they found the body of Michael Grimond, crushed beneath a heavy slab of stone that had fallen upon him as he clutched at the side of the half-ruined vault, while the treasure that he had striven to steal was wet with his life's blood. But Enoch maintained to the last day of his life that there were purple marks of strangling fingers on the robber's throat, and that he owed his death less to the fallen stone than to the vengeance of the dead man's hand—verily and indeed for Grimond, a Hand of Fate.

The treasure went to a museum, and Will Fielding married Dulcie Bennett; but the story of Grimond's end is one that will never die in that little village among the Lincolnshire fens.

[THE END.]

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In the Public Eye

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

THE marriage of Miss Charlotte Hazell, who this year became Mrs. Hilliard, will prevent her from again taking over the management of the City Temple Dinner Hour Concerts, when they recommence this autumn.

The concerts were started by her father, Mr. Walter Hazell, late M.P. for Leicester, and were held each Tuesday from October till Easter, at the City Temple Hall, Plumtree-court, Farringdon-street, E.C. At first, Miss Hazell arranged the concerts as her father's secretary, but afterwards they were given entirely into her control, and their popularity has been continually on the increase. Besides drawing up the programme and hunting up the performers, Miss Hazell herself contributed to the pleasure of the entertainment by her delightful pianoforte selections, which were much appreciated.

MRS. HILLIARD.
Who for several years managed the City Temple Dinner Hour Concerts.
Photograph by Elliott & Fry, Baker St., W.

Week after week the Hall was crowded, the audience consisting of city men, clerks, artisans and others, seldom numbering less than 300, and there being often as many as 500 present. About 70 per cent. were men.

Admission is free, but most of the audience buy a penny programme which, however, does not quite cover the expense of hire of Hall, printing, etc., the deficit, about £5 on the season, being borne by Mr. Walter Hazell, who also presented the grand pianoforte.

Occasionally short speeches are given, the speakers having included the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, K.C., M.P., Dr. Parker, etc.

TO have conceived and executed a larger piece of sculpture than an Englishwoman has ever attempted before, and thus to have proved to the world the

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work of which woman is capable in this direction is the proud achievement of Mrs. Freeman Gell.

It was a happy chance that her wonderful heroic figure of Isis should have reached its fruition and been exhibited in the Royal Academy in the Diamond Jubilee of the greatest Queen the world has ever known, for in it she represents the great Queen of the nether world standing erect and looking with a downward gaze of protection upon her adoring subjects, in a way indeed in which our own beloved Queen might have been depicted.

For six years before the fulfilment of this great artistic triumph, Mrs. Gell had been working hard in her determination to make a name for herself. She had spent many happy hours in the Egyptian and Assyrian galleries of the British Museum, making herself thoroughly acquainted with the spirit of the subject she wished to represent for her greatest and most ambitious effort. She attended lectures, studied tombs, both in the Museum and the Louvre, and read the "Ancient Book of the Dead" until her mind was so moulded to her task that she felt the time had at last come for its conception. She needed no model for the face, she had formed her own ideas as to that, and with her diligently acquired knowledge she completed the figure with wonderful perfection of detail, from the head-dress of hawks' wings with the serpent surmounted with crown, disc and horns, emblems of royalty and symbols of Egyptian divinity, to the breastplate set with gems round the neck, and below the breast the zone with the scarab (typical of creative energy). The figure, the result of two years of hard and loving labour, stands nine feet high, and is placed on a shrine upon which are sculptured symbolical ornaments taken for the most part from the Book of the Dead, while on the base is a dedicatory hymn in hieroglyphics, typical of Egyptian hagiology. This statue, after winning golden opinions at the Academy, is now in the Manchester Art Galleries.

MRS. FREEMAN GELL.
A Celebrated Lady Sculptor.

Last year, Mrs. Gell was represented in the Royal Academy with a bronze replica of her strikingly graceful figure entitled "At the Brook," but for some time now she has been compelled to abstain from all work and take a much needed rest, as the strain of twelve years of hard work and constant exhibiting in the Academy and the Art Galleries of Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Hobart's Town, Tasmania, and the British Artists' has seriously told upon her strength. Lovers of beautiful work will wish her a speedy return to her old strength, and hope to see her soon again amongst the ranks of the successful.

THE name of Dr. W. H. Dallinger, the eminent Microscopist and Wesleyan Minister, is as widely known and quoted in the highest scientific circles as it is in the religious world.

To Dr. Dallinger is due the refutation of the theory of the spontaneous generation of life from the remains of dead organisms, which was so confidently propounded by certain scientific men, and which was held up as a reason for doubting the existence of a Creator.

Dr. Dallinger was by no means satisfied to embrace such a conclusion, especially as the experiments adopted seemed to him very crude and partial.

This was the simple expedient employed: An infusion containing minute creatures representing the lowest forms of life was heated in a hermetically-sealed vessel to

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boiling point, and because on opening the vessel after a lapse of time living organisms were still found, it was assumed that these had been spontaneously generated from the dead remains of their predecessors, which had been presumably killed by the heat.

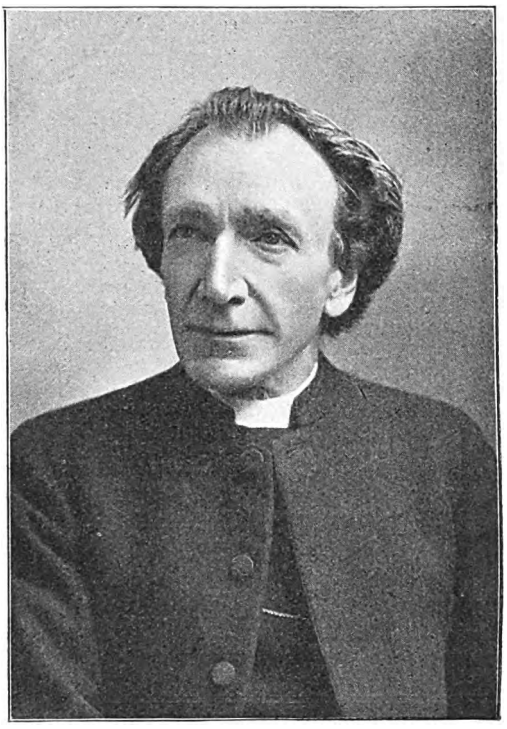
This rough-and-ready method was the sole foundation for the startling theory put forward, and nothing had been done to observe the growth and development of these minute forms of life from their first appearance.

In conjunction with his friend Dr. Drysdale, Dr. Dallinger arranged for the taking of continuous observations, one relieving the other until every point in the life history of the organisms viewed under a most powerful microscope had been recorded. It was clearly shown that they were evolved from spores or germs as in the case of higher forms, and these germs were so retentive of life that they would grow in a temperature of 300 deg. Fahrenheit for ten minutes while the adults perished at 140 deg. Fahrenheit.

Dr. Dallinger's important discovery became the talk of the scientific world, and the Royal Society voted him a grant of £100 for further researches. He lectured on the subject before the Royal Institution and the University of Oxford, and in 1884 he went, at the request of the British Association, to Canada to attend the meetings of the Association in that colony and to explain the nature and results of his researches. This was Professor Tyndall's tribute to Dr. Dallinger: "In one extremely important department of science," said the great professor, "Dr. Dallinger is a famous man. It is now many years since I made myself acquainted with his 'Life History of the Monads.' I thought it then, and I think it now, one of the most sincere, thorough and successful pieces of scientific work I have ever met."

In 1880 Dr. Dallinger was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society and University, and other honours were showered upon him in rapid succession. Dr. Dallinger continued to hold his appointment in the Wesleyan Church until 1888, when he resigned to devote himself to scientific research, though he frequently occupies the pulpit, preaching to large congregations.

He was born in 1841, and entered the ministry when twenty years old, and was appointed to the Faversham, Cardiff,



DR. W. H. DALLINGER.
Who disproved the theory of the spontaneous generation of life.
Photograph by Russell & Sons, Baker Street.

Bristol, and Liverpool circuits successively. At Liverpool he remained twelve years, and afterwards became the Governor of Wesley College, Sheffield, which post he relinquished upon leaving the ministry.

The Doctor resides at Lee, Kent, where he is actively engaged in his scientific work.

He has a wonderful laboratory, where he spends half his time, fitted up with every conceivable appliance to assist him in his minute researches—one instrument enabling him to cut objects 1,000th to the 2,000th of an inch in thickness. His collection of microscopes is especially fine, and it should be mentioned that he has contributed largely to the development of this instrument.

MRS. FRENCH SHELDON is a woman with an absolutely unique experience, as alone, with a caravan of 250 native porters, she penetrated on foot into a part of East Africa to which no white had gone before, with the object of finding out the real character of the native before he was spoilt by the

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inroads and often unfair treatment of dealers and others; and also to inquire into the conditions of native female life in a more thorough manner than is possible with a male explorer.

This was in 1891, and for eight years previously she studied the languages of the different tribes through whose territory she might have to pass, and by discussing her plans and intentions with other explorers learnt many things that it is better not to do in those parts for fear of arousing the antagonism of the natives, thus avoiding many pitfalls which might otherwise have snared her feet. She speaks with much justifiable pride of the success of her expedition, and of the fact that on not one single occasion did she meet with the least discourtesy from a native; thus proving that by kindliness, courage, and honesty of heart, there is nothing a woman cannot do.

MRS. M. FRENCH SHELDON, F.R.G.S.
Leader of an Exploring Expedition in East Africa.

She was known as "Bibi Bwana" (Woman-master), and though the only woman in a caravan of 250 men, on only one occasion did she have any trouble with them. Then they showed signs of mutiny, but her firm attitude, and the knowledge that she was a splendid shot, and that her threat to shoot the mutineers was no idle boast, speedily quelled this attempt at insubordination. She attributes this immunity from trouble partly to the fact that they knew she asked them to do nothing she could not do herself, as she had proved to them that she could build a camp, lift heavy loads, and march with the best of them—in fact, she taught one tribe how to construct a bridge, this being the first ever made in these parts. She was most careful about her dress at all times, as she noticed the refining effect this had upon her followers; also she was very particular about keeping up her dignity with the native Sultans, always making them come to her when desirous of an audience, and receiving them in a handsome Court dress with magnificent jewels. Of these last, she remarks with pleasure that not a single one was stolen during the whole march of 2,000 African or 999 geographical miles, during which she penetrated into the forest of Kilimanjaro, and circumnavigated Lake Chala for the first time.

As a result of her expedition, she learnt much that was useful with regard to native life, all of which she has embodied in a most interesting book entitled "Sultan to Sultan," the easy literary style of which shows that this remarkable woman is equally at home with the pen—indeed, she has been a great writer and translator from the French and Italian all her life. One of her most successful efforts in this direction has been her translation of Flaubert's wonderful "Salammbo," this being the only one authorised by his heirs. She is at present at work on two plays, as well as collaborating in a lyrical drama. In fact, the whole secret of her life seems to be that though, as she herself puts it, "the road to fame is one paved with flint," still this but makes it the more worth striving after, and she is already meditating another and much bigger undertaking.

THE Wesleyan Church has long been famed for the power of its preaching, as well as its activity and enterprise in all branches of Christian work, and no minister among present-day Methodists has achieved a greater reputation as a preacher than the Rev. W. L. Watkinson. His personality may not be quite so well known to the outside world as that of some of his *confrères*, but this he owes to a retiring disposition, a natural shrinking from anything that appears to savour of self-advertisement.

Mr. Watkinson has a wonderfully convincing way of applying the lessons of his text to the circumstances of everyday life.

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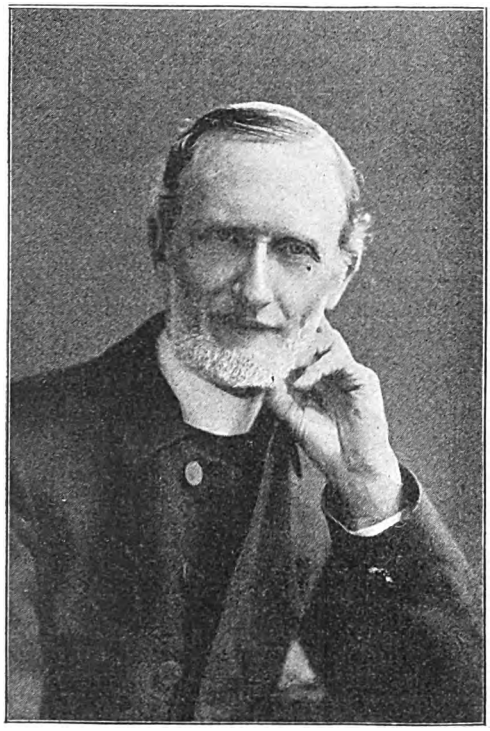
He is a thorough pulpit orator, capable of running through the whole gamut of human feeling, but he is never more effective than when he is clenching an argument or driving home a truth by the aid of irony. He possesses a rare gift of humour, but never misuses it, for although an occasional smile may flit over the faces of members of his congregation, an involuntary tribute to his satiric power, it soon fades away as the preacher passes from his lighter vein to a solemn exhortation.

Several years ago, when Mr. Watkinson was still on circuit, he was chosen to deliver the annual Fernley Lecture, which falls to the lot of none but the most distinguished preachers.

His subject was the Influence of Scepticism on Character; a masterly piece of argument which tears to pieces the flimsy pretensions of the Freethinker who seeks to substitute morality for religion. By a wide range of examples Mr. Watkinson clearly shows that the moral nature infallibly deteriorates when belief is relinquished in the truths of religion. The lecture has been published in book form,



REV. W. L. WATKINSON.
Editor of the Wesleyan Methodist Publications

BARONESS DE BERTOUCH.
Author of "Lifeboat Jim."
Photograph by Alfred Ellis & Wallery.

and is one that should be in the hands of young people, and of those whose faith is wavering.

When Mr. Watkinson became the general editor of the Methodist publications, he lost no time in infusing into the periodicals under his charge a bright and up-to-date aspect, which had been decidedly wanting before, some of them differing little in form, if not in matter, since the days of John Wesley. No doubt these revolutionary methods created somewhat of a shock at first in conservative Methodist circles but they have been amply justified by increased sales and wider influence.

ONE of the most interesting items in the Souvenir of the Lifeboat Fête, which recently took place at Stafford House, was the poem written by the Baroness de Bertouch. It was only on the Wednesday that this lady was asked to write this poem, but by the Friday morning "Lifeboat Jim" was in the hands of the printers. It was quick work, but there is no sign of haste or incompletion in the charming verses. "Passion

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Flowers" is the name of her book of poems which has just been published, and which has already made a place for itself on the bookshelves of lovers of clever verse.

The Baroness de Bertouch, unlike many of her poetic brethren, does not work only intermittently, but is a prolific writer, although far too artistic to allow her work to suffer in quality because of quantity. Her first volume, called "The Outcast," was published last year; it was a dramatic monologue which has been most successfully recited by Mr. Acton Bond. The Baroness is especially happy in writing poems for recitation, and many of them have been set to music. It is interesting to know that she is a true Englishwoman, being a direct descendant of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, who was a renowned Court ballad and sonnet writer in the reign of Charles II. It is evident that the gift of poesy has come to her through this ancestor. She married the Baron de Bertouch, a Danish nobleman, and has lived abroad a considerable part of her life, only having taken up professional writing since her return to England. Her charming modesty is not the least of her many personal attractions, whilst her love of all things artistic, and her keen powers of observation have rendered her a wide thinker and a delightful conversationalist.

MRS. J. WASSERMAN.
"Adam Lilburn,"
Author of our New Serial next month.

THE author of our new serial story, "The Tenant of Grove Cottage," which will commence in the TEMPLE next month, is one of the most popular fiction writers of the day. She is known to the reading public as Adam Lilburn, but her real name is Mrs. Wasserman. A brief sketch of her career and successes will doubtless be very interesting to our readers.

Mrs. Wasserman is a native of the North of England, and having made special study of Northumbrian folk-lore and customs, she contributed general articles on these subjects to various magazines and newspapers. Her success decided her to try her fortune in the Metropolis, and taking to fiction she speedily made a name for herself.

Her first important novel was a study of artistic life, called "The Daffodils," which, dealing in an original manner with a tragic theme, proved very successful. This was followed up by several novels in a similar style, each gaining a wider circle of readers. In "The Borderers," a romance of the Cheviots, she ventured upon new ground, and her book was generally acclaimed as one of the most striking of the year. The "simple dignity" of the story, and the "admirable descriptions of North Country life," won the admiration of the *Times*; and one of the leading literary weeklies, to quote but one of many laudatory notices of this volume, commended its strength and sincerity. Adam Lilburn's work is always admirable in style and construction, strong in human interest, and well thought out in details of characterisation.

Adam Lilburn's latest story, "The Tenant of Grove Cottage," is decidedly one of her best efforts.

Dealing with the mystery of a crime which the author skilfully unravels, it is a tale of great fascination.

The literary merit of the story is high, the character drawing being admirable. The love interest is also strong; the romantic element providing many charming episodes.

THE ONLOOKER.

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Conducted by
THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

"THE FUNNIEST MISTAKE I EVER MADE."

I have ruminated a good deal on the sense of humour in children, and have come to the conclusion that—like conscience—it is of gradual growth, and needs training. The element of surprise is at first the very essence of the fun. Your group of little ones will stare, open-eyed and open-mouthed, at the mysterious tricks of the conjurer, yet take it all as a wonderful matter-of-course. That a man—a grown man chockful of wisdom—should bring a rabbit out of a pumpkin, or a globe of goldfish out of a hat, is just what might be expected; they are accustomed to grown-ups doing things that are ridiculous in *their* eyes; but let the rabbit make a bolt for it, or the gold fish be spilled—then the fun begins! Humour, at this stage, is largely the unexpected which involves consequences. The finer sense of the ridiculous has yet to be worked up.

There is the capital story, for instance, which has lately been going the round. After a good tuck-in at the evening party there were, of course, to be games. "Let's play menagerie! I'll be a goat," one volunteered; "I'll be a bear," shouted another. One little fellow sitting sadly apart was asked by the kind hostess, "And what will you be, my little man?" "I'll be," he said ruefully, "I'll be—*I'll be sick in a minute!*" Now I venture to say that however much the drollery of this may have tickled the hostess, the little victim of too many good things didn't see it.

One would have fancied that children, who are proverbially in scrapes daily, would have abounded with tales of funny mistakes they had made. But it has not been so; the bulk of the examples sent in would hardly have raised a smile on the face even of Mark Tapley. In fact, they have been rather humdrum. Perhaps holidays, and impatience of the pen during their continuance, might have had something to do with it, but I fancy the as yet undeveloped talent has had more. For the first dozen years or so the children are content to take impressions; it is not till after this period they begin to aim at making them—which is a very good arrangement for learning, but hardly the condition for getting funny statements about funny mistakes.

Could it be that the youngsters were afraid of "owning up"? If it was so with any, let me give them this old, wise word for their guidance—"*The man who never made a mistake never made anything else!*" Once they have chewed the cud of this sage saying they will get both encouragement and comfort.

I give two specimens of letters received. The first is a kindly, natural note, as so many of the others have been, and will quite illustrate what I have been trying to express.

Ryde House School (Girls),
Ripley, Surrey.

DEAR SIR,—I think the funniest mistake I ever made was when I was sending away some flowers. I had packed them all up and put the note paper and envelope inside while I went to

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get some string. When I came back I had forgotten all about the note inside and sent it away with the note paper and envelope without any writing on them. They were sent by the three o'clock post, and I did not remember till tea-time, but, of course, I sent a post-card after them to explain. Dear sir, mamma takes in the TEMPLE MAGAZINE, so I always see it and I like it very much. This is the first competition I have ever been in for, so please do not think too badly of me. I am reading your serial story and I like it very much. I must now close.

I remain, yours truly,

LILLIE GOODMAN.

(Aged 10 years).

I know a young lady who can always be made to blush by hinting at a mistake she made years ago when a girl. Cycling along with her father at a seaside place one hot day in August, a shower of rain compelled them to seek shelter at one of the covered resting-places. Here there was a small mixed crowd of others who had scurried for shelter too. Her father stood while she sat on the ground. Presently she began to be mischievous, and took to pinching and tickling her father's calves, encased in cycling stockings. This went on for some time till, wondering why father did not laugh, she looked up—to find to her horror they were not her father's legs she had been pinching at all, but those of a rather dandified young gentleman who was ready to burst with laughter, as was her father and all the people who were enjoying the mistake. She did not wait for the shower to pass off; she simply bolted, as scarlet as a peony! And much of that colour still returns when she is reminded of this funny mistake.

The following letter is quite of the same kind, and belongs to the group of mistakes we make when we slap the wrong fellow on the shoulder, or tell the strange girl what we think of a certain lad—to discover afterwards that she is his sister! As this letter has been reckoned the best of the batch sent in on this theme, the prize has been sent to the writer:—

No. 1, Bank-street, Newport, Mon.

It is not often I make a mistake, but this is the funniest I ever made. One day as I was walking down the road with a friend I was telling her all my own business, which was where I was going and what I was going to do during my holidays. I came to a secret part of my story, and on turning round I was going to ask the girl to walk a little faster when I recognised a gentleman walking by my side instead of my friend; the gentleman was bursting with laughter. I stood back a little and noticed the girl a little way down the road eating a bun from her basket. I felt rather funny, thinking that the whole secret was known by the gentleman instead of by the girl.

BESSIE RIDING.

(Aged 13 years).

The next competition is surely one in which you will all be able to take a good part:—

"THE KINDEST OLD LADY OR GENTLEMAN I KNOW."

You all know someone you would speak of as such; describe the dear one, his ways or hers, and what it is that gives you such a kind feeling for that one. Write on one side of the paper only, put on it name, address, and age (under 16), and send, on or before the 20th of this month, to Rev. J. Reid Howatt, The Crescent, Camberwell Grove, Denmark Hill, S.E., and I shall give a handsome volume for the best description.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE.

"And it shall be in that day that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem; half of them toward the former sea, and half of them toward the hinder sea; in summer and in winter shall it be." This has been fulfilled in its greatest sense, but as ripples pulse and pulse away to the furthest margin, so these words fulfil themselves again and again. My thoughts naturally turned to them on receiving from Jerusalem the first members joining the Crutch-and-Kindness League in that "City of Solemnities," of high traditions and higher hopes.

Some of these new members are English, but some are pure natives. And the healing waters of kindness are thus made to flow from Jerusalem to the poor crippled children in far-away London! The thing may claim a share in prophecy working its way. The following letters received by two poor cripples in London from a couple of their friends in Jerusalem will be read with interest.

Jerusalem.

DEAR THOMAS,—Mrs. Blyth, the Bishop's wife, was telling us the other day about the cripples' school in London, in which you are. She asks us—the boys of St. George's School—to write to one of you, and you fell to my share. My name is Jack G. Palmer, and I live in one of the few big gardens outside the city. The reason that there are so few big gardens here is that there is so little rain. I am thirteen years old and have a brother and three sisters. We have just had holiday, and to-morrow we go back to school. The school is now a day school, and it lies near

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our house; there is a church attached to it. On the right hand side of the church is the Bishop's house. One has a splendid view from the school; we can see the Mount of Olives, and part of the city, with the Temple. It is very hot here, especially in sirocco days. Yesterday I came back from Waddy Kelt—a river flowing into the Jordan. We slept in a water-mill, which was working nearly all the time. It lies deep down in a valley, fifteen miles distant from Jerusalem; it is a beautiful place, and I enjoyed myself very much. Do you collect stamps? If you do I could send you some by next post, as I have a good many spare ones. My father, who is in Perak, sends me a lot from there and the Dutch Indies. I'm afraid this will have to do for to-day, but I hope when we correspond I shall have more to write. Please try to write to me and tell me all about the school, etc. Hoping that you will soon write to me, I remain, yours truly,

JACK PALMER.

(Jack is mistaken in thinking there is a "cripples' school," but, being a breezy lad, his mistake is natural—for a first hearing from his kindly instructress.)

Jerusalem.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am very glad to have the opportunity to write to you. I hope you will have some interest if you hear something about our school holidays, which have just ended. It began a week before Easter, and ended two weeks after. On Good Friday it was preached to us in the church about Christ's passion, His suffering and death upon the cross to redeem us. Then on Easter day we were really happy, for it is the most joyful and glorious day for all Christians, in which we remember our Saviour's victorious rising from the dead. On Tuesday after Easter I went with an English missionary who has been for thirteen years in Zanzibar, to Emmaus. Here we visited a very beautiful church, and we saw the remainders of an ancient church from the time of the crusaders, with a table of stone, which is supposed to be the same table on which Christ, with the two disciples, broke bread, and they knew Him. We remained here about an hour, then we went up to Nabi Samuel, a very high place, with a beautiful view. Here is the tomb of the prophet Samuel; then we returned back to Jerusalem. The next day we went to Bethlehem; here we visited the church of the Nativity, where Christ was born, then went down to the Field of the Shepherds, where the angels appeared by night, singing, "Glory be to God on high," etc., and told to the shepherds who were keeping watch on their flock the joyful news of the Saviour's birth. After that we returned home. The other time of my holidays I spent, sometimes in reading useful books, and sometimes in going out with my relations, who came from Nazareth to visit the holy places in Jerusalem. I finish my small letter with many compliments, and remain, your loving friend,

BENJAMIN HADDAD.

In looking over the batch of letters to hand this month I am grateful to note that many members of the League have sent away their maimed charges to the seaside, for a fortnight some, and some for at least a day. Ten shillings covers a child's fortnight by the sea, and ninepence gives one day in the fresh air. A cheaper work of happiness there could not be. Mr. Pearson—the devoted friend of London's poor children—has again been working with might and main, along with the Ragged School Union, to get every poor child such a day, or days, as shall make picture galleries in the children's minds during all the winter, as well as help their bodily strength, and through the *Daily Express* and his other publications he has been giving some splendid snap-shots of the children's needs and their joy over even one day in the country. The following cutting is suggestive of many:—

A nice little shrimp of a boy he was! Not more than about three years old, either, for not yet had he reached the proud dignity of breeches, but displayed, instead, a short frock, with a very grubby pinafore, badly torn under each arm. He had no hat, but a thick mop of curly golden-brown hair, and a rather dirty face with two big, solemn eyes.

He dragged his only steed along with him as he turned out of a court into Chancery-lane, after the business of the day was over. Once it had had four legs, fixed into a stand that ran along on wheels. That was a long while ago. Since then it had lost the wheels, lost the stand, lost everyone of its legs, lost even its tail, but still it was a precious steed, and he drew it along on its flattened body by a string, with a face of the gravest solicitude.

Someone going by asked him if his "gee" was a racer. The child looked up without a single word, but the brightest light of joy lit up the big solemn eyes at the compliment! Then the grave look came back, and he continued to walk the horse along.

Isn't there ninepence somewhere to bring the illumination back again? Ninepence to take the little chap away for a delightful day of wonderful surprises—a ride in the train for the beginning and the end, and in between meat pies, lemonade, tea, and cakes! And besides all that birds to watch as they go along high overhead without stands on wheels, or strings to pull them by; green trees to listen to as they swish softly, as

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though they were telling fairy-tales; green grass instead of the Chancery-lane pavement to play on; and enough people to say kind things to him to keep that happy light in the two big, solemn eyes all the day long!

There are lots of other children, too, with wondering, solemn eyes like that! Where are the ninepences to make them all light up?

This good work of helping the children to a holiday will go on yet for some time, and many members of the League, who can afford to do so, will, I am sure, take advantage of the fact on behalf of their charges.

But this is an extra—a very blessed extra—but it is no necessary part of the League's operations. Its main purpose is the beguilement of the weary monotony of the poor crippled child all the year—in winter as well as summer. There are six thousand *poor* child-cripples in London alone, under the care of the Ragged School Union, and the lot of most of them is very sad and lonely. All that the League asks is—that once a month at least each member shall send to the child-cripple put into his or her care for the purpose, a letter, or old illustrated magazine, scrap-book, toy—anything that may interest the little prisoner of God and beguile the tedium of the long spells of loneliness he or she has somehow to get through. Everyone can do so much, however far away they may dwell, and however young or old they may be, and so the membership of the League has now penetrated to all parts of the earth. Full particulars may be had for a stamp from *Mr. John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.*

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH.

Mrs. J. Bentham, Dorking; Miss Frances W. M. McAnslaw, Glasgow; Miss Fry, Cirencester; Miss Howard, Beccles; Miss Harmsworth, for Jun. C.E. Congregational Church, Deal; Miss Stent, Master Norman Ryall, Combe Down; Miss Byrne, Cheltenham; Miss Burton, Exeter; Miss Bessie Fry, Ipswich; Mr. W. Clews, Nottingham; Miss Lilian Brock, Miss May Brock, Guernsey; Nurse Cripnell, Derby; Miss L. C. Gray, Ealing; E. M., Hove; Miss K. M. Garlick, Tetbury; Miss Roll, Blackheath; Miss Edith Janes, Egham; Mrs. Kent, Stroud Green; Master George Milne, Miss Florence Donaldson, c/o Miss Nicholls; Miss Sarah Jack, Glasgow; Nurse Rose, Pembroke; Miss Fry, Halifax; Miss W. J. Inns, Somerset; Miss Jennette Dixon, Buckhurst Hill; Miss Cooper, Blackheath; Mrs. F. W. Wilkinson, Lancashire.

OCTOBER TEMPLE. **OCTOBER TEMPLE.**

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